STEPPING STONES TO MANHOOD



A BOOK of Inspiration for Boys and Young Men

WILLIAM P. PEARCE

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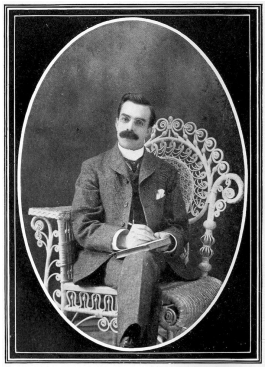
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Stepping Stones to Manhood



STEPPING STONES TO MANHOOD

A BOOK *of* INSPIRATION
for BOYS *and* YOUNG MEN

By WILLIAM P. PEARCE

AUTHOR OF "THE MASTER'S GREATEST MONOSYLLABLES," "THE TABERNACLE," "THE MASTER'S LOVE," ETC., ETC.

PHILADELPHIA:
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1903

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TO

WESLEY P. PEARCE

MY SON

WHO AFFORDS ME MUCH COMFORT IN THESE HIS BOYHOOD DAYS

AND TO THE

BOYS OF THIS GREAT NATION

THIS WORK IS LOVINGLY DEDICATED.

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LIST OF THOSE WHO HAVE WRITTEN INTRODUCTIONS TO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER.

1. ROBERT J. BURDETTE. One of America's moral humorists.

2. ADOLPH SUTRO. Former mayor of San Francisco.

3. JOSHUA LEVERING. A noted Christian business man.

4. O. O. HOWARD. General during the Civil War.

5. BOOKER T. WASHINGTON. The foremost colored educator and orator of the day.

6. J. T. RICH. A beloved Governor of Michigan.

7.

GEORGE S. CULL. The author's instructor during boyhood.

8.

GEORGE W. BAIN. Colonel in the Civil War, and a temperance orator.

9.

ASA CLARK, M. D. Supt. State Insane Asylum, Stockton, California.

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MARSHALL FIELD. One of Chicago's most honored and prosperous business men.

11.

T. T. GEER. Governor of Oregon.

12.

F. W. WARREN. Member of the United States Senate.

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21.

SAMUEL FALLOWS. Bishop Reformed Episcopal Church.

22.

GEORGE C. LORIMER. Minister, author and lecturer.

23.

JAMES H. BROOKES. An able Bible expositor and writer.

24.

WILBUR F. CRAFTS. A noted defender of the Lord's Day.

25.

WAYLAND HOYT. A writer and preacher of prominence.

26.

C. C. McCabe. Bishop of the M. E. Church.

27.

H. H. Warren. An eminent clergyman.

28.

Warren Randolph. A minister of prominence.

29.

H. L. Hastings. Editor and preacher.

30.

Opie Rodway. Evangelist to whom the author owes much.

PREFACE.

Boyhood is one of the happiest periods of life. “Ye little know,” said Robert Burns, “the ill ye court when manhood is your wish.” Taking a look backward Lord Byron cried, “Ah, happy years once more, who would not be a boy?” Thomas Moore says, in his beautiful poem: “Oft in the Stilly Night:”

“*The smiles, the tears of boyhood’s years,*
The words of love then spoken;
The eyes that shone now dimmed and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken!

“*Thus in the stilly night*
Ere slumber’s chain has bound me,
Sad mem’ry brings the light
Of other days around me.”

“There is no boy so poor,” said Phillips Brooks, “so ignorant, so outcast, that I do not stand in awe before him.” “I feel a profounder reverence for a boy than a man,” said President Garfield. “I never meet a ragged boy on the street without feeling that I owe him a salute, for I know not what possibilities may be buttoned up under his coat.” “Why, bless me! Is that the boy who did so gallantly in those two battles?” asked President Lincoln as a lad from the gunboat Ottawa was introduced to him. “Why, I feel

as though I should take off my hat to him, and not he to me."

"Get out of my way! What are you good for anyhow?" asked a cross man to a lad who happened to be standing in his way. The boy replied, "They make men out of such things as I am." How true. That dirty boy taken by a philanthropist in New Orleans, only for the reason that he was an orphan, became Sir Henry M. Stanley, who found Livingstone and opened Africa. About fifty years ago, when New York City sought to aid her homeless children, an agent called on Judge John Green, of Tixston, Indiana, to inquire if he would take a boy. Mr. Green said, "I will, if you will bring me the raggedest, dirtiest and ugliest one of the lot." A boy by the name of John Brady more than filled the bill. He was accepted, educated and became a missionary to Alaska. So suitable a man was he for commissioner of that unexplored land of wealth, that President Harrison appointed him governor.

Who can value the worth of a boy? Like Moses, Luther, or Lincoln, he might rise to bless a nation. Boyhood is the blossom that ripens into manhood. It is the formative period of one's character. Said Lord Collingwood to a young friend, "You must establish a character before you are twenty-five that will serve you all life." The building of such is the greatest earthly task, and he is the greatest man "who chooses right with the most invincible resolution, who resists the sorest temptation from within and without, who is most fearless under menaces and frowns, whose reliance on truth, on virtue, and on God, is most unfaltering."

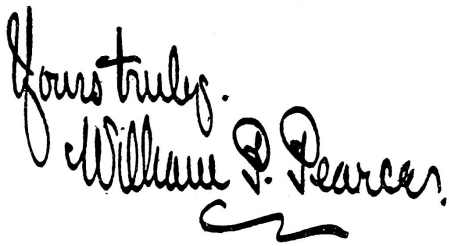
To aid in the growth of such is this work written. It is hoped that it will be transformed into an epitome, a registry of the reader's own life—a

compilation and condensation of the best things he shall finally leave to those who survive him. For it should

—"*to one of these four ends conduce,*
For wisdom, piety, delight or use."

Incorporated herein are the best things of many books; the thoughts of noble men which by the power of a just appreciation and of a retentive memory may be made one's own. Of those who have written introductions to this work, some have since retired from their official positions, and some are dead. The stories gathered from many sources illustrate great principles, which, if carefully heeded will conduce to a happy and manly life; for

—"*He most lives*
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."



Success Maxims

1. Have a definite aim.
2. Go straight for it.

3. Master all details.

4. Always know more than you are expected to know.

5. Remember that difficulties are only made to be overcome.

6. Treat failures as stepping stones to further effort.

7. Never put your hand out farther than you can draw it back.

8. At times be bold; always be prudent.

9. The minority often beats the majority in the end.

10. Make good use of other men's brains.

11. Listen well, answer cautiously, decide promptly.

12. Preserve, by all means in your power, "a sound mind in a sound body."

PART I
Relation to Self

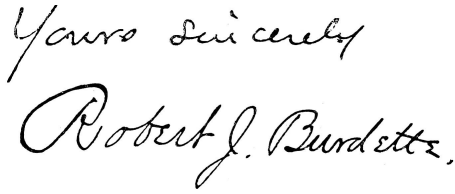
CHAPTER I
Be Neat

INTRODUCTION TO CHAPTER I

By Robert J. Burdette

You can make yourself look an inch taller by neat, well-fitting dress. You can actually make yourself taller by an erect, manly carriage. Slovenliness is contagious. It communicates itself from the dress to the character. The boy who slouches and slumps in figure and gait, is dangerously apt to slump morally. The dust and grime on your clothes is liable to get into your brain. The dirt under your finger-nails is likely to work into your thoughts. Grease spots down the front of your coat will destroy self-respect almost as quickly as a habit of lying. Tidiness is one of the cheapest luxuries in the world. It is also one of the most comfortable. When you know, when you are

"dead sure" that you are just right—"perfectly correct"—from hat to shoe-tie, the King of England couldn't stare you out of countenance; he couldn't embarrass you, and, he wouldn't if he could.



CHAPTER I
Be Neat

A high column was to be built. The workmen were engaged, and all went to work with a will. In laying a corner, one brick was set a trifle out of line. This was unnoticed, and as each course of bricks was kept in line with those already laid, the tower was not built exactly erect. After being carried up about fifty feet, there was a tremendous crash. The building had fallen, burying the men in the ruins. All the previous work was now lost, the material wasted, and several valuable lives sacrificed, all through the misplacement of one brick at the start. The workman at fault little thought what mischief he was making for the future. It is so with the boy, building character. He must be careful in laying the foundation. Just so far as he governs, guards and trains himself, just so far will he succeed or fail in the estimation of others. Tennyson wisely wrote:

"Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,
These three alone lead life to sovereign power."

AMERICAN BOYS.

Never in the history of any people did boys have so much in their favor to assist them in reaching the pinnacle of success as American boys. Back of them is an ancestry of the best blood of the leading nations of the world, an ancestry noted for persistence, reverence, piety and patriotism.

The educational institutions of the land have "turned out" thousands of young men who have beaten their pathway upward in spite of adverse circumstances, all of which seems to say to the boy to-day, "There's room at the top in whatever profession you may follow." A good beginning is the most necessary thing, for "it is half the battle." In any race a man can well afford to miss applause at the starting-line, if he gets it at the goal. A slow but determined start is not incompatible with a swift conclusion. Experienced mountain-climbers seem almost lazy, so calmly do they put one foot in front of the other; but they stand well-breathed on the summit, while their comrades are panting at the halfway station. One must not swerve to the right or left, but, setting his face toward duty, like Marcus Curtius who rode to death in the Roman Forum, he must push forward, with an honest ambition to reach the goal of success. It is not always the boy of aristocratic birth, wealthy parentage or social standing that wins the world's laurels, but usually those boys who are unfortunately situated, who hew their way in the world instead of having it laid out and smoothed for them.

One of our Presidents, when asked what was his coat-of-arms, remembering that he had been a chopper of wood in his youth, replied, “A pair of shirt-sleeves.” Lord Tenterden was proud to point out to his son the shop in which his father had shaved for a penny. A French doctor once taunted Flechier, bishop of Nimes, who had been a tallow-chandler in his youth, with the meanness of his origin, to which Flechier replied, “If you had been born in the same condition that I was, you would still have been a maker of candles.”

Where is the boy with nobility of soul and purpose, who, though poor, is not tidy; who, being of humble origin, is not industrious; who, ridiculed by others, is not kind; and who, cramped by circumstances, is not heroic? That boy will rise to honor and fill an important place in life. He, like other boys of this country, may be a star rather than a flashing meteor in the realm of society.

ASPIRING BOYS.

From a farm to the Presidential chair seems a long distance, but Abraham Lincoln traveled it, and left behind him a name and reputation never to die. Andrew Johnson began life as a tailor and subsequently rose to be the chief officer of the nation. George Peabody was an apprentice in a country store, and ended as a millionaire philanthropist. Cyrus W. Field was in early life a clerk, but the world is indebted to him for the successful completion of the Atlantic cable. Samuel F. B. Morse, from an artist, became the inventor of the electric telegraph. Charles Dickens, the great novelist, began life as a newspaper reporter. Levi P.

Morton was a clerk, John Wanamaker a messenger-boy, Lyman J. Gage a night-watchman and James Whitcomb Riley a wandering sign-painter. The record, instead of being in the tens, could be increased to thousands of statesmen, governors, generals, business and professional men who have risen from the farm, the shop, the store, to important offices within the nation's gift. There is no reason why a boy cannot make his way in the world. He may not be President, or banker, or lawyer, but he can fill an honorable position. He may be a master mechanic, a model business man, a useful educator, if he is willing to begin at the lowest round in the ladder, namely, neatness.

Boys are men of a smaller growth, and if they fail to cultivate self-respect, it means the blighting of manhood, the ostracism of society, and the closing of the gate of opportunities to success. Self-respect is a robe with which every boy should clothe himself. It lies at the root of all virtues. It begets a stability of character, is the sentinel of the soul as the eyelid of the eye, and the corner-stone of all virtues.

NEATNESS SHOWS ITSELF BY CLEANLINESS.

There is no need in this day and country for a boy to go around with dirty face and hands. It is injurious to health, unbecoming and repulsive to any self-respecting person. On the other hand from

"*The body's purity, the mind*
Receives a secret, sympathetic aid."

When Isaac Hopper, the Quaker, met a boy with dirty face or hands, he would stop him, and inquire if he ever studied chemistry. The boy, with a

wondering stare, would answer, “No.” “Well then, I will teach thee how to perform a curious chemical experiment. Go home, take a piece of soap, put it in water, and rub briskly on thy hands and face. Thou hast no idea what a beautiful froth it will make, and how much whiter thy skin will be. That’s a chemical experiment; I advise thee to try it.” There is great virtue in soap and water vigorously applied, which doubtless gave rise to the old adage, “Cleanliness is next to godliness,” for virtue never dwells long with filth. An eminent man said, “I believe there never was a person scrupulously attentive to cleanliness who was a consummate villain.”

The singing birds are remarkable for the neatness and cleanliness of their plumage. The gay and cheerful animals of the fields avoid filth, and are usually of a clean appearance. The beauty and fragrance of the flowers owe all to this characteristic, and so also does the boy who is bright, intelligent, moral and ambitious. You will not find his finger nails long, but carefully trimmed and devoid of dirt, his ears and neck will be spotless, and his teeth clean and white like “drops of snow in banks of pretty pink roses.”

NEATNESS IN DRESS.

Self-respect will also show itself in neatness of dress. “It has,” says Barrington, “a moral effect upon the conduct of mankind. Let any gentleman find himself with dirty boots, soiled neck-cloth, and a general negligence of dress, he will, in all probability, find a corresponding disposition by negligence of address.” To be tidy does not mean to have costly attire. It is no mark of neatness for a boy

to deck his fingers with rings, to sport a gold-headed cane, to wear flashy neck-wear, to have a bouquet of flowers on the lapel of his coat, for while these are not unbecoming in themselves, they give the impression of that sin which overthrew the angels, pride.

Dean Swift was an enemy of extravagance in dress, and particularly of that destructive ostentation in the middle classes, which led them to make an appearance above their condition in life. Of his mode of reproving this folly in those persons for whom he had an esteem, the following instance has been recorded:

When George Faulkner, the printer, returned from London, where he had been soliciting subscriptions for his edition of the Dean's works, he went to pay his respects to him, dressed in a lace waistcoat, a big wig and other fopperies. Swift received him with the same ceremonies as if he had been a stranger. "And pray, sir," said he, "what can be your commands with me?" "I thought it was my duty, sir," replied George, "to wait on you immediately on my arrival from London." "Pray, sir, who are you?" "George Faulkner, the printer, sir." "You, George the printer! why, you are the most impudent barefaced scoundrel of an impostor I have ever met! George Faulkner is a plain sober citizen, and would never trick himself out in lace and other fopperies. Get you gone, you rascal, I will immediately send you to the house of correction." Away went George as fast as he could, and having changed his dress he returned to the deanery, where he was received with the greatest cordiality. "My friend George," said the Dean, "I am glad to see you returned safe from London. Why, there has been an impudent fellow just with me dressed in lace waistcoat, and he would fain pass

himself off for you, but I soon sent him away with a flea in his ear."

Dress is certainly an index to the mind. It shows the spirit and internal quality of the soul, and "there cannot be a more evident gross manifestation of a poor, degenerate breeding, than a rude, unpolished, disordered and slovenly outside." The boy that does not polish his shoes, comb his hair, brush his clothes, is in all probability morally affected. To consider such things matters of small importance is a grave mistake, for they often prove to be hinges on which the doors of opportunity swing.

THE BOY'S RECOMMENDATION.

Said a friend to a business man on coming into the office, "I should like to know on what ground you selected that boy, who had not a single recommendation." "You are mistaken," said the gentleman, "he had a great many. He wiped his feet when he came in and closed the door after him, showing that he was careful; he gave his seat instantly to that lame old man, showing that he was thoughtful; he took off his cap when he came in, and answered my questions promptly, showing that he was gentlemanly; he waited quietly for his turn, instead of pushing and crowding, showing that he was honorable and orderly. When I talked to him I noticed that his clothes were brushed, his hair in order, and when he wrote his name, I noticed that his finger-nails were clean. Don't you call those things letters of recommendation? I do, and I would give more for what I can tell about a boy by using my eyes ten minutes than all the letters he can bring me."

Be neat and clean in appearance, and not less so in habit. At home never throw your hat in one chair and your coat in another. Have a place for everything and put everything in its place. In school or at work let the same principle govern you, for "what is worth doing is worth doing well." The boys now wanted are

"*Boys of neatness, boys of will,*
Boys of muscle, brain and power,
For to cope with anything
These are wanted every hour."

CHAPTER II
Be Polite

INTRODUCTION TO CHAPTER II

BY ADOLPH SUTRO.

Conduct is three-fourths of life.—*Matthew Arnold.*

Character makes the man; character and politeness mark the perfect man. The first is the diamond in the rough; the second the cut stone. The former may attract the attention of a few, the latter discloses hidden beauties and compels the admiration of all.

The "grand old name of gentleman" can only belong to him who unites the qualities of gentleness and manliness, and politeness is essentially gentleness.

The exercise of politeness benefits all, chiefly him who practises it, and this is a sure road to success.



CHAPTER II
Be Polite.

William of Wickham, Bishop of Winchester, and founder of Winchester and of New College, Oxford, was so convinced of the value of manners that he had the phrase “Manners Make a Man,” inscribed in several places upon the walls of those structures. “Good manners,” said Emerson, “are made up of petty sacrifices.” Pleasant expression and action, pleasing exterior and true kindness are gentle delights which win the esteem of others and often contribute to one’s advancement more than real merit. Coarseness and gruffness, loose habits and “don’t-care” manners, never fail to lock doors and close hearts. “You had better,” wrote Chesterfield to his son, “return a dropped fan genteelly, than give a thousand pounds awkwardly; better refuse a favor gracefully than grant it clumsily. All your Greek can never advance you from secretary to envoy, or from envoy to ambassador; but your address, your air, your manners, if good, may.” These will give, as Emerson says, “The mastery of palaces and fortunes wherever one goes without the trouble of earning or

owning them."

Cultivation of politeness is like putting the finishing touch upon the picture, it sets one off to the best advantage. Like a flower bed encircling the lawn, it beautifies character. Like a lamp in a dark room, it makes one's presence cheerful. Nothing has greater influence, and as Matthew Arnold said, "It is three-fourths of life." As honey on the skin is a protection from the sting of the bee, so politeness will be a safeguard from the stings of the world. Doors will open at its knock. Sunbeams will sparkle in its presence, and everywhere, with everyone, it will act as a magic passport.

DEFINITION OF POLITENESS.

Politeness has been defined in various ways, but all meet at the same point, like the spokes of a wheel which center in the hub. "It is the art of showing, by external signs, the internal regard we have for others." "It is," said Lord Chatham, "benevolence in little things," as the giving others the preference in every enjoyment at the table, walking, sitting or standing. "It is a willingness to please and to be pleased." "It consists in treating others just as you love to be treated yourself." Henry IV, King of France, was once taken to task for returning the salute of a poor man as he was passing through a village. He replied, "Would you have your king exceeded in politeness by one of his meanest subjects?" Because Nicholas I, Czar of Russia, saw an officer of his household treat an old beggar woman discourteously, he summoned him to his imperial presence. The official was quite pleased. Nicholas soon undeceived him, and in the presence of a dozen

courtiers cut him to the quick with his indignant reproof. “Enough!” he said, finally, “you will walk up and down that corridor all night, and every time you turn you will say, in a loud voice, ‘I am a puppy! I am a puppy!’”

“I treat him as well as he treats me,” said a boy to his mother. She had just reproved him because he did not attempt to amuse or entertain a boy friend who had gone home. “I often go in there and he doesn’t notice me,” said the boy. “Do you enjoy that?” asked the mother. “O! I don’t mind, I don’t stay long,” was the reply. “I should call myself a very selfish person,” remarked the mother, “if friends came to see me and I should pay no more attention to them.” “Well, that’s different, you’re grown up,” answered the son. “Indeed!” replied the mother, “then you really think that politeness and courtesy are not needed among boys?” The boy thus pressed, said he didn’t mean exactly that. His father, having overheard the conversation, turned to him and said: “A boy or a man who measures his treatment of others by their treatment of him, has no character of his own. He will never be kind or generous. If he is ever to be a gentleman, he will be so in spite of the boorishness of others. If he is to be noble, no other boy’s meanness will change his nature. Remember this, my son, you lower yourself every time you are guilty of an unworthy action because someone else is. Be true to your best self, and no boy can drag you down, nor will he want to.”

Years ago, when Queen Victoria began her reign, the famous Lord John Russell was the minister in attendance upon her majesty at her Scottish home. There came late one evening a messenger—a little old man buried in a greatcoat—to the Aboyne telegraph office, and delivered to the clerk a message

from Lord John Russell to one of the officials of the government in London. The message did not bear a signature. On seeing this, the ill-mannered clerk flung it back to the old man, and said, “Put your name to it; it’s a pity your master doesn’t know how to send a telegram.” The name was added and the message handed back. “Why, you can’t write either,” cried the enraged clerk, after vainly trying to make out the signature; “here, let me do it for you. What’s your name?” “My name,” said the little old man, very deliberately, “is John Russell.” Through his impoliteness that clerk lost his position.

POLITENESS A BADGE OF TRUE GENTILITY.

In some European countries the word gentleman stands for a titled or wealthy man. When Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema was knighted a lady expressed herself to his lordship thus: “O, dear Sir Lawrence, I am awfully glad to hear of the honor you have received; I suppose now that you have been knighted you’ll give up painting pictures and live like a gentleman.” Many are they who have this idea of gentlemanship. But in our land the real gentleman stands for such personal qualities as honesty, truthfulness, gentleness and gracefulness which characterize a boy or man. Such a gentleman subjects his appetite, refines his taste, subdues his feelings and controls his speech. When accidentally running against or passing before another, it will be, “I beg your pardon.” “Please excuse me.” When receiving a gift or extending a favor, it will be, “I thank you.”

Some boys are not careful in their expressions. “Sir,” said Doctor Johnson, “A man has no more

right to say a rude thing to another than to knock him down." A young man once accosted Zachariah Fox, a Quaker, a rich merchant of Liverpool, with "Old chap, how do you make all your money?" The Quaker replied, "By dealing in an article that thou may'st deal in if thou wilt—civility."

Monroe was so polite that he was called "A Gentleman of the Old School." Henry Clay was said to make the most engaging bow of any gentleman of his day. Madison made it a point to touch his hat to everyone who bowed to him, and the front part of it was always worn threadbare in consequence of his lifting it. William Penn's formal but kindly politeness impressed even the Indians with whom he dealt, so that they named him: "The Good-Big Chief." James Russell Lowell was as courteous to a beggar as to a lord, and was once observed holding a long conversation in Italian with an organ-grinder whom he questioned about scenes in Italy with which both were familiar. "You should not have returned their salute," said the master of ceremonies, when Clement XIV bowed to the ambassadors who had bowed in congratulating him on his election. "Oh, I beg your pardon," replied Clement, "I have not been pope long enough to forget good manners."

A number of years ago a company of workmen was standing before a store in Oxford street, London, looking at some pictures. The Honorable William E. Gladstone, who was then at the height of his popularity, halted a moment to look at the artist's work. One of the workmen recognized him and stepping up, said, "Excuse me, Mr. Gladstone, but I should like to shake hands with you." "Why, of course, I shall be glad to do so," the Premier of England responded, as he extended his hand not only to the man who had accosted him but also to the

little group of men who stood near, taking no notice of soiled hands or garments. Then he directed their attention to a fine engraving in the window, quietly pointing out not only its beauty, but some special feature in its execution that constituted its charm. Then raising his hat with a smile he bade the men "Good morning," and passed on his way up the street. No wonder that in later years his fellow-countrymen called him "The Grand Old Man," "The People's William." He was a gentleman, exhibiting a lovely spirit of true friendship and absolute equality.

POLITENESS SHOULD BE FIRST PRACTISED AT HOME.

What one is in the home is a fair criterion as to what he will be away from home. The manner in which a person conducts himself in the home determines largely his course and conduct in life. He who is polite and kind to his parents, considering their wishes, and heeding their advice and counsel, paves the way to future happiness and success. But he who spurns paternal suggestions, speaks and acts disrespectfully, is seldom respected and is always at a disadvantage. When Prince Bismarck was a boy, he was rebuked by his father for speaking of the King as Fritz. "Learn to speak reverently of his Majesty," said the old squire of Varzin, "and you will grow accustomed to think of him with veneration." Bismarck laid the advice to heart and from that day profited by it.

The truly polite boy is not only respectful to his parents but also to his sisters and brothers, always returning a pleasant "Thank you" for any kindness received at their hands, and showing as much

courtesy to all at home as to those in the home of a neighbor. “A beautiful form,” says an American essayist, “is better than a beautiful face, and a beautiful behavior is better than a beautiful form; it gives a higher pleasure than statues or pictures; it is the finest of the fine arts,” it gives grace to one’s bearing and enables one to look on the bright and beautiful side of things.

POLITENESS SHOULD BE ACCORDED ALL.

Politeness is a universal debt that each boy owes to every person. The matter of caste, sex, position and intelligence have nothing whatever to do with it. It should be the rule of conduct wherever and in whatever society one may be, to practise politeness.

Charles V was renowned for his courtesy. When he passed John Frederick, Elector of Saxony, he took off his hat and bowed to him, though his prisoner, who had been taken by him in battle. The poet Burns was one day walking in the street of Edinburgh when an honest farmer saluted him, which salute he returned, when some one rebuked him. Mr. Burns replied that it was not the greatcoat, the scone bonnet or the saunders boot-hose that he spoke to, but the man that was in them. Daniel Webster was once walking with a friend in Washington when a colored man passing by bowed very low to him. Mr. Webster promptly returned as deep an obeisance. “Do you bow in that way to a darky?” asked his friend. “Would you have me outdone in politeness by a negro?” replied the great statesman.

WHAT POLITENESS DID.

Mr. Winans, of Philadelphia, became independently rich through his courteous manner. One day two strangers called on him. One was a foreigner who had visited some larger establishments in the city, but on their coming to Mr. Winans', a third or fourth rate factory, he took so much pains to show all its parts and workings, and was so patient in his explanations and answers to their inquiries, that within a year he was surprised by an invitation to transfer his labors to St. Petersburg and manufacture locomotives for the Czar of Russia, He went, accumulated a large fortune, and ultimately received from his Russian workshops a hundred thousand dollars a year. Investing his money in real estate he laid the foundation of one of the largest private fortunes in Philadelphia; and all this was the result of civility.

It pays to cultivate politeness. To this day the Japanese people revere the memory of General Grant. While visiting the emperor, he was invited to cross the imperial foot bridge near the palace at Tokyo, across which none but the blood royal had ever trod. General Grant accepted the invitation and walked beside the Mikado until they reached the center of the bridge. Then he stopped, profoundly saluted the emperor, and said: "Your majesty, I have come so far to show you that I was not insensible to the honor you would do me, but I cannot violate your traditions. Let us return the way we came."

Politeness serves one well. It is keener than sharpened steel. It is more magnetic than loadstone and worth more than jewels. At home or abroad, among young and aged, employers or teachers, inferiors or superiors, this glorious characteristic is a diadem from which sparkles a jewel, which is, as Chesterfield said: "The treatment of others just as

you love to be treated yourself." In the words of One greater than he, it is, "Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you." All other things being equal, the boy who adheres to these mottoes is the one who succeeds. It makes him an acceptable companion, wins friendship and creates popularity. "Give a poor boy fine manners and accomplishments," said Voltaire, "and he will become the master of fortunes and palaces, while princes stand upon their threshold to solicit his friendship." Charles II. is described by Macaulay as being "the grandest rascal and most popular man in England." Hume in giving the reason of this says, "He was the best bred man alive."

"*What thou wilt,*
Thou must rather enforce it with thy smile,
Than hew to it with thy sword."

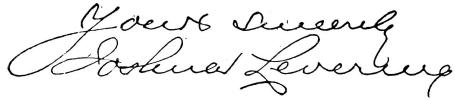
CHAPTER III
Be Truthful

INTRODUCTION TO CHAPTER III

BY JOSHUA LEVERING

Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil side.

It is related of Cyrus, that when asked what was the first thing he learned, he replied, “To tell the truth.” Truthfulness is the foundation stone of character. Without it, a life, as it is developed, becomes more and more marred and falls short of its highest opportunity and calling. All qualifications that go to make up noble manhood count for naught, where there is not a persistent adherence to truthfulness. Therefore be true to yourself and the nobler impulses and yearnings of your heart by always speaking the truth, acting the truth, and living the truth.



CHAPTER III
Be Truthful

While a vessel was crossing the English Channel, a gentleman stood near the helmsman. It was a calm pleasant evening, and no one expected a storm. The flapping of a sail as if the wind had suddenly shifted, caught the ear of the officer on watch, and springing to the wheel, he examined the compass. “You are half a point off the course,” he sharply said to the man at the wheel. The deviation was corrected, and the officer returned to his post. “It must be necessary to steer very accurately,” said the observer, “if half a

point is of so much importance." "Ah!" remarked the officer, "a half a point, sir, is liable to bring us directly on the rocks." What a lesson for every boy. The half a point deviation from strict truthfulness strands one on the rocks of falsehood.

WHAT IS A LIE?

The shortest definition of a lie is, "The intention to deceive." It may not be telling an out-and-out falsehood to conceal a crime, or to shield one's self, but telling it to mislead or deceive others. "The essence of the thing," said Dewey, "lies in the intention," and if the intention is to mislead, such, as Immanuel Kant says, "is forfeiture of personal worth, a destruction of personal integrity." As he contends, "a lie is the abandonment, or, as it were, the annihilation of the dignity of man." It will undermine the noble instincts of any boy and cause his character to collapse.

TELL THE TRUTH.

A story of Abraham Lincoln shows his love for truth. It was a bright autumn evening, when Abraham, a great awkward boy of sixteen or seventeen said to his mother, "I'm going to the woods to-morrow. I've got a good job at Laird's and as I shall be obliged to start by day-break, I thought there might be some chores you wished to have done." "You are a good boy, Abram, always thinking of helping me," said his step-mother. "If I was your own mother you could not be more kind, and God will reward you sometime. To-morrow, I am going to wash, and I would be very thankful if you would

bring me a few buckets of water from the spring." Back and forth the tall boy hurried, until all the tubs and kettles about the cabin were filled. Early next morning, when Abraham was ready to start for the place where the rails were to be split, his little sister Sally said, "Can't I go, Abram?" "Just as mother says," replied he, pausing to give the little girl an opportunity to consult her mother. The mother would not consent. No sooner had Abram started than she determined to follow him, and at once cut across the field intending to reach the ravine before him and give him a genuine surprise by jumping out unannounced in the path as he came up. She carried out her plan successfully, and when she heard his merry whistle in the distance she climbed upon the bank to be ready to make the spring for his shoulders when the proper moment arrived. But the poor child had forgotten all about the sharp axe which he carried, and although she gained her coveted seat on his broad shoulders, her little bare foot received a gash from the cruel axe, which changed her merry laugh into a bitter cry. "Why, Sally! How did you get here?" was all the boy could say as he placed her tenderly on the bank and began an examination of the wounded foot. Finding it to be a deep cut, he gathered some broad plantain leaves which grew near, and by their aid soon succeeded in staunching the flow of blood. This accomplished, he tore the sleeve from his shirt, and in his clumsy way bandaged the injured foot. Carrying her home, he learnt the story of her disobedience. She would have been willing to evade the truth in order to screen herself from her mother's displeasure, but honest, truthful Abraham would not permit this. "Tell the truth, Sally, no matter what the consequences may be," he insisted; "better suffer punishment than lie

about it. I don't think mother will be hard on you when she sees how sorely punished you are; but never tell a lie to shield yourself, never." Such was the course taken through life by that boy who later became the honored President of these United States.

WHITE AND BLACK LIES.

Much is said nowadays about *degrees* in lying. That *is* lying in a small way. There is the so-called white lie of custom when a certain article is slightly misrepresented to make a bargain; the white lie of courtesy when one makes politeness the garb behind which he deceives; the white lie of necessity, when one would evade the truth by nodding the head, or giving a wrong impression. Some men, and even great men, have maintained that this is sometimes a necessity, but would it not be a fine moral precept to say, "You must speak the truth generally, but you may utter a falsehood when it suits your convenience?" Who ever licensed one thus? Justin Martyr said, "Is life at stake? We would not live by telling a lie." When Atillius Regulus was a prisoner of the Carthaginians he was sent by that great people to Rome with several ambassadors to arrange for peace, on the understanding that if peace-terms were not agreed upon he was to return to prison. He took the oath and swore to return. Arriving at Rome he urged his countrymen to continue in war and not agree to the exchange of prisoners. This meant to him the return to Carthage. The senators and priests held that as his oath had been forced from him he ought not to return. Then came the answer from Regulus which has made him imperishable: "*Have you resolved to dishonor me? I am not ignorant that death and tortures*

are preparing for me. But what are those to the shame of infamous action, or the wounds of a guilty mind? Slave as I am to Carthage, I have still the spirit of a Roman. I have sworn to return. It is my duty to return. Let the gods take care of the rest."

"One should never lie," said Crispi, the great Italian statesman. "I will not stain speech with a lie," said Pindar. "The genuine lie is hated by all gods and men," said Plato. "That man has no fair glory," said Theognis, "in whose heart dwells a lie, and from whose mouth it has once issued." A lie is never justifiable, and to lie a little, is, as Victor Hugo remarked, "not possible." The person who lies tells the whole lie, lying in the face of the fiend, and "Satan has two names, Satan and lying." Therefore

"*Let falsehood be a stranger to thy lips;*
Shame on the policy that first began
To tamper with the heart to hide its thoughts!
And doubly shame on that inglorious tongue
That sold its honesty and told a lie."

WHAT LYING DOES.

Nothing so corrupts early simplicity, quickly destroys the nobler instincts, and depraves the heart as falsehood. If a boy will lie about one thing, can he be trusted in anything? If he is branded as a liar, what teacher will respect him, what business man will engage him, and what court will accept his testimony? "I have seldom known anyone," said Paley, "who deserted truth in trifles, who could be trusted in matters of importance." Oliver Wendell Holmes said: "Sin has many tools, but a lie is the handle which fits them all." It destroys confidence, establishes false relations among men, blights the

bloom of life, and saps the vital springs of existence. It is the progenitor of all wrongs, oppressions, cruelties and crimes, and what boy is there who dare do it when God prohibits it?

WHAT LYING BRINGS.

Like begets like, thus lies beget lies. Said Owen, “One lie must be thatched over with another, or it will soon rain through.” Lying brings misery. It troubles the conscience, destroys the peace of mind and makes one suspicious of others. Because of this, Eugene Field, when a young man, walked thirty miles to confess to his employer and to ask forgiveness for an untruth he had told him. Lying brings punishment, for “lying lips are an abomination unto the Lord.” Because of this Elisha’s servant was struck with leprosy, Ananias and Sapphira with death, and many others have had the seal of God’s wrath placed upon them.

One day, as Archbishop Leighton was going from Glasgow to Dumblane, a storm of lightning and thunder burst upon him. He was observed, when at a considerable distance, by two men of bad character. They had not the courage to rob him; but, wishing to extort money from him, one said, “I will lie down by the wayside as if I were dead, and you shall inform the archbishop that I was killed by the lightning and beg money of him to bury me.” When the Archbishop arrived, the wicked wretch told the fabricated story. The Archbishop sympathized with the pretended survivor, gave him money, and proceeded on his journey. But when the man returned to his companion, he found him really lifeless. Immediately he began to cry aloud: “Oh, Sir!

he's dead! Oh, Sir, he's dead!" On this the Archbishop discovered the fraud and turning to the living man said, "It is a dangerous thing to trifle with the judgment of God." How much better and safer to speak the truth, for

> "*There is nothing so kingly as kindness,*
> *And nothing so royal as truth.*"

Truthfulness is the foundation of character. It is the basis of true manhood. Its spirit pervades the closest relation and highest intercourse, its law holds the planets in their course, and it is the presiding principle of every true and noble life. A greater tribute could not be paid to anyone than "his word is as good as his bond." No more worthy epitaph or eloquent remark could be uttered of Colonel Huchurin, than when a friend, attesting the simplicity and nobility of him, said: "He never professed the thing he intended not." No eulogy can surpass Xenocrates of Petrarch, who, standing before an ecclesiastical tribunal where an oath had been required of others, said, "As for you, Petrarch, your word is sufficient."

An important conference was being held in the Executive Mansion in Washington. A caller had sent in his card, but either the caller was unwelcome or the time was quite unsuitable for his admission. One of the persons turned to a servant and said, "Tell the person who sent up the card that the President is not in." "No," said General Grant, "tell him no such thing." Then, turning to his friends, he remarked: "I don't lie myself, and I don't want any of my servants to lie for me."

A "Mental Photograph" book was once presented to Charles Kingsley in which to write. One question was "What is your *bête noire*?" "A lie," he penned. In

dedicating her delightful biography of him his wife wrote:

"To the beloved memory
of
A righteous man

Who loved God and *truth above all things*.
A man of untarnished honor—
Loyal and chivalrous—gentle and strong—
Modest and humble—tender and true—
Pitiful to the weak—yearning after the erring—
Stern to all forms of wrong and oppression,
Yet most stern toward himself—
Who being angry yet sinned not."

TRUTHFULNESS IS THE MOST HONORABLE AND SAFE COURSE.

Truthfulness underlies all honest and faithful work, all social confidence, all right fulfillment of relations and self-respect. It regulates lives and improves and elevates those it characterizes. It is one great secret of success in business, a magnet that draws confidence and wields a power second to none in the universe. A poor Persian boy was about to leave his mother's home, to engage in business in the city. Within the lining of his coat she sewed forty golden dinars which she had saved during years of labor. Before the boy started she cautioned him to beware of robbers as he went across the desert, and as he left the home, she said: "Fear God, and never tell a lie." The boy started, and toward evening saw in the distance the glittering minarets of the great city, but between the city and himself he saw a cloud of dust. It came nearer. Presently he saw that it was caused by a band of robbers. One of them approached him,

and unceremoniously inquired what valuables he had. The boy answered with candor: “Forty golden dinars are sewed up in my garments.” Discrediting the boy’s story he wheeled his horse around and rode back to his companions. Soon another robber came and said: “Boy, what have you got?” “Forty dinars sewed in my garments,” he answered. The robber laughed and rode away. At last the chief came and asked him what he had. The boy replied, “I have already told two of your men that I have forty dinars sewed up in my clothes.” The chief ordered his clothes torn open, and the money was found. He was then asked what induced him to make such a revelation. “Because,” said the boy, “I would not be false to my mother, whom I solemnly promised never to tell a lie.” The robber leaned upon his spear and after reflecting said, “Wait a moment.” He mounted his horse and rode back to his comrades, but soon returned dressed as a merchant. “Boy,” said he, “art thou so mindful of thy mother, while I am insensible at my age of that duty I owe God? Give me thy hand, that I may swear repentance on it.” He did so, and his followers were struck with the scene. Said he, “I am a merchant. I have a large business house in the city. I want you to come and live with me to teach me about your God, and you will be rich, and your mother some day shall come and live with us.” Then one of the robbers turned to the chief and said, “You have been our leader in guilt, be the same in the path of virtue.” And taking the boy’s hand, they all promised to lead new lives.

Boys, speak only that which is true. You may do much good by it, although you may never lead a band of robbers to God and honesty. But—

“*Nothing good shall ever perish,*

Only the corrupt shall die;
Truth, which men and angels cherish,
Flourishes eternally."

TRUTHFULNESS IS THE WINNING SIDE.

Good old Matthew Henry used to say, "Truth is mighty and will prevail." "Falsehood," as one of the kings of Prussia said, "sometimes does good for twenty-four hours, but like a battle well fought, right comes off more than conqueror." Falsehood is always defeated. It shrinks at detection and in due time is compelled to confess. Truth is sure and has a firm foundation because it is an attribute of God. And "God and truth," said Theodore Parker, "are always on the same side." Therefore

"*Seize upon truth, where'er 'tis found,*
Amongst your friends, amongst your foes,
On Christian or on heathen ground;
The flower's divine where'er it grows."

CHAPTER IV
Be Choice of Language

INTRODUCTION TO CHAPTER IV

BY GENERAL O. O. HOWARD

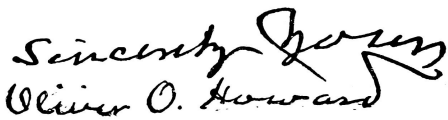
"Maintain your rank, vulgarity despise,
To swear is neither brave, polite nor wise;

You would not swear upon a bed of death;
Reflect—your Maker now may stop your breath."

Anonymous.

One moonlight night I was passing near a sentinel's post. It was during the winter of 1861–2, in front of Alexandria, Virginia, at Camp California. The sentinel, in some trouble, used rough, coarse language, closing with an oath. Approaching him, till I could see his face, think of my astonishment to find him, instead of a burly man of low life, a handsome boy of seventeen. I said to him pleasantly: "How could your mother have taught you to swear?" Dropping his head with a sudden shame, he answered, "She didn't, General. I learned it here." And indeed, it came from the influence of his associates.

One's language always gauges him.



CHAPTER IV
Be Choice of Language

Few things are more important and far-reaching than the use of words. If good, they

—"*have power to 'suage*
The tumults of a troubled mind
And are as balm to fester'd wounds."

If bad, they corrupt and may flourish, as Carlyle said: “Like a hemlock forest after a thousand years.”

“*Immodest words admit of no defence,*
For want of decency is want of sense.”

One of the most historic structures in the world was the Campanile, or the bell-tower of St. Mark’s Cathedral in Venice. Not long since it fell. One aged Lugui Vendrasco knew its danger. For ten years he had not ceased to beg the government to allow him to put the Campanile in better order. But his warnings were unheeded. One Sunday morning he took his son to see it. As the young man looked upon the crack he said, “That’s nothing. A small crack like that can really do no harm to such a building.” Replying, the father said, “Son, it is not the crack. It is that of which the crack is the effect and symbol. Our Campanile is doomed.” The next morning it fell with an awful crash. In like manner many a man has come tumbling down. His character was not safe because of some flaw in it. Improper words prove its great defect as the crack did the weakness of the Campanile.

Stephen Price, once Mayor of New York, and a warm friend to boys, lost his life in a steamboat disaster. When his body was recovered, a scrap of paper was found in his pocket-book. It was so worn with oft reading that the words were scarcely legible, but two paragraphs were finally made out, one of which was: “Good company and good conversation are the very sinews of virtue.” In fact, these are inseparable. Conversation is a reflex of character, and no boy can associate with another who delights in slangy, smutty talk without being more or less contaminated.

IMPROPER WORDS.

A very common and bad habit of some boys is the attachment of improper words to a sentence, as if it made it more binding. These in no sense give grace or beauty to language. They do not round out a period or enrich a metaphor. They define nothing, bound nothing, measure nothing, mean nothing, accomplish nothing, and he who uses them should be shunned. Vulgar expressions are never in order. “They help,” as South says, “no one’s education or manners. They are disgusting to the refined, abominable to the good, insulting to those with whom one associates, degrading to the mind, unprofitable, needless and injurious to society,” and beneath the dignity of any self-respecting person. “Are there any ladies around?” said a young officer to a group of others, “I’ve a splendid story to tell.” “There are no ladies present,” said General Ulysses S. Grant, who overheard the remark, “but there are gentlemen here, sir, and what is not fit for a lady to hear, is unfit for a gentleman.”

When Coleridge Patterson, the martyred bishop of Melanesia, was a boy at Eton, he was enthusiastically fond of cricket, at which he was an unusually good player. At the cricket suppers at Eton, it was the custom to give toasts followed by songs, and these songs were often of a very questionable sort. Before one of these suppers, “Coley” told the captain that he would protest against the introduction of anything that was vulgar or indecent. His protest apparently had no effect, for during the evening, one of the boys arose and began to sing a song which “Coley” thought was not fit for decent boys to hear. Whereupon, rising from his seat, he said, “If this sort of thing continues, I shall leave the room.” It was

continued and he left. The next day he wrote to the captain of the eleven, saying unless he received an apology, he should withdraw from the club. The apology was sent and Patterson remained. By that stand he showed his character, which won the admiration of the rest and brought about a new state of affairs. No boy need answer another who addresses him in unbecoming language. He might say as Stephen A. Douglas, when denounced in the Senate in improper language, “What no gentleman should say, no gentleman need answer.” And as to keeping the company of anyone who is inclined to be vulgar, there is no law to compel it. Far better be a Coleridge Patterson in shunning such company.

AVOID PROFANITY.

The true gentlemanly boy has a sense of honor, scrupulously avoiding profane words as he would profane actions. No habit is more unbecoming, useless and contagious than swearing. It is the fool’s impulse and the coward’s fortification. It neither helps one’s manners nor education, and no boy with the least personal pride will be guilty of indulging in it. Louis IX of France punished everyone who was convicted of swearing by searing his lips with a hot iron.

George Washington made the following law August 3, 1776, which he caused to be read to the men under his command: “The general is sorry to be informed that the foolish and wicked practice of profane cursing and swearing, a vice heretofore little known in an American army, is growing into fashion; he hopes the officers will, by example as well as influence, endeavor to check it, and that both they

and the men will reflect that we can have but little hope of the blessing of Heaven on our armies if we insult Him by our impiety and folly; added to this, it is a vice so mean and low, without any temptation, that every man of sense and character detests and despises it."

Years ago the Hon. John Finch visited an asylum in the East and asked to see a certain professional gentleman committed there. He had been a good and true man, but by overwork, physical and mental, had wrecked himself and become a raving maniac. The superintendent of the asylum said, "You will not want to see him again, he swears so." As they entered the room in which the man was locked in a "straight jacket," the most vulgar oaths came from his lips. Touching the superintendent Mr. Finch said, "What can this mean? When I knew that man he was one of the grandest Christians, true, noble and good in every respect; and now to hear such vile language coming from him surprises me." The superintendent said, "He learned to swear when a boy. The impressions made on his brain at that period of life when the brain most readily receives impressions now become the governing ones. In this asylum we can almost uniformly tell what have been the habits, customs and abuses of insane people when they were children. The brain at such times receives impressions readily, the impressions are permanent, and if they have indulged in vile practices, or used bad language, the dethronement of reason and intelligent conscience will give to early impressions and habits the control of the mind." This being true, how careful every boy should be, for who wants the bad habits of youth noticeable in age?

AVOID BLASPHEMY.

There are many ways in which language may be improperly used, but none more unbecoming and attended with more serious consequences than blasphemy, or using the name of God or Christ with disrespect. It is a presumptuous sin against which God has declared: "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain," declaring with emphasis, "for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh His name in vain."

Sometimes, as Jacob Knapp said in his autobiography, "God steps aside from His ordinary course and smites presumptuous sinners dead, that they may stand as beacon lights to warn others to shun the rocks on which they struck." During the Black Hawk war, in Illinois, at the time when God sent the cholera among the people, an officer cursed God for sending the disease into their midst. With an awful oath he opened his mouth, and God smote him down even as the word trembled on his lips. Such cases are rare, yet the words, "will not hold him guiltless," show that He forgets not and that sometime He will hold the blasphemer accountable.

Howard, the philanthropist, on hearing anyone use blasphemous expressions, always buttoned up his coat. Being asked the reason, he replied, "I always do this when I hear men swear, as I think that anyone who can take God's name in vain can also steal." Nothing so chills one's blood as—

—"to hear the blest Supreme
Rudely appealed to on each trifling theme;
Therefore maintain your rank, vulgarity despise,
To blaspheme is neither brave, polite nor wise.
You would not do so upon the bed of death;
Reflect! Your Maker now could stop your breath."

“AMEN!”

Many years ago when the Duke of Gordon was spending the day in a Scotch village a company of soldiers was drawn up under the window of the room in which the duke and a party of friends were enjoying themselves. The officer in command was inspecting his men’s arms and clothes, and if anything displeased him he berated the soldier with blasphemous oaths. The duke, who abhorred such language, expressed a wish that the inspection might soon be over. “If your Grace desires it,” said one of the company, “I will clear the coast of this man of oaths without noise or bloodshed.” “Do so, and I’ll be obliged to you,” said the duke. The gentleman stepped into the street, took his station behind the officer and pulled off his hat. As the officer swore, the gentleman, with the grave solemnity of a parish clerk, said in a loud voice “Amen.” “What do you mean?” asked the officer, hastily turning around. “I am joining with you in prayer,” answered the gentleman with a grave face. “I thank you, sir,” rejoined the officer, “but I have no further need for a clerk. Soldiers! to the right-about, march!” And he and his soldiers departed, much to the amusement and happiness of the duke, after teaching an important lesson to the officer that it is wrong to call upon God to do this or that, or to belittle others by vile epithets which never fail to bring in due time just retribution.

My boy, the only language to use is the pure and refined. By-words, slang phrases, profanity and blasphemy are only uttered by lips whose heart is bad, for “out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.” Let your tongue utter sound sentences, choice words and pleasant expressions,

then will they be musical to the ears of the good, sweet to the soul of the pious, educational to those who associate with you, and beneficial to all. From this day put into practice the last words of the eloquent John B. Gough. He was lecturing in the Presbyterian Church, Frankford, Pa., on the night of February 19, 1886. In the course of that lecture he said: "I have seven years in the record of my own life when I was held in the iron grasp of intemperance. I would give the world to blot it out, but alas! I cannot." Then, stepping forward, with an impressive gesture, he added, "Young man, keep your record—" but he was unable to finish the sentence, for he sank insensible into a chair from which he was never able to rise. Evidently he meant to say, "Young man, keep your record clean."

Do not forget that improper words have a reflex influence. A fable is told how a bee took an offering of honey to Jupiter, which so pleased him that he promised to grant the bee whatever it should ask. The bee said, "O glorious Jove, give thy servant a sting, that when anyone approaches my hive to take the honey, I may kill him on the spot." Jupiter answered, "Your prayer shall not be granted in the way you wish, but the sting you ask for, you shall have; and when anyone comes to take away your honey, and you sting him, the wound shall be fatal, not to him, but to you, for your life shall go with the sting." So is it to this day. He that curseth others, curseth himself. Therefore my boy, control your tongue, and keep the door of your lips, remembering:

"'Tis reason's part
To govern and to guard the heart,
To lull the wayward soul to rest,
When hopes and fears distract the breast;
Reason may calm this doubtful strife,

And steer thy bark through various life."

CHAPTER V
Be Ambitious

INTRODUCTION TO CHAPTER V

BY BOOKER T. WASHINGTON

Our natures are like oil; compound us with anything,
Yet will we strive to swim to the top.

—Beaumont.

Writing of the gentleman who introduces this chapter—the Washington of his people in industry, education and religion, Paul Dunbar, the negro poet, says:

"A poor Virginia cabin gave the seed;
And from its dark and lowly door there came
A peer of princes in the world's acclaim,
A master spirit for the nation's need.
Strong, silent, purposeful beyond his kind,
The ark of rugged force on brow and lip,
Straight on he goes, nor turns to look behind,
With one idea foremost in his mind
Like the keen prow of some on-forging ship."

I would say to every young man, no matter what his color, to choose as early as possible a good, clean-cut business, something that will help make the world better, and then strive in every worthy way to make

that business the most successful of its kind in the world. The boy who lets obstacles overcome him will not succeed. The great thing is to succeed in spite of discouragements.



CHAPTER V
Be Ambitious

Many a pen has been used against this inward passion, declaring it a "secret poison, a gallant madness and the mother of hypocrisy." The great Wolsey cried, "I charge thee, fling away ambition." Bowes said, "The most aspiring are frequently the most contemptible," but there are exceptions to the rule. Where there is no aspiration, there is no endeavor. It is not wrong to strain mental and physical energies to succeed, provided it is to be good and to do good. The ambition of Napoleon to lay waste the town of Acre was wrong, that of Wellington to intercept the "scourge of Europe," right. "To be ambitious of true honor, of the true glory and perfections of our natures, is," as Sir Philip Sidney said, "the very principle and incentive of virtue."

One of the customs of the Norsemen was that of wearing a pickaxe crest with the motto, "Either I will find a way or make one." An adage of the day reads, "Where there's a will there's a way." What one wills to do can usually be done. George Stephenson determined to make an engine to run between

Liverpool and Manchester at the rate of twelve miles an hour. The *Quarterly Review* ridiculed the idea, saying, “As well trust one’s self to be fired off on a Congreve rocket.” He did it, nevertheless. Prince Bismarck’s greatest ambition was to snatch Germany from Austrian oppression and to gather round Prussia, in a North German confederation, all the States whose tone of thought, religion and interest, were in harmony with those of Prussia. “To attain this end,” he once said, “I would brave all dangers—exile, even the scaffold. What matters if they hang me, provided the rope with which I am hung binds this new Germany firmly to the Prussian throne?” And, he did it.

ASPIRE HIGH.

There is nothing wrong in aspiring high. George Washington proposed to carve his name higher than any other on the Natural Bridge in Virginia, and did it. Alfred Harmsworth, “king of the penny press,” said on entering journalism, “I will master the business of editing and publishing.” At twenty-one he had a little capital, at thirty he was a millionaire, and later became head of the largest publishing house in the world.

Emerson once said, “Hitch your wagon to a star.” It is but a natural condition of a healthful life when energies seek an outlet in some lofty activity. Better endeavor if but to fail, than never try at all. “I know,” says Morris, “how far high failure overleaps the bounds of low successes.” The sense of such makes us capable of a grave and holy sense of the real soberness and meaning of life. George Eliot in writing the last words of her most powerful book,

exclaims, “It is so much less than what I hoped for.” A great artist was once highly praised for a beautiful painting which he had just completed. “Ah, do not praise me!” he sadly said, “it may be very beautiful, but I aimed at perfection.” When Napoleon started on his campaign he was ridiculed and nicknamed “The Little Corporal,” which cut him to the quick, but it proved to be a goad which stirred him to become a great general. In one of our courts a poor carpenter was once planing a magistrate’s bench, when an onlooker inquired, “Why are you so careful with such a rough piece of furniture?” “Because I wish to make it for the time when I shall sit as judge upon it,” was the reply. And that time came.

INSTANCES OF SUCCESSFUL AMBITION.

In 1805 there was born in London a boy of a hated and branded people. When sixteen years of age he became a clerk in a solicitor’s office, and, to the amusement of his companions, he was wont to say: “I intend to be prime minister of England.” He had no liberal education, yet he won honors of literary skill and scholarship. He was ambitious, and eventually won his way to Parliament. When he attempted to deliver his first speech, his highflown style and extravagant gestures provoked laughter and hisses, so that he took his seat with great mortification. In doing so, he uttered a remarkable prophecy, “I shall sit down now, but the time will come when you will hear me.” True to the utterance, that time came to Benjamin Disraeli, when, in Shakespeare’s words he could have said, “People and senators! be not affrighted; fly not; stand still; ambition’s debt is paid.”

Years ago a poor German boy named Schliemann read of the siege of Troy, and made up his mind to find the ruins of that ancient city. He procured books and taught himself six or seven languages. He persevered and prospered until as a merchant he made a fortune. Every step of his study and money-making was taken with the aim of fulfilling the vow of his boyhood. In due time he started eastward with a company of laborers, and for long years pursued his search. At last success crowned his efforts. Troy was discovered and the gold, silver and bronze articles of the Trojan king were dug out of his palace, and placed on exhibition at South Kensington, England.

One day while wandering about Cincinnati a young artist saw a sign which read, “Peter Skinner, Chairmaker.” “Why can’t I make chairs?” he asked himself. He straightway entered the establishment, resolved to ask for a position. In order to get to the office, he had to pass through the paint room, and the sight of several busy workers prompted him to inwardly exclaim, “Anyway I can paint chairs.” The firm wanted a hand, and he was engaged to come the next morning to work in the paint shop. As he wended his way back he tarried a moment to see how the painters did their work. That evening when he reached his room in the boarding-house, he borrowed a brush and an old chair, and began practising. Next morning he was on hand at the chair factory and there continued to work for two months at nine dollars per week. No one ever discovered that he was not an experienced chair-painter. During his leisure time at the boarding-house he made pencil drawings and dropped them carelessly on the floor so that they would attract attention. The landlord, a colonel in the militia, possessed a strong,

characteristic face and the artist drew him in uniform, and dropped this picture on the floor of his room. His chief ambition was to return to portrait painting. He thought the drawing would please the colonel, and it did; so much so, that it led to his receiving a commission to paint the portraits of the colonel and his family, consisting of five members, at five dollars each. With this work to occupy him he left the chair factory, and soon the reputation of James H. Beard, the celebrated portrait and animal painter, was made.

History records thousands of those who have pressed their way upward until they were crowned with success in spite of the distressing, discouraging, circumstantial law of gravitation, in which poverty and uncouth ancestry have played an important part. What these have done, any other boy can do, providing he argues not

"*Against heaven's hand or will, not 'bate a jot*
Of heart or hope, but still bear up and steer
Right onward."

THE SPIRIT OF DISCONTENT.

There is, however, a spirit of discontent manifested by many who envy those a few rounds higher on life's social or business ladder, and who are determined to surpass them at whatever cost. Such ambition is justly foredoomed to disappointment, like Alexander's, who wept because there were no more worlds for him to conquer; and like Pisistratus, to whom the Athenian law-giver said, "Were it not for your ambition, you would be the best citizen of Athens."

Ambition that rises from discontent or selfishness

is false. It lacks conscience to engineer it. A boy is only fit to go higher as he demonstrates faithfulness where he is. A boy that simply wants to climb without endeavoring to do well in the position he holds is, as Beecher said, “Neither fit to be where he is, nor yet above it; he is already too high, and should be put lower.” “Out of the frying-pan into the fire,” though not his motto, will doubtless be his result.

MASTER OF HIS CRAFT.

Not long ago, at Ellis Island, a large number of immigrants were awaiting examination. Among them was a tall Polish lad with a little black bag under his arm. When his turn came to answer the inevitable question, “How much money have you?” he smiled, and frankly answered “None.” “But don’t you know you can’t come in here if you have no money, and no friend to speak for you? Where are you going?” asked the inspector. “To Fall River first. I have a friend there. Then I shall see the whole country. You will hear of me,” he answered. The inspector proceeded rather sharply, “How will you get to Fall River? Where will you eat and sleep to-night?” “I shall be all right,” replied the lad confidently. “With this,” tapping the black bag, “I can go anywhere.” “What is it?” The Pole laughed, and opening the bag, took out a cornet. It was a fine instrument, and gave evidence of loving care. “Can you play it well?” asked the officer, kindly. In answer the young man stepped out into an open space, and lifting the horn to his lips, began the beautiful intermezzo from “Cavalleria Rusticana.” At the very first note every one in the great building stood still and listened. The

long lines of immigrants became motionless. The forlorn waiters in the pit looked up, and their faces became tender. Even the meanest among them seemed to feel the charm of the pleading notes. When the music ceased, there was a burst of applause. Shouts of “Bravo,” “Good boy,” “Give us some more,” came from every side. The physicians, who a few moments before had made their hurried and not over-gentle examination, joined in the applause. The officer who had questioned him so sharply slapped him on the back. The commissioner himself had come up from his office at the sound of the horn, and asked for particulars. When he had heard them, he turned to the agent of the Fall River boats, and said, “Give this lad a passage, including meals, and charge it to me.” “I will charge it to myself,” said the agent, and he took the young Pole by the arm and led him away. “With this I can go anywhere,” showed not only his ambitious spirit, but demonstrated faithfulness in the prosecution of his studies, which now stood him in good stead and made him master of the situation. How true, as Massinger sang,

“*Man was marked*
A friend in the creation, to himself,
And may, with fit ambition, conceive
The greatest blessings and the highest honors
Appointed for him, if he can achieve them
The right and noble way.”

HINTS TO SUCCESSFUL AMBITION.

Ambition, to succeed, must seize opportunity by the forelock. “Behind she is bald; if you seize her by the forelock, you may hold her; if suffered to escape,

not Jupiter himself can catch her again." "Do that which lies nearest you," is an injunction worth obeying, and though not the most satisfactory, may be the stepping-stone to something higher. John D. Rockefeller, who is computed to be worth three hundred million dollars, earned his first money hoeing potatoes, and when thirty-five years of age owned but a thousand dollars. When Edison was a very poor young man, walking the streets in search of work, he happened to step into an office in Wall street. The telegraph recording machine was out of order, and no one could make it work. Instead of pleading his case in general statements, he simply asked if he might try his hand on the balky machine. He was permitted, and was successful. This was the turning point in his career toward fortune. He not only had knowledge and skill enough to make a machine go, but he had wit enough to perceive the opportunity just at hand. Some things are difficult to perceive because they are close to us. But this is all the more reason why we should look for them and with the barest possibility seize them.

Ambition which ennobles, must do well whatever there is to be done. Gladstone's advice to boys was, "Be thorough in what you do, and remember that, though ignorance often may be innocence, pretension is always despicable." President Garfield tells of a schoolmate who established a factory for the single purpose of making hammers, which he had brought to great perfection, and in which he took a great pride. The statesman said to his old friend, "By this time you must be able to make a pretty good hammer." The hammer-maker, who was shipping his wares by the thousands to all parts of the earth, replied: "No, we do not make any pretty good hammers; we make the best hammers that can be

made." "I commission thee, my son," said an aged artist, whose eye was failing and hand trembling, "do thy best." The young man hesitated, thinking the duty too vast to finish his master's work, but the injunction "do thy best" rang in his ears. With prayer for help and high purpose in heart, the young man began. As he wrought, his hand grew steady, his conception cleared, each stroke became a master-stroke until with tearful exultation, the aged artist gave over into the hand of Leonardo da Vinci the task from which his own trembling hand was dropping, which task for da Vinci meant a world-wide reputation.

"I was invited," said the late D. W. Richardson, "to give an address at St. Andrew's University, and to listen in the evening to a lecture by another man—like myself, an outsider. I was not personally acquainted with this other man, but I knew that he filled an important judicial office in Scotland, and was considered one of the most able and learned, as well as one of the wittiest men in that country. He chose for his subject 'Self-Culture,' and for an hour held us in a perfect dream of pleasure. For my own part, I could not realize that the hour had fled. The lecture ended at seven o'clock, and at eight I found myself seated at dinner by the side of the lecturer, at the house of one of the university professors. In the course of the dinner I made some reference to the hall in which the exercises of the day had been held, how good it was for sound, and what a fine structure to look upon. 'And did you like the way in which the stones were laid inside?' asked my new friend. 'Immensely,' I replied, 'the man who laid those stones was an artist who must have thought that his work would live through the ages.' 'Well, that is pleasant to hear,' he said, 'for the walls are my ain

daein'.' He had the Scottish accent when in earnest. 'Fortunate man,' I replied, 'to have the means to build so fine a place,' for I thought, naturally enough, that, being a rich man, he had built this hall at his own expense, and presented it to the university. 'Fortunate, truly,' he answered, 'but not in that sense. What I mean is, that I laid every one of those stones with my ain hand. I was a working mason, and the builder of the hall gave me the job of laying the inside stone-work; and I never had a job in my life in which I took so much pride and so much pleasure.'

"While this man was working with his hands he was working also with his brain. He took his degree, went to the bar, and became a man honored throughout the country. We applauded his brilliant lecture; but those silent, beautiful stones before him, which echoed our applause, must, I think, have been to him one cheer more, and a big one."

Be ambitious, my boy. Embrace every opportunity, for such "is the small end of a big thing." The small end comes first and may be good as a handle. "My chance has come," said Commodore Dewey to a naval captain with whom he dined just before leaving Washington to assume command of the Asiatic squadron early in 1898. "You know, Farragut did not get his chance till he was over sixty, but he took it, and—" something interfered with the conversation and the sentence was never finished in words, but the rest of it reverberated around the world from the roar of Dewey's guns at Manila. Keep your eyes open. Hear, but say little. Count the cost before you bargain. Weigh matters before you buy, and if there is a possibility of success, grasp it. Spare no labor, nor shrink from danger, for in the words of Montrose,

"*He either fears his fate too much*
Or his deserts are small,
That dares not put it to the touch
To gain or lose it all."

CHAPTER VI
Be Industrious

INTRODUCTION TO CHAPTER VI

BY JOHN T. RICH

Industry—
To meditate, to plan, resolve, perform,
Which in itself is good—as surely brings
Reward of good, no matter what be done.
—*Pollock.*

Industry stimulates honesty,—honesty for its own sake, not because it is the best policy.
Such sweetened by courtesy, seasons our attainments with a delightful relish and portends a rich reward.

—

Industry means success in life. Without it, genius, ability, scholarship and good intentions are of no avail. By industry, poverty, lack of opportunity and the greatest obstacles in human life may be overcome, and success in life assured.



CHAPTER VI
Be Industrious

"The best thing I remember," said Chauncey Depew to a company of young men in New York, "was my graduation from Yale. I made up my mind that day that I would lead a life of scholastic ease. I thought I would read a little, write a little, take it easy and have a good time. I had a hard-headed father of sturdy Dutch ancestry. He had enough money to take care of me, and I knew it, and when he discovered that I knew it and intended to act accordingly, it was a cold day for me. Said he, 'You will never get a dollar from me except through my will. From this time forth you have to make your own way.' Well, I found I had a hard lot of it—nobody had a harder one—and my father stood by and watched me tussle and fight it out. I bless him for that to-night with all the heart and gratitude I have. If he had taken the other course, what should I have done? I should have been up in Peekskill to-night nursing a stove, complaining of the men who have succeeded in the world, and wondering by what exceptional luck they had got on; but having my way to dig alone, I got beyond everything my father dreamed of, but it was done by fourteen, or sixteen, or eighteen hours' work a day, if necessary."

The path to any notable achievement, whether business or professional, is not easy. “No pains, no gains,” is an old English proverb, which is akin to the well-known one, “No sweat, no sweet.” Few are the royal roads to fame. Every house Beautiful is situated on a hill Difficulty, the pathway to which is lion-guarded. He who has not the hardihood to climb the one and face the other, will never cross the threshold of the palace. Former Chief Justice Chase used to say that when he came to Washington, a poor boy, an uncle of his was a member of the Cabinet. He went to him and said, “I want to get a place under the government.” His uncle answered, “Salmon, if you want money to buy a pickaxe and shovel to go to work out here on the street, I will furnish you with the money; but you shall never have a position, under the government, with my consent.” To that act of his uncle Chief Justice Chase said he owed his successful career. “Your royal highness,” said Paderewski when told that he was surely inspired, “will be surprised when I tell you that I remember the day when I was quite an indifferent player. I was determined, however, to be what the world calls a genius, and to be a genius I well knew that I must first be a drudge, for genius and drudgery always go hand in hand. Genius”—and Paderewski spoke excitedly—“is three-quarters drudgery—that’s what genius is. I at one time practiced day after day, year after year, till I became almost insensible to sound—became a machine, as it were. Now, ‘Paderewski is a genius,’ says the world! Yes, but Paderewski was a drudge before he was a genius!”

Just as the acorn goes slowly toward the oak, so does the babe journey toward the sage. Haydn and Handel were years before they presented the world with perfect music. Some of the pages of Tennyson’s

manuscript have as many as fifty corrections. Only by filling barrels with manuscripts and steadily refusing to publish, Robert Louis Stevenson attained his exquisite style. Millet described his career as ten years of daubing, ten years of despair, and ten years of liberty and success. Of the late Professor Joseph H. Thayer of Harvard Divinity School, it was said, “His greatness was the result, not of native ability alone, but of life-long tireless industry.” Addressing his students he once asked, “Do you wish to become great? Remember it means more hours at your desk. The greater you desire to become, the more hours you must work.” Genius is not only the capacity for keeping at it, but taking pains in its accomplishments. Wellington’s military genius was said to have been perfected by encounters with difficulties of apparently the most overwhelming character, yet such trained him to self-reliance, courage and the highest discipline.

A boy once wrote to Henry Ward Beecher soliciting his aid in securing an easy place wherein he might make his mark. Mr. Beecher replied, “You cannot be an editor; do not try the law; do not think of the ministry; let alone all ships, shops and merchandise; abhor politics, don’t practice medicine; be not a farmer nor a mechanic, neither be a soldier nor a sailor; don’t work, don’t study, don’t think. None of these are easy. My son, you have come into a hard world. I know of only one easy place in this world, *and that is the grave*.”

INDOLENT BOYS.

Indolence is a characteristic of some boys. Some one wrote:

"*A boy will hunt and a boy will fish,*
Or play baseball all day;
But a boy won't think and a boy won't work,
Because he's not built that way."

Doubtless this is a gross exaggeration. All boys are not "made that way," though there are some, who, at the thought—

"*—of an errand are as 'tired as a hound',*
Very weary of life and of 'tramping around';
But if there's a band or a circus in sight,
They'll follow it gladly from morning till night.
If there's work in the garden, their heads ache to split!
And their backs are so lame that they 'can't dig a bit';
But mention baseball, and they're cured very soon,
And they'll dig for a woodchuck the whole afternoon."

The father of Daniel and Ezekiel Webster on leaving the home for a short time gave these boys some special work on the farm. On his return he found the labor unperformed, and frowning, demanded, "What have you been doing Ezekiel?" "Nothing, sir," was the reply. "Well, Daniel, what have you been doing?" "Helping Zeke, sir," he answered. How many boys are likewise disposed. They care not, and, if they can help it, will not work. They are like

—"*a watch that wants both hands,*
As useless when it goes as when it stands."

MISCHIEF FOR IDLE HANDS.

Idleness has been well expressed by the ancients as "the burial of a living man." It is "the very rust and canker of the soul, the devil's cushion, pillow and chief reposal." The boy who courts it will experience

no little personal feeling of disgust in after years. When along in life, he will be able to say with a French beggar, who, while undergoing a long imprisonment, tattooed upon his right arm, “The past has deceived me, the present torments me, the future terrifies me.” Better heed Plato’s advice, “Prefer diligence before idleness, unless you esteem rust above brightness, for idleness is the hour of temptation.”

“Wanted, a well-grown boy who can make himself generally useful. Salary moderate to start with.” This was the advertisement that had called together some twenty-five boys. The merchant talked with one after another until only two remained in the outer office. “Come in, both of you,” called the merchant, “I can tell you what I want and what I’m willing to pay.” Then followed an enumeration of the services expected with the promise of two and a half dollars a week with an increase at the end of each six months. One of the two boys turned on his heel and said, “That settles it! I can’t afford to work for any such wages as that.” “I’ll try it,” said the other, “and if I suit you six months will soon pass. The two-fifty will pay my actual expenses, for I live at home; then when I get to earning more I can help more.” Five years passed. The first boy idled away his time and went from bad to worse. At last he stood in the prisoner’s dock awaiting trial for forgery. What was his astonishment to behold his former friend ranged on the side of the prosecution as junior member of a firm of eminent lawyers. There was no need for argument on either side, for the poor fellow broke down at the sight of his former schoolmate, and rising, said, “I’ll tell the truth and take my punishment. If I’d begun as that young man did five years ago I might have been somebody to-day, but I

was above low wages and didn't believe in small beginnings. Now I am a living example of what pride and indolence can do for a boy." Satan is sure to find mischief for idle hands, and the only way to keep clear of his work is to be busy at something, pay or no pay.

Industry is one of the pet laws of nature, and as Periander, one of the Seven Wise Men of Greece, said, "Nothing is impossible to industry." It has conquered our American forests, built cities as by magic, improved prairies and valleys until they blossom like the rose, and made our civilization rich with the arts, both liberal and fine. Long before the Indians owned California the gold fields were there. Before Franklin found electricity in the clouds, it was there. Before Marconi discovered the unseen waves of air to carry his messages across the sea, they were there. All that was needed was concentration, careful thinking and earnest, persistent effort to bring them into use.

All great men have had the gift of laboring intensely, continually and determinedly before succeeding, many of whom won their way against heavy odds. Arsaces, who founded the Parthian empire, against which the mighty hosts of Rome long contended in vain, was a mechanic of obscure origin. Andersen, the popular Danish author, was the son of a cobbler, and in his earlier years worked on the bench, doing his literary work on scraps of paper during the moments of rest from his regular duties. Cararra began his life as a drummer boy and driver of cattle, but subsequently rose to the presidency of the Republic of Guatemala. Demosthenes, the Greek orator and "prince of eloquence," was the son of a blacksmith. In his first attempt at public speaking, he displayed such a weakness of voice, imperfect

articulation and awkwardness that he withdrew from the speaker's platform amidst the hooting and laughter of his hearers. Giotto, one of the founders of Italian art, was a shepherd boy whom Cimabue discovered drawing sheep in the sand with a pointed stone, with such accuracy that he took him as a student. Herschel when a boy, played for balls, and while the dancers were lounging round the room he would go out and take a peep at the heavens through his telescope. It was while doing this that he discovered the Georgium Sidus, which made him famous. Samuel Richardson, the novelist, was a poor bookseller. He sold his books in the front part of the store, while he wrote them in the rear. It was a hard struggle. "My own industry and God's providence," said he, "have been my whole reliance." Lough, the English sculptor, reached success only through self-denial and hard work. He followed the plough by day and modelled by night. At length he went to London and took lodgings in an obscure house in a back street above a grocer's shop, and there began his statue of Milo. While working on it he went three months without meat. All the coal he used that winter was a bushel and a half. When Peter Coxe found him he was tearing up his shirt and dipping the strips into water to keep the clay moist. At last the statue was finished. The roof had been removed to finish its head. His work was soon noised abroad and sculptors took great interest in it. The Duke of Wellington went to see it and ordered a statue, and the boy who had struggled and suffered so much became the greatest sculptor of England.

"I SEE IT!"

James Ferguson, the Scotch astronomer, was very anxious when a boy to understand the mechanism of watches. His father refused to allow him to play with his watch, and so James waited until a stranger called with a watch. “Will you be good enough to tell me what time it is?” asked the boy. The gentleman told him. “Would you be willing that I should look at your watch?” continued James. “Certainly,” replied the gentleman. The boy took the watch eagerly. After examining it for a moment he asked, “What makes that box go round?” “A steel spring,” replied the owner. “How can a steel spring in a box turn it round so as to wind up all the chain?” The gentleman explained the process. “I don’t see through it yet,” answered the boy. “Well, now,” said the visitor, who had become interested, “take a long, thin piece of whale-bone, hold one end of it fast between your thumb and forefinger, and wind it around your finger. It will then attempt to unwind, and if you fix the other end of it to the inside of a small hoop and leave it to itself it will turn the hoop round and round and wind up a thread tied to the outside.” “I see it! I see it!” exclaimed the boy, enthusiastically. “Thank you, very much!” It was not long before he had made a wooden watch, which he enclosed in a case about the size of a teacup. Soon after this he was set to watching sheep by night. Here he took an interest in the stars with as great a zeal as in the watch and ere long became noted as a great astronomer.

PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE.

Boys of to-day are living in the most enlightened age, when everything is an improvement of the past.

Time was when man lived in caves, now in mansions; when he sailed the rivers in dug-outs of trees, now in steamers; when he traveled overland in ox-carts, now on steam cars; when he depended on fire or candle light to banish darkness, now electricity; when he spun cotton and wove it by a crude hand machine, now the spinning jenny and power loom; when he wrote on the bark of a tree with a sharpened iron or stick, now on the finest paper with a typewriter; when he sent messages by swift runners, now by telegraph. He now holds communication with other continents by cable, brings distant worlds near with the telescope, examines a single hair of a fly with the microscope and harnesses the elements of nature in his forward movement. All things are conquered, utilized and perfected by industry. “Fortune,” as one said, “is ever on the side of the industrious, as winds and waves are on the side of the best navigators.” There is no reason why any industrious boy should not reach the pinnacle of success. To do so will doubtless mean struggles, hard thinking, careful planning, but the end pays for all.

My boy, remember there is a place for you in the world. A place honorable, useful, influential, but it demands tireless exertion, steadfastness of purpose, carefulness of detail to reach and hold it. To neglect is to invite suffering in the future. “If I neglect my practice a day,” said Malibran the singer, “I see the difference in my execution; if for two days, my friends see it; and if for a week, all the world knows my failure.”

Don’t wait my lad, for something to “turn up.” “Things,” said Garfield, “don’t turn up in this world until somebody turns them up.” While ninety-nine persons wait for chances that never come, the one

hundredth realizing upon his irresistible strength and determination, makes his chance. “Never mind. What is the next thing to be done?” asked young Huxley, when he failed to pass the medical examination on which he thought his future depended. Looking back in after years at his defeat, the great scientist wrote, “It does not matter how many tumbles you have in life, so long as you do not get dirty when you tumble. It is only the people who have to stop and be washed who must lose the race.”

“When I was a boy on my father’s farm in Connecticut,” said Collis P. Huntington,—the man who had a hundred thousand people in his employ, “I worked hard, utilizing every moment, for there was plenty to do. But if I had any spare time I did chores for the neighbors. I never wanted for anything I needed! I always got it. But many buy things they do not need. When I went to New York in 1836 I had quite a sum of money, the result of my savings, judicious investments, and little tradings about the neighborhood.” He had an aim in life, and he worked till he accomplished it. That person who has not a definite purpose cannot expect to succeed. Philip, King of Macedon, lost his eye from a bowshot. When the soldiers picked up the shaft they perceived upon it these words, “To Philip’s eye!” The archer had an aim that accomplished something, and he that has not, cannot.

“*It’s the boys to shape the path for men,*
Boys to guide the plow and pen,
Boys to forward the task begun,
For the world’s great task is never done.

“*It’s the boys who’ll work that are needed*
In sanctum or office or shop,
Remembering the low lands are crowded

But there's room for the industrious, on top."

CHAPTER VII
Be Studious

INTRODUCTION TO CHAPTER VII

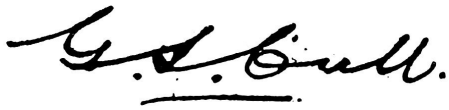
BY GEORGE S. CULL

The boy who would be an intelligent and wise man needs to be studious. What may now seem irksome employment will prove a delight in after years. Through study he will not be a burden to himself, nor will "his society be," as Seneca said, "insupportable to others."

Study whenever and wherever you can. Pliny in one of his Letters relates how he used spare moments. "Sometimes I hunt; but even then I carry with me a pocket-book, that whilst my servants are busied in disposing of nets and other matters, I may be employed in something that may be useful to me in my studies; and that if I miss of my game, I may at least bring home some of my thoughts with me, and not have the mortification of having caught nothing."

In choosing subjects you will not have to combat with the difficulties our forefathers met, for in these days of cheap paper and cheap printing the whole world of literature is open to you. But here, my lad, let me warn you against the worthless, the pernicious trash with which the literary market is flooded.

Study history with its descriptions of growth and decay of nations; science with its marvels and recent revelations, biographies of good and great men and nature whose pages are always open to view. Study everything which will lead you to look higher and feel nobler.



CHAPTER VII
Be Studious

The impression that study is only for those who attend school is decidedly wrong. If carried into practice it would prove disastrous to one's success. There is no period in life when one can afford to be otherwise than studious. Had Henry Clay after learning to write by filling a box with sand and tracing letters with a pointed stick, or had young Daniel Webster, after plucking his pen out of the wings of his mother's pet goose and making ink out of the soot scraped from the fireplace, ceased to go farther, their names as great speakers and writers would not be known.

John Quincy Adams was considered the most learned man of his day. When his parents intended to keep him in school, he plead so earnestly to leave that they gave him his choice between two things, work on the farm or school. John said he thought he would work and he was therewith assigned with

other help in ditching. After working three days he became weary of his job and coming to his father said: “Father, if you are willing I guess I’ll go back to school.” In after life he confessed, “If I have accomplished anything as a scholar, I owe it to those three days’ work in the abominable ditch.”

General Lew Wallace, according to his own words, was a poor student in his young manhood. He grew tired of his college course after six weeks, and returned home. Calling him into his office, his father took from a pigeonhole in his desk a package of papers neatly folded and tied with red tape. These were the receipts for his tuition. After reading the items the father said, “That sum represents what I have expended to provide you with a good education. After mature reflection I have come to the conclusion that I have done for you, in that direction, all that can reasonably be expected of any parent; and I have, therefore, called you in to tell you that you have now reached an age when you must take up the lines yourself. If you have failed to profit by the advantages with which I have tried so hard to surround you, the responsibility must be yours. I shall not upbraid you for your neglect, but rather pity you for your indifference which you have shown to the golden opportunities you have been enabled to enjoy through my indulgence.”

Lew left the office thinking. The next day he set out with a determination to accomplish something for himself. He secured employment of the County Clerk to copy the records of the courts. For months he worked in a dingy, half-lighted room, receiving as compensation ten cents per hundred words. The tediousness and regularity of the work was a splendid drill besides teaching him the virtue of persistence as one of the avenues of success. He had

a desire to become a lawyer, but realizing his deficiency in education he was compelled to study evenings. “I was made to realize,” said he, “the time I had spent with such lavish prodigality could not be recovered, and that I must extract every possible good out of the golden moments then flying by all too fast.” This he did until “Ben Hur,” one of the greatest books ever published, show how well he did it.

WHAT IT IS.

To be studious is to be ambitious, to excel, to be anxious for the acquisition of such knowledge as will be beneficial. From any source it will be gathered as the bee gathers honey from any flower. “Drink deep or taste not the Pierian spring of knowledge,” wrote an eminent poet. “Study chiefly,” said Lord Bacon to Cecil, “what you can turn to good account in your future life.” James Russell Lowell once counselled his nephew, “A man is valuable in our day for what he knows, and his company will be always desired by others in exact proportion to the amount of intelligence and instruction he brings with him.” William E. Gladstone in counselling boys said, “Get all the knowledge you can.” And Theodore Roosevelt declared, “Shiftlessness, slackness, indifference to studying are all most certain to mean inability to get on in other walks of life.”

A GOOD AIM.

A boy accompanied an old hunter through the woods in search of game. Suddenly a partridge

whirred from before their feet. The huntsman with steady nerve, quick eye and calculating brain brought the bird down at the first shot. “How could you aim so quickly?” the lad inquired. “I didn’t wait till I got into the woods to learn,” was his chaffing reply. He had done what Stone, the author of “The Mathematical Dictionary” did when perusing scientific works while aiding his father, who was gardener to the Duke of Argyll, had done; what David Livingstone did before he became Africa’s explorer, while in the old Blantyre cotton works with a Latin grammar on his spinning jenny; had done, what Ezra Cornell did before he built a two-story dwelling for his father’s family when only seventeen years of age; had done, what Henry Clay did with “these off-hand efforts” as he called his speeches in the corn field before he stirred the country with his orations,—made careful preparation beforehand.

What one will be in manhood depends largely on what he is in boyhood. The loftiest attainments are nothing more than fruits of earnest study. There is no perfection, no great excellence without great labor. “It is the deepest soil,” said Dewey, “that yields not only the richest fruits, but the fairest flowers; it is the most solid body which is not only the most useful, but which admits of the highest polish and brilliancy; it is the strongest pinion which not only carries the greatest burden, but which soars to the highest flight.” It is the best education which fits a person for a responsible position. If a man succeeds who has had no education he does so in spite of his misfortune and not by reason of it. Dickens owed less to education than probably any literary man. He was not in school two years in his whole life, but he was a genius by right divine. Few are so richly endowed, hence “a good education is a young man’s best

capital."

THE DUNCE.

He was called the dunce. His teacher would stand him apart from his class, for he could not or would not learn. One day a gentleman came into the room and seeing the lad standing, inquired the reason. "Oh, he is good for nothing," replied the teacher. "There's nothing in him. I can make nothing out of him. He is the most stupid boy in the school." The gentleman was stirred to pity. Going to him, he placed his hand on the head of the humiliated lad and said, "One of these days, you may be a fine scholar. Don't give up, but try, my boy, try." The boy's soul was aroused. His dormant intellect awoke. A new purpose was formed. Clinching his teeth, he said, "I will." From that hour he became ambitious and studious. He became a great scholar, an author of a well-known commentary on the Bible, and was beloved and honored by many. This dunce was the celebrated Adam Clarke.

The same was true of others. Isaac Newton was kicked by the brightest boy in the school because he was the most ignorant, but he said, "Never mind, I'll repay him by beating him in my studies." After a long time of earnest effort he did it. Oliver Goldsmith in his boyhood was very stupid, but he resolved to surprise his fellow students, and this he did by writing that popular book, the "Traveller." Sir Walter Scott was nicknamed the "blockhead" when a student, but he declared, "I'll make them change it," and change it they did. Through close study he attained such eminence that he was afterward styled, "The Wizard of the North." Sir William Jones, the

greatest scholar of Europe, was not a bright student. He was put into a class beyond his years, and where all the scholars had the advantage in that they had previous instruction that had been denied him. The teacher accused him of dullness, and all his efforts could not raise him from the foot of the class. He was not daunted. Procuring for himself grammars and other elementary text books, which the rest of the class had gone through in private terms, he devoted the hours of play, and some of the hours of sleep, to the mastering of them. By this he soon shot ahead of his fellow pupils, and became the leader of the class and the pride of Harrow School. Dean Stanley was declared by Mr. Rawson, his schoolmaster, to be the stupidest boy at figures who ever came under his care, save only one, who was yet more hopeless, and was unable to grasp simple addition and multiplication, yet Arthur Stanley rose like a rocket at Rugby, achieved fame in Oxford and became a blessing to mankind. The other developed a phenomenal mastery of arithmetic. Years after he would make a budget speech of three hours' length and full of figures. He is known throughout the world as William E. Gladstone.

HOW TO STUDY.

Boys of studious mind may achieve an education if they desire. It may not be such as will enable them to secure a diploma from a college, but such as will make them successful and useful. All should strive for a college education. It is an investment, the returns of which in after years will be worth more and may do more than gold. Kitto, who was one of the greatest Biblical scholars in the world, receiving

from the University of Geissen the degree of Doctor of Divinity, craved for the greatest knowledge of his day. Notwithstanding his affliction of deafness he begged his drunken father to take him from the poor-house and let him struggle for an education. Said he, “I know how to stop hunger. Hottentots live a long time on nothing but gum. Sometimes when hungry they tie a band around their bodies. Let me go. I can do as they do. There are blackberries and nuts in the hedges, and turnips in the fields and hay-ricks for a bed. Let me go.” And go he did with the already mentioned result.

Should circumstances, however, prevent a college education, every boy should use the margins of time in reading books and studying principles until he attains a cultured mind. Reading is one of the great means of education, and whether it be a blessing or curse, depends on what is read. By reading one communes with the mightiest and wisest minds. Great men have usually been great readers. Abraham Lincoln and James A. Garfield used to read and study lying flat upon the floor before the fire. Hugh Miller, after working from early morn to night as a stone-mason, managed to find time after his hours of work to read every good book he could secure, pondering over them during the day. In this way he became eminent as a scholar, and when the time came in Scotland’s history that some man should plead for her ecclesiastical freedom from State domination, Hugh Miller stepped to the front, though until he was thirty-three years old he was nothing more than a studious stone-mason.

To remember what one reads is of great importance. It is not the amount of matter read but the amount remembered. Lord Macaulay always stopped at the foot of each page and gave a verbal

account of what he read. Said he, “At first I had to read it three or four times before I got my mind firmly fixed. But I compelled myself to comply with the plan, until now, after I have read a book once through, I can almost recite it from beginning to end. It is a very simple habit to form early in life, and is valuable as a means of making our reading serve the best purpose.”

Granville Sharp was only an apprentice to a linen draper in London. To know the exact meaning of the Scriptures he mastered the Greek and Hebrew languages. A poor lame and almost blind African who had been cured by his brother’s medical skill was recognized on the streets of the metropolis by his old master and claimed as a slave. Granville resolved that the negro shall never more be in bondage. But what can he do? Slavery was then a legal right. Lord Chief Justice Mansfield was of the opinion that a slave did not become free by coming to England. Granville Sharp soon decided on his course. For two years he read and memorized law. Then came the tract from his pen, “Injustice of Tolerating Slavery in England,” which changed the mind of Mansfield and eventually made the slave-trade of England illegal.

Every boy should study by concentrating his mind. The reason of so much ignorance is not through a lack of educational facilities, but lack of will force and mental force to master a subject in hand. Many a boy commits his lessons parrot-like, with little or no disposition to understand the *whys* and *wherefores*, while another studies and inquires until he comprehends the *reason* of all that he learns. The result is, one masters his study, the other is mastered by his study. When Sir Isaac Newton was asked “how he had discovered the true system of the universe”

he replied, “By continually thinking upon it.”

EYES OPEN.

Every boy should study with eyes open. The inspired penman declared, “The wise man’s eyes are in his head,” not in his elbows or feet, though multitudes act as if they were. But “in his head,” just where they ought to be. In other words, the “wise man” is a careful observer; he possesses this faculty of comprehending the nature and reason of things. Not that observation alone insures success but this is one of the leading, indispensable elements of it.

Professor Morse, who was judge of pottery at the World’s Fair, Chicago, being asked to what he attributed his knowledge, answered, “To the habits of close inspection acquired in my boyhood when collecting shells.” General Sherman explains his victorious march to the sea by saying that during his college days he spent a summer in Georgia. While his companions were occupied with playing cards and foolish talk the young soldier tramped over the hills, made a careful map of the country and years later his expert knowledge won the victory.

Many persons go through life without an observation that is educative. Ten men will observe a steam engine only to admire its novelty, one studies each valve and screw until he understands the principle on which it is constructed. Ten travelers will pass through the country without noticing special peculiarities, one observes each tree, flower, hill, valley and river. Ten readers will skim over a book, catching only its general drift, one criticises style, expression and thought and is rapt with its beauties and sensitive to its faults. These are they

who profit themselves and benefit others.

USING THE MOMENTS.

Every boy should study by utilizing the moments. As success in business depends upon the small margin of profit secured and retained, rather than upon the large volume done, so success in life may depend upon our ability to save the moments, the precious “margin” that is left after we have done the things which are necessary in order to discharge our duties or earn our daily bread.

Dr. Cotton Mather would express his regret after the departure of a visitor who had wasted his time, “I would rather have given my visitor a handful of money than have been kept so long out of my study.” Cæsar, it is said, would not permit a campaign, however exacting, to deprive him of minutes when he could write his Commentaries. Schliemann standing in line at the post-office and waiting for his letters when a boy, saved the fragments of time by studying Greek from a pocket grammar. Heine, the noted classicist of Germany, while shelling peas with one hand for dinner, held his book in the other. Matthew Hale’s “Contemplations” was composed while he was traveling as circuit judge. Henry Kirke White learnt Greek while walking to and from a lawyer’s office. Elihu Burritt is said to have mastered eighteen languages and twenty-two dialects by improving the fragments of time in his blacksmith’s shop. William E. Gladstone and Lord Lyttelton in their younger days always carried one of the smaller classics in their pockets to read if they had a leisure moment. Sir James Paget, in his youth, made tables of Cuvier’s classifications while dressing, which he

posted in his bedroom. Cardinal Manning, when an undergraduate at Oxford, acquired a satisfactory Italian vocabulary during the time spent in shaving. Phillips Brooks combined the processes of shaving and study, and, it is said that Theodore Roosevelt carries constantly a small volume of Plutarch or Thucydides to read in spare moments. Fifteen minutes thus saved, or utilized, four times a day, gives us thirty hours in a month, the working time of about sixty days of six hours each in a year, or about five years' study in thirty years' time, and five years well used yield more fruit than a whole lifetime squandered.

PLEASURE AND PROFIT.

Every boy should study for the pleasure and profit there is in it. Knowledge is power, and sometime, somewhere, the information will come useful. When Sherman's troops were passing through a critical experience during the Civil War, they captured a telegraph line of the enemy. Hastily cutting the wire, the General inquired if any of his men understood telegraphy. A young officer stepped forward saying, "One vacation I studied this art just for the pleasure of it."

When Bishop Whipple came to Chicago to preach he was anxious to reach the many artisans and railway operatives. He called upon William McAlpine, the chief engineer of the Galena Railway, and asked his advice as to the best way of approaching the employes of the road. "How much do you know about a steam engine?" asked McAlpine. "Nothing." "Then," said McAlpine, "read 'Lardner's Railway Economy' until you are able to

ask an engineer a question about a locomotive and he not think you a fool." The clergyman had the practical sense to see the justice of that advice. So he "read up," and in due season went to the round-house of the Galena Railway, where he found a number of engineers standing by a locomotive which the firemen were cleaning. He saw that it was a Taunton engine with inside connections, and asked, at a venture, "Which do you like best, inside or outside connections?" This brought out information about steam heaters and variable exhausts, and in half an hour he had learned more than his book had ever taught him. When he said good-by, he added: "Boys, where do you go to church? I have a free church in Metropolitan Hall, where I shall be glad to see you, and if at any time you need me, shall be glad to go to you." The following Sunday every man was in church.

Years ago, when Mr. Gladstone was in active political service, he made some public addresses during a parliamentary recess that gave offence to the leaders of the opposite party. They thought it necessary to discipline him by what would be regarded as an official rebuke, when Parliament should reassemble. He was to be convicted of breach of courtesy and violation of constitutional rights. In due course the reprimand was administered. A Conservative statesman of distinction was set up to chastise the offending lion. He rejoiced as a strong man to run a race. A splendid audience was present to see the thing done properly, and the Conservative orator's wife had taken with her a party of friends to the House of Commons to aid in swelling the triumph. Through a long speech Mr. Gladstone sat in silence. He was accused of ignorance of English history and disregard for the English Constitution,

rightly so sacred to every Englishman. After midnight he arose to reply. For two hours he poured forth his matchless eloquence. Not a point had escaped him. Not a fact or a sentiment of the arraignment had been overlooked or misplaced. He did not indulge in invective. He made no counter charges. He emptied out his stores of history. He unfolded and eulogized the provisions of the British Constitution. He left no loophole of retreat for his adversaries. He overwhelmed them with the fulness of his knowledge and his oratory, and routed them most ignominiously. The noble lady and her friends had no occasion to celebrate a triumph. Mr. Gladstone's victory was largely due to his marvellous power of early study.

My boy, be studious. You will find sometime a market for everything you know. Be patient in your studies. If things do not seem clear, do not give up. A dull, hazy morning often turns out a bright day. Dryden would think for two weeks in the composition of one of his odes. There are few things which patient labor will not enable one to accomplish. Difficulties like spectres melt when approached. It is not one stroke of the axe that fells the tree, or one blow of the hammer that demolishes the rock, but the repetition. Study everything of advantage, but bend energy and mind mostly in the line of your life work. Study for what it will do for you. Study for what you can do for others, and never give up study.

"*The boy that by addition grows,*
And suffers no subtraction;
Who multiplies the thing he knows,
And carries every fraction;
Who well divides his precious time,
The due proportions giving,

To secure success aloft will climb,
Interest compound receiving."

CHAPTER VIII
Be Temperate

INTRODUCTION TO CHAPTER VIII

BY GEORGE W. BAIN

Intoxicants are like anger, they make us strong,
Blind and impatient, and they lead us wrong;
The strength is quickly lost, we feel the error long.

Crabb.

Temperance is reason's girdle and passion's bridle, the strength of the soul, and the foundation of virtue.

Jeremy Taylor.

In all the world there is not to be found an old man, who has been a total abstainer from intoxicating liquors through all his life, who regrets the rule he adopted and kept. Such a man was never heard to say: "I am sorry I did not learn to love wine, whiskey, ale, beer or brandy when I was young." This is a very safe rule for young men, that has not a single exception in all the wide world. On the other hand, how many have said: "Drink has been my curse"? Take the pledge, boys, keep it, and you will find it a jewel in nature, a comfort through life, and

a consolation in death.



CHAPTER VIII
Be Temperate

One of the great curses, if not the greatest in our land, is intemperance. It is productive of murder, lawlessness and crime; the chief agency in the corruption of the ballot, legislation and administration of the law; the voracious consumer of purity, reputation and health, and the chief architect in establishing mad-houses, orphan asylums, prisons and county farms. It demands and controls annually more than a billion dollars by which bread, meat, clothing, shoes and sugar could be purchased for the poor, and all schools and Christian missions supported. In silver dollars this money could be laid side by side on the equator till it formed a band around the earth, while the liquor it purchased would fill a canal twenty feet wide, twenty feet deep and forty-six miles long. The grain alone used by distilleries in the manufacture of the destructive drink is fifty million bushels, enough to furnish three hundred one-pound loaves of bread to each family in the United States. No wonder that “ninety-nine of every hundred men,” as John B. Gough said, “are ruined morally, intellectually and religiously by the use of drink,” and that fifty of every hundred insane persons, seventy-five of every hundred prisoners, and

ninety-six of every hundred tramps are made thus by this evil. Far better that every boy "touch not, taste not." Longfellow said:

"*It will make thy heart sore*
To its very core!
Its perfume is the breath
Of the angel of death.
And the light that within it lies
Is the flash of his evil eyes.
Beware! Oh, beware!
For sickness, sorrow and care
Are all there."

A GREAT STATESMAN'S DOWNFALL.

In one of the older colleges in Massachusetts years ago, there was a boy of great promise, bearing an honored name, and concentrating in his own intellect the mental power of generations of ancestors. He was a prodigy in learning. He seized a language almost by intuition. His person was faultless; his hair like the raven's wing, his eye like the eagle's. On the day of his graduation he married a charming young lady. His profession, the law, led him to the highest office of advocacy in the State. He was Attorney General at an age when most students are admitted to the bar. Suddenly, when as yet no one knew the cause, he resigned his high appointment, giving no reasons. He was a secret drunkard. Too high was his sense of honor, and the importance of his station, to intrust himself longer with the destinies of society. As years rolled by he sunk like a mighty ship in mid-ocean, not without many a lurch, many a sign of righting once more to plow the proud seas that were destined to entomb him forever. His lovely wife left him, and, returning to her parents, died of a broken heart. With

bowed head at the grave, he wept bitterly on the head of a dear boy she had left behind. Friends of his, men of talent and piety, prayed over him, and at times he would get the better of the demon that ruled him, and again put forth his gigantic powers. The greatest effort he exerted during this period was in an important case before the Supreme Court of the United States. Marshall, the patriarch of American judges, gazed with wonder on the barrister, as burst after burst of eloquence and oratory followed. George Briggs, member of Congress from Massachusetts, seeing his splendid portrait hanging in a conspicuous place at Washington, inquired who it was, and was told “that is the portrait of Talcott, the brilliant genius, the most talented man in the United States.” In his last spasm of temperance he wrote a beautiful tract: “The Trial and Condemnation of Alcohol.” After a fatiguing argument before a court in the city of New York, he was over-persuaded by a friend to take a glass of beer. It was his last sober moment till he was in the agonies of death. Down, down he went and never rose to assume manliness again. As the fabled phœnix is said to rise from the ashes of its parent, one of the most noble and eloquent advocates of temperance proved to be the son of this ruined genius.

A GREAT DELUSION.

It is a great delusion for boys to think it manly to drink. Manliness implies strength and courage. A drunkard lacks both. He might be brutal, but he is a coward. Manliness also implies reason, and when we consider that liquor robs one of this, a boy shows his manliness by letting it alone and helping others do

the same. Liquor is a poison. Incorporated in it is a deadly drug known as alcohol. Drop a little on the eye and it destroys the sight. Sprinkle a few drops on the leaf of a plant and it will kill it. Immerse a tadpole in it and it ceases to live. Drink it and its action produces weakness, and its reaction nervousness. In a word, alcohol is the devil's best drug and the boy's worst enemy. Said General Harrison, "I was one of a class of seventeen young men who graduated at college. The other sixteen now fill drunkards' graves. I owe all my health, my happiness and prosperity to a resolution I made when starting in life, that I would avoid strong drink. That vow I have never broken."

WHAT TEMPERANCE DID FOR A MAN.

In 1812 the town of Farmington, New Hampshire, saw a poor boy. When old enough he was bound out to a farmer. Afterward he learned a trade. He worked well and studied evenings. A friend took an interest in him and encouraged him to attend and speak at a political meeting. "How can I be anything when my father is a drinking man?" he was wont to say. He solemnly signed the pledge of total abstinence and began speech-making. Soon the young men said: "Let us send him to the Legislature." At every step he did his best. Finally Massachusetts sent a petition by him to Congress. John Quincy Adams invited him to dinner. While at dinner, Mr. Adams filled his glass, and turning to the young man, said: "Will you drink a glass of wine with me?" He hated to refuse, there was the ex-President of the United States, and a company of great men. All eyes were upon him, and so he hesitated and grew red in the face, but finally

stammered: “Excuse me, sir, I never drink wine.” The next day the whole account came out in the Washington papers. It was copied all over Massachusetts, and the people said: “Here is a man who stands by his principles. He can be trusted. Let us promote him.” He was made Congressman and Senator. Finally he became Vice-President of the country. That farmer-boy was Henry Wilson.

When elected to this office, he gave his friends a dinner. The table was set without one wine-glass upon it. “Where are the glasses?” asked several of the guests, merrily. “Gentlemen,” said Mr. Wilson, “you know my friendship and my obligation to you. Great as they are, they are not great enough to make me forget the rock whence I was hewn and the pit whence I was dug. Some of you know how the curse of intemperance overshadowed my youth. That I might escape I fled from my early surroundings. For what I am, I am indebted to God, to my temperance vow and to my adherence to it. Call for what you want to eat, and if this hotel can provide it, it shall be forthcoming; but wine and liquors can not come to this table with my consent, because I will not spread in the path of another the snare from which I escaped.” At this, three rousing cheers rent the room for the man who had the courage to stand by his noble convictions.

BE A TOTAL ABSTAINER.

It pays to be a total abstainer. “Abstinence,” said Bishop Spalding, “is but negative, a standing aloof from what hinders or hurts.” The tendency of drink is to deaden the moral sensibilities. It weakens the nerves, impairs the brain, feeds disease and at last

"bites like a serpent and stings like an adder." On the other hand, "temperance is a bridle of gold, and he who uses it rightly is more like a god than a man." Nothing is so conducive to one's happiness and success in life. Burdette said, "Honor never has the delirium tremens; glory does not wear a red nose; fame blows a horn, but never takes one."

There is a story told of Hannibal, the great Carthaginian, who fought so long and so successfully against the Romans, that when he was still a boy of nine years, his father Hamilcar asked him if he would like to go to the wars with him. The child was delighted at the thought. "Then," said his father, "you must swear that you will, as long as you live, hate the Romans and fight against them." Young Hannibal took the oath, and all through life was the bitter enemy of Rome. He took sides with his father and his country against the proud foes. The boy who wishes to succeed in life must incorporate "no liquor" in his resolutions, and under all circumstances refuse it, choosing rather to be an advocate of ennobling temperance.

It pays to be a total abstainer, because it is right. It is not so much a question of dollars saved or happiness promoted as a question of right. Said Amos Lawrence, "Young men, base all your actions upon a sense of right, and in so doing, never reckon the cost." In the army, drinking and treating were common occurrences. One noble captain had the heroism to decline the oft-proffered treat. An observer asked, "Do you always reject intoxicating liquor?" "Yes." "Do you not take it to correct this Yazoo water?" "Never." "You must have belonged to the cold water army in your youth." "Yes, but I learned something better than that; my mother taught me that what is right is right, and coming to

Mississippi makes no difference. It would not be right for me to accept an invitation to drink at home, it is no more right here; therefore I don't drink." Some time after an officer met a lady who wanted to see one who had met her boy, naming his office and regiment. He told her of the noble examples of piety which were found in the army and related the case of the captain. She exclaimed, "That's beautiful! That's beautiful! His mother must be proud of him." "Yes, she is, and you are that mother." Amid grateful tears she exclaimed, "Is that my boy? Is that my Will? It's just like him; I knew he would do so. He was a good boy. He told me he always would be and I knew he would." Beautiful trust. Excellent commendation. Would that it could be said of every boy.

It pays to be a total abstainer for the sake of those who suffer through intemperance. The good and wise Governor Buckingham, of Connecticut, gave as his reason for being a total abstainer, "If I indulge, I am not safe. There is no degradation so low that a man will not sink to it, and no crime so hellish that he will not commit it, when he is drunk. But if it could be proved conclusively to my own mind that I could drink and never be injured, yet I could not be certain but others, seeing me drink, might be influenced to drink also, and, being unable to stop, pass on in the path of the drunkard." Were many more as considerate there would be less drinking husbands, and less despised and taunted children because of drunken fathers.

TWO SAD CASES.

Who would ever think of a two-dollar bill relating a sad story and giving a pathetic warning? Yet such a

bill was brought to the office of a Temperance Union recently. Written in red ink a poor man told what liquor had done for him, and what it would do for others. Here is what it said, “Wife, children and $40,000 all gone. I alone am responsible. All have gone down my throat. When I was twenty-one I had a fortune. I am now thirty-five years old. I have killed my beautiful wife, who died of a broken heart; have murdered my children with neglect. When this bill is gone I do not know how I am to get my next meal. I shall die a drunken pauper. ’Tis my last money and my history. If this bill comes into the hands of any man who drinks, let him take warning from my ruin.”

When Colonel Alexander Hogeland was sitting in his room at Louisville some years ago, a lame boy knocked at the door. Said he, “My father is to be hung to-morrow. The Governor will not pardon him. He killed my mother when he was drunk. He was a good father, and we were always happy only when he drank. Won’t you go and talk and pray with him, and then come to our house when his body is brought to us?” The Colonel did as requested, and found that the demon drink was the sole cause of that family’s ruin. The father was hung, and when the body was taken to the home, he was there. Six worse than orphans were curled up on a bundle of straw and rags, crying with a grief that would make the stoutest heart quail. The crippled boy but fourteen years of age was the sole support of the little family. The father’s body was brought in by two officers. The plain board coffin was rested upon two old chairs, and the officers hurried out of the room and away from the terrible scene. “Come,” said the crippled boy, “come and kiss papa’s face before it gets cold;” and all six children kissed the face of that

father, and, smoothing the brow, sobbed in broken accents, “Whiskey did it. Papa was good, but whiskey did it.”

My boy, be temperate. Do your best to stop another such scene. Sign the pledge. Talk against, work against, and when able, vote against the liquor interests. “Woe to the man or boy who becomes a slave to liquor,” said General Phil. Sheridan. “I had rather see my son die to-day than to see him carried to his mother drunk. One of my brave soldier-boys on the field said to me just before a battle, ‘Tell mother, if I am killed, I have kept my promise to her. Not one drink have I ever tasted.’ The boy was killed. I carried the message with my own lips to the mother. She said, ‘General, that is more glory for my boy than if he had taken a city.’”

CHAPTER IX
Be Free of the Weed

INTRODUCTION TO CHAPTER IX

BY ASA CLARK

The influence of example is always a powerful one. With such wide-spread habits as those of tobacco smoking and chewing it is little wonder why so many boys indulge. They see only the pleasureable side of these habits; but it devolves upon us, from our daily experience with “the ills that flesh is heir to” to make known to you young friend the dangers lurking in

these seductive vices. We doctors are often consulted by victims of these habits, who are quite surprised upon stopping the use of tobacco to find to what a degree they have become enslaved. That the baneful effect from the use of tobacco is universally recognized is evidenced by the fact of its prohibition in schools and naval academies, and by the laws now in force in several of the States and also in Germany, making it illegal to sell tobacco to any under sixteen years of age.

Tobacco is especially injurious to those subjected to severe mental strain or physical training, and to such as are engaged in delicate manual work. The symptoms are many. Digestion is sometimes greatly impaired. On the heart the effect is very noticeable. My advice to boys is, not to use tobacco in any form.



CHAPTER IX
Be Free of the Weed

An old monk was once walking through a forest, with a scholar by his side. He suddenly stopped and pointed to four plants that were close at hand. The first was just beginning to peep above the ground, the second had rooted itself well into the earth, the third was a small shrub, while the fourth was a full-sized tree. Turning to his young companion he said: “Pull up the first.” The boy easily did so. “Now pull up the second.” The youth obeyed, but not so easily.

"And now the third." The boy had to put forth all his strength, and use both arms, before he succeeded in uprooting it. "And now," said the master, "try your hand upon the fourth." But although the lad grasped the trunk of the tree in his arms, he scarcely shook its leaves, and found it impossible to tear its roots from the earth. Then the wise old man explained to his scholar the meaning of the four trials.

"This, my son, is just what happens with our bad habits and passions. When they are young and weak, one may, by a little watchfulness over self, easily tear them up; but if we let them cast their roots deep down into our souls, no human power can uproot them. Only the almighty hand of the Creator can pluck them out. For this reason, my boy, watch your first impulses."

ORIGIN AND POISON OF TOBACCO.

Tobacco-using is frequently the beginning and stepping-stone to other vices. Many who have hesitated in entering a saloon or gambling place have not done so in the use of tobacco.

The origin of tobacco is shrouded in mystery. Mezen was of the opinion that the Chinese used it from antiquity. Dr. Lizards says it existed in Asia from early times. Columbus in his discovery of Cuba tells how he found the natives "carrying with them firebrands, puffing smoke from their mouths and noses, which he supposed to be the way they had of perfuming themselves."

An ancient tradition relates that there was once a Mohammedan passing along who found a viper lying in his path, almost chilled to death. In pity the Moslem stooped, picked up the serpent, and put it

into his bosom to warm it. After a while the viper fully revived and became aware of its situation. He said to the man, “I’m going to bite you.” “O, no! please don’t,” said the man. “If I had not taken you up and warmed you, you would even now have been chilled to death.” The viper replied, “There has been a deadly enmity existing between your race and mine ever since the world began, and by Allah, I am going to bite you.” “Very well,” said the man, “since you have sworn by Allah I will not prevent you, but bite me here on my hand.” He did so, and the man immediately placed the wound to his lips and sucked the venom out and spit it on the ground; and from the place where he spit the poison a little plant sprang up which was—tobacco.

Though this story be not true, yet true it is that tobacco contains a very strong poison, known as nicotine, supposed to be “the juice of cursed Hebanon,” referred to in Hamlet. In one pound of Kentucky and Virginia tobacco, there is, according to Dr. Kellog, an average of three hundred and eighty grains of this poison, which is estimated to kill two hundred and fifty people if applied in its native form. “A single leaf of tobacco dipped in hot water,” said Dr. Coles, “and laid upon the pit of the stomach will produce a powerful effect by mere absorption from the surface. By being applied to a spot where the scarf skin, or external surface of the skin is destroyed, fearful results are liable to follow, and no man can use it without being affected by it.”

HOW TOBACCO INJURES.

Tobacco injures physically. “No less,” said Dr. Shaw, “than eighty diseases arise from it, and

twenty-five thousand lives perish annually from it." A young man asked Wendell Phillips if he should smoke, and that statesman answered: "Certainly not. It is liable to injure the sight, to render the nerves unsteady, to enfeeble the will and enslave the nature to an imperious habit likely to stand in the way of duty to be performed." Many professors of leading colleges have asserted with figures to prove that boys who begin the tobacco habit are stunted physically and never arise to the normal bodily development.

Tobacco injures mentally. Beecher said, "A man is what he is, not in one part, but all over." And to have a strong mind, one needs a strong stomach. By the use of tobacco, the stomach is outraged and the brain becomes narcotized, "the intellect of which," said Prof. Gause, "becomes duller and duller until at last it is painful to make any intellectual effort and one sinks into a sensuous or sensual animal, whose greatest aspiration is to benumb the nerves and befog the intellect." Such assertions may be ridiculed, but as two and two make four, they are facts. The French government prohibits its use by students in the public schools. The Swiss government prohibits its sale to juniors. During the last fifty years no user of it has graduated from Yale, Harvard or Amherst at the head of his class. Professor Seely, of the Iowa State Normal, said, "I have not met a pupil who is addicted to the habit who will go through a single day's work and have good lessons. I have had numbers of cases in which they have remained in the same grade for four successive years and then they were not ready to be advanced into the next higher grade." Dr. Herbert Fisk, of the Northwestern University, Chicago, declared, "A somewhat careful observation of facts has convinced us that students who get low marks do so through the use of tobacco.

Last year not one of the boys who used tobacco stood in the first rank of scholarship. This has been the usual rule. One year, out of thirty-three pupils in the first rank of scholarship, there was but one user of tobacco." Dr. Charles A. Blandchard, President of Wheaton College, said, "Among our former students who are now physicians, the one who has the largest income never touched tobacco. Two are now judges of courts in large cities, with salaries of six or seven thousand dollars. They do not and have not for years used tobacco. Other men, who after graduation, became smokers, do not exhibit the same mental ability. They are, some of them, very able men, but they suffer in mind from the use of tobacco."

Tobacco injures morally. It heads the list of vices. It is the first step to bad companionship, lewd conversation and liquor drinking. The latter and tobacco-using are twin habits; and do you wonder at it when tobacco is saturated with Jamaica rum; while "plug" tobacco which is composed of licorice, sugar, cabbage, burdock and the refuse of tobacco leaves and other weeds, is often found nailed at the bottom of whiskey barrels? Said Horace Greeley, "Show me a drunkard who does not use tobacco, and I will show you a white blackbird." Many medical witnesses testify that tobacco using and drinking are kindred habits. When an investigation was made in the State prison at Auburn, N. Y., some years ago, out of six hundred prisoners confined there for crimes committed when they were under the influence of strong drink, five hundred testified that they began their intemperance by the use of tobacco. "In all my travels," said John Hawkins, "I never saw but one drunkard who did not use tobacco." "Pupils under the influence of the weed," said Professor Seely, "are not truthful, practice deception and can

not be depended upon. The worst characteristic of the habit is a loss of personal self-respect and of personal regard for the customs and wishes of ladies and gentlemen, especially when among strangers."

HOW TOBACCO IS USED.

Tobacco is used in two ways, smoking and chewing. Both are filthy, sickening habits, the latter being the more disgusting. For any boy to chew is to exemplify bad manners doubtless influenced by bad morals. A few years ago a call was issued from London, to the scientists of the world to assemble for the discussion of whatever scientific subjects might be presented, every statement to undergo rigid scrutiny. One member said: "Tobacco is not injurious. I have chewed it for fifty years, and my father for sixty years, without perceptible damage. All this cry about it is nonsense." The chairman answered: "Step forward, sir, and let us canvass this matter thoroughly. How much do you chew?" "I chew regularly three quids per day, of about this size," cutting off three pieces from his plug. One of these was given to a Russian and another to a French chemist, with "please return the extract." Then the presiding officer said, "Will any young man unaccustomed to the use of tobacco, chew this third quid before the audience? Here are four pounds ($20) to anyone who will." A young man stepped forward. The audience was requested to scan his looks, cheeks, eyes and general appearance, before he took it, and closely watch its effects. He soon became pale from sickness, then vomited and fainted before the assembly. The extract from one quid was given to a powerful cat. He flew wildly around, and

died in a few minutes. The other extract was put upon the tongue of a premium dog, which uttered a yelp, leaped frantically, laid down and expired.

PIPE, CIGAR AND CIGARETTE.

Smoking tobacco is used in three ways, in the pipe, cigar and cigarette. Neither adds beauty to the face or is conducive to health. It is stated on good authority that Senator Colfax was stricken down in the Senate chamber as the result of excessive smoking and from that time smoked no more. It caused the death of Emperor Frederick through cancer of the lip, killed Henry W. Raymond, of the New York *Times*, through heart failure, and struck President Orton and General Dakin down with paralysis of the heart. Rousseau says, “Excessive smoking cut short the life of the poet Berat through nervous effect.” It wielded its sceptre over Royer Collard who died in the dawn of a most brilliant career through his loved cigar. It produced cancer of the throat, which ended the life of President Grant and Robert Louis Stevenson. “Out of one hundred and twenty-seven cancers cut from the lips of persons in a short time,” says the *Medical Times*, “nearly all were from the lips of smokers.” What a dangerous luxuriant weed! How quaintly yet truthfully “Billy” Bray, the Cornish miner, said: “If God intended a man to smoke, He would have placed a chimney at the top of his head to let the smoke out!”

Tobacco smoke is poisonous. It contains one of the deadliest vapors known to man, which so frequently injures the throat. It has also a poisonous oil which secretes itself in the stem of the pipe. Dr. Brodie says that he applied two drops of this oil to the tongue of

a cat, which killed it in fifteen minutes. Fontana made a small incision in the leg of a pigeon and paralyzed it by applying a drop of this oil. The reason for so many pale-faced, nervous men can be traced to this cause.

But supposing that smoking a pipe is not injurious, is it not unbecoming a gentleman? Napoleon said, “It was only fit for sluggards.” Gouverneur Morris, being asked if gentlemen smoked in France, replied, “Gentlemen, sir! Gentlemen smoke nowhere!” Horace Mann when addressing the teachers of an Ohio school, said, “The practice is unfit for a scholar or a gentleman.”

To smoke a cigar may be considered more refined than the use of a pipe. But whoever heard of refining a vice? Horace Greeley, when addressing a class of young men on the subject, said, “A cigar is a little roll of tobacco leaves with a fire at one end and a fool at the other.” At which end should refinement begin? The cigar is more directly injurious than the pipe because the user inhales more of the smoke, sucks the weed, and a greater proportion of the poisonous substance is drawn into the mouth and filtered through the system, causing dyspepsia, vitiated taste, congestion of the brain, loss of memory, nervousness and many other diseases.

THE CIGARETTE.

The worst of all, however, is the cigarette. Sometime ago in New York, an Italian boy was brought before a justice as a vagrant. He was charged with picking up cigar stumps from the streets and gutters. To prove this the policeman showed the boy’s basket, half full of stumps, water-

soaked and covered with mud. “What do you do with these?” asked his honor. “I sell them to a man for ten cents a pound, to be used in making cigarettes.” This is not all. In the analysis of cigarettes, physicians and chemists have been surprised to find opium, which is used to give a soothing effect, and creates a passion for strong drink. The wrapper warranted to be rice paper is manufactured from filthy scrapings of rag pickers, and is so cheap that a thousand cigarettes can be wrapped at a cost of two cents. By the use of this dangerous thing, thousands of boys have been mentally and morally ruined. A distinguished French physician investigated the effect of cigarette-smoking in thirty-eight boys between the ages of nine and fifteen. Twenty-seven presented distinct symptoms of nicotine poisoning. Twenty-two had serious disorders and a marked appetite for strong drink. Three had heart affection. Eight had very impure blood. Twelve were subject to bleeding of the nose. Ten had disturbed sleep and four had ulceration of the mouth.

Several years ago Representatives Cockran, Cummings and Stahlnecker, of New York, petitioned the Government to suppress cigarettes by imposing an internal revenue tax upon them. During one year they cut clippings from the papers concerning one hundred young men, mostly under sixteen, who died from the effects of these murderous things, while another hundred were consigned to insane asylums for the same cause. Because of such harmful effects Germany has legislated against it. France, West Point and Annapolis have closed their doors to the boy that uses it and more than a score of States in the Union have prohibited their sale.

WHY HE FAILED.

A young man who had failed by only three points in an examination for admission to the marine corps appealed to his representative in Congress for assistance, and together they went to see the Secretary of the Navy, in the hope of securing what is known as a “re-rating” of his papers. “How many more chances do you want?” asked Secretary Long. “This is your third time.” And before the young man had a chance to answer, the Secretary continued, “How do you expect to get along in the world when you smoke so many cigarettes? Your clothes are saturated with their odor. Pull off your gloves and let me see your fingers. There, see how yellow they are!” pointing to the sides of the first and second fingers. Before the young man found his tongue to offer an explanation the Secretary asked if he drank. “Only once in a while,” was his sheepish reply. Mr. Long then invited the Congressman into his private office, and while offering to do everything that he could added, “I am sick of trying to make anything of these boys that are loaded with cigarette smoke and ‘drink once in a while.’ They are about hopeless, it seems to me.” As they left the department building the young man, half apologizing for his poor showing, remarked, “Drinking, my father says, is the bane of the navy.” “I guess it is,” replied the Congressman. “It is the bane everywhere else, and I should think quite likely it would be in the navy.”

My boy, let tobacco in any form alone. It is a dirty, dangerous, expensive habit. It costs this country six hundred and fifty million dollars annually. Worse than the cost, however, is the injury to body, mind and soul. Figures cannot enumerate nor scales estimate the evil it produces. A story is told of a giant who fell in with a company of pigmies. He roared with laughter at their insignificant stature and

their magnificent pretensions. He ridiculed with fine scorn and sarcasm their high-sounding threats. When he fell asleep they bound him with innumerable threads and when he awoke he found himself a helpless captive.

My boy, ridicule not the contents of this chapter. They are all important. Heed the warning cry and shun the weed. Many a fair lad has been stunted in development, lost to ambition, sunk to all appeals to honor when once in its grasp; therefore let it alone. The God that made your mouth made the weed, but He did not make the mouth for the tobacco, nor the tobacco for the mouth. If addicted to it, I charge you stop right now.

"*To do so, is to succeed—our fight*
Is waged in Heaven's approving sight—
The smile of God is victory."

CHAPTER X
Be Persevering

INTRODUCTION TO CHAPTER X

BY MARSHALL FIELD

A boy should carefully consider his natural bent or inclination, be it business or profession. In other words, take stock of himself and ascertain, if possible, for what he is adapted, and endeavor to get into that vocation with as few changes as possible.

Having entered upon it, let him pursue the work in hand with diligence and determination to know it thoroughly, which can only be done by close and enthusiastic application of the powers at his command; strive to master the details and put into it an energy directed by strong common sense so as to make his services of value wherever he is. Be alert, and ready to seize opportunities when they present themselves. The trouble with most young people is, that they do not learn anything thoroughly, and are apt to do the work committed to them in a careless manner; forgetting that what is worth doing at all is worth doing well, they become mere drones, and rely upon chance to bring them success. There are others who want to do that for which they are not fitted, and thus waste their lives in what may be called misfit occupations. Far better be a good carpenter or mechanic of any kind than a poor business or professional man.



CHAPTER X
Be Persevering

"All things come to him who waits," is a pretty sentiment, but practical application hews the way. No great book was ever written at one sitting. Edward Gibbon was twenty years composing "The Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire," and Noah Webster was thirty-five years in producing the

dictionary that bears his name. No great address was the result of a moment's inspiration. When Dr. Lyman Beecher was asked how long he was preparing a certain speech which had electrified his audience, he answered, "Forty years." No great invention sprang from a dream. George Stephenson was fifteen years making improvements on his locomotive before he won the victory of Rainhill, and when asked by a company of young men how they might succeed, answered, "Do as I have done; persevere."

"*Attempt the end, and never stand to doubt;*
Nothing's so hard but search will find it out."

THE CHIEF FOREMAN.

One of the great manufacturing firms in Glasgow, Scotland, owes its prosperity largely to a boy whom they engaged. The story runs that thirty years ago a barefoot, ragged boy presented himself at the desk of the chief partner and asked for work as an errand boy. "There's a deal of running to be done, and you will need a pair of shoes first," said Mr. Blank. The boy, with a grave nod, disappeared. He lived by doing odd jobs in the market and slept under the stalls. Two months passed before he had saved money enough to buy the shoes. He then presented himself to Mr. Blank and held out a package. "I have the shoes, sir," he quietly said. "Oh!" the proprietor remarked, "you want a place? Not in those rags, my lad. You would disgrace the house."

The boy hesitated a moment and then went out without a word. Six months passed before he returned, decently clothed in coarse but new garments. Mr. Blank's interest was aroused. For the

first time he looked at the lad attentively. His thin, bloodless face showed that he had stinted himself of food in order to buy those clothes. On questioning him, the manufacturer found to his regret that he could not read or write. “It is necessary that you should do both before we could employ you in carrying home packages,” he said. “We have no place for you.” The lad’s face grew paler, but without a word of complaint he left. He now found employment in a stable and went to night school. At the end of a year he again presented himself before Mr. Blank. “I can read and write,” he joyfully said. “I gave him the place,” the employer remarked, years after, “with the conviction that in process of time he would take mine, if he made up his mind to do it. Men rise slowly in Scotland, but to-day he is our chief foreman.” How true as St. Paul says in Myer’s poem:

“*Let no man think that sudden in a minute*
All is accomplished and the work is done;
Though with thine earliest dawn thou shouldst begin it
Scarce were it ended in thy setting sun.”

WHAT IT MEANS.

No word should be more prominent in any boy’s vocabulary than perseverance. Industry is a good word, but one may be industrious, without being persevering, but he cannot be persevering without being industrious. Perseverance means persistence in any design, steadiness in pursuit, constancy in progress. It is the bending of all energies in one direction till the thing is accomplished. Demosthenes was a stammerer. He would be an orator, and with

pebbles in his mouth walked the seashore articulating, until when Philip threatened to invade Athens, he with matchless oratory so appealed to the Athenians that they cried, “Let us fight Philip.” Fight they did, and Greece was saved. James Watt was poor and unlettered. He sees the lid of the kettle rise and fall by the power of steam, and from that day bends his mind and hand until in after years he creates a steam engine. Gutenberg beholds the coarse types of Lawrence Coster and declares he can do better. After much persecution by superstitious persons, he shuts himself up in a cell of St. Arbogast monastery and works early and late till he has carved lead type, made an ink roller and built a printing press. Marcus Morton wants to be Governor of Massachusetts. Seventeen times he runs for the position and at last succeeds. Cyrus Field spends eleven years before he succeeds in designing and laying the Atlantic cable. Edison makes eighteen hundred experiments before he discovers the proper substance for the incandescent light, and six thousand before he solves the problem of preparing the products of the great iron mills for the blast furnace. The boy who expects to succeed may have to try many times and face many opposing forces, but as adverse winds aid the kite to fly, so difficulties are usually blessings in disguise. To climb Alpine peaks “will put to proof the energies of him who would reach the summit.”

PERSEVERANCE A NECESSITY.

Nothing guarantees success like persistency; it is more effective than brilliancy. The faculty of sticking and hanging on when everybody else lets go is one of

the secrets of success. When Congress and the country were excited over President Johnson's effort to drive Mr. Stanton from the Cabinet because he opposed the President's policy in the South, Charles Sumner sent the Secretary this message, "Stanton stick." He did so to the benefit of the nation. The boy who expects to make his mark in the world must be a "sticker." He must "keep everlastingly at it." With determination he must conquer opposition and annihilate obstacles. With Pitt he must trample on so-called impossibilities. "Impossible is not found in the dictionary of fools," said Napoleon, when told that the Alps stood in the way of his conquest. "Impossible," cried Chatham, when confined to his room with gout, "who talks to me of impossibilities?" Lord Anson had sent word that it was impossible to fit out a naval expedition within a prescribed period. "Tell him that he serves under a minister who treads on impossibilities." When Daniel Webster was speaking at Bunker Hill, the crowd became so large and pressed so near to him that he shouted: "Keep back! Keep back!" "It is impossible," cried some one in the crowd. The orator looked at them a moment and then said, "Nothing is impossible at Bunker Hill." And few things are impossible to persevering lads.

Tamerlane was once forced to take shelter from his enemies in a ruined building, where he sat discouraged for hours. His attention was at last attracted by an ant that was carrying a grain of corn larger than itself up a high wall. Sixty-nine times did the grain fall, but the insect persevered, and the seventieth time it reached the top. That sight instilled courage in the bosom of Tamerlane. Robert Bruce, of Scotland, had a similar experience. On one occasion he was so harassed by the English that he

was compelled to take shelter in a barn over night. In the morning he saw a spider climbing a beam of the roof. Twelve times in succession did it fall but the thirteenth time it succeeded in gaining the top. The object lesson impressed Bruce. Rising, he said: “This spider has taught me perseverance. I will follow its example. Twelve times I have been beaten, and the thirteenth time I may succeed.” He rallied his forces, met and defeated Edward and was crowned king.

Christopher Columbus conceived the idea that undiscovered continents existed west of the Atlantic, and he determined to test the truth of his theory. He had many difficulties to contend with, such as poverty and repeated discouragements. The Court of Portugal disappointed him, his native city of Genoa would not render him aid, and the city of Venice refused him. At last he laid his cause before Ferdinand and Isabella, King and Queen of Spain, and he was about to give up and repair to France, when the Queen sold her jewels to defray the expenses of the expedition. Thus assisted, he turned his ships westward and started. On board his vessel he had ignorance, superstition and mutiny to contend with, and this continued until the cry of “Land! Land!” came from the lookout at the top of the mast; then a new world and a glorious triumph crowned his efforts.

PERSEVERANCE IS REWARDED IF PATIENTLY PURSUED.

Great results are not accomplished in a moment. Sowing precedes reaping. The wheat must first be sifted and crushed in the mill before it is baked into bread. The railroad that runs from the Atlantic to the

Pacific coast is but numerous steel rails placed one before the other. The President in the White House, the general in the army, the judge on the bench, the orator on the platform reached their positions, not by a hop-skip-and-jump manner, but by perpetual pushing and concentration of their energies in one direction. There might have been times when these were side-tracked and their procedure necessarily slow, but as soon as the main track was clear, or as soon as they had cleared it, they went forth with undaunted persistence realizing as the Italian proverb reads: “Who goes slowly goes long, and goes far,” and contentment was not theirs till the goal was reached. To such of like determination, in Richelieu’s words:

> “*Fail! Fail!*
> *In the lexicon of youth, which Fate reserves*
> *For a bright manhood, there is no such word as fail!*”

True, many persevering persons fail as men call failure, but it is only like the tiger’s crouch before a high leap. Discovering the bounds through a sense of such, life thenceforth turns all its capacities into right and effective uses. “To change and to change for the better, are two different things,” says an old German proverb. Pestalozzi, the great educator, made several failures in early life, which he made stepping stones to success. Washington’s military career was a series of failures. He shared in Braddock’s defeat at Fort Duquesne. He was beaten at Long Island, driven from New York and forced to retreat through New Jersey and across the Delaware, when he suddenly turned like a lion at bay, recrossed the icy stream and overwhelmed the Hessians at Trenton. This rapid movement and his attack at Germantown first led observers like Frederick the

Great to recognize his military genius. Peter Cooper failed in making hats, failed as a cabinet maker, locomotive builder and grocer, but as often as he failed he tried and tried again until he could stand upon his feet alone, then crowned his victory by giving a million dollars to help poor boys in time to come. Horace Greeley tried three or four lines of business before he founded the *Tribune*, and made it worth a million dollars. Patrick Henry failed as merchant and farmer, but resorting to law and politics was a brilliant success. Stephen A. Douglas made dinner tables, bedsteads and bureaus many a long year before he made himself a "giant" on the floor of Congress. Abraham Lincoln failed to make both ends meet by chopping wood, failed to earn his salt in the galley-slave life of a Mississippi flat-boatman; he had not even wit enough to run a grocery, and yet he made himself the grandest character of the nineteenth century, an emancipator of four million slaves. General Grant failed at everything. At the age of thirty-nine he was obscure, at forty-three his picture hung in the homes of the grateful millions. He first learned to tan hides, but could not sell leather enough to buy a pair of breeches, then teamed for forty dollars a month, then entered his father's store at Galena, Illinois, as clerk, and to use his own words "nor had I any capacity to become one." Then he enlisted as a soldier, was the hero of Appomattox, and eventually reached the highest position of honor this country can give—the Presidency. When Daniel Webster was told that his profession of law was overcrowded and that the chances were against him, he replied, "Overcrowded? There is always room at the top." The condition of affairs is still the same. No reason can be produced why a persevering lad cannot make

his way in the world to-day as in any other day, for as the philosopher Young declared, “Any man can do what any other man has done.”

“*There is always a way to rise, my boy,*
Always a way to advance!
Yet the road that leads to Mount Success
Does not pass by the way of Chance,
But goes through stations of Work and Strive,
Through the valley of Persevere,
And the man that succeeds, while others fail,
Must be willing to pay most dear.

“*For there’s always a way to fail, my boy,*
Always a way to slide,
And the men that you find at the foot of the hill
All sought for an easy ride.
So on and up, though the road be rough
And the storms come thick and fast,
There is room at the top for the man who tries,
And victory comes at last.”

BEGIN NOW.

My boy, be persevering. Form good resolutions. They mean success, triumph, victory. “He who resolves upon doing a thing, by that very resolution scales the barriers to it, and secures its achievement. To determine upon attainment is often attainment itself.” Aim high and pursue the path accordingly. Let others be indolent and indifferent, but press toward the goal of your ambition. As Mr. Dickens’ friend would have us understand, “It’s dogged does it.” “Eustace,” said William Carey, the founder of modern missions, to his wife, “if they write my life, and say I am a genius, they will say falsely; but if they say I can plod, they will tell the truth. Yes, Eustace, I can plod.” “Yes, sir,” said Whitcomb Riley

to one who was nearly heartbroken, because his manuscripts were constantly returned, “through years, through sleepless nights, through almost hopeless days, for twenty years I tried to get into one magazine; back came my manuscripts eternally. I kept on. In the twentieth year that magazine accepted one of my articles. I was not a believer in the theory that one man does a thing much easier than any other man. Continuous, unflagging effort, persistence and determination will win. Let not the man be discouraged who has these.” “Peg away, keep pegging away,” was Lincoln’s reply to one who wanted to know what he intended to do concerning the cessation of the Civil War. Plan carefully and begin planning now. When Alexander was asked how he had been able to conquer the world, he said, “By not delaying.” Sir Robert Peel became a great orator and statesman by practising when a boy before his father, repeating to the best of his ability any address he heard. Kepler solved the laws of the planetary system, and exposed the absurd notions of the Ptolemic theory of axles and cranks by which the planets were strung together; but it took him seventeen years from the time he began until he met success, and then he exclaimed in his enthusiasm: “Nothing holds me! The die is cast! The book is written to be read now or by posterity, I care not which. It may well wait a century for a reader, since God has waited six thousand years for an observer.”

To be wavering and dilatory is to close opportunity’s gate and not infrequently make life unsuccessful. A young man, the son of an old friend of Mr. Vanderbilt, once solicited his influence in aiding him to secure a certain very desirable clerkship in a railroad office. Mr. Vanderbilt, who liked the young man and believed in his ability,

agreed to help him. “Be here to-morrow morning at ten o’clock,” he said, “and I will go with you to see the president of the road and say a good word for you.” The next morning at twenty minutes *after ten* the young man appeared in the anteroom of Mr. Vanderbilt’s office. He was informed that Mr. Vanderbilt had left fifteen minutes before to attend a meeting. A few days later he called on Mr. Vanderbilt, and said, with a shade of annoyance in his tone: “Why, Mr. Vanderbilt, I was here just after ten.” “But the appointment was ten,” replied Mr. Vanderbilt. “It was only a matter of fifteen or twenty minutes,” said the young man. “Well,” answered Mr. Vanderbilt, “the twenty minutes in your case have lost you the position, for the appointment was made the very day on which you were to have met me. Furthermore, let me tell you, you had no right to assume that twenty minutes of my time was of so little value that I could afford to wait for you. Why, sir, I managed to keep two other appointments of importance within that time.”

Be prompt. Keep in mind the words Edmond Burke wrote on a tablet for the Marquis of Rockingham, “Remember-Resemble-Persevere.” Judson when completing the translation of the Bible into the Burmese language said, “Thanks be to God, I can now say I have attained.” Arago, the great French astronomer, tells how he became so discouraged in the study of mathematics that he almost resolved to abandon his efforts. He was just about ready to give up when he happened to notice something printed or written under the paper binding of his book. He unfolded the leaf, and found it was a letter from D’Alembert, which read, “Go on, sir; go on! The difficulties you meet will resolve themselves as you advance. Persevere, and the light will dawn and

shine with increasing clearness upon your path." This striking passage made an impression upon the young mathematician's mind which he never forgot. It was a perpetual spur to his ambition, and came to him just in the nick of time. He resolved then and there that he would surmount every difficulty; that he would become a great mathematician and ere long Fame crowned him as one of the greatest astronomers of his time. Go on, my boy! There's not a profession or business but

—"*Wants a lad who has no fear*
Of steady, plodding work;
Who does not wait for luck or fate
Who scorns a task to shirk.

Who slowly, surely, digs his way
Through problems hard a score,
And still has grit and courage left
To try as many more.

Who does not wait for help to come
From fairy, witch or elf,
But laying hold on Fortune's wheel
Turns it around himself.

Who knows that luck is but a myth
And faith is but a name;
That Plod and Push and Perseverance
At last will win the game."

TRIPLET MAXIMS.

Three things to do—think, live, act.

Three things to govern—temper, tongue, and conduct.

Three things to cherish—virtue, goodness and honor.

Three things to hate—cruelty, arrogance and ingratitude.

Three things to like—cordiality, goodness and cheerfulness.

Three things to delight in—beauty, frankness and freedom.

Three things to avoid—idleness, loquacity and jesting.

Three things to cultivate—good looks, good friends and good humor.

Three things to shun—Satan, sin and selfishness.

PART II
Relation to Others

CHAPTER XI
Be Dutiful

INTRODUCTION TO CHAPTER XI

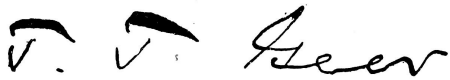
BY T. T. GEER

Happy the *boy*, and happy he alone,
He, who can call to-day his own;
He who, secure within, can say
To-morrow do thy worst, for I have lived to-day.
—Dryden.

Disobedience to parents is one of the fruitful sources from which our Reform Schools are filled, and, afterward, as a result of which, many young men drift into our penitentiaries. We often find fault with our lawmakers, and sometimes justly, but it is a comforting thought, that if all our laws, bad as some of them may be, were obeyed at all times by everybody, there would be no inmates of our Reform

Schools or Penitentiaries, provided there should be no violation of parental authority, as well.

Obedience to law, parental and governmental, would bring absolute happiness to our homes and hearts as nearly as such a condition is possible with our earthly surroundings. Let the boys remember this at all times, and build on this foundation early in life a structure that will always prove a valuable and invaluable investment.



CHAPTER XI
Be Dutiful

In this second portion of our subject, we find that relationship broadens. Instead of dealing only with ourselves, we deal with others. Man is a social being, but is only worthy of that name as he seeks to make society happier and better by his presence. Each day every boy is compelled to choose between two courses of conduct, duty and disobedience. The one, however great the cost, is accompanied by a sense of right; the other, which demands no effort, by anguish and peril. No boy need hesitate to be dutiful. Conscience dictates, reason approves, and though the triumphs of genius might be more dazzling, the chances of good fortune more exciting, yet he who heeds the counsel will profit thereby, daring nobly, willing strongly and succeeding admirably.

TRUE TO THE LAST.

In the Museo Brobonico, at Naples, are seen the helmet, lance and breastplate which were used by a pagan sentinel at Pompeii. It is thought that the soldier who used them was on duty when Mount Vesuvius began to rain burning lava upon the city. While others fled, he stood by his post. Of Wellington it was said: “He never boasted of a higher motive and perhaps never thought of one, than duty.” Admiral Nelson while standing on the deck of his vessel received a mortal wound, and on being afterward assured that the conquest was theirs, exclaimed: “Thank God, I have done my duty,” and died. When Frederick the Great was about to engage in the great battle of Lutzen he ordered all his officers to a conference at which he said: “To-morrow I intend giving the enemy battle, and the battle shall decide who are hereafter to be masters of Silesia. I expect every one to do his duty. Now, if any of you are cowards, step forward before you make others cowardly, and you shall immediately receive your discharge without ceremony or reproach.” As none stepped forward he said: “I see there is none among you who does not possess true heroism, and who will not display it in defence of the king, the country and himself. I will be in the front and rear, and will fly from wing to wing; no company of my soldiers shall escape my notice, and whomsoever I find doing his duty, upon him will I heap honor and favor.”

WHAT DUTY IMPLIES.

“Duty” may be defined as the thing that can be

done, because it is the thing that ought to be done. To be dutiful implies a respect and reverence for others who are placed in authority in whatever capacity, parental, official or governmental. “It is,” said Gladstone, “coextensive with the action of our intelligence. It is the shadow which cleaves to us, go where we will, and which only leaves us when we leave the light of life.” Fortunate the boy who is not an orphan, and blessed is he who knows how to appreciate his parents. If God has been kind to spare father and mother, every boy should be good enough to respect them. Nothing is more unbecoming than forward or contemptuous conduct toward them. The great proverb writer, thousands of years ago, said: “The eye that mocketh at his father, and despiseth to obey his mother, the raven of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it.” That is, he shall come to an untimely end. The boy who heeds parental counsel shall be included in the promise of the first commandment: “Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.”

WHY A BOY SHOULD OBEY HIS PARENTS.

A boy should obey his parents because God commands it. It is a law written in our natures as well as in the Bible. General Hancock once hastily rose from his table and exclaimed, “I left my boy on London Bridge, and told him to wait there till I came back.” He hastened to the spot, and there the brave boy was, and had been for several hours! Such obedience was the groundwork of a noble character.

Obedience to parents is an evidence of Christian piety. It ought to be prompt, cheerful and without

protest. Such gives great pleasure to them, and no less to the boy. When Epamimondas, one of the greatest generals of Greece, conquered Sparta and delivered his own country he was greatly applauded. "My joy," said he, "arises from my sense of that which the news of my victory will give my father and mother." Disobedience produces the keenest suffering in them, which sooner or later reacts on the boy. "A wise son heareth his father's instruction; but a scorner heareth not rebuke." "A foolish son is a grief to his father, and bitterness to his mother." Samuel Johnson was a disobedient lad. His parents were poor and he had difficulties sometimes which seemed almost insurmountable, till he passed his fifteenth year. His father was a bookseller in Litchfield, England. On market-days he used to carry a package of books to the village of Uttoxeter, and sell them from a stall in the market-place. One day he was sick and Samuel was asked to go in his place. From a silly pride he refused to comply. Fifty years after this boy became the celebrated author and compiler of the English Dictionary, and one of the most distinguished scholars in England, but he never forgot his unkindness to his hard-toiling father. When he visited Uttoxeter he determined to show his sorrow and repentance. Going into the market-place at the time of business, he uncovered his head and stood there for an hour in a pouring rain, on the very spot where the book-stall used to stand. "This," said he, "was an act of contrition for my disobedience to my kind father."

A boy should obey his parents because God's law contains a reason: "That thy days may be long upon the land." Obedience is here shown to be conducive to long life and prosperity. By it the boy learns self-control, and a prompt submission as a principle of

action. “Such a boy in all probability will soon become a man of like character. He will obey the laws of health. Entering business, he will obey the laws of success, industry, perseverance, economy and enterprise. His powers under full control, he also will be a law-abiding citizen in society. Such character tends to long life and the enjoyment of the gift of God.”

OBEDIENT SONS.

When Washington was a young man he wanted to be a sailor, and his mother gave a reluctant consent. All things were ready. The ship lay off in the river. His trunk was in the boat which waited to take him to it. Going to bid his mother good-bye he found her in tears. At once he ordered his trunk returned and sent word to the ship that he would not go. “I will not break my mother’s heart to gratify myself,” he said, and his mother replied, “George, God has promised to bless those who honor their parents and He will surely bless you.” Did He not do it? He lived to be nearly seventy years of age and became not only a prosperous man, but the first President of his country. “I was sure,” said his mother, “that George would be a great man, because he was a good boy.”

Coming home from the hay-field, a tired and hungry youth was met by his father at the gate and requested to go on an errand to the town, two miles away. His first impulse was to refuse. A better thought came into his mind, and he consented cheerfully. “Thank you,” said the father; “you have always been good to me. I was going myself, but somehow I don’t feel very strong.” Again the father thanked his son and turned to the house. The son

hurried away, and soon returned. As he neared the house he saw that something unusual had occurred. The farm hands instead of being at the barn as usual at that time of the day were standing about the door of the house. As the son approached, one of the men turned to him with tearful eyes and said, “Your father is dead. He fell just as he reached the door. The words he spoke to you were the last he uttered.” Years passed, and that son relating this incident said, “I have thanked God over and over again for the last words of my father on earth, ‘You have always been good to me.’”

A boy should obey his parents because of the happiness and influence that come through it. A disobedient boy can in no wise be happy, while he who loves his parents and seeks their pleasure will have no reason to the contrary.

In St. Stephen’s Church, Philadelphia, one Sunday a tramp was numbered among the worshippers. His face was seamed by the lines caused by dissipation. His shabby clothes were in striking contrast with the handsome attire of those in the audience. When Dr. Wood, the blind organist, touched the keys of his instrument, and began to play a soft, sweet melody, the man’s eyes filled with tears and he buried his face in his hands. During the singing of the Litany he sobbed aloud, but when Dr. McConnell in reading the commandments came to “Honor thy father and thy mother,” the man, unable to restrain himself longer, cried, “Would to God I had done so, I would not be where I am.”

When Charles Lamb was a lad his father sent him to the school of Christ’s Hospital. He was very unfitted to make his way among the boys, for he was small and delicate. There was a great dislike throughout the school against certain articles of

food; Charles was seen to gather up the morsels left after dinner and carry them away. Persevering in this practice two of his school fellows determined to follow him and find out the mystery. Charles entered a large old building in Chancery Lane, went upstairs and knocked at one of the doors at which an old man and woman presented themselves. The boys went back and triumphantly told the steward what they had discovered. He, being a just man, investigated the matter and found that the old people were Charles' parents, who had been reduced to great need. The news went from one to another. His fellow pupils immediately fell in love with him, the governor heard of it, and gave relief to the parents, and presented the boy with a silver medal.

DID WHAT NAPOLEON COULD NOT DO.

In this connection a few words are not amiss regarding one's duty to those in authority. Honor is becoming those who are set over us at school or work. The spirit of obedience is not so much in words as deeds. Deeds show what we are, words what we claim to be.

On one occasion an English farmer saw a party of horsemen riding over his farm. He had a field he was particularly anxious they should not enter as the crop was in condition to be greatly injured by the tramp of horses. He therefore dispatched one of the young farm hands, a lad of about thirteen years of age, to shut the gate and on no account permit anyone to open it. The boy went as bidden, but was scarcely at his post when the hunters came up and ordered the gate opened. This the boy declined to do, stating the orders he had received and his

determination to obey them. Neither threats nor bribes would move him. After a while one of lofty dignity advanced and said in commanding tones, “My boy, do you not know me? I am the Duke of Wellington. I am not accustomed to be disobeyed, and I command you to open the gate that my friends and I may pass through.” The boy lifted his cap and stood uncovered before the man whom all England delighted to honor, and in firm tone said, “I am sure the Duke of Wellington would not wish me to disobey the orders of my master, who has told me to keep this gate shut, and not suffer anyone to pass.”

Greatly surprised and pleased at this reply, the sturdy old warrior lifted his own hat and said, “I honor the man or boy who is faithful to his duty, and who can neither be bribed or frightened into doing wrong. With an army of soldiers as trustworthy as that, I could conquer not only the French but the world.” Then handing him a glittering sovereign, the old Duke put spurs to his horse and galloped away with his companions, while the boy ran off to his master shouting at the top of his voice: “Hurrah! hurrah! I’ve done what Napoleon could not do. I’ve kept back the Duke of Wellington!”

DUTIFUL TO ALL.

Society can only exist under certain regulations which pure-minded and noble legislators have enacted, and which everyone pronounces right. It therefore devolves upon every boy to do his part in sustaining these laws and to have a care for those who may have no tie binding them to us except the common tie of humanity. His motto should be, “Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto

you," desiring in life and asking in death no epitaph greater than that of the Earl of Shaftesbury, who, being presented with a donkey by the coster-mongers of London said, "I ask nothing beyond this, that with patience as great and a resignation as unmurmuring as that of this donkey I may do my duty."

What a phrase! "My duty." Not my brother's duty, or my chum's, but *my* duty. My duty to God, to parents, to others and to myself. When once the son of the Czar of Russia was visiting America some years ago as a subordinate officer of the ships of the Russian fleet, a citizen of Philadelphia, who was entertaining the admiral in command, asked him as to the position of the Grand Duke on board. "How is he addressed?" was asked. "Always as 'Lieutenant,'" was the reply. "Does he do regular duty as an officer, on watch in his turn?" "Certainly. There is only one difference between him and the other officers. He is always more faithful to duty than anyone else."

What a tribute! What was said of this royal son, may be said of every boy. "Let us be found doing our duty, if this be the day of judgment," said Colonel Davenport in the legislative council of 1780 at Hartford. An eclipse of the sun so darkened the room and surrounding country that many thought it was the day of God's wrath. Live such a life that no matter when the judgment comes, you may be found doing your duty, thus meriting the eulogy conferred upon Colonel Hutchinson: "He never professed the thing he intended not, nor promised that he believed out of his power, nor failed in the performance of anything that was in his power to fulfill." In all circumstances of life and dealings with others

"*Do noble things, not dream them all day long,*
And so make life, death, and that vast forever,

One grand sweet song."

CHAPTER XII
Be Honest

INTRODUCTION TO CHAPTER XII

BY FRANCIS E. WARREN

To be honest, as this world goes,
Is to be one picked out of ten thousand.
—*Shakespeare.*

All other knowledge is hurtful to him who has not honesty and good nature.—*Montaigne.*

The best that a boy or man can do is to be honest. He will find honesty profitable; not only will it pay in a material way, but it will bring satisfaction with self, and will command the esteem and admiration of all with whom he comes in contact. Without honesty of purpose and act, there can be no substantial or lasting success either in business or any other undertaking in life. Be honest, in order that you may be successful and content, as well.



CHAPTER XII
Be Honest

"Honesty is the best policy" cannot be excelled as a moral maxim. As an aphorism it cannot be revoked. He who heeds it will avoid wrong, but he who disregards it will cease to do right. The word is sometimes used in a legal sense as that which is determined and enforced by law, sometimes in a worldly way as that which looks to public opinion as its motive and end, but Webster defines it "to be upright, just, fair in dealing with others, free from trickishness and fraud; acting and having the disposition to act at all times according to justice or correct moral principles." That boy who adheres to these, is, as Pope declared, "The noblest work of God."

That there are tricks in all trades is an acknowledged fact, and when resorted to to secure advantage over another, it is nothing less than theft, which is fraught with peril and liable to bitter remorse.

"A little theft, a small deceit,
Too often leads to more;
'Tis hard at first, but tempts the feet
As through an open door.
Just as the broadest river runs
From small and distant springs,
The greatest crimes that men have done
Have grown from little things."

DISHONESTY AND ITS RESULT.

At a general election in England, a candidate

personally unknown to the voters of a certain borough was asked by party leaders to do his best for election. He belonged to a good family and was a lawyer of promise in London. His path to success was open, as the borough belonged to his party. When he mounted the platform to address the electors, his eyes fell upon a board opposite, on which was scrawled with charcoal: “Forty Pounds!” He suddenly became pale and confused, stumbled through a short speech, and then hurriedly left the stand.

A few days later he rose to speak in another town, and again the mysterious words written on the wall confronted him. Again he left the platform, and that night retired from the contest for the seat in Parliament. Not long after he disappeared from public life, and retired to an English colony where he hid himself on a ranch. It was found that the words referred to a theft committed in his youth, which he supposed had been forgotten, but which had clung to him all these years. Lapse of time had not concealed it, and when on the verge of victory, defeat through someone’s reminder and a gnawing conscience pushed him from the race.

EXAMPLES OF HONESTY.

Honesty is a trait of character which sets a boy off to advantage. He has no dark shadows or corroding memories to fear. The idea that some boys have, “Make money, honestly if you can, but if not, make it anyway,” is wrong. Madison C. Peters says, “Capital is not what a man has, but what a man is.” He who is honest will not take a pin from another, would not represent an article to be what it is not, gives the equivalent for the price paid whether seen or unseen.

The boy when exhorted to steal some fruit as no one would see him, had the right idea of honesty when he remarked: “Yes, there would, for I should see myself, and I don’t intend ever to see myself do a dishonest thing.”

Abraham Lincoln, when a clerk in a grocery store, made a mistake of a few ounces when selling tea to a little girl. In the evening he walked between two and three miles to rectify the mistake. When the State officials of Illinois advocated the policy of repudiation of a part of the public debt, Stephen A. Douglass was carried on a mattress from his hotel to the meeting where the repudiation was about to be adopted. He wrote a resolution which he offered as a substitute for the repudiation ordinance, which carried: “*Resolved*, That Illinois will be honest, although she never pays a cent.” Adam Clark when a boy worked in a linen factory. In company with his master he was working in the folding room, when one of the pieces was found short of the required number of yards. “Come,” said the merchant, “it is but a trifle. We can soon stretch it and make out the yard.” He thereupon unrolled the cloth, taking hold of one end of it himself, and the boy the other. “Pull, Adam, pull,” he said, pulling with all his might, but the boy stood still. The master said: “Pull, Adam.” “I can’t,” replied the boy. “Why not?” asked the master. “Because it is wrong.” A long argument followed, in which the usages of the trade were strongly and variously enforced, but all in vain. Upon this the master told him that such a boy would not do for a linen manufacturer, and would better look out for some other employment more congenial to his own mind. He did so, and in after years, through hard work, became eminent as a writer and preacher.

HOW HE BECAME A MILLIONAIRE.

Years ago, in a town of Germany, a poor boy lived in an old house. He formed this resolution: “Honesty in everything and with everybody.” The street in which he lived was in the middle of the city, yet quiet and retired. This boy was eager to make money; but, dearly as he loved it, he loved honesty and integrity more. When he reached manhood, he married a young woman of sterling character. She was beautiful and good. Their house was neat and their furniture simple. In one of the closets was a set of old Dresden china. Behind the china closet there was another, which no one would ever have suspected being there. To get to it the china had to be lifted out and the tight-fitting panels taken apart.

One night, as they were about to retire, a faint knock was heard at the door. The young man opened it, and who should be there but the prince. He was invited to enter. After the young man had stirred up the fire and made things pretty comfortable, the prince told his errand. He was about to leave his home in the city, to go he did not exactly know where. He did not care to have any person know his whereabouts. The officers of the government were angry with him, and he was about to leave to get out of their way. But he had some valuable treasures which he did not wish to carry with him; and, having heard of the integrity of this young man, he desired to leave them in his care, offering to pay him for his trouble. The young man declared himself pleased to accommodate his prince. “I have it here,” said the prince, and he drew a wide girdle from under his vest. It was double, and was held together by springs which could not be seen. It was lined with soft wool, and in the wool lay the treasure, a collection of the

most precious and dazzling stones. The young man closed the window shutter tight, then with his wife took down the china from the closet, slipped aside the closely-fitting panels and secreted the girdle in a little place under one of the shelves. Then the panels were carefully put back, the china put in its place and the closet doors shut. To look at it, one would never have dreamt that there was any treasure there more than the old china. The prince thanked his new friends, shook their hands heartily and started off.

Months and years passed. The couple worked early and late. Indeed they had to, as by this time their family had increased and their little sons would some day need education. After a time the French made war on the Germans. Frankfort, the city of this family, felt it sadly. A great many people had to flee for their lives, amongst whom were these honest folks. The soldiers went into their house, searched and carried off everything that was worth taking. Then the war closed, and the people returned. Years after this the prince came back. He had heard as a wanderer about the different countries how many of the poor of his city had suffered. He quietly settled down in a country home, not far from the city, and never thought of going after his treasures, supposing they had either been stolen in the ransacking of the house, or that the young man in whose care he had left them had used them for his own wants or those of his family. He was not thoroughly acquainted however with the character of him to whom he had committed his treasures. One morning while he was at breakfast he was told that a person wished to see him on business. The man was ordered to be conducted to his presence. Who should it be but his old friend? The prince was as glad to see him as he was surprised. “I came,” said the man, “to talk with

you about the treasure you left me." "Oh, don't mind that at all," interrupted the prince, "but come and take some breakfast with me. I pray, don't mention the affair. I am glad it was there to do you good at a time when you must have needed it so much. Sit down and let us drink this coffee and forget all about it."

The man took the chair which was offered him, and as he sat down, he said: "Believe me, Prince, your treasure is safe. The robbers went again and again to the old china closet, and took every dish and cup away, and, indeed, almost everything else that belonged to us, but, thanks to God, they did not find your treasure. When we went back to our house we found it in exactly the same spot where you saw us place it, and there it is now. It only awaits your order to be restored to you as you gave it." The prince was astonished, and said, "Really, my friend, I scarcely believed that such virtue was to be found anywhere. But I see now that a man's integrity may stand the hardest trial. You have taught me to have a better opinion of human nature."

A few days later the prince called at the house and received his girdle without a stone missing. So delighted was he that not only did he reward him liberally, but everywhere he went he told the story. He did not think that all the presents he could give him would reward him sufficiently, so he wished to make him famous. He succeeded. The world heard the tale, and the humble man soon became the friend of princes and nobles. His sons were educated in the same principles of honesty and integrity, and the whole commercial world learnt to honor his name. At this day the families are scattered about in the greatest cities of Europe and are able to control the wealth of nations. Their possessions are immense.

That poor boy was no other than Rothschild, and his sons and grandsons have been and still are the world's greatest bankers.

BE EMINENT IN HONESTY.

My boy, be honest. Nothing is safer, more honorable or right. As such it is better than might and worth more than gold. It hurts no man, but wields an influence that commands the admiration of man and God.

When Longfellow was seventeen years of age he wrote to his father: "Whether nature has given me any capacity for knowledge or not, she has, at any rate, given me a very strong predilection for literary pursuits, and I am almost confident in believing that, if I can ever rise in the world, it must be by the exercise of my talent in the field of literature. Whatever I study ought to be engaged in with my soul, for *I will be eminent in something*."

It is possible, practical, yea, absolutely necessary for any boy who would be eminent in any vocation to be first of all eminent in honesty or purpose in dealing with himself and others. Lowell was built on the Merrimac river. Dams and canals were constructed to conserve the water power. At that time there was no competent engineer in America, so a young Englishman by the name of Francis was brought over. After looking over the work done, he went to the directors of the company and said, "Gentlemen, you must rebuild Lowell and the works." "We can't do that," was the answer, "we have spent large sums and must take a risk." "Then, gentlemen," said Francis, "here is my resignation." The directors after thinking of the awful flood that

had swept that valley years before, reconsidered and rebuilt under the young man's direction. One year later a flood came and the town and works stood the test. Honesty always does.

CHAPTER XIII
Be Just

INTRODUCTION TO CHAPTER XIII

BY A. S. ZOOK

"Be just," is a mandate from the Court of Conscience. The law of that forum is the "Golden Rule:" "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them."

If you would be just, never change the venue of your cases from the forum of your conscience, even though you might, outside the vicinage of conscience, be the winner every time. Venue changes from one civil forum to another, often brand the taker as a coward. Frequently it happens in the business world and in social trials, if one shies around the court of conscience in selecting his tribunal, he may win a verdict that will bear no scrutiny thereafter in the Court of Error, Supreme on High!

Be just to self, unmarred by vice; just to parents as admonished by the words: "Honor thy father and thy mother;" just to brother and sister, and thus respect the home that sent you forth. The animals that serve

us nobly should be treated justly. Shame and indignation rest upon the one who harshly treats the noble horse.

Justice rules the throttle of the heart of him who glides along the way of life, and teaches him to render unto man his proper dues at every station on the journey.



CHAPTER XIII
Be Just

Archbishop Abbot of Canterbury when preaching the funeral sermon of Lord Buckhurst, did not dwell on his merits as a statesman, or his genius as a poet, but upon his virtues as a man in relation to the ordinary duties of life. “How many rare things were in him,” said he, “one of which was justice.” The first and most essential exercise of love toward other persons is respect of their rights. It is a virtue that will govern one’s thoughts, engineer one’s actions, influence one’s life, and command the universal esteem of mankind.

To be just means to deal fairly with others. It is conformity to the principle of right, truthfulness to promise, faithfulness to engagement and trustworthiness in every capacity. True, it is not

always done. In business, wrong methods, short measures, false weights are often used. In society misrepresentation seems to hold an important part, but no boy need resort to such measures, for he can succeed without them.

JUSTNESS POSSIBLE AND PROFITABLE.

When Athens was governed by the thirty tyrants, Socrates was summoned to the Senate Chamber and ordered to go with others whom they named, to seize one Leon, a man of rank and fortune whom they determined to slay that they might enjoy his estate. This commission Socrates positively refused. “I will not willingly,” said he, “assist in an unjust act.” One of the tyrants sharply replied, “Dost thou think, Socrates, to talk in this high tone, and not suffer?” “Far from it,” replied he, “I expect to suffer a thousand ills, but none so great as to do unjustly.”

Percy tells of a Persian king who desired a little salt to season some venison while on a hunting expedition. One of his attendants went to a neighboring village and took some by force. The king, suspecting the theft, ordered that he should immediately go and pay for it, saying: “This is a small thing in itself, but a great one as regards me, for a king ought always to be just, because he is an example to his subjects, and if he swerves in trifles he will become dissolute. If I cannot make all my subjects just in the smallest thing, I can at least show them that it is possible for me to be so.”

THE INJUSTICE OF A MOORISH KING.

Injustice in word or deed, however small, is a crime, which may benefit the doer for a time, but which will eventually pain him more than him to whom it is done. “If thou hadst,” said Carlyle, “all the artillery of the world marching at thy back in the support of an unjust thing, it would not be a success. If the thing is not just thou hast not succeeded.” A Moorish king desired to purchase a piece of ground from a woman who preferred to keep it. Thereupon the king seized it and built upon it a pavilion. The poor woman complained to the cadi and he promised to do all in his power to make it right. One day, while the king was in the field, the cadi came with an empty sack and asked to fill it with the earth on which he was treading. Having obtained leave he filled the sack, and then requested the king to complete his kindness by helping him load it on his horse. The monarch laughed, and tried to lift it, but soon let it drop, complaining of its great weight. “It is however,” said the cadi, “only a small part of the ground thou hast wrested from one of thy subjects; how then wilt thou bear the weight of the whole field, when thou shalt appear before the great Judge laden with thine iniquity?” The reproof was severe. The conscience of the king troubled him now like a rawhide lash, and he restored the field to its owner, together with the pavilion and the wealth it contained.

TO WHOM TO BE JUST.

When William the Conqueror left the shores of France eight centuries ago, to make conquest of England, the figure-head of the royal galley in which he sailed, and which led the fleet, was a golden boy

pointing the way across the channel to England and to victory. Significant the symbol! What the future will be depends on the boys of the present, and if they point with justness toward themselves and others, it will mean the ushering in of a golden era.

In being just, every boy should love himself to that extent to deal honorably with every faculty of his nature, giving it due authority in the government of his conduct. He should not allow his affections to be loose, his will to run haphazard like a clock without a pendulum, or his appetite to be always gratified, like the voracious whirlpool of Niagara, but with self-respect he should make them subservient to his better nature. In his early political days, President Garfield was urged to do some doubtful political action. He replied: “It is impossible, I must eat and sleep and live constantly with James A. Garfield; and I am bound to have his good opinion of my conduct, even if I must forfeit that of everybody else.”

“Here, sir, clean my boots,” said a British officer to Andrew Jackson, who, when a boy of thirteen was captured in the Revolutionary War. “I am a prisoner of war, sir, and I look for such treatment as I am entitled to.” The officer flew into a rage, and, drawing his sword, aimed a blow at the boy’s head. To ward it off Andrew raised his arm and the sharp blade cut the flesh to the bone. Years after when Andrew was President of the United States he would point to it as an evidence of the officer’s injustice to him, when the rules of war acknowledged that he was simply exercising justness to himself.

Every boy should also be just to others. “Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you” is a good motto. Following this, what a delightful world this would be. Better wages would be given, the poor, crime and criminals would decrease; less

trickery would be associated with business, and a better standard in measuring one's conduct would be used.

There once lived in Marseilles an elderly man who was considered a miser, because he carried on a flourishing business, yet never seemed to spend any more than he could help. He lived alone in one room, dressed poorly and never allowed himself any luxuries. People pointed the finger of scorn at him on the street, children mocked him as he passed, yet he never resented their unkindness. At last he was missed. Search being made, he was found dead in his room. In his hand was a paper. It proved to be a will by which the whole of his great fortune was given to provide the city of Marseilles with free and pure water for the use of all. For this object he had spared and saved and suffered shame and abuse, that the very people who had ill-treated him might be given this blessing for which they suffered. He had been unjustly criticised, because the people did not understand his motive. How much better to speak and act justly! Cruel words wound, cruel actions crush. They may not be the most severe, but as a mouse can trouble an elephant, a gnat worry a lion, a flea disgust a giant, so these little unjust words and works make life unpleasant to those to whom they are done. Better employ Maximilian's motto, "Let justice be done though the heavens fall," for such will finally triumph for good.

REWARD OF JUSTICE.

To be just on all occasions demands concentration of one's moral powers, as the capture of a strong city sometimes demands the forces both of land and sea.

It is easy to be just to a friend, but one cannot afford to be otherwise to an enemy. Justice knows no class or caste. Thus the Egyptians represented it as a human form without hands or eyes, indicating that he accepted no bribes, knew no difference between friend or foe, was not influenced by fear or favor, but decided every case on its merits.

A MEMORIAL OF JUSTICE.

During the reign of Frederick, king of Prussia, there was near Potsdam a mill which interfered with a view from the window of his palace. Annoyed by this inconvenience to his favorite residence the king sent to inquire the price for which it would be sold. “For no price,” was the reply of the sturdy Prussian. In a moment of anger, Frederick gave orders that the mill be torn down. “The king may do this,” the miller quietly remarked, folding his arms, “but there are laws in Prussia,” and forthwith he commenced proceedings against the monarch. The court decided that the king must rebuild the mill, and pay besides a large sum of money as compensation for the injury which he had done. He was very mortified on learning this, but instead of disdaining the order, turned to his courtiers and said, “I am glad to find that just laws and upright judges exist in my kingdom.” Years after, the proprietor of the mill, having been reduced in circumstances, wrote to the king, stating if his majesty now entertained a similar desire to obtain possession of the property, it would be very agreeable to him in his present embarrassed circumstances, to sell the mill. The king immediately wrote the following reply:

"*My dear Neighbor,—*

"*I cannot allow you to sell the mill. It must remain in your possession as long as one member of your family exists, for it belongs to the history of Prussia. I lament, however, to hear that you are in circumstances of embarrassment, and forthwith enclose a check large enough to arrange your affairs. Consider me always*

"*Your affectionate neighbor*,
"FREDERICK WILLIAM."

My boy, be just. You can if you will, and there is no reason in all the varied activities and experiences of life, why you should not.

"*To thine own self be true,*
And it must follow as the night the day
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

Do not be just from a mercenary idea, for that is only another form of injustice. But be just because it is right, and right makes men, and men are the great need of the hour.

"*Poise then, the cause in Justice's equal scales,*
Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause prevails."

CHAPTER XIV
Be Kind

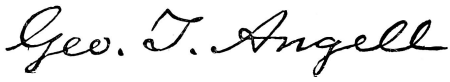
INTRODUCTION TO CHAPTER XIV

By George T. Angell

Whenever a brave, kind word needs to be said, say it; whenever a brave, kind act needs to be done, do it. Always feed the song birds, but spare their nests; sprinkle ashes in icy streets, that men and horses may not fall; put the blankets that have blown off the horses on again, and tuck them under the harness; protect the useful toad, and avoid treading on the useful and harmless worm.

"*Be kind to dumb creatures, nor grudge them your care;*
God gave them their life, and your love they must share;
And He who the sparrow's fall tenderly heeds,
Will lovingly look on compassionate deeds."

In our "Band of Mercy" we have a pledge which every boy should heed, which will make him not only happier but better and more merciful in all the relations of life. "I will try to be kind to all harmless, living creatures, both human and dumb, and will try and protect them from cruel usage." Do this, my boy, and you will be happy in the doing.



CHAPTER XIV
Be Kind

The story is related of a king who had a boy in whom he took great delight. He gave him beautiful rooms to live in, with rich pictures and books, and servants to wait on him wherever he went. He also provided

teachers who were to impart knowledge to him of things which would make him good and great; but with all this the young prince was unhappy. He wore a frown wherever he went, and was always wishing for something he did not have. At length one day a magician came to court. He saw the scowl on the boy's face, and said to the king, "I can make your son happy and turn his frowns into smiles, but you must pay me a large sum for telling him the secret." "All right," said the king, "whatever you ask I will give." The price was agreed upon and paid, and the magician took the boy into a private room. He wrote something with a white substance on a piece of paper, then gave the boy a candle, and told him to light it, hold it under the paper, and see what he could read. He then departed. The boy did as he had been told and the white letters turned into a beautiful blue. They formed these words, "Do a kindness to some one every day." The prince was very much impressed with these words and undertook to put them into practice, and this resulted in his becoming very popular and useful in the realm.

KINDNESS AND UNKINDNESS.

Few words are greater in the English language than kindness. It is as mighty as it is gentle. Few things cost so little, yet benefit so much. But unkindness always arises from a heart inclined more or less to be cruel. Because of this the memory of Nero has been treated with contempt for ages. When a boy, he delighted in torturing flies by pulling off their legs, and then watching them struggle to get away. When he became emperor he burnt the

Christians in his gardens, and wished that all the Romans had but one neck that he might cut off their heads at one blow. Thoreau, on the other hand, is revered for his gentle, loving disposition. Though an ardent naturalist he seldom if ever inflicted death for the sake of the furtherance of his scientific observations. About the year 1845 he took to the woods near Walden Pond, Massachusetts, and built a house, to the surprise of the raccoons and squirrels. But the animals soon learned that he meant them no harm. He would lie down on a fallen tree, or on the edge of a rock, and at his call they would come to him. Even the snakes would wind around his legs, and the squirrels would hide their heads in his waistcoat. The fish in the river knew him, and would allow him to lift them from the water. He could pull a woodchuck out of his hole by its tail. Rabbits and birds paid no heed whatever to him while he sat and watched them or plied his work by chopping trees and raising vegetables, and when he built his house over the nest of a woodmouse, which at first became alarmed, it soon became so tame as to pick the crumbs at his feet and nibble the cheese in his hand.

THE BRAVEST ARE THE TENDEREST.

Some years ago, General David S. Stanley was laying out the route for a great railroad across the plains. There were two thousand men, twenty-five hundred horses and mules, and a train of two hundred and fifty wagons heavily laden. One day the general was riding at the head of the broad column, when suddenly his voice rang out: “Halt!” A bird’s nest lay on the ground directly in front of him. In another moment the horses would have trampled on

the nestlings. The mother bird was flying about and chirping in the greatest anxiety. But the brave general had not brought out his army to destroy a bird's nest. He halted a moment, looked at the little birds and then gave the order: "Left oblique!" Men, horses, mules and wagons turned aside and spared the home of the helpless bird. Years after, those who crossed the plains saw a great bend in the trail, which was the bend made to avoid crushing the bird's nest.

George Stephenson, when a boy, would never rob a bird's nest, because, as he used to tell his companions: "It grieves the old bird." One day when his genius was changing the face of the earth by the railway engine, he went to an upper room of his house and closed a window. It had been open a long time because of the intense summer heat, but now the weather was becoming cooler, and Mr. Stephenson thought it would be well to shut it. Two or three days later he chanced to observe a bird flying against it with all its might as if trying to break it. His curiosity was aroused. He went at once and opened the window and as he did so the bird flew straight to one particular spot in the room, where Stephenson saw a nest. The poor bird looked at it and then fluttered to the floor, broken-hearted and almost dead. The great man drew near. There sat the mother bird, and under her wings four tiny ones, all dead. Tenderly he lifted the exhausted bird from the floor and carefully tried to revive it, but it speedily died. In its beak was a worm it had long struggled to bring to its home and little ones, and as Mr. Stephenson looked, he wept.

The brave Colonel John Sobieski thought the unwanton killing of birds nothing short of murder. Speaking of one of his hunting trips he said,

"Sauntering leisurely along under tall elms, I heard a bird singing, and looking up, I saw a wee bit of a bird perched upon a lofty limb, singing very sweetly. Without a moment's thought, and without the slightest idea that I could hit so small a mark, I up and banged away. I saw some feathers fly, and the little songster came dropping down from branch to branch, and fell at my feet. I stooped down and picked it up. It was a tiny little thing, not much bigger than my thumb, of a yellowish-green color, as beautiful as it could be. Then, like a flash, the thought came to me, 'What a contemptible deed I have done. Here was one of God's beautiful creatures that had just as much right to existence as I, and its life, doubtless, was as sweet to it as mine was to me, and at that very moment that it was singing its beautiful songs to make the world more pleasant and glorious, I had brutally shot it to death.' I carefully buried it among the leaves, and then promised myself that I would never again wantonly destroy life. I regard this the greatest crime I ever committed."

DUMB ANIMALS.

Sometimes boys are unkind to dumb animals, teasing them for sport or imposing on them for gain. Few animals show more fidelity and attachment to us than the dog and horse. What warnings the former gives! How faithfully he watches by day and night! With what cheerful alacrity the "Shepherd" goes for the cattle and the "Mastiff" protects the home! How many lives have been saved from a watery grave by the "Newfoundland," or from a snowy one by the "St. Bernard!"

Walter Scott tells of a dog which saved his master from being burned alive. The dog of Montargis vainly defended his master against the enemy, but successfully led to the discovery of the murderer. A pet spaniel saved the life of William the Silent by scratching his face, when asleep. A body of Alva's Spanish troops surprised Dutch William's camp, and though his guards perished, he effected his escape by mounting a horse. In the excavation of the buried city of Herculaneum, the skeleton of a dog was found stretched over that of a boy twelve years of age, which he endeavored to save from death by suffocation or fire. All that remained to tell the story of its fidelity was a collar with an inscription that told how on three occasions it had saved the life of its master, once from the sea, once from robbers, and once from wolves.

Of the horse many beautiful and pathetic stories are related. It is said they never forget a road once traveled, and are very loving in their attachment. During the Peninsular war a trumpeter of French cavalry was killed. Many days after the engagement, his body was found, guarded by his faithful charger, which had stayed by its dead master, protecting his body. When found, the poor horse was in a sad condition; so great was its grief, that even after the trumpeter had been buried it required great persuasion to be prevailed upon to eat.

Some animals can take their part, as many a boy, through lacerated fingers and severe wounds and bruises, knows. But there are many which cannot, yet every one is entitled to and appreciates kindness. "There is," as Ruskin said, "a flash of strange light through which their life looks out and up to our great mystery of command over them, and claiming the fellowship of the creature, if not of the soul."

"I WAS THAT BOY."

Boys should be kind to one another. Unkind acts are lasting as indelible ink; they are like letters written in lemon-juice, which become legible when brought before the fire; they stir the heart, awaken memory, and distress the soul. A prominent lawyer who became attorney general of Missouri relates that while in Governor Steward's office, a convict was brought in from the penitentiary to receive a pardon at the Governor's hands. The convict was a steamboat man, with the rough manners of his class. Looking at him the Governor became greatly affected. Then he signed the document which restored the man's liberty, but before handing it over said, "You will commit some crime, I fear, and will soon be back in prison." The man protested that such a thing should never again happen. "You will go back to the river and be a mate again, I suppose?" asked the Governor. The man said that was his intention. "Well, I want you to pledge me your word that when you are mate again you will never take a billet of wood, and drive a poor sick boy out of his bunk to help load your boat on a stormy night." The man promised that he never would, and in surprise asked the Governor why he desired such a pledge. "Because," answered he, "some day that boy may become Governor, and you may want him to pardon you for some crime. One stormy black night, many years ago you stopped your boat on the Mississippi to take on a load of wood. There was a boy on board working his passage from New Orleans to St. Louis, but he became sick and was lying in his bunk. You had enough men to do the work, but you went to that sick boy, drove him to the deck with blows and curses, and kept him toiling like a slave till the load

was complete. I was that boy. Here is your pardon. Never again be guilty of so brutal an act." The prisoner took the pardon, covered his face and went out, ashamed of his conduct, and greatly affected by the charity of one who showed mercy when he could have had revenge.

"YOU CALLED ME BROTHER."

My boy, be kind. "If a man would have friends, he must show himself friendly." "A little thought and a little kindness," said Ruskin, "are often worth more than a great deal of money." Of Cornelius Vanderbilt it was said, "He was a man of the utmost kindliness, who treated all, of whatever station, with courtesy, and age with deference." Julian Ralph writing of General Wade Hampton said, "He was a gentleman; and the qualities of mercy, kindliness and protection to the lowly were strong in his blood." It is kindness in the heart, on the lips and at the finger-tips, which wins the affection not only of beasts and birds, but also of men, women and children.

Be kind in voice. No member has more power of good or evil. A single word may sting like an adder, or soothe like oil. It can thrill to action, drive to madness, or lead to despair. It can cut the heart like sorrow, or cheer like sunshine. Look out for your words. Take care of the tones. It is not always so much what one says as the manner in which it is said. Elihu Burritt wisely remarked, "There is no one thing that love so much needs as a sweet voice, to tell what it means and feels. One must start in youth, and be on the watch night and day, at work and play to get and keep a voice that shall speak at all times the thoughts of a kind heart."

During the famine in Russia when thousands were reduced to the verge of starvation, Count Tolstoi passed a beggar on the street corner. Stretching out his gaunt hands, the miserable creature asked for alms. Tolstoi felt in all his pockets for a coin to bestow upon him. He turned his pockets inside out, but to no purpose. His money had already been spent in charity and he had nothing. Taking the beggar's hand in both of his, he said: "Do not be angry with me, brother, I have nothing with me." The gaunt face lighted up, the man lifted his bloodshot eyes, his blue lips parted in a smile. "But you called me brother; that was a great gift," he said. Yes, kind words, gentle words, sympathetic words are cheap. They cost nothing, but profit greatly. They are like oil to machinery. They disarm anger and are a tonic to the disheartened. Therefore

"*Keep a watch on your words, my boy,*
For words are wonderful things;
They are sweet like the bees' fresh honey,
Like bees, they have terrible stings;
They can bless like the warm, glad sunshine,
And brighten the lonely life;
They can cut in the strife of anger,
Yes, cut like a two-edged knife."

ONLY A SHILLING.

Be kind in act. Hands are deaf and dumb, but they should be the instruments of a tender heart, having a soft touch. Gladstone, with an empire on his shoulders, found time to leave Parliament and carry flowers to a little sick crossing-sweeper. A small girl selling chestnuts arrested the attention of a young man who gave her a shilling. Years after a poor man called upon a rich bank director to ask for a position

as messenger. The director's wife recognized him as he passed out. She learned his business with her husband and said with earnestness, "Give him the situation." "Why?" he asked. The wife told the story how he had given her the shilling. The husband was pleased to favor his wife and that night the man received a note as he sat by his sick wife. Opening it, he exclaimed: "Good news, wife! We shall not starve; here is a promise of a situation." His wife called his attention to something that fell upon the floor. It was a fifty pound note folded in a paper bearing the inscription, "In grateful remembrance of the shilling which a kind stranger bestowed on a little girl selling chestnuts twenty years ago."

Be kind, my boy. There is a magic charm connected with it. So thought William Cowper, who said he would not trust a man who would with his foot crush a worm. So thought the private secretary of President Lincoln, when he found him in the Capitol grounds trying to put a little bird back to the nest from which it had fallen. So thought George Dana Boardman, who could not enjoy the so-called sports of hunting and fishing, because of the suffering they wrought upon the innocent and helpless. Ah, my lad, just as Androcles extracted the thorn from the lion's paw, and was afterwards defended by that lion, kindness seldom goes unrecompensed. It gives satisfaction to the donor and comfort to the donee.

"*You never can tell when you do an act*
Just what the result will be;
But with every deed you are sowing a seed,
Though its harvest you may not see.
Each kindly act is an acorn dropped
In God's productive soil;
Which you may not know, yet the tree shall grow

And shelter the brows that toil."

CHAPTER XV
Be Generous

INTRODUCTION TO CHAPTER XV

BY GEN. THOMAS J. MORGAN

God blesses still the generous thought
And still the fitting word he speeds,
And truth, at His requiring taught,
He quickens into deeds.

—*Whittier.*

One of the noblest traits which a boy can cultivate in his relations with his fellows is that of generosity. He is a mean fellow who is always thinking and planning for himself only and seeking to get the advantage of others. A noble-hearted, manly boy thinks of the welfare of those around him, and is always ready to lend a hand to those that are in need. Deeds of generosity tend to develop a character which everybody admires. Generosity pays; it begets self-respect; enlarges a boy's views and sympathies, and brings him into delightful relationship with kindred minds. If you have anything especially good don't fail to share it with others who have less, or none. Be generous.



CHAPTER XV
Be Generous

During one of his wars Napoleon captured two British sailors and confined them in a prison in central France. The men escaped and made their way to Boulogne on the sea coast, without being discovered. For a long time they could get no further. The love of home and liberty at length grew too strong to be resisted, and they resolved to take chances on their departure. With no other tools than their knives the Englishmen made a boat of small pieces of wood. It was a leaky affair when completed, and in order to make it float they had to cover it with some old scraps of sail. Sure of being shot if discovered, and with every chance of being drowned if they reached the open sea, they decided to attempt to cross the stormy English Channel in their rickety skiff. In the afternoon before they were to make the effort they saw an English frigate within sight of the coast, and hastened to launch the crazy craft and tried to reach the vessel. Some French soldiers discovered them, and, leaping into a boat, soon brought them back. The captors were very much astonished at the daring of the sailors, and soon the news of their adventure spread throughout the camp, and the wonderful courage of the two men

was the subject of general remark. At length the episode came to the ears of Napoleon. The great soldier was always attracted by a bold deed, and went to look at the boat in which the sailors had started. After seeing it he was more impressed than ever, and had the Englishmen brought before him. "Is it really true," he said, "that you thought of crossing the sea in this?" "Sire," said one of them, "if you doubt it, give us leave to go and see us depart." "I will," exclaimed the emperor. "You are brave men. I admire courage wherever I meet it. You are at liberty. But you need not risk your lives. I will put you aboard an English ship. When you reach London, tell your countrymen how I admire bravery, even in an enemy." He gave the sailors money and saw that they were well treated. The French officers were very much astonished, for the captives had been condemned to death, but Napoleon's generosity granted their freedom, and with it a safe conduct to their homes.

WHAT IT MEANS.

What Napoleon was in this instance every boy can be. Generosity is a beautiful characteristic of a noble soul. As the hands of a clock tell the hour of time, generosity bespeaks heart-felt love and sympathy. And

"*The truly generous is the truly wise;*
And he who loves not others lives unblest."

This word "generous" was once supposed to apply to nobility of descent, but now it applies to nobility of character. It is used in several ways, yet all fit and depend on each other as joists fit in mortises. Some

one has defined the word as greatness of mind. Mind, that which Seneca calls “the proper judge of man,” “that which makes,” as Shakespeare said, “the body rich.” But *greatness* of mind is much more significant. It is like a large number before a cipher. It is, as Johnson said: “Great in great things and elegant in little things.”

“If there is a boy in school,” says Horace Mann, “who has a club foot, don’t let him know you ever saw it. If there is a boy with ragged clothes, don’t talk about rags in his hearing. If there is a lame boy, assign him to some part of the game that does not require running. If there is a hungry one, give him part of your dinner. If there is a dull one, help him to get his lessons. If there is a bright one, be not envious of him, for, if one boy is proud of his talents and another is envious of them, there are two great wrongs and no more talent than before. If a larger or stronger boy has injured you, and is sorry for it, forgive him. All the school will show by their countenances how much better it is than to have a great fuss. And remember Him who said: ‘Love your enemies,’ ‘bless them which curse you.’”

MEANNESS AND INJUSTICE.

As the North Pole is the opposite to the South Pole, so generosity stands over against selfishness. It glories in the right but scorns the wrong. “What can I do for you, madam?” asked President Jackson of an early caller at the White House. “Mr. President,” replied the visitor, “I am a poor widow and keep a boarding-house on E Street. Mr. H. has boarded with me for several months, but declines to settle his account. He receives a good salary as a clerk in the

Treasury Department, but I cannot collect any money of him." "Why not?" "He won't pay it, sir." "How much does he owe you, madam?" "Nearly $200." "What is his salary?" "Almost $2,000 a year." "That is a fair income," said the President, thoughtfully, "he ought to live on that." "He has paid me nothing for five months, sir. I need the money and came to ask your advice how to get it." "He admits his indebtedness?" "Yes, sir, but he avoids me, on pay days, and I can get no satisfaction from him, after repeated solicitations." "He must pay you, madam." "I hope he can be made to. I can ill afford to lose it." "Go to him," said Jackson, "and get his note at thirty days for the full amount and interest." "His note, sir! It wouldn't be worth a penny." "Get his note," repeated the President, "and come to me again. We shall see how much it will be worth." The widow withdrew. "I must have some kind of settlement of our account to-day," she said to the delinquent boarder at noon, "if you cannot pay me cash you must give me your note at thirty days for the full amount and interest." "Note? Certainly," replied the clerk, carelessly, "I'll give you half a dozen notes if that will do you any good. What are you going to do with it?" he continued, as he handed her the paper, without the slightest intention of paying it at maturity. "Collect it," replied the landlady, firmly. "Hope you'll have a good time and be successful at it," said H., smiling sarcastically. "I certainly shall," said the widow. "This note squares our account in full. You will please find other accommodations, Mr. H., from to-day." Mr. H. left as requested, and next morning the widow called on the President a second time. "Good morning, madam," said he, "did you get the note?" "Oh, yes, sir. He was very ready. But he laughed at me for being so easily satisfied with his

mere promise to pay." "Well, madam," said the President, as he took the note and wrote boldly across the back, "Andrew Jackson," "put this in the Washington Bank for collection. You've got a good endorser, at all events. The note will be paid at maturity. Good morning, madam."

In due time the landlady notified H. that his note for $200 was due at the bank, on a certain day, but he only smiled. "But that note will surely be paid," said the widow, confidently, "for I've got a good man's name on the back of it." "Have you, indeed?" asked the clerk, with a chuckle. "Who was fool enough to endorse my note for $200?" Merely out of curiosity to see who the fool was, he called at the bank the day the note was due. But he did not laugh when he read the endorsement. He could not afford to let that name go to protest, so he paid the note at once. Three days later he received the following letter:

Treasury Department.
Washington, D. C.,
....183..

Mr. L. H.——

Sir:

Your services as clerk in the —th auditor's office will not be required after this date. By order of the President.

Yours, etc.,
.....
Secretary, etc.

LIBERALITY.

The word generous is now generally used for liberality. Hon. Chester Kingsley, who has given freely of his means to benevolent objects, tells how when a boy he used to pray God to give him "a hand to get and a heart to give." Such a prayer was far-reaching. It meant co-operation of hand and heart, a hand to be industrious, a heart to be charitable. Here is a lesson for every boy. Train the hand to make an honest dollar, the heart to consecrate it to noble purpose and the mind to learn discretion in giving.

If there is one thing that creates happiness more than another, it is making some one else happy.

"*True happiness (if understood)*
Consists alone in doing good."

So wrote the poet Thomson. "It is more blessed to give than to receive," said the most liberal Giver of the ages. One needs to give to keep the heart open, to give without looking for returns, though such giving, like the dove of Noah's ark, always comes back in due season with the olive leaf of reward.

LEGEND AND FACT.

A poor fatherless boy, according to a German legend, had gathered in the woods a dish of strawberries. Returning home, a venerable old man startled him by calling out, "My lad, let me have thy full dish and thou take my empty one." Pity for the old man's weakness and helplessness overcame the boy's reluctance to part with his berries, and he made the exchange. Soon he filled the empty dish and returned with it to his mother, to whom he told the story of his adventure. "Ah, happy are we, my child," she exclaimed, "the dish is pure gold."

Though simple the story, it illustrates this profound truth, that the simplest and freest gifts return to us in richer and more acceptable favors. Then

"Give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you."

A poor soldier one day called at the shop of a hair-dresser, who was busy with his customers, and asked relief, stating that he had stayed beyond his leave of absence, and unless he could get passage on a coach, fatigue and severe punishment awaited him. The hair-dresser listened to his story respectfully and gave him a guinea. "God bless you, sir!" exclaimed the soldier, astonished at the amount, "how can I repay you? I have nothing in the world but this," pulling a dirty scrap of paper from his pocket. "It is a receipt for making blacking, and is the best that was ever seen. Many a half guinea I have had for it from the officers, and many bottles have I sold. May you be able to get something for it to repay you for your kindness to a poor soldier." Oddly enough, that dirty piece of paper proved worth half a million pounds to the hair-dresser. It was no less than the receipt for the famous Day and Martin's blacking, the hair-dresser being the late wealthy Mr. Day, whose factory is one of the notable sights of the English metropolis.

Be generous, my boy. Not in one thing, but many. In chemical galvanism, it is the number, not the size, of the cells, which increases the power of the battery. In generosity, it is not the large gift, but the number of little gifts; not the one kind word, but the many. Not the great acts, but the continued small ones. To your enemy manifest generosity in forgiveness; to your opponent, tolerance; to your parents, deference; to yourself, respect; to all, charity.

"*Count that day lost whose low descending sun*
Views from thy hand no worthy action done."

CHAPTER XVI
Be Careful of Your Company

INTRODUCTION TO CHAPTER XVI

BY NEAL DOW

Be cautious with whom you associate, and never give your company or your confidence to persons of whose good principles you are not certain.—*Bishop Coleridge.*

NO company is far preferable to bad, because we are more apt to catch the vices of others than virtues, as disease is far more contagious than health.—*Colton.*

Avoid as if struck with leprosy, anyone who is profane, who smokes, who is untruthful, who is unmindful of the rights and feelings of others, and do not forget that strong drink leads directly to all evil. Avoid it as you would a fatal disease.

Yours truly
Neal Dow

CHAPTER XVI
Be Careful of Your Company

There is a well established rule, by which one is judged by the company he keeps. No word of explanation need be given, for the companions he selects and in whose circle he moves speak louder than words. The choice of associates is a very important one. As in a vitiated air, it is hard for a strong constitution to escape sickness, so however firm and settled a boy's principles might be, there is danger of losing them by the influence and example of corrupt companions.

It is said to be a property of the tree-frog to acquire the color of any object to which it adheres for a short time. Thus if found on growing corn it is commonly a dark green, and if found on the white oak, it has the color peculiar to that tree. Just so is it with boys. One usually resembles those with whom he associates and becomes like them. Unconsciously he takes on their image, thinks and acts like them, and is a just photograph of them. If the companions are of high moral standard they will prove a blessing, but if slovenly and unclean in appearance, unbecoming in language, impolite in action, they will be a curse. The boy who associates with these invites an unsavory reputation; and sooner or later, no matter what excellent qualities he may have, will be contaminated as is silver when kept in contact with copper.

IMPOSSIBLE TO BE GOOD AND KEEP BAD COMPANY.

In no little degree is one influenced by the speech, manners and habits of companions. “Is example nothing?” asks Edmund Burke. “It is everything. Example is the school of mankind, and it will learn at no other,” he answers. It is because of this that many lawbreakers come from the best families through evil associations. “May it please the Court,” said a convicted criminal when asked if he had anything to say before sentence of death was passed upon him, “bad company has been my ruin. I received the blessings of good parents, and in return promised to avoid all evil associations. Had I kept my promise, I should have been saved from this shame and been free from the load of guilt that rests upon me. I, who once moved in good society, am lost, and all through evil companions.” Many inexperienced boys form the idea that by associating with rough, fast lads they might influence them to be better, or by seeing the evil effects would learn to abhor wickedness the more. These thoughts are foolish in the extreme, and if put into practice, deprave nine times out of ten.

There is a poisonous reptile mentioned in “In Tropical Africa” that has lived so long in a certain colored gravel that it has taken on the exact color, so that a traveler cannot distinguish the one from the other unless the reptile moves. To come in contact with it is to risk one’s life. So the boy who wilfully courts the company of the bad risks the safety of his character, for “vice,” as Pope said,

> “*—is a monster with such frightful mien,*
> *As to be hated, needs but to be seen;*
> *Yet, seen too oft, familiar with its face,*
> *We first endure, then pity, then embrace.*”

Chemists tell us that one grain of iodine imparts color to seven thousand grains of water. One bad boy

may do more to injure one's character in a day than a lifetime can remedy. Goodness and badness will associate no more than light and darkness. A rotten apple will corrupt a barrel of good ones, but a barrel of good ones will not restore a rotten one. Separation is the only safe plan.

THE ENCHANTER AND THE YOUTH.

A great magician once took a company of Bavarian youths to a lonely place and entertained them at their request with his incantations. He drew a circle around them with his sword and warned them not to leave or break over on any account. By his first incantation he surrounded them with armed men, who dared them to conflict, but none of them would be lured or drawn beyond the line he had made with his sword. By the second enchantment he surrounded them with a company of beautiful damsels, who tried every power of attraction they could command. One of the dancing damsels whose beauty exceeded that of the others, advanced to one of the young men and with her enchantments had such an effect upon him that he entirely forgot the restriction and stretched forth his finger beyond the circle to receive the ring which she offered to place upon it. At once she seized him and drew him after her, and it was only through difficulty that he was rescued. What an illustration! This circle is the rule of right, the armed men pride and passion, and the charmer a fair representative of intemperance, vice and sensuality. The only safety for a boy is within the circle of right. To step over its boundary is to enter the domain of wrong. It is being enticed onto enchanted ground where evil lurks in every flower, poison hides in

every drink and death watches beside every path. O my son, "If sinners entice thee, consent thou not. Walk not in the way with them. Refrain thy foot from their path," and when they bid thee "cast in thy lot among us," have the courage to refuse.

COMPANY NOT TO KEEP.

Avoid vulgar companions. Vulgarity is like a blot on a clean sheet of paper. Though it does not destroy the whole sheet, it damages and discounts it to such an extent, that it is often cast aside as worthless.

Avoid lazy companions. The "do-nothings" are usually the "good-for-nothings." They are of little use to themselves or anyone else. Industrious people shun them and the ambitious have no respect for them. Many a man who might have been rich and honorable has spent his last days in the penitentiary or poor-house because the early days were spent in idleness. Idleness is the mother of almost every crime, and he who fellowships the idler runs the risk of being criminal. Then

"*Eschew the idle life!*
Flee, flee, from doing naught;
For never was there idle brain
But bred an idle thought."

Avoid sceptical companions. Making religion a mockery is a bad trait in any boy and the sooner his room is considered better than his company, the sooner will the boy be protected from the impure and irreligious. He who neglects the house of God, desecrates the Sabbath and laughs at others who are inclined to be pious is not the right kind of company to keep.

An overseer in a mill found a pin which cost the company nearly five hundred dollars. “Was it stolen?” asked an employe. “Was it a diamond pin?” “Oh, no,” answered the overseer, “it was just such a pin as we use without stint. You see, it happened this way. Calicoes, after they are printed, washed and dried, are smoothed by being pressed over heated rollers. By some mischance, a pin dropped so as to lie upon the principal roller, and became wedged in it, the head standing out a little from the surface. Over and over went the roller, and round and round went the cloth, winding at length on another roller, until the piece was measured off. Then another piece began to be dried and wound, and so on until a hundred pieces had been counted. These were not examined immediately, but removed from the machinery and laid aside. When at length they came to be inspected, it was found that there were holes in every piece throughout the web, and only three-quarters of a yard apart. The pieces averaged about forty yards, which at twelve and a half cents a yard amounted to about five hundred dollars. Of course the goods could not be classed as perfect, so they were sold as remnants at about half the price they would have brought had it not been for that hidden pin.”

Thus it is when a boy takes for his companion one whose language is not the most savory, who is inclined to be lazy and sceptical, that he does himself a moral injury which increases with the association. Evil seed is planted in his mind, which, as Seneca said, “is sure to spring up in future resurrection,” discounting his reputation and damaging his character beyond repair.

THE KIND OF COMPANY TO KEEP.

No boy can be too cautious with whom he associates, and

> "*Without good company, all dainties*
> *Lose their true relish, and like painted grapes,*
> *Are only seen, not tasted.*"

Would you acquire a good reputation? Seek the companionship of good boys. Good begets good. "Flowers planted by the rose smell of the rose." "Companionship with the wise never fails to have a most valuable influence on the formation of character, increasing resources, strengthening resolves, elevating aims, and enabling one to exercise greater dexterity and ability in his affairs, as well as more effective helpfulness to others." Thus Allan Cunningham when learning the trade of a stone-mason in Nithsdale, walked all the way to Edinburgh that he might see the face of Sir Walter Scott as he passed along the street. Sir Joshua Reynolds, when a lad of only ten, thrust his hand through a crowd of people that he might touch the Pope—the greatest living person to his mind. Fox acknowledged very frequently his indebtedness to the example and conversation of Edmund Burke; Tyndall speaks of Faraday as a great energy to his life, and later wrote, "His works excite admiration, but contact with him warms and elevates the heart." Carlyle said, "Hero-worship exists, has existed, and will forever exist, universally among mankind." Haydn's hero was Sir Joshua Reynolds; Rogers the poet had his hero in the person of Dr. Samuel Johnson; Hallam his in Tennyson; Tennyson's was William Ewart Gladstone, and Henry Martyn's was a big boy who defended him from others who picked on him, and who assisted

him in his studies at Cambridge. Unknown to the world the great missionary acknowledged that this boy kept and defended him from evil associates and inspired his soul with the love of truth and the work for which he was called upon to sacrifice his life.

My boy, choose carefully your associates. “Seek at the first,” as Marshall Field wrote, “to cultivate the acquaintance of those only whose contact and influence will kindle high purposes, as I regard the building up of a sterling character as one of the fundamental principles of true success.” See to it that they are modest, studious, truthful, moral; shunning evil places, avoiding questionable amusements, without bad habits and in conduct exemplary. Choose “your superiors if possible, your equals at least, your inferiors never.” Associate with boys who will foster your piety and who will make you wiser and nobler. Lord Brooks so esteemed the friendship of Sir Philip Sydney that he chose for his epitaph: “Here lies Sir Philip Sydney’s friend.”

“*Be careful in choosing companions;*
Seek only the brave and the true;
And stand by your friends when in trial,
Ne’er changing the old for the new.
And when by false friends you are tempted
To do things wrong, which you know,
With firmness, with patience and kindness,
Have courage, my boy, to say, ‘No!’”

CHAPTER XVII
Be Cautious of Baneful Amusements

INTRODUCTION TO CHAPTER XVII

BY HENRY H. HADLEY

The youth who bathes in pleasure's limpid stream
At well-judged intervals, feels all his soul
Nerved with recruited strength; but, if too oft
It chills his languid virtue.

—

Mason.

My boy and my son, I advise you not to touch a card. Don't learn the game or watch one. One of my companions fell dead in a gambling house by a pistol shot from his own gun. His name was "Ben" Miller. His partner "Froom" Featherly, said to me, "I wish I lay there with poor Ben. When I learned to play cards at mother's dining room table she never thought it would come to this. Gambling is so fixed in my mind that I cannot stop." Drunkenness is insanity of the stomach, gambling is insanity of the morals.



CHAPTER XVII
Be Cautious of Baneful Amusements

It is related that during the reign of the bluff King Hal, there lived a knight named Sir John Giffard, of Chillington, who possessed a beautiful leopard. One

day the animal escaped from its cage, and Sir John and his son at once gave chase, for they knew that the leopard would spare no human being it might meet. At the top of a hill, a mile from his house, the worthy knight saw the animal about to attack a woman and child. Sir John was armed with a bow and arrow, and rather breathless through running; his son, fearing his shot might be too weak, shouted, "Take aim, draw strong!" Never was surer aim taken, for Sir John pierced the leopard's heart, and saved the woman and her babe. In consideration of this brave and skilful deed, the Giffards of Chillington adopted as their crest a leopard's head and an archer with a bent bow, with the motto, "Take aim, draw strong."

This is what many good and great men have done in regard to some amusements, the influences of which have proved destructive to character. To enjoy oneself is a divine right, provided such enjoyment does not injure health, weaken morals or lead others to place a false estimate on living.

AMUSEMENTS RIGHT AND WRONG.

Amusement is not an end, but a means of refreshing the mind and replenishing the strength of the body, that the work of life may be easier and better done. When it begins to be the principal thing for which one lives, or when in pursuing it, the mental powers are enfeebled, and health impaired, it then falls under just condemnation.

Amusements that consume the hours of the night which were intended for rest and sleep, thus making one nervous, besides increasing one's love for romance and adventure, are wrong. Amusements

which call one away from study or duty are pernicious, just to the extent they cause negligence or unfaithfulness. Amusements that rouse or stimulate morbid appetites, suggest wrong things, cause one to be discontented, lead into bad company or expenditure beyond one's means, should always be avoided, for their tendency is downward rather than upward.

Care must be taken in choosing amusements. Those should be chosen which have some advantage beyond merely supplying a pleasant pastime, and those avoided which lead to bad company, drinking, horse racing, gambling or any place where so many are allured to destruction. Multitudes of boys have gone down morally, socially, financially and spiritually under their blasting influences, never to rise again. There are few amusements so harmless, but what they may be carried into low association and made an instrument of evil, hence every boy should look to himself that no dishonesty, betting or over-exertion be allowed.

CARD PLAYING.

Don't play cards. "Is it possible there is harm in cards?" you ask. "Is it wrong to shuffle a few pieces of pictured and spotted papers in the parlor?" No, my boy. But it is the harm which comes from them, with no known excuse to palliate its pernicious consequences. Card playing has a fascination connected with it. It seems as innocent a game as swinging the mallet on a croquet lawn, but it is as dangerous as a revolver in the hands of a child. It has dealt out death and destruction by the wholesale. "It has made," as Dr. Withrow said, "so many noble lives

base, upright people dishonest, rich people poor, poor people painfully impoverished, and altogether it has a dark indictment against it in the court of heaven."

"THEY COST ME MY SON."

On one of the railroads leading out of Chicago, four men, high in position, one of them a judge, another a lawyer, sat passing the time away with a game of euchre. An old lady across the aisle grew restless and at last, standing and breaking in upon their somewhat selfish hilarity, said: "Excuse me, but is not this Judge ——?" "Yes, ma'am," the man of the bench replied, a little startled and ashamed to acknowledge it under the circumstances. The old lady continued, "I thought so, and, Judge, it was you who sentenced my boy at Oshkosh, to State's prison for ten years, and it was that other man there that pleaded against him, and he died last year, Judge, in the penitentiary, and it was cards that led him to it. He was a good boy until he took to playing cards and going down to the village grocery, and at last I could do nothing with him. I know I ought not to be talking this way to you, but, Judge, if such as you only knew how much the young people are influenced by what they see you do, I don't think you would be handling those cards as you and these gentlemen are doing. They cost me my son." So they have cost thousands of parents their boys, and boys their manliness. They have been the turnkey which has opened the prison gate, the trap-door of the gallows, the instrument of many a suicide, and the decoy which has led many to eternal ruin. Therefore don't play cards.

THE THEATRE.

Don't go to the theatre. "What? Is there anything wrong in going to a theatre, and will it injure me?" Yes. It is a pleasure so dangerous in its tendencies, that good men for ages have denounced it. Long ago, Aristotle the philosopher opposed it, saying, "The seeing of comedians ought to be forbidden to young people, until age and discipline have made them proof against debauchery." Theodore L. Cuyler said, "It fascinates as the wine-cup fascinates, to draw young men into impure associations, and to destroy everything like healthy spiritual life." Edwin Booth, who was one of the greatest tragedians, remarked, "I would not be willing for my wife and daughter to attend a play unless I knew beforehand the character of the play and the actors." And, where a lady cannot go, is it fit for a young gentleman? General Grant believed this, for he said, "I never go where I cannot take ladies. I don't care to go where ladies cannot go."

"OH! THAT THEATRE!"

"Oh! that theatre!" said an agonized mother of a felon son, "he was a virtuous, kind youth till the theatre proved his ruin." Professor Knowles states that at a juvenile prison, it was ascertained that a large proportion of the boys began their careers in vice by stealing money to buy theatre tickets. A keeper of another juvenile prison in Boston gave testimony that of twenty young men confined for crime, seventeen confessed that they were first tempted to steal by a desire to purchase tickets to visit the theatre. Of fifteen young men from the

country, employed in a publishing house in New York, thirteen within a few years were led to destruction by the play-houses.

O, my boy, do as Bishop Vincent said when asked by a friend if he should go to such a place of amusement, “Better not. Better not, because of its fascination which hinders rather than helps; better not, because vice is often made to look like virtue; better not, because of its many degraded actors and patrons, whose company one cannot afford to keep; better not, because of the hours it consumes which could be more profitably utilized; better not, because of vulgar expressions frequently used; better not, better not.”

THE DANCE.

Don’t go to the dance. “Why, the Bible itself defends this amusement,” is frequently said. “Did not the Hebrews dance when they emerged from the Red Sea? Did not David dance before the ark? Was not Socrates taught it by Aspasia, and was it not held in veneration by Plato and other philosophers?” Yes, but dancing, my boy, was much different in Bible times than it is to-day. It was because of deliverances from or a victory over an enemy. No case but one is found in the Bible where promiscuous dancing was indulged in, and that is called “the wicked dance.” Ever since the daughter of Herodias danced off the head of John the Baptist, it has degenerated; and as Cicero addressed a grave reproach to consul Gabinus for having danced, so would the writer sound the danger trumpet with the words: “Beware! Beware!”

When Moscow was burning, the historian tells us, a party was dancing in the palace right over a

gunpowder magazine of which they were ignorant. The flames came on, and Carnot said, “Let us have one dance more,” and they shouted all through the palace, “One dance more!” The music played, the feet bounded, the laughter rang. But suddenly, through the smoke and fire and thunder of the explosion, death and eternity broke in. “One dance more” has been the ruin of many a young man, the deathblow of many a good reputation, the cause of many a jealousy which ended in crime and the murderer of many a virtue which bid fair to distinguish the noble youth.

BE CAREFUL.

O, my boy, be careful of your amusements. If there is a tendency to injure the morals, shun them as a plague. Orange trees cannot live and bear fruit in Labrador, neither can piety thrive amidst frivolities and liberties which attack modesty of person and honesty of purpose. Shun amusements if they are indulged in for mere killing of time.

“*Time is eternity,*
Pregnant with all eternity can give,
Pregnant with all that makes archangels smile.
Who murders time, he crushes in the birth
A power ethereal, only not adorned!”

Murillo, a Spanish painter, left a wonderful painting which represents a monk in his cell writing. He had been engaged in writing his life, but before he had completed it, death summoned him to the eternal world. He pleaded to return, and the legend says that he was permitted a certain period to complete his autobiography. The famous Spanish

artist seized the moment when the monk, seated at the table, resumes his toil. The intensity of feeling thrown into the wan, ghastly face, and into the lips which had talked with death, and into the eyes that had looked in on eternity, and the tremendous energy with which he writes, all portray to us the knowledge and the value of time: time limited by the all-powerful command. And, as Schiller truthfully puts it:

"*The moments we forego*
Eternity itself cannot retrieve."

Shun amusements if they have a tendency to injure health. Health is the greatest fortune one can possess. Without it, all joy, all comfort, all pomp is but mockery. "Riches are useless, honor and attendants are cumbersome, and crowns themselves are a burden," "for life is not to live, but to be well." To take care of one's health is one of the first requirements of nature. This cannot be accomplished by staying up late at night, by intemperate eating and drinking, by being out in all kinds of weather, by wilful neglect of proper clothing, which various amusements incur.

ENJOY YOURSELF.

Enjoy yourself, my boy. "To dry up the fountains of mirth that are within, to crush out the spontaneous impulses of merriment which are a part of our complete life, is a crime against nature. Life will have sorrows enough without making ourselves chronically cheerless. The right of enjoyment is a divine right, and should be lawfully used and enjoyed. Not only that, but it is invigorating." "All

work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." Running is good exercise, the bat and ball strengthen the arm and gauge the eye, the oar and boat broaden the chest and make the liberated lungs beat with life, and not a few others, if not too greatly indulged, prove helpful rather than detrimental.

Counsel yourself when invited to join in some pleasure: "What will this amusement do for my physical development? Is there any gymnastic exercise connected with it? What will it do for my intellectual enlightenment? What will it do for the improvement of my morals? Will it make me purer, nobler, better? Will it increase piety, make me more useful to society, increase my happiness and benefit my associates?" If it will, then indulge in it, if not, discard it.

A story is told of two men who were mowing in company. The one in advance thought he saw a hornet's nest just ahead, and he cautiously paused. The other pooh-poohed his fears and mowed right on exclaiming, "The wicked flee when no man pursueth, but the righteous are bold as a lion." But pretty soon he struck the nest and was fighting the hornets that assailed him, whereupon the first, who also had a knack of quoting proverbs, exclaimed, "The prudent man foreseeth the evil and hideth himself, but the simple pass on and are punished." The prudent man had the best of it as he always does. Other gifts and attainments, however ample and varied, are negatived and neutralized without it, therefore in all pleasures be discreet.

"*It is sad*
To think how few our pleasures really are;
And for the which we risk eternal good."

And, as Pope wrote,

"*Pleasures, wrong or rightly understood,*
Our greatest evil, or our greatest good."

CHAPTER XVIII
Be Chary of Bad Books

INTRODUCTION TO CHAPTER XVIII

BY ANTHONY COMSTOCK

In the heart of every boy is a "Chamber of Imagery." Practically speaking, this is Memory's storehouse, the "Commissary Department of thought," "the Hall of Entertainment." Bad books, foul pictures and criminal stories are used by the spirit of evil to decorate the walls of this Chamber of Imagery. When once there comes through the doors of this chamber (eye and ear) either one of these influences for evil, the looms of Imagination and Fancy (the reimaging and reproductive faculties of the mind) are started in motion and then the Chamber of Imagery becomes the Hall of Entertainment. Charmed by pictures created by Imagination and Fancy a boy soon becomes a day-dreamer and castle-builder. Led on by these debasing allurements he soon develops into a full-fledged criminal. Thoughts are the aliment upon which the mind feeds. If pure and holy, they are like fertilizing currents flowing through the soul, enriching, ennobling and beautifying character and life. If impure, sensational and sensual, they are equally degrading, demoralizing and deadly in their

influence. It is as important that Imagination and Fancy have pure material to work with, as that a stream shall originate in a fountain free from deadly poison. “Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.” The heart cannot be pure if the thoughts are defiled.



CHAPTER XVIII
Be Chary of Bad Books

It is only about four hundred years since the first book was issued from the press. Between 1450 and 1455 Gutenberg, the inventor of the printing press, succeeded in publishing the first copy of the Bible, but he was compelled to make the initial letters of the chapters with the pen. As the years passed, many improvements were made, until now, more than twenty-five thousand books are published annually.

Books are wonderful things. They are companions and teachers. For their authors they cost much thought, time and expense; for the reader they are cheap and helpful. They carry the mind fast and safe the world over. “In the twinkling of an eye one can be exploring with Livingstone in Africa, or campaigning with Napoleon or Grant. One can meditate with Socrates, conspire with Cataline, steal the Stratford deer with Will Shakespeare, swim the

Hellespont with Byron, weigh the earth with Newton, and climb the heavens with Herschel."

There being such an abundance of literary works, the question often arises, "What should a boy read? Would it be wise to read everything that comes into his hands?" By no means. To eat all kinds of food, suitable or otherwise, would be sure to create disease. There are the "scavengers" among animals, but there should not be such among readers. To read everything would be most injurious. Good judgment should be exercised in selecting the quality of books read and no less in the quantity perused. There are books, which, if read, would poison thought, corrupt morals and perchance blast the prospects of the future. On the other hand, there are books which stimulate the mind, strengthen the morals, comfort the heart and prepare the life for usefulness and success.

GOOD BOOKS.

Good books are a blessing to everyone. The principles they inculcate, the lessons they exhibit, the ideals of life and character they portray, stamp themselves indelibly upon the mind and habits of the reader. "Give a man a taste for good books and the means of gratifying it," said Sir John Herschel, "and you can hardly fail of making him a happy man. You place him in contact with the best society in every period of history, with the wisest, the wittiest, the tenderest, the bravest and the purest characters who have adorned humanity. You make him a denizen of all nations, a contemporary of all ages." "A good book," said Milton, "is the precious life-blood of a master spirit embalmed and treasured up on purpose

to a life beyond life." "In the best books," said Dr. Channing, "great men talk to us, with us, and give us their most precious thoughts. Books are the voices of the distant and the dead. Books are the true leaders, they give to all who will faithfully use them, the society and the presence of the best and the greatest of our race. No matter how poor I am, no matter though the prosperity of my own time will not enter my obscure dwelling, if learned men and poets will enter and take up their abode under my roof, if Milton will cross my threshold to sing to me of Paradise, and Shakespeare open to me the world of imagination and the workings of the human heart, and Franklin enrich me with his practical wisdom, I shall not pine for want of intellectual companionship, and I may become a cultivated man, though excluded from what is called the best society in the place where I live."

It was through reading Cotton Mather's "Essays to Do Good" that Benjamin Franklin when a boy was influenced to be good and do good. Said he, "If I have been a useful citizen the public owes all the advantage of it to this little book." William Carey was induced to become a missionary to India by reading "Cook's Voyage Around the World." Adoniram Judson became a missionary to the East Indies by reading Buchanan's "Star in the East." Richard Baxter became a Christian and minister by reading a book called "The Bruised Reed," given him by a man who was staying at his father's home. Baxter wrote "A Call to the Unconverted," which influenced the life of Philip Doddridge. Doddridge wrote, "The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul," which was the means of the conversion of Wilberforce. Wilberforce in return secured the abolition of slavery in the West Indies, and wrote "A

Practical View of Christianity," which did much to commend spiritual religion to the higher classes of his countrymen, and which led not only Dr. Chalmers into the truth, but Leigh Richmond to Christ. Richmond wrote "The Dairyman's Daughter," which has been published in a hundred languages and of which over five million copies have been sold. All this resulted from "The Bruised Reed," written by an unknown Puritan minister named Sibbs.

Foreign readers of Lincoln's Gettysburg speech and his second inaugural address, asked, "Whence got this man his style, seeing he knows nothing of literature?" In his boyhood Lincoln had access to four books, the Bible, "Pilgrim's Progress," Burns' Poems, and Weems' "Life of Washington." He so memorized many of the chapters of the Bible that subsequently he seldom made a speech at the bar or on the "stump" in which he did not quote from it. The secret of his literary beauty and ability was his knowledge of the English Bible and Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," two books which represent the rhythm, the idiom, the majesty, and the power of the English language.

"All Sorts and Conditions of Men," written by Sir Walter Besant, was the means of the erection of a "People's Palace" in East London. The subtitle of the book was "An Impossible Story." It presents the hard life of the people of the crowded East End of London, and tells, in the form of a novel, of the ideals and ambitions of a young mechanic who has had a better education than his fellows, and used it for their advantage. Through his efforts, as related in the book, a great central building, a "People's Palace," is erected in the East End, where the social life of the people can express itself; where they can study and read, see fine paintings, hear good music, have their

games and athletic sports, and, in general, meet life on a higher plane than is possible in their own unattractive homes. To-day that “Palace” stands as an evidence of the dreamer’s dream in which and through which, the public gain knowledge and recreation. Surely the influence of one good book is marvellous.

BAD BOOKS.

Bad books are numerous. They force themselves upon us everywhere, tempting by their cheapness, alluring by their colored illustrations, and injuring by their teaching. Possibly, few agencies are working more mental and moral havoc among boys than corrupt books. Once allow the mind to be absorbed by their evil influence and the feelings and passions are driven to and fro by the whirlwind of a purposeless life.

On one occasion a gentleman in India went into his library and took down a book. As he did so, he felt a slight pain in one of his fingers. He thought a pin had been stuck by some careless person in the cover of his book. But soon the finger began to swell, then his arm and then his whole body, and in a few days he died. On investigation it was found that a small serpent had hidden itself among the books. If there is one thing more than another that will poison the mind with the venom of evil, it is impure literature, against which every boy should set his heart like flint, whether it comes in the form of a daily newspaper, a pictorial periodical or a book. It is as deadly as a serpent.

Fichte, the noted German philosopher, was once reading a “blood-and-thunder” story, when, in the

midst of it, he said: “Now this will never do. I get too excited over it. I can’t study so well after, so here goes,” and he flung the book into the river. That was a wise act. Talmage states that the assassin of Sir William Russell declared he got the inspiration of his crime by reading what was then a new and popular novel, “Jack Sheppard.” Alexis Piron, the French poet and satirist, sought for many years to obtain a seat among the Forty Immortals in the French Academy. He was recognized among the poets of his day, and was confident of his ultimate admission, when a vile ode, written when he was a boy, was brought to light, and he knew that the door of the Academy was forever closed in his face. “Twenty-five years ago,” said Rev. John James, “a lad loaned me an infamous book. He would loan it only for fifteen minutes and then I had to give it back, but that book has haunted me like a spectre ever since. I have in agony of soul, on my knees before God, prayed that He would obliterate the memory of it, but I shall carry the damage of it until the day of my death.” “I remember well when I was not more than twelve years of age,” said Dr. Leonard, “that I was shown a book—a vile book—by a German shoemaker. He came through the region of country where I lived, and the pictures that were in that book are now in my mind to-night as clearly as when I first looked upon them. Other pictures of beauty have faded, but somehow those have remained; I have said I will turn that picture away from my memory and won’t think of it again; yet, as often as I think of that German shoemaker, that vile book stands out again before my mind.”

Not long ago, a young man in Indiana committed suicide. He ascribed his downfall to the influence of “the vilest kind of novels. If good books had been

furnished me," he said, "and no bad ones, I should have read the good books with as great zest as I did the bad ones. Persuade all persons over whom you have an influence not to read novels." Such was his parting message to his brother. "This is not self-murder. If thine eye offend thee pluck it out. If thy life offend thee, give it back to Him who gave it to thee. I ask that this cross be put on my breast in my grave. Bury me in this holy robe." Such was the letter of Master Grosse, the nineteen-year-old son of an English clergyman, who committed suicide after reading Marie Corelli's "Mighty Atom." This was the second death by self-destruction caused by reading the book. In like manner not a few have destroyed themselves through the false teaching of infidel books. O the wretchedness, the misery, the sorrows that the reading of bad books brings. Spurn them, for they are deadly things.

WHAT TO READ.

"What shall I read?" may be a question asked in this connection. Emerson said: "Never read a book that is not a year old. Never read any but famed books. Read only what you like, or, in Shakespeare's famous phrase:

'*No profit goes where is no pleasure ta'en;*
In brief, sir, study what you most affect.'"

The value of a book consists not in what it will do for one's amusement, but for one's edification. Boys are generally more easily persuaded to read fictitious books because there is something captivating about them. Some had better not be read, while others which are amusing may be helpful. Abbot's Histories,

Scribner's "Library of Wonder," and "Library of Travel," "Aesop's Fables," "Robinson Crusoe," "Peasant and Prince," "The Tale of Two Brothers," "Paul and Virginia," "The Vicar of Wakefield," Scott's "Tales of a Grandfather," the Indian tales of Fenimore Cooper, the fascinating character stories of Dickens, and many others, are all suitable to read. They will stimulate the fancy, enlarge the sympathies and improve the taste.

There are biographies of great and noble men. They will arouse the spirit, instruct the mind and influence the life. "The good life," says George Herbert, "is never out of season." Every boy should read such lives as Washington, Lincoln, Grant, and the lives of great statesmen, lawyers, poets and ministers.

Nothing will give a clearer insight of the past with its events and characters, manners and law, trades and industries, modes of government and conditions of people than history. A few good histories like Thalheimer's "Manual of Ancient History," Macaulay's "History of the World," Gibbon's magnificent drama of the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," and Ridpath's "History of the United States," bring all the world with its pleasures and sufferings and everything inspired with living reality before us.

Then there is poetry. The world's highest wisdom, its profoundest truths and its best philosophy appear in poetic language. Leigh Hunt said, "It is the breath of beauty, flowing around the spiritual world, as the winds that wake up the flowers do about the material." Plato asserts that "poetry comes nearer the vital truth than history." Scarcely do we find a volume of impure stanzas. "Only that is poetry which cleanses and mans me," wrote Emerson. Milton is

said to have regarded himself as inspired in the conception and production of “Paradise Lost” and “Paradise Regained.” The poet Cowper was a man with consecrated heart. His epitaph reads: “His virtues formed the magic of his song.” Wordsworth’s poems are medicine. Bryant interprets nature in her loftiest thoughts and feelings. Longfellow speaks for the holiest affections. Whittier sounds the bugle charges against every wrong, waking the memory of happy olden days with their attendant, familiar faces. Holmes bubbles over with humor and laughter. All these and many more become our best friends and teachers. There is also the philosophical, which every boy should grapple—Locke’s “Human Understanding,” Porter’s “Intellectual Science,” and Haven’s “Ancient and Modern Philosophy.” Grapple with scientific books, such as Hugh Miller’s Geology, Johnson’s “Chemistry of Common Life.” In fact, in the language of Tulloch, “Whether you read history or poetry, science or theology, or even fiction of a worthy kind, it will prove a mental discipline and bring increase of wisdom.”

HOW SHALL I READ?

“Read not,” says Bacon, “to contradict and confront, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider.” Carlyle expressed the same thought when he said, “Pursue your studies in the way your conscience calls honest. More and more endeavor to do that.” Read with care, not with a half-mechanical glancing over the pages as we would look over a map or listen to the instructor while the mind is playing hide-and-seek with floating daydreams. Read with regularity.

Have a definite time if possible, when no one will be likely to obtrude. Select some line of knowledge both interesting and useful, and read with the intention of acquiring a thorough understanding of it. When finishing a chapter, take a mental review and if not able to give an outline of it, read it over again. By so doing, one cultivates a retentive memory. Should anything of importance present itself, underline it. Sir William Hamilton underscored. Cardinal Newman wrote in the margin of his books a statement of his own views upon the paragraph he read. Gladstone always read with pencil in hand, marking on the margin those passages he wished to remember, questioning those about which he was in doubt, and putting a cross opposite those he disputed. In reading, use a dictionary to aid in pronouncing and defining large or unknown words. If possible, read aloud. It aids enunciation and leads to a mastery of inflection. Above all, make it your business, my boy, to extract the honey from what you read. Read for mental sustenance. Read so as to know how to live, speak and act, or read not at all.

An old pilot was once asked if he knew where all the rocks were along the line of travel. There is a world of wisdom in his answer: “I do not need to know where all the rocks are; it is enough for me to know where the rocks are not, and keep in the free channel.” By reading good books one avoids those dangers to morals which lurk in so much of the literature of the day. By it, he becomes wiser, happier, nobler, esteeming the words and thoughts of those whose presence may never more be appreciated by mortal man. Though dead, they yet speak.

CHAPTER XIX
Be Attentive to Details

INTRODUCTION TO CHAPTER XIX

By Lyman J. Gage

It has often been said that, if a man conceives the idea of becoming eminent in learning, and cannot toil through the million little drudgeries necessary to carry him on, his learning will soon be told. Or, if he undertakes to become rich, but despises the small and gradual advances by which wealth is ordinarily accumulated, his expectations will, of course, be the sum of riches.

All successful men have been remarkable, not only for general scope and vigor, but for their minute attention to details. Attention to details has for its result a “hitting of the mark,” a realization of our aims. Hap-hazard methods result in confusion, disorder and defeat.



CHAPTER XIX
Be Attentive to Details

To be successful a boy needs, as Arthur Helps said, “an almost ignominious love of detail.” To dream is not sufficient, he must learn to do, and in doing pay special attention to every part. A judge in Cincinnati wanted a rough fence built. When the carpenter came he said to him, “I want this fence mended. There are some unplaned boards, use them. It is out of sight from the house, so you need not take time to make a neat job. I can only pay you a dollar and a half.” On looking at it later the judge found the boards planed and the work finished with excellent neatness. The judge, thinking the young man had done it that he might claim more pay, said somewhat angrily, “I told you this fence was to be covered with vines. I do not care how it looks.” “I do,” said the carpenter. “How much do you charge?” asked the judge. “A dollar and a half,” said the man. “Why did

you spend all that labor on it, if not for the money?" "For the job, sir." "Nobody would have seen the poor work on it." "But I should have known it was there, sir. No, I'll only take the dollar and a half," and he went his way. Ten years later this carpenter was the successful competitor for a great contract the judge had to give, successful among a crowd of others seeking it. "I knew," said the judge, telling the story afterwards, "we should have only good, genuine work from him; I gave him the contract, and it made a rich man of him."

WHAT YOU DO, DO WELL.

Whatever is worth engaging one's interest and energies is worth doing well. Longworth remarked, "I have always had two things before me. Do what you undertake thoroughly. Be faithful in all accepted trusts." William Grey, the celebrated Boston merchant, once censured a mechanic for some slovenly work, whereupon the latter, who had known Mr. Grey as a drummer in a regiment, slurred him for it. "And so I was," replied Mr. Grey, "so I was. But, didn't I drum well?" During a debate in Congress some years ago, a member of aristocratic birth replying to an opponent said, "When we were boys, he used to black my boots." "And didn't I black them well?" asked the other. "Yes, I must say in justice to the gentleman that he was called the best bootblack in town." "Thank you, and let me add that is why I am here. I always tried to do as well as I could. If the member from ——, who taunts me with my lowly origin, had begun life as a bootblack, I fear that he would have been a bootblack still."

It is said that the late Josiah Quincy was at one

time conversing with Daniel Webster upon the importance of doing even the smallest things thoroughly and well, when the great man related an incident concerning a petty insurance case which was brought to him while a young lawyer. The fee promised was only twenty dollars, yet to do his client full justice, Webster found he must journey to Boston and consult the law library. This involved an expense of about the same amount as his fee; but after hesitating a little, he decided to go to Boston and consult the authorities, let the cost be what it might. He gained the case. Years after this, Webster was passing through the city of New York. An important insurance case was to be tried that day, and one of the counsel had been suddenly prostrated by illness. Money was no object, and Webster was asked to name his terms and conduct the case. “It is preposterous,” he said, “to expect me to prepare a legal argument at a few hours’ notice.” But when they insisted that he should look at the papers he consented. It was his old, twenty-dollar case over again, and having a remarkable memory, he had all the authorities in his mind, and he took the case and won it. The court knew he had had no time for preparation, and was astonished at the skill with which he handled the case. “So, you see,” said Webster, as he concluded, “I was handsomely paid, both in fame and money, for that journey to Boston.”

To do well anything that is to be done is a test of power, a proof of efficiency, a criterion of character and a sure way to promotion. Just as the usefulness and value of a stamp depends on its ability to stick, so concentration of interest and effort is the boy’s only secret of success. A burning glass becomes powerful only when focalized on one object, and a boy becomes master of the situation only when he

bends mind and body to each detail, never yielding to doubt or discouragement.

LITTLES PRODUCE MUCH.

Great achievements, massive structures, successful inventions are composed of little things. The steam engine is a wonderful machine, but it consists of more than six thousand pieces of metal. The huge "chalk cliffs of Albion" were built by insects so small as to be only seen with the help of the microscope. The book we admire is made up of individual letters. The river is formed of many rivulets, and life consists not in great but numerous little things. A great man once wore a coat of arms which told the secret of his success. It was a mountain at whose base was a workman with coat off and a pickaxe in his hand, with which he was picking at the mountain. His motto was: "Little by little." The importance of little things is the only criterion of admission to larger ones. Webster's famous reply to Hayne was made up largely of little reserves which he had picked up here and there in his reading, from studying men, and from observation. "Great, without small, makes a bad wall," says a Greek proverb. Ammi the Arabian said to his son, "Bring me the fruit of that tree." Then he said, "Break it open: what do you see?" "Some seeds," the boy replied. "Break one open; what do you see?" "Nothing," he answered. "Where you see nothing," said his father, "there dwells a mighty tree." It's the little things that make up character and prepare one's destiny.

NEGLECT OF LITTLE THINGS.

"Neglect of little things," said Samuel Smiles, "has ruined many fortunes and marred the best of enterprises." What may be of "little consequence" may prove to be disastrous. The ship which bore homeward the merchant's treasure was lost because it was allowed to leave the port from which it sailed with a very little hole in the bottom. "For want of a nail, the shoe of the aide-de-camp's horse was lost; for want of the shoe, the horse was lost; for want of the horse, the aide-de-camp was lost; for the enemy took and killed him; and for the want of the aide-de-camp's intelligence, the army of his general was lost; all because a little nail had not been properly fixed in the horse's shoe!"

When Conova was about to commence his famous statue of the great Napoleon he detected a tiny red line running through the upper portion of the splendid block that at great cost had been brought from Paros. What did he do? Work on it? No, he refused to lay a chisel upon it. In the early struggles of the elder Herschel, while working out the problem of gigantic telescopic specula, he made scores upon scores before he got one to satisfy him. On that one he found a scratch like a spider thread which caused him to reject it, although he had spent weeks of toil upon it.

LITTLE THINGS.

Moments are little things, yet upon them much of the future depends. Important affairs, well laid plans, fortunes and comforts are frequently sacrificed by negligence of the moments. Lord Chesterfield, writing to his son, said, "Every moment you now lose, is so much character and advantage lost, as on

the other hand, every moment you now employ usefully, is so much time wisely laid out, at prodigious interest." Henry Martyn won the honorable distinction of "the man who never wasted an hour;" while the famous remark of Horace Mann, was, "Lost, yesterday, somewhere between sunrise and sunset, two golden hours, each set with sixty diamond minutes. No reward offered, for they are gone forever."

A condemned man was being led to execution. He had taken the life of another under circumstances of the greatest provocation, and public sympathy was active in his behalf. Thousands had signed petitions for a reprieve, a favorable answer had been expected the night before, and though it had not come, even the sheriff felt confident that it would arrive in season. Thus the morning passed without the appearance of the messenger. The last moment was up. The prisoner took his place on the drop, the cap was drawn over his eyes, the bolt was drawn, and a lifeless body swung revolving in the wind. Just at that moment a horseman came into sight, galloping down hill, his steed covered with foam. He carried a packet in his right hand, which he waved frantically to the crowd. He was the express rider with the reprieve. But he had come too late. A comparatively innocent man had died an ignominious death because a watch had been five minutes too slow, making its bearer behind time.

LITTLE WORDS.

The alphabet is composed of letters. Letters constitute words, and words framed into sentences constitute books. Because a word is small it does not

follow it is not important. Several of the smallest in the English language are the most important. Should a lawyer in making a deed omit some little words he might involve his client in litigation and perhaps subject him to the loss of his property. Two smaller, yet greater, words are not used than “yes” and “no.” They are decisive and conclusive, and as such every boy should learn to use them correctly. They are the words of courage, moral and physical; they are chivalric, knightly words. On occasions of supreme moment, when destiny awaits decision, they expand to sublime proportions. “Yes” to the right, “no” to the wrong.

Of all words hard to say, doubtless “no” is the hardest. Of William McKinley, Henry B. F. Macfarland wrote, “He could say no, as positively as he could say it pleasantly.” Some one wrote of a boy who had stamina enough to say “no” when necessary:

“*Somebody asked me to take a drink.*
What did I tell him? What do you think?
I told him, ‘No!’

Somebody asked me one day to play
A game of cards; and what did I say?
I told him, ‘No!’

Somebody laughs that I will not swear
And lie and steal, but I do not care.
I told him, ‘No!’

Somebody asked me to take a sail
On the Sabbath day; ’twas of no avail.
I told him, ‘No!’

‘If sinners entice thee, consent thou not,’
My Bible said; and so on the spot
I told him, ‘No!’”

LITTLE PENNIES.

A penny may not count for much, but one hundred make a dollar, and a dollar saved is a dollar made. Too many young men of the day imagine they cannot be manly without spending freely what they make. Careful saving and careful spending promote success, for "wilful waste makes woful want." John Jacob Astor said that the saving of the first thousand dollars cost him the hardest struggle. "It is not," wrote Philip Armour, "what a man earns but what he saves that makes him rich. I deem it of the highest importance to impress upon every young man the duty of beginning to save from the moment he commences to earn, be it ever so little. A habit so formed in early life will prove of incalculable benefit to him in after years, not only in the amount acquired, but through the exercise of economy in small affairs he will grow in knowledge and fitness for larger duties that may devolve upon him." "My advice," said Enoch Pratt, the Baltimore millionaire and founder of the Institute that bears his name, "to a young man just starting in life, is to take good care of your health, shun all bad habits, and save at least $1 out of every $5 you earn and immediately get that $1 out at interest. Few people have any idea of the rapidity with which money at interest grows, and there is no better, safer way to get it out at interest than to buy some small piece of real estate that is improved and pays rent sufficient to yield a surplus that will pay the taxes; the interest on the mortgage you will have to give and something on the principal each year."

"*Know when to spend and when to spare,*
And when to buy, and thou shalt ne'er be bare."

LITTLE ACTS.

When the air balloon was first invented, someone asked Franklin what was the use of it. He replied by asking another question: “What is the use of a new-born infant?” “It may become a man,” was the significant reply. So little acts may lead to great results, opening the door of opportunities to greater achievements. Baron James de Rothschild once posed as a beggar for Ary Scheffer. While the great financier, attired in the rags of a beggar, was in his place on the estrade, a correspondent of a French paper entered the studio. The Baron was so perfectly disguised that he was not recognized, and, believing that a veritable beggar was before him, the newspaper man slipped a louis into his hand. The pictured model took the coin and put it into his pocket. Ten years later the correspondent received at his residence an order on the office in the Rue Lafitte for ten thousand francs, enclosed in the following letter:

Sir:

One day you gave a louis to Baron Rothschild in the studio of Ary Scheffer. He has employed it, and to-day sends you the little capital with which you entrusted him, together with its interest. A good action always brings good fortune.

BARON JAMES DE ROTHSCHILD.

My boy, the motto of this rich man is certainly true. One cannot show the smallest kindness, render the smallest assistance, attend to the smallest detail without profit to himself and to others. “I discovered the principle by the merest accident,” said Edison to a friend who asked him how he discovered the

phonograph. “I was singing to the mouthpiece of a telephone, when the vibrations of the voice sent the fine steel point into my finger. That set me to thinking. If I could record the actions of the point and send the point over the same surface afterward, I saw no reason why the thing would not talk. I tried the experiment first on a strip of telegraph paper, and found that the point made an alphabet. I shouted the word ‘Halloa!’ and ‘Halloa!’ came in return. I determined to make a machine that would work accurately. That’s the whole story. The phonograph is the result of the pricking of a finger.”

While this may seem very simple, my boy, do not overlook the fact that Mr. Edison discovered it by paying attention to little things. “Is it not the little things,” asks William Matthews, “that, in the aggregate, make up whatever is great? Is it not the countless grains of sand that make the beach, the trees that form the forest, the successive strata of rock that compose the mountains, the myriads of almost imperceptible stars that whiten the heavens with the Milky Way? And of what is human happiness made up, but of little things?” Of General Thomas it was said: “He was careful in all the details of a battle.” So in home duties, school work, business interests, yea, in everything you have to do, do well. Resolve—

“*If any little words of mine*
May make a life the brighter,
If any little song of mine
May make a heart the lighter—
God help me speak the little word,
And take my bit of singing,
And drop it in some lonely vale,
To set the echoes ringing!

"If any little love of mine
May make a life the sweeter,
If any little care of mine
May make a friend's the fleeter,
If any little lift may ease
The burden of another,
God give me love, and care, and strength,
To help my toiling brother."

CHAPTER XX
Be Patriotic

INTRODUCTION TO CHAPTER XX

By John Clark Ridpath

Patriotism is the first and best of the civic virtues. It involves more than any of the rest. It involves country, race, nation, kindred, institutions, associations, fellowships, the kindest of all that man creates and the best of all he hopes in this life.

Patriotism is broad, almost universal. It is not a mere local attachment that knows some particular place or section, some country or State, some North or South, some peculiar ancestral stock, but rather our whole country, our native land to its remotest border, our nation, great as native land, our Union over all and our flag as our emblem.

Patriotism claims no mountain slope, no river bank, no range of hills, no village or town or city, but rather lifts the eye to a great continent, reclaimed from barbarism and illumined with the

light of a Christian civilization. He who cherishes such a patriotism in his heart and feels its inspiration in the battle of life will have little cause to fear the onset or doubt the certain victory.



CHAPTER XX
Be Patriotic

For centuries nations have employed patriotic songs to inspire courage and love of country. France has long sung her "Marseillaise," Norway the "Song of the Battle Axe," England, "God Save the King," but the best of all is our national hymn:

"*My country, 'tis of thee,*
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing.
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride;
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring."

The United States is a name, a synonym for greatness, richness and beauty. Precious memories are clustered about it. Great names are associated with it. Its praise is eulogized in lyric song, applauded in legislative halls, inscribed on gorgeous

banners, lisped by juvenile tongues and honored by all nations.

In the year 1820 Sydney Smith, of England, asked the famous questions, “In the four quarters of the globe who reads an American book? or looks at an American picture, or statue? What new constellations have been discovered by the telescopes of Americans? What have they done in mathematics? Who drinks out of American glasses? or eats from American plates? or wears American coats or gowns? or sleeps in American blankets?” If Sydney Smith had lived a half-century longer he would have found the food-stuffs, clothing, literature, inventions, gold and influence of “this self-adulating race,” controlling the markets of the world more than any other. America has invaded the business centres of every nation, has set a pace in civilization and evangelization that few can maintain, has become a peace factor among the warlike people of all continents and in most everything, as Herbert Spencer said of our mechanical appliances, is “ahead of all nations.”

SIZE AND BEAUTY OF THE UNITED STATES.

The United States is more than three times the size of Great Britain and Ireland, France and Germany, Italy and Austria, Spain and Portugal, Switzerland, Denmark and Greece. Though among the youngest of the family of nations, its territorial area exceeds that of Rome when its empire was mightiest. Although its population is less than that of some smaller countries, it has an area of land more than a dozen times as large, and in the coming future the “Bad Lands” of the Dakotas, and the great “Columbian Plains” of Washington will be adorned with towns

and cities, and what are now barren places will be changed into veritable Edens.

The United States is not only the largest, but it is the most beautiful and richest country of the world. Its mountain peaks crowned with ice-jewels are as beautiful as those of Switzerland. Its valleys are not exceeded by the valley of the Nile. Its shores equal India's coral strand. Its towering hills are stored with an abundance of iron and copper, enough to supply the nations of the globe. Its prairies are the granaries of the world. Its bowels are full of oil that seems inexhaustible, and its coal, silver and gold mines are of inestimable value. The inscription once drilled in the rock on the shore of Monument Bay is now becoming a fact because of these many things:

"*The Eastern nations sink, their glory ends,*
An empire rises where the sun descends."

The United States stands unique in the history of civil governments and has illustrated more than any other constitutional freedom in all its beneficence, power and grandeur. "Nowhere else has government so ennobled man, so elevated woman, so inspired its young men with heroism and ambition, so helped them in their aims in life, so made citizenship glorious by the expansion of Christian morality and intelligence, so fostered letters, the arts and sciences, so protected every creed, so smoothed the road of life and given to all an equal chance for happiness and homes." For the first time in human annals it has by right-doing and patriotic endeavor demonstrated that freedom, intelligence and Christianity, are of God, and forever blest by God.

WHAT IS PATRIOTISM?

Many men as well as boys imagine that patriotism means fighting. *This is not so.* "A patriot is a person who loves his land, honors its history, applauds its achievements, does not minimize its motives, but says, my heart and hand for its prosperity and perpetuity, upholding and upbuilding." To cultivate this spirit every boy needs to read and study the history of this nation, follow the Pilgrims across the briny Atlantic, associate with them and their descendants in their hardships, fight with them in their battles, share with them in their victories, and then will he be thoroughly imbued with this spirit.

BOY HEROES OF THE REVOLUTION AND REBELLION.

In an old-fashioned farmhouse near the village of Shoreham, which was opposite Fort Ticonderoga, lived a farmer and his son by the name of Beman. It was in the days when the fathers of their country rebelled against English tyranny. Paul Revere had ridden with all speed to Lexington. Sixteen patriots had been killed or wounded by the first volley of the soldiers under Pitcairn. The news aroused the country. Notable men leaped to the front to do battle wherever they could, and amongst these were Farmer Beman and his boy. It was in the month of May, 1775, that Ethan Allen at the head of the famous Green Mountaineers came up through the forests to surprise and capture the fort and its garrison known as Ticonderoga. The expedition with which Benedict Arnold was connected was composed of three divisions, one of which was to capture some boats at Skenesborough and send them down the lake to Allen and his men, who were to get them at

Shoreham. When the renowned Green Mountain leader reached the little village during the night not a single boat had arrived. This was a bitter disappointment, for Allen had but eighty-three men with him and his position was one of great hazard. It looked like madness to assail with his small force so armed a place as Ticonderoga, yet it was still more dangerous to remain idle. “We can’t wait for the boats, my boys!” exclaimed the intrepid Allen, “we must assault the fortress.” In looking for a guide the Vermonter found Farmer Beman, who said as soon as he understood their mission: “Why not take my boy? Nathan knows all about the fort. He’s been all over it with the boys whose fathers compose the garrison. He knows the location of every rat-hole, inside and out.” The suggestion delighted Allen, and Nathan was called and questioned. “I’ll go, sir,” he said at once. “I know the way to Delaplace’s quarters, too, if you should want to find him.”

Delaplace was the commandant, and of course the very person whom Allen wanted. The little party crossed the lake in such boats as they had at hand. Morning was near and every moment had to be put to use. When the patriots reached the opposite shore the commander turned to the young lad and, laying his hand upon his shoulder, said quickly: “We are ready now. Show us the way to the sally port.” Guided by him, the mountaineers moved toward the fort, and, coming suddenly upon a sentry, heard the snapping of the fuse-lock and saw him run through a covered way within the walls. “Quick,” cried the boy, looking up at Allen, and the soldiers sprang after the guard and made their way to the parade ground unopposed. The enthusiasm of the patriots now broke forth into shouts of victory, which, reaching the ears of the British soldiers, caused them

to spring from their pallets and rush from the barracks, only to be made prisoners as they appeared. Never was a surprise more complete; thanks to Nathan Beman. When Allen had secured most of the garrison he asked the boy to show the way to the commander's room, and the two were soon running up the steps leading to it.

Bang! bang! went Allen's sword against the colonel's door, and the British officer hurried out of bed to answer the command, "Surrender this fort instantly." "By what authority?" inquired the astonished officer. "In the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress!" said Allen, flourishing his sword. It so happened that Allen and Delaplace were old acquaintances, and the reader can imagine the latter's astonishment when he saw who was hammering at the door. Of course there was nothing to do but surrender. The garrison, numbering forty-eight, were made prisoners and sent to Connecticut. A fortress which had cost Great Britain a vast amount was captured in ten minutes by a company of undisciplined provincials. By this daring exploit a hundred cannons and great quantities of military stores fell into the hands of the Americans. Amid the general rejoicings that followed this exploit the part played by Nathan Beman was not forgotten. His name was on every tongue, and his services were rewarded liberally. "He lived," said Lossing the historian, "to see our confederacy increase from thirteen to thirty stars," and died at the good age of eighty-nine years.

YOUNG HOWE.

When the call for volunteers was made during the

Civil War, two boys, twelve and fourteen years respectively, presented themselves and desired positions as drummer boys. “Our infant drummers,” as General Sherman called them, attracted much attention on dress parade in the great camps of instruction. The little Howes drummed well, proved hardy, never seemed homesick, and passed through battle after battle, and march after march, untouched by disease, unscathed by bullet or shell. In the charge of May 19th the younger of the two, like other musicians, with a white handkerchief tied about the left arm to designate him as a non-combatant, followed in the rear of the line to assist the wounded. At the advanced position finally held by the regiment, it was essential not to allow any cessation in the firing, and the cartridge boxes became rapidly depleted. Ammunition, from the difficulties of the ground, could only be brought to the Union men by special messengers and in such quantity as they were able to carry about their person. Sergeant-Major Hartsook was instructed to go back to the regimental ordnance wagon, take command of the musicians and such other men as he might find detailed near the camp, and send them to the front one by one with cartridges. This dangerous duty was promptly and well performed.

The little drummer, by his own statement, was not at this time with the other musicians, but in the ravine just in the rear of the regiment, having been ordered back from the front to be out of danger, by the colonel. About him were several dead and wounded men. Collecting the ammunition from their cartridge boxes, and using his blouse for a sack, he carried this up to the command. Flattered with much praise then received, he started for the ordnance wagon and returned in safety, with his small but

valuable contribution. Again he sped down and across the ravine and up the steep opposite slope, while a hail-storm of canister and musket balls fell around him. Suddenly he dropped, and hearts sank, thinking his brief career ended; but he had only tripped over some obstacle. Often he stumbled, sometimes he fell prostrate, but was quickly up again, and finally disappeared limping, over the summit, and the Fifty-fifth saw him no more for several months. As the boy sped away the last time, the colonel shouted to him: "Bring calibre fifty-four." General Sherman's letter to the War Department will tell the rest of the story.

Headquarters Fifteenth Army Corps,
Camp on Big Black, Aug. 8th, 1863.

Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War,
Sir:

I take the liberty of asking through you that something be done for a young lad named Orion P. Howe, of Waukegan, Illinois, who belongs to the 55th Illinois, but is at present from home, wounded. I think he is too young for West Point, but would be the very thing for a midshipman.

When the assault at Vicksburg was at its height, on the 19th of May, and I was in front near the road which formed my line of attack, this young man came up to me wounded and bleeding, with a good, healthy boy's cry: "General Sherman, send some cartridges to Colonel Malmborg, the men are all out." "What is the matter, my boy?" "They shot me in the leg, sir, but I can go to the hospital. Send the cartridges right away." Even where we stood the shot fell thick, and I told him to go to the rear at once, I would attend to the cartridges, and off he limped. Just before he disappeared on the hill, he turned and called to me as loud as he could: "Calibre 54."

I have not seen the boy since, and his colonel gave me his address as above, and says he is a bright, intelligent boy, with

a fair preliminary education. What arrested my attention there, was, and what renews my memory now, is, that one so young, carrying a musket-ball wound through his leg, should have found his way to me on that fatal spot, and delivered his message, not forgetting the very important part even of the calibre of the musket, 54, which you know is an unusual one. I'll warrant the boy has in him the elements of a man, and I commend him to the government as one worthy the fostering care of some of its national institutions.

I am, with respect, your obedient servant,

W. T. SHERMAN,
Major-General Commanding.

BE PATRIOTIC.

It may be, my boy, that you will never be able to guide a regiment of soldiers as did Nathan Beman, or carry cartridges as did young Howe, but that is no reason why you should not be just as patriotic. That boy who is law abiding, who opposes everything that tends to undermine the national fabric, who decries Sabbath desecration, vile language, bad literature, and all vices, is a patriot in the true sense of the word, and can be relied upon in times of peace as well as war to do his best for the country.

Be patriotic. Cultivate the spirit of admiration toward the national flag. Dowered with priceless traditions its stars and stripes speak of the sufferings of the past, the prosperity of the present, and the glories of the future which shall attend the onward march of this great Republic. It is the hallowed emblem of the world's greatest nation, and of its most resplendent civilization. Of Sherman it was said that he never failed to salute the flag by taking off his hat in its presence. That flag is the emblem of all we are and all we expect to be.

"*It floats that all the rights of men may every people bless*
And God's own kingdom walk the world in peace and righteousness."

Be patriotic. Study the questions that have a bearing upon the well-being of the people. In the past hundred years, more than twenty-three million foreigners have settled in this land. Many are God-fearing men, but many more are entirely out of harmony with our principles and institutions. Truly America is

"*The mother with the ever open door,*
The feet of many nations on her floor,
And room for all the world about her knees."

Of the seventy million inhabitants twenty-five per cent. are yet in gross ignorance, thirteen per cent. cannot read the ballots they cast, and thousands of such are annually coming to our shores, imbued with the notions, failings and vices of their native lands. True patriotism desires and labors not only for a free people, but an educated one.

To be patriotic requires candor. We must be fair in our judgment of others who may differ from us concerning methods of dealing with some vital questions which are always before the nation. We do not always see and understand alike, but we must strive to promote and preserve the integrity of the nation. In the opening hours of the French Revolution Mirabeau roused the rabble of Paris, which whirled the social order into chaos, provoking Madame Roland's dying words, "Oh, liberty, what crimes are done in thy name!" We have Mirabeaus here, but as educated lovers of our country, we must antagonize wrong, uphold right, and defend the principles of the Declaration of Independence.

To be patriotic in the true sense is to permeate every question with Christianity. It was religious liberty that became the mother of political liberty in England. De Toqueville said, “America’s liberty considers Christianity the guardian angel of her struggle and victory, the cradle of her life, the Divine source of her right.” “God and my country” is the true patriot’s cry. In the words of the almost forgotten Oliver Ellsworth to the Grand Jury of Savannah in 1779, “Let us rear an empire sacred to the rights of men; and commend a government of reason to the nations of the earth.”

PART III
Relation to God

CHAPTER XXI
Be a Christian

INTRODUCTION TO CHAPTER XXI

BY SAMUEL FALLOWS

"Early let *me* seek Thy favor;
Early let *me* do Thy will;
Blessed Lord, and only Savior,
With Thy love *my* bosom fill;
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved *me*, love *me* still."

What is it to be a Christian? It is to be born again. What is it to be born again? The New Testament gives the answer. He that "believeth that Jesus is the Son of God is born of Him." (1 John 5:1). He "that loveth is born of God." (1 John 4:7). He "that doeth righteousness is born of Him." (1 John 2:29).

Faith, love righteousness and trust in Christ, love

for Christ, right deeds through this faith and love in every sphere of life, deeds of justice, of mercy, of goodness, of purity, of charity for the welfare of his fellowmen,—these make a Christian.

Be such a Christian, my boy. Be a trusting, brave, noble, strong, gentle, pure, loving and self-sacrificing follower of Jesus Christ.



CHAPTER XXI
Be a Christian

Having fairly embarked on the voyage which ceases not till the port of eternity is reached, it is an exhibition of good seamanship to take one's bearings. By the log is estimated the progress of the vessel; by the compass, the direction the ship is pursuing, and by the altitude of the stars the latitude in which it is. In like manner the Moral chapters indicate the progress boys should make; the Social, the course they should take, and the Religious, the latitude in which they should live. Of these the religious are the most essential, for a boy cannot be truly religious without being moral and social.

When the Rebellion began a young man went to his mother and said: "Mother, may I volunteer? I argue the matter in four plain ways. First, my country needs me. Second, she calls me. Third, I am able to go. Fourth, I am willing. This makes the duty

very clear to me, unless you interpose a veto, and I think you are too good a patriot to do that." She gave her consent, and before he departed, she said: "You know, my son, how much I have wished to see you a Christian. Now I want you to look at the claims of Jesus exactly as you have looked at those of your country, simply and honestly, and see if those same four plain propositions will not lead you into the service of heaven." "I'll think of it, mother," was his answer, and they parted. He did not forget his promise. On his first Sabbath in camp he resolutely set himself to the fulfilment of his mother's request. Remembering how he had argued duty to his country, he brought before his mind in the same manner the subject of the divine claims upon his heart and life. "Does Jesus want me? Does He call me? Am I able to serve Him? Am I willing?" With an open Bible, the first three questions were quickly answered. At the last one he hesitated, but duty seemed so clear that he dared not falter, and falling on his knees he gave himself to Christ. The next letter home announced him to be a Christian soldier.

A CHRISTIAN.

Many names and titles are significant, but none means so much or has so much honor attached to it as the word "Christian." Young said, "A Christian is the highest style of man." A Christian is a Christ-lover and a Christ-worshipper, because he sees God in Christ, and in the God-man he sees the world's Redeemer and his own personal Saviour. He lives in the world, but is not of the world. While in the world he blesses it by living a godly, upright life. His life work and influence are a benediction to those among

whom he moves. His purpose is “not to make a living,” as Governor Russell, of Massachusetts, used to say, “but to make a life.” He is far more concerned about this than about dying. Death is the least of his concerns. To live is Christ, and because of this, his life is proof of his profession.

HOW TO BE A CHRISTIAN.

To become a Christian is not a hard matter, though to live the life of one is a battle with the world, the flesh and Satan. It is because of the simple rules laid down whereby one can become a Christian that many of mature life neglect it. Were it culture, polish, or liberality, many more would be enrolled as Christians, but because a change of heart, affections or living is demanded, many cling to their ordinary life, but at the last deplore it, earnestly pleading for forgiveness and acceptance by Christ.

Three propositions are given in the New Testament, which, accepted, will lead any boy to know what it is to be a Christian. First, repentance: “Jesus came into Galilee, preaching ... repent ye.” (Mark 1:14, 15). Repentance means such sorrow for past conduct as leads to amendment of life. Second, confession of sin. “If we say we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us. If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.” (1 John 1:8, 9). Third, faith in Christ to save. Paul said to the jailer, “Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.” (Acts 16:31).

A father and son were once following a perilous path among the Alps. In passing along they gathered some beautiful flowers, but the boy, seeing a lovely

one waving in the breeze, thoughtlessly hurried to secure it. His foot slipped and he rolled down an incline until he was stopped by some tall bushes. With all his strength he seized hold of the shrubbery and commenced to call for help. The brush grew on the brink of a yawning abyss. It was impossible for the father to reach his son with his hands, but he carried a staff on one end of which was an iron hook. The boy had around him a leathern belt, so the father reached down and fastened the hook in his girdle. The lad, however, could not be drawn up without releasing his hold on the bushes. He could not see his father, nor did he in his fright even feel that his father held him up; he only heard his voice: "Let go of the bushes, my son, and I will save you." To the boy it seemed as though he would thus hurry himself to destruction, but, relying on his father's word, he forsook his hold and was drawn in safety to his father's side.

That boy was saved through faith. His firm belief in his father's word saved him. Had he persisted in holding on to the bushes through doubt or hesitation it would have meant his death. To be saved, every boy must forsake his hold on sin, yield himself to Christ's power and mercy, and then will he find to his joy, that Christ saves to the uttermost. (Heb. 7:25).

THE TIME TO BE A CHRISTIAN.

Solomon said there is "a time to every purpose under the heaven," (Eccl. 3:1) and no purpose is greater and no time more important than when a boy becomes a Christian. Youth is the most important period of one's life. It is the time when the faculties

are most susceptible, heart tender and will pliable; the time when tastes and biases are created, habits acquired and character formed for future weal or woe. No other period affords greater possibilities of long usefulness as well as opportunities for peculiar usefulness.

A staff-officer, riding over the field of battle during the Civil War, was attracted by a body lying under a tree, handsomely dressed, with a fancy sword. He removed the covering and looked into the sweetest and handsomest face he had ever seen. It was that of a boy, a temporary aide to some officer. In his pocket was found a Testament in which was written "James Simmons, N. Y. My son, 'Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.'" (Eccl. 12:1).

That is it, youth. The best and most profitable time for piety. Jeremiah and John the Baptist loved and worshipped God in their youth. Josiah knew the Lord at eight years of age. Timothy knew the Scriptures and loved Christ from a child. Polycarp accepted Christ at nine, Jonathan Edwards at seven, Isaac Watts at nine, Adam Clarke at four, William Penn at nine, Matthew Henry at eleven, Robert Hall at twelve, Augustus Toplady at sixteen, while Joseph Griggs not only became a Christian very young but wrote the hymn—

"*Jesus! and shall it ever be*
A mortal man ashamed of Thee!"

when but ten years of age.

Some years ago the "Golden Rule" sent letters of inquiry to prominent men of the land asking several questions, one of which was: "At what age did you become a Christian?" It was found on receiving the answers that out of one hundred and forty-nine less

than one in ten became Christians later than twenty years of age; twenty-nine were so young that they did not remember; at least sixty-three professed Christ before they were eighteen. Nine-tenths of all saved persons are saved before twenty. “Why this?” you ask. Physiologists say “the cells of the brain change as we grow old until finally there are ruts in them.” Carlyle explains it thus: “In younger years the whole mind is, as it were, fluid, and capable of forming itself into any shape that the owner of the mind pleases. The mind is in fluid state, but it hardens up gradually to the consistency of rock or iron, and you cannot alter the habits of the old man, for as he began he will go on to the last.” To procrastinate in youth is to jeopardize one’s soul in age.

“REMEMBER.”

“Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth,” (Eccl. 12:1) is the most important exhortation of the Old Testament. Remember is just the opposite of forget, and the one to remember is the most exalted and important in the universe, “thy Creator.” Remember His Word and believe it, for the promise is: “He that heareth My Word and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life.” (John 5:24). Remember His work and accept it, for He was made to “sin for us, Who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him.” (2 Cor. 5:21). Remember His love and return it, for “herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us,” (1 John 4:10) and “gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life.” (John 3:16). Remember this

Creator now. Only one time is mentioned in the Scriptures at which eternal life is promised. Cowley sang of an "everlasting now," but there is no such time, and no wise boy desires that there shall be. There is an eternity of the past, an eternity of the future, but "now" is limited to now. "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation." (2 Cor. 6:2). And this—

"*Opportunity lost, however deplored*
Is eternity gone and is never restored."

After the overthrow of the French empire by the Germans, Prince Napoleon joined the English army, and went among the savage tribes of South Africa. One day while with a squad of soldiers outside the camp, he was warned by one of the company, who said: "We had better return. If we don't hasten we may fall into the hands of the enemy." "Oh," said the Prince, "let us stay here ten minutes and drink our coffee." Before the ten minutes had passed a company of Zulus came upon them and in the skirmish the Prince lost his life. His mother, when informed of the facts, said, "That was his great mistake from boyhood. He never wanted to go to bed at night in time, nor to arise in the morning. He was ever pleading for ten minutes more. On this account I sometimes called him 'Mr. Ten Minutes.'"

The habit of delay was to him what it is to thousands who pass the tenth, fifteenth and twentieth milestone without accepting Christ, his ruination. Such delay weakens the force of the will, unfits for action when opportunity presents, robs the present and blasts the future.

REASONS FOR BEING A CHRISTIAN IN YOUTH.

"If youth," as Ruskin said, "is essentially one of formation, edification, instruction," then is it the proper time to be a Christian, for "There's never an hour of it but is trembling with destinies, not a moment of which, once past, the appointed work can ever be done again, or the neglected blow struck on cold iron."

A boy should be a Christian for the sake of safety. As one grows away from boyhood, he grows away from the opportunities for salvation. He is liable to drift. There is a point on Niagara River called "Past Redemption Point," where the current is too strong for human power to battle against. Manhood and age have no special promise like "they that seek Me early shall find Me." (Prov. 8:17).

A boy should be a Christian that he may be happy. To properly remember God, to lose oneself in adoration of Him, is to be like Him, to be "holy as He is holy," (1 Pet. 1:15, 16) consequently it is to be happy as He is happy. Holiness and happiness are inseparable. True love and true joy come together.

A boy should be a Christian to be useful. God's promise to Abraham was: "I will bless thee, and thou shalt be a blessing." (Gen. 12:2). When Joseph dwelt in Potiphar's house, we read: "The Lord blessed the Egyptian's house, for Joseph's sake." (Gen. 39:5). And the boy who loves Christ will be a rich blessing in many ways to others.

A boy should be a Christian because it is right. Right is better than might, and worth more than gold. "In the matter of right," said Martin Luther, "I will take my stand, I yield to none." "I'd rather be right than President," said Henry Clay. The only proper life to live is the Christian life. It is sweet on earth, which makes heaven the sweeter.

My boy, be a Christian. “All men at the head of great movements,” said Mr. Gladstone, “are Christian men. During the many years I was cabinet officer, I was brought into association with sixty master minds, and all but five were Christians.” To be a Christian is the most satisfactory, honorable, influential course to pursue. It gives unspeakable joy in life, peace in death, and glory hereafter. Remember then—

God wants the boys—all kinds of boys—
To love Him, serve Him, do His will;
He wants those boys that make much noise,
And those who keep so very still.

God sent His Son to die for all,
And on the cross His blood was shed.
No boy need spurn His gracious call
Or of the “Bread of Life” be fed.

Then why not to this Christ now flee
And on His mercy cast thyself?
O hear His words: “Come unto Me,”
And answering back, “I yield myself.”

CHAPTER XXII
Be Prayerful

INTRODUCTION TO CHAPTER XXII

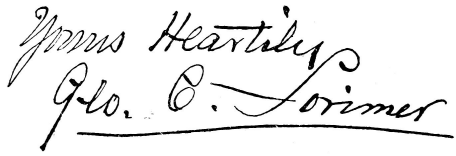
BY A. C. LORIMER, D. D.

When I was a youth, I loved to climb Arthur’s Seat

early in the morning, for the purpose of breathing the air borne to our inland home from out the mighty seas; and so it is well for every lad each day to seek the summit of highest faith, that he may hold communion with God; that he may inhale something of the atmosphere of eternal worlds.

It is said that Daniel opened his window when he prayed, toward Jerusalem. It was doubtless that he might think of the hallowed city. Better far, however, to open the windows of the soul toward heaven, not merely that we may think of the hereafter, but that the invisible, at the present moment, may stream into our being.

Prayer is the soul's voice. It is the aspiration of the highest part of man. It is the sublime confidence, that, though foreign, still it is within the range of possibility to hold communion with the Creator of us all. Every time we bend the knee before the Throne of Grace, we declare our belief in our own God-likeness and in our indestructible affinity for the divine. Therefore, pray, my boy, and keep on praying; for it is the true Jacob's ladder that will lead you, round by round, up to the Everlasting Throne.



CHAPTER XXII
Be Prayerful

A noble characteristic of any boy is love for prayer. Too many consider common amusements more important than going to some chamber or church to commune with the loving Saviour. They are not. The former bring transient happiness and with it a weary frame, the latter an unexplained peace, rest of body and soul. The former gratifies for a time without changing selfish desires or promoting lofty aspirations, the latter moulds into the image of the Christ-character.

Prayer is not simply a petition or mere forms of a vain repetition. It is a turning of the life toward God, an opening of the soul toward heaven, a reaching out of one's being with desire to appropriate the Divine. It was a shoemaker's shop, with bench, half-worn shoes and not a few boxes. The proprietor was an old friend of the writer, so deaf that few could converse with him. Visiting the village in which he lived, I called upon him. After a chat by means of the lips, signs and paper, he asked if I would like to hear his son play the harp. Assenting, he called the lad, who brought a beautiful instrument. Placing his feet on the pedals, he ran his fingers over the wires and melodious music resounded. When it stopped, I turned to the old man, and asked by signs: "Did you hear it?" Shaking his head, he answered, "Not a note." Then stepping to the stove, he picked up a long black poker, and putting one end between his teeth and the other on the harp, he motioned the boy to play. The lad's fingers moved as if by magic. The room was flooded with music and passing pedestrians stopped to listen. Suddenly the musician stopped. I propounded the same question: "Did you hear anything?" He laughed and answered: "All that you heard, I heard." How? That dirty poker was changed into a conductor of sound. It brought harp

and listener in contact with each other. In like manner prayer brings God and petitioner into near relation. What one pleads, the other hears, and answering, God makes music in the soul.

GREAT MEN GREAT IN PRAYING.

Many great men have been *great* in praying. Men of the Bible, men of science, history and influence have been firm believers in it. Charles Simeon and Joseph Alleine spent from four to eight o'clock in the morning waiting upon God. Wesley gave two hours a day, Luther the first three hours. Samuel Rutherford was up at three in the morning to give God praise. Archbishop Leighton was so much alone with God that he seemed to be in a perpetual meditation. Bishop Ken was so much alone with God, that his soul was said to be God-enamored. David Brainerd prayed hour after hour. John Fletcher spent whole nights in prayer, John Welsh often seven to eight hours a day. When the hour for devotion arrived, General Gordon displayed a white handkerchief outside his tent, and as long as it remained, no one was allowed to disturb him. General Stonewall Jackson's servant used to say that when his master got up several times during the night to pray there was to be a battle next day. Abraham Lincoln acknowledged that he had been driven to his knees "by the overwhelming conviction that he had nowhere else to go." Gathering his pupils about him at the opening of his school, Agassiz said, "It is becoming that we first of all bow in the presence of the Infinite One." Well might these exclaim with thousands of others: "For this cause I bow my knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ." (Eph.

3:14).

PRAYER MAKES A BOY BRAVE.

During the Civil War a dozen soldiers were playing cards one night when one exclaimed: “What on earth was that?” Listening attentively a moment, he heard a low, solemn voice, coming from the next tent, occupied by several recruits, who had that day arrived in camp. Accompanied by the others he approached the tent on tip-toe. “Boys, he’s praying, or I’m a sinner!” he roared out. “Three cheers for the parson!” shouted another man of the group as the prayer ended. “You watch things for three weeks. I’ll show you how to take the religion out of him,” said the first speaker, laughing. He was a large burly fellow, prominent in mischief. The recruit was a slight, pale-faced boy. During the next three weeks the latter was the butt of the camp. Then several of the boys, conquered by the lad’s gentle patience and uniform kindness, begged the others to stop annoying him. “Oh, the little ranter is no better than the rest of us!” answered the ringleader. “When we get under fire, you’ll see him run. These pious folk don’t like the smell of gunpowder. I’ve no faith in their religion.”

In a few weeks, the regiment broke camp, marched toward Richmond, entered the Wilderness and engaged in that fearful battle. The company to which the young recruit belonged had a desperate struggle. The brigade was driven back, and when the line was formed behind the breastworks they had built in the morning, he was missing. When last seen, he was surrounded by enemies, fighting desperately. At his side was the brave fellow who had made the poor lad

a constant object of ridicule. Both were given up as lost. Suddenly the big man was seen tramping through the underbrush, bearing the dead body of the boy. Reverently he laid the corpse down, saying as he wiped the blood from his own face: “Boys, I couldn’t leave him behind, he fought so. I thought he deserved a decent burial.”

During a lull in the battle the men dug a shallow grave and tenderly laid him to rest. Then, as one was cutting the name and regiment upon a board, the big man said, with a husky voice, “I guess you’d better put the words ‘Praying soldier’ in somewhere. He deserves the title, and maybe it’ll console him for our abuse.”

There was not a dry eye among those rough men as they stuck the rudely carved board at the head of the grave. “Well,” said one, “he was a praying Christian soldier if ever there was one! And,” turning to the ringleader, “he didn’t run, did he, when he smelt gunpowder?” “Run!” answered the big man, his voice tender with emotion. “Why, he didn’t budge an inch! But what’s that to standing for weeks our fire like a man, and never sending a word back! He just stood by his flag and let us pepper him, he did; and boys, I have made up my mind if prayer will make a man as bold, as loving, as forgiving, as good, as it did that boy, I’m going to resort to it. It did him good and it’ll do me good,” and as the other fellows bent their heads he prayed for forgiveness and salvation, at the close of which the others said, “Amen!”

HOW TO PRAY.

Prayer is a blessed privilege, a vital necessity, an

imperative duty, but many there are who do not know how to pray. A mere repetition of words or reading prayers is not prayer. Prayer may be a sigh, a tear, a groan, a bungling utterance, "a true wish" as Phillips Brooks used to say, "sent God-ward." It is—

"*the soul's sincere desire*
Uttered or unexpressed.
The motive of a hidden fire
That kindles in the breast."

Prayer should always be accompanied by thanksgiving and confession. David said, "I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord," (Psalm 32:5) and Paul exhorts, "Giving thanks always for all things unto God and the Father in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ." (Eph. 5:20). Prayer should be offered in faith. Faith is taking one at his word and thus Christ said, "If ye ask anything in My name, I will do it." (John 14:14). To pray without faith, the Bible informs us, is sin, and this is the reason why many of our petitions are not answered. They are like those blossoms which fall blasted to the earth. They had a certain beauty and fragrance, but for want of some conformity to the law of growth, they never developed into fruit. They are, as Mrs. Stowe says, "drowsy mutterings of unawakened souls, talking in their sleep." But real prayer is always answered. There may be delays as in Daniel's petition, or tests to strengthen faith, as when Jesus said to Jairus, "Fear not, only believe," (Luke 8:50) for what Christ has promised, He will certainly perform.

WHEN AND WHERE TO PRAY.

Prayer should be our vital breath. As with Paul, it should be “without ceasing,” (Thess. 5:17) our inward desire continually going up to God. It should be the first exercise of the morning and the last in the evening. “It is the first hour of the morning,” says a Chinese proverb, “that gives color to all the others that follow.” Louis XIV. was awakened every morning with the words: “Arise, Monsieur, you have great things to do to-day.” But how could they be done properly without God’s blessing, and how could God’s blessing be secured without asking? When Arthur P. Stanley the first night went to the dormitory at Eton School where he with others had to sleep, he knelt down to say his evening prayers. Instantly a shower of pillows and shoes flew about him. He prayed on. “Stanley,” said one of the boys next day, “I ought to have done as you did. I haven’t said my prayers at night because I was afraid of the ridicule of the boys.” It was not long before a score of them followed his example. President Garfield when a boy undertook with a number of students from Williams College to climb Mount Greylock. Their plan was to spend the night on the mount. Seated around the campfire they sang college songs and told stories all the evening. At bedtime Garfield took a Testament from his pocket and said: “Boys, it is my custom to read a chapter in the Bible and have prayer before going to bed. Shall we have it all together?” and though it seemed rather hard to do, Garfield did it and all were blessed for it.

Two places are mentioned in the Scriptures where a boy should pray. Those places are the Christian’s arsenal. One is the secret chamber where communion is sweet because undisturbed, the other is the church, where in unity believers call upon God. To the devout boy both are the “Holy of Holies”

where God delights to meet him at the "Mercy Seat." Blessed is the place of public prayer! Never neglect it. But the place of secret prayer is still more blessed. Cyprian would resort to a shady arbor where "no profane listener may hinder my musings, and no domestic clamor drown them." Robert Murray McCheyne declared, "It is my noblest and most fruitful employment." Henry Martyn mourned at the close of his saintly life, that he had devoted "too much time to public works and too little to private communion with God." God said, "In quietness and in confidence shall be your strength." (Isa. 30:15).

O, the sweetness of one hour at the feet of Jesus. It changes dispositions, purifies character, overcomes obstacles, imparts strength to resist temptations, yes, it makes life worth living.

"*We kneel, and all around us seems to lower;*
We rise, and all, the distant and the near,
Stands forth in sunny outline, brave and clear;
We kneel, how WEAK! *we rise, how full of* POWER!"

WHAT PRAYER WILL DO.

More things are wrought by prayer than anything else. It opens heaven's door, commands God's ears to hear and hand to bestow, makes darkened clouds withdraw, climbs—

"*the ladder Jacob saw,*
Gives exercise to faith and love;
Brings every blessing from above."

Prayer has brought rain a thousand times since Elijah prayed, softened kings' hearts since Nehemiah won the sympathy of Artaxerxes, shut lions' mouths since Daniel was cast into their den, given victory to

armies since Amalek was discomfited, liberated captives since Peter was delivered from prison, abated storms since Christ said to wind and wave: “Peace! be still,” (Mark 4:39) arrested hundreds of prodigals since Monica prayed for her wicked son Augustine, restored health, supplied food, transformed lives and revolutionized nations.

Prayer is the means that aids to keep in subjection the sinful tendencies of human nature and though living in the world keeps us separated from it. It is the means to aid us in winning souls for Jesus. John Wesley was once riding along when he saw a man kneeling by the wayside breaking stones. “Ah,” cried he, “I wish I could break the hearts of some who hear me as easily as you are breaking those stones.” The man looked up and said, “Did you ever try to break them on your knees?” Pleading with God should always precede pleading with souls to come to God, and it is a question whether anyone has ever come to God who was not earnestly prayed for by some one.

Prayer will also make a death-bed glorious. “Yea,” saith the Psalmist, “though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me, Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.” (Psalm 23:4). A boy was dying at midnight. He had just awakened from sleep. “Is it near morning?” he asked his father. “It soon will be,” replied the parent. “Do you think I will get well?” “I hope so,” sobbed the father. There was a long silence, then the lad moved restlessly on the pillow and said, “Hold me up, father, I want to say my prayers.” Then, clasping his hands together, he repeated: “Our Father, which art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name, Thy kingdom come. Thy kingdom come. I can’t remember, father! I can’t remember!” A short time after the morning

light stole into the room. “Forever and forever,” uttered the boy and he fell asleep in death.

O, my boy, cultivate this glorious habit of praying. To be intimately acquainted with God cheers, inspires, ennobles. An old man lay dying. His sons stood around his bed to receive his parting counsel, and his last blessing. He had fought the battle of life successfully; and, so far as this world was concerned, had come out crowned with honors. He had been a pillar in the church; his seat had never been vacant, his hand always freely opened to every call. For months he had been laid aside by a lingering and painful illness. “Boys,” he said, “God has been good to me. He has given me many friends, good children, a loving wife, and abundant means; but what I thank Him for now most of all is this long and painful illness. Without it my life would have been a failure; I should have gone hence without knowing as I should the only One worth knowing. Boys, whatever you do or whatever you leave undone, whether you make another cent of money or not, take time to get acquainted with God.” That’s it. So acquainted with Him that with simple words you can breathe your heart’s desire. So acquainted as to talk with Him the first thing in the morning and the last in the evening. So acquainted as to seek His favor in everything and to praise Him for anything.

“*Implore His aid, in His decisions rest,*
Secure, what’er He gives, He gives the best.”

CHAPTER XXIII
Be a Bible Student

INTRODUCTION TO CHAPTER XXIII

BY JAMES H. BROOKES

1. *The command of our Lord*: "Search the Scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life: and they are they which testify of Me."—John 5:39.

2. *They will make a boy wise*: "From a child thou hast known the Holy Scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus."—2 Timothy 2:15.

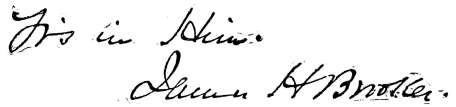
3. *They will cleanse his way*: "Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? By taking heed thereto according to Thy Word."—Psalms 119:9.

4. *They will be a lamp and a light*: "Thy Word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path. The entrance of Thy Words giveth light; it giveth understanding to the simple."—Psalm 119:195, 130.

5. *The Bible will do more for you than father or mother*: "When thou goest, it shall lead thee: when thou sleepest, it shall keep thee: and when thou awakest, it shall talk with thee."—Proverbs 6:22.

6. *By the Word you are born again*: "Being born again not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the Word of God, which liveth and abideth forever."—1 Peter 1:23.

7. *By the Word you grow*: "As new-born babes, desire the sincere milk of the Word, that ye may grow thereby."—1 Peter 2:2.



CHAPTER XXIII
Be a Bible Student

Never was there an age with so many books as the present; books to amuse and instruct, books of fact and fiction, but the greatest and grandest is the Bible. “It has,” as Locke said, “God for its author, salvation for its end, and truth without mixture of error for its matter,—it is all pure, all sincere; nothing too much, nothing wanting.”

The Bible is the only book in which the best literature of thirty centuries is incorporated, the only book which has been translated into more than three hundred languages and printed by the hundreds of millions. The only book which has stimulated invention, advanced education, given stability, order and prosperity to homes and nations, emancipated slaves, exalted virtue, and led lost souls to a knowledge of Christ and everlasting life.

The Bible! Bishop Foster said, “Exiled, it has created a new kingdom and shifted the center and balance of power. Carried away captive, it has broken down rival altars and overthrown false gods, till the right of way has been accorded to it by friend and foe. Sold into bondage by false brethren, it has captured the hearts of its masters, and ascended the throne of dominion. Driven into sea, it has gone over dry shod, seeing its enemies overwhelmed in the flood and itself singing the glad song of deliverance. Burned on the public square by the public executioner, it has risen Phœnix-like and floated away in triumph, wearing the smoke of its own funeral pyre as a flag of victory. Scourged from city to city, it has gone through the capitals of the civilized world, leaving behind it a trail of light

attesting its divine authority. Cast into the leper's pest-house, it has purified the scales of contagion, restored the soft pink skin of smiling infancy, quickened the energies of romping youth, and recreated the sinews of heroic manhood. Betrayed by a kiss, it has stood erect in the calm majesty of eternity, amid the swarming minions of its enemies. Nailed to a felon's cross it has illuminated the darkness by the radiance of its own glory, and transformed the summits of sacrifice into a throne of universal judgment. Sealed into the gloom of a sepulcher, it has come forth with the echoing footsteps of Almighty God, rising to dominion over all intelligences."

The Bible! Marvelous book! It has illuminated every darkness, broken the shackles of vicious habits, and given inspiration along all lines of goodness. The pictures of Raphael, the images of Milton, the allegory of Bunyan were all drawn from it. Ruskin built his literary productions upon it. The poets Thompson and Johnson dipped their pens in the style of the Orientals. Emboldened by its teaching Howard devoted his life to the amelioration of prisoners, Wilberforce and Lincoln to the emancipation of slaves, and the Pilgrim Fathers forsook their native land to accept the hardships of this untilled country, where they might worship God according to the dictates of their conscience.

The Bible! It is the best book for boys. Not only does it tell the story of Joseph sold into slavery by his jealous brothers, Samuel called by God in the night, David killing Goliath with sling and stone, Daniel cast into the lions' den, Christ confounding the doctors of the law by His knowledge of the Scriptures, but it makes one rich in things eternal. In London a poor man once purchased a second-hand

family Bible, and was turning over its leaves, when he found two stuck together. His wife loosened them with hot water, and found there six crisp five pound bank-notes, twenty-five dollars each. He was questioning his right to keep them, when he found these words written on one of them: “I have had to work very hard for these, and, having no natural heirs, I leave thee, whoever shall buy this Holy Book, my lawful heir, June 17, 1840, South End, Essex.” So —

“*This Book unfolds Jehovah’s mind,*
This voice salutes in accents kind;
This friend will all your needs supply,
This fountain send forth streams of joy.
This mine affords us boundless wealth,
This good physician gives us health.
This sun renews and warms the soul,
This sword both wounds and makes us whole;
This letter shows our sins forgiven,
This guide conducts us safe to heaven;
This charter has been sealed with blood—
This volume is the Word of God.”

READ THE BIBLE.

The Bible, being such an excellent book, should be read with care. There is not a condition or circumstance in life but that some appropriate counsel is given. “In this Book,” as Dean Stanley said to the skeptic Ewald, “is contained all the wisdom of the world.” George Muller formed the habit of reading it through with diligent attention four times a year. So delighted was Sir William Jones with it, that he wrote on the blank leaf of his Bible: “I have regularly and attentively perused these Holy Scriptures.”

If the Bible is good to read it is better to study. To study is an art and is the couplet to habitual practice. Said a talented young man to a musician, “Tell me how to play the sonatas of Beethoven in their true spirit.” “You ask too much of me,” said the musician, “yet I will do what I can. What do you play these days?” “Nothing.” “My friend! How shall I tell you how to play Beethoven when it is not your habit to play anything at all? To know how to play Beethoven you must first of all know how to play.” So with the Bible. To know how to study it, we must first of all know how to study. To enjoy a painting one needs more than to glance at it. It should be looked at from every point, the variety of shading noticed minutely, and then, taking a step backwards, one is better able to appreciate it, as its whole beauty stands out prominently. There is an ingenious engraving of the first draft of the American Constitution and the Emancipation Proclamation, so finely shaded that at a little distance one presents a perfect likeness of George Washington, the other an excellent portrait of Abraham Lincoln. So after investigating this authentic history, this library of sixty-six of the world’s best books, the more than a hundred pieces of its best music and double that of pictures, one cannot fail to see standing out from all the great Jehovah and His beloved Son, Jesus Christ.

PEASANT AND BIBLE.

To study the Bible was once considered a crime. Only priests were allowed to read and interpret it. Those who were caught searching its sacred pages were punished by fine, imprisonment and not infrequently death. On one occasion Joseph II. under

the assumed name of “Count of Falkenstein” was traveling in Bohemia, and, being stopped by a rainstorm took shelter at a village inn. During the evening some of the peasants called at the tavern to talk with the landlord about a small house just outside the village, in which they claimed dark-looking objects, carrying lighted torches, were moving about. Superstition had such a hold upon the peasantry that they thought the future welfare of the little town depended upon the utter annihilation of that cottage, together with its occupants. Joseph, overhearing their conversation, expressed a desire to see the place. Accordingly he proceeded thither with his escort. On arriving, he commanded his attendants to surround the house while he knocked at the door. The summons was answered by an old man who asked, “Who is it that disturbs an honest man at so late an hour?” The Emperor replied: “If you are honest, no harm shall befall you, but, if not, you shall die this very night.” The old man re-entered the room and Joseph followed and seated himself on the stove-hearth. In the center of the room was a table with a Bible upon it, and gathered around were several pious-looking people who had been engaged in divine worship. Joseph ordered the master of the house to proceed with his devotions. This he did, reading from the third chapter of the Gospel of St. John: “For God so loved the world.” After listening a little while, the ruler, with tears in his eyes, exclaimed: “I was not aware that there were people who still had the courage to read the Bible.” He invited the pious father to come to Vienna and inquire at the imperial palace for the “Count of Falkenstein.” The good man, in company with his son, soon after went, and found the Count to be the Emperor himself. Joseph grasped both his hands and

gave him a scroll which contained the toleration edict, dated October 13th, 1781. He also handed him a purse of five hundred florins with which to build a chapel. This chapel bearing the inscription, "A present from the Emperor," is situated in the village of Lackenstein, Bohemia, while the name of Senitz is still honored as the one who dared study the Word of God, though a nation opposed it.

POINTS TO REMEMBER.

To study the Bible one needs *a proper spirit*. Ezra said, "He prepared his heart to seek the law of the Lord." (Ezra 7:10). Heart preparation is needed to open the covers of this Book indited by the Holy Ghost. It is God's Book, and should be handled by clean fingers and a clean heart. Without doubt Ezra prayed before he studied. "Open Thou mine eyes," said David, "that I may behold wondrous things out of Thy law." (Psalm 119:18). Every boy should speak to God before he looks into the Bible, asking that he may reverently and intelligently read its contents.

"*Study it carefully,*
Think of it prayerfully,
Deep in thy heart let its pure precepts dwell.
Slight not its history,
Ponder its mystery;
None can e'er prize it too fondly or well."

To study the Bible one should have a special time if possible. The early morning is doubtless the best, for the mind is more active and receptive, and passages then read may be considered with profit throughout the day. However, it is a good thing to glance at it whenever there is a spare moment. James Bonnell made the Holy Scriptures his constant

and daily study. He read them, meditated upon them and prayed over them. Sir John Hartop, amidst his many vocations, kept the Bible before him night and day. If it is good to read in the morning, and to meditate upon through the day, it is just as good to read in the evening. The good German expositor Bengel was seen one night with the open Bible upon his knees, and laying his hand upon its sacred page, was heard to say, “Lord Jesus, we are on the same terms that we were this morning, now I will lie down and sleep, and Thou wilt fulfill Thy Word in me.” Blessed confidence!

To study the Bible one might use a few helps to advantage. Use a reference Bible. It is almost indispensable to proper study. A concordance is necessary to turn to any verse with celerity. A Bible dictionary is a valuable aid to explain many things in history, antiquity, customs and manners. A good commentary is often a valuable requisite. It helps in the study, though it must not be depended upon as a lame man depends upon his crutches.

HOW TO STUDY.

What is worth doing is certainly worth doing well. No fitful study has ever mastered any branch of science or art. If constant application of fundamental principles is necessary to achieve the highest results in scientific investigation, if the ability to make accurate lines and curves is essential to the success of the truest artist, if practice in five-finger exercises is a daily necessity to the pianist, the boy who desires to be thoroughly acquainted with the Bible must diligently search it.

Study carefully words and verses. Frequently one

word is a nugget of pure gold. Study ideas. As there are veins of silver and gold in the rocks, so there are veins of truth running through the Bible. Study history. No book deals with nations as far back and shows their rise and fall as the Bible. Study geography. There are rivers and mountains associated with great events. Every land seems to have changed except the one where the Bible was written. Egypt, Greece and Rome have little now in common with the days of antiquity. Babylon and Nineveh are not. But Palestine still remains about the same as a literal explanation of the Bible.

Study the books. Learn the number and the names of their authors. “Doctor,” said a convalescent, “I’m no judge of books—don’t often read one; but I’m reading one now that seems to me a very fine book. I haven’t noticed yet who wrote it, and I don’t know how you’d pronounce its title, but it’s something like I-van-hoe.” “My friend,” said the physician, “I’d give large gold to be in your place long enough to be reading that book for the first time and not knowing who wrote it.” In the Old Testament there are 39 books. In the New Testament 27. The first five are laws and political economy, the next twelve history, the rest poetry and prophecy. The first four of the New Testament are biography and gospel; Acts is history; the Epistles theology and philosophy, and Revelation is a drama written by John on the Isle of Patmos.

Study a whole book asking such questions, “Who wrote it? Where was it written? In what age? What lessons does it teach?” By seeking an answer to these questions one cannot fail to gain valuable information in biography, geography, and manners. Study the teachings of the New Testament. Its numerous commands will prompt action, its

invitations inspire confidence, its promises impart comfort and its doctrines establish one in faith. In a word, study the Scriptures methodically.

WHY STUDY THE BIBLE?

The question why study the Bible is of as great importance as how. It is historically worth studying. Without it history is incomplete. It is the only book that spans four thousand years, revealing the origin of the universe and man. It is personally worth studying. “In its pages every conceivable condition of human experience is reflected as in a mirror. It puts music into the speech of the tuneless one, and rounds the periods of the unlettered into an eloquence which no orator can rival. It has martial odes to brace the warrior’s courage and gainful proverbs to teach the merchant wisdom. It can translate the doubt of the perplexed, articulate the cry of the contrite, and fill the tongue of the joyous with carols of thankful gladness.” Because of its blaze of eloquence and light of truth Burke read it, while Daniel Webster turned to it for its rhetoric and poetry.

It is this book, my boy, which is needed as a guide in the practical duties of life, and which makes us “Wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus.” (2 Tim. 3:15). In fact, it is the only book which presents Christ. In the Old Testament He is seen in prophecy and symbol, in the New in history. In the Old, He is brought to our hearts in glorious promises; in the New, He comes to us as a living person. He is “all and in all” (Col. 3:3), insuring peace in this life, comforting in death and extending happiness beyond the grave.

"IS ALL THIS TRUE?"

In the northern part of England lived a pious widow with her seven daughters and one son. The latter proved ungrateful for her care and became her scourge and cross. He loved worldly company and pursued a wayward course till becoming impoverished it was necessary for him to go to sea. When his mother took leave of him she gave him a New Testament, inscribed with his name and her own and solemnly and tenderly entreated him to keep the book and read it for her sake. Years passed without tidings of his whereabouts. Occasionally when visiting the metropolis she would inquire for the ship in which her son had sailed, but without satisfaction. On one occasion she accidentally met a sea captain, who informed her that the vessel had been wrecked, and that Charles, whom he knew well, had gone as all like him should go, to the bottom of the sea. Pierced to the soul, the unhappy mother withdrew and resolved in future to live in strict retirement. "I shall go down to the grave," she said, "mourning for my son." (Gen. 37:35). She moved to a seaport. After the lapse of years a destitute sailor seeking relief knocked at the door. She heard his tale. He had several times been wrecked, but he had never been so dreadfully destitute as he was some years back, when he and a fine young gentleman were the only individuals of a whole ship's crew that were saved. "We were cast upon a desert island, where, after seven days and nights, I closed his eyes. Poor fellow, I shall never forget it. He read day and night in a little book, which he said his mother gave him, and which was the only thing he saved. It was his companion every moment. He talked of nothing but this book and his mother, and at last he gave it

to me, with many thanks for my poor services. 'There, Jack,' said he, 'take this book, keep and read it, and may God bless you, it's all I've got,' and then he clasped my hand and died in peace."

"Is all this true?" asked the trembling, astonished mother. "Yes, madam, every word of it." Then, drawing from his ragged coat a little book, much battered and time-worn, he held it up, exclaiming, "and here it is." She seized the Testament, recognized her own handwriting and beheld the name of her son coupled with her own on the cover. She gazed, read, wept and rejoiced. She seemed to hear a voice which said, "Behold, thy son liveth!" (John 4:50). Amidst her conflicting emotions, she was ready to exclaim: "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, according to Thy word, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation." (Luke 2:29, 30).

If my boy, a book helps one to die, it must be an excellent book by which to live. Make it your constant companion and study, looking for its precepts as well as promises, and determine to live up to every duty as you shall discover it. On the day of Queen Elizabeth's coronation, a boy, skilled in athletic feats, was dressed as an angel, with wings on his shoulders and feet, and on the approach of the royal coach, he descended as if from heaven, from the top of Temple Bar, bearing an elegant Bible, expressly made for the Queen. As he descended, the crowd exclaimed: "The Bible Bearer!" Blessed the boy who accepts God's call to be a "Bible Bearer." Said David, "Thy word have I hid in my heart that I might not sin against Thee." (Ps. 119:11).

"*Here the tree of knowledge grows,*
And yields a free repast;
Here purer sweets than nature knows,

Invite the longing taste."

CHAPTER XXIV
Be a Sabbath Observer

INTRODUCTION TO CHAPTER XXIV

BY WILBUR F. CRAFTS

"We are apt to think," said Henry S. Baker, "that a rest of twelve hours, with a sleep of about eight fully recuperates us after a day of hard work at physical or mental labor or both. The microscope shows such a view to be wrong. Even twenty-four hours is not quite enough time, strange as it may seem. The microscope shows that more than thirty hours, possibly thirty-three or thirty-six, are needed to restore a cell to its proper size and condition after severe fatigue. In other words, man is so made that he needs a Sabbath from Saturday evening to Monday morning of complete rest to be as good as new. Without this he is never at his best, physically, mentally, morally or spiritually. So we find the fourth commandment is in the nineteenth century echoed from the biological laboratory with tremendous emphasis, and again we are compelled to admit that He who spoke at Sinai must have made the brain cell and understood its secret workings. Again is our faith made firmer that the Old Book is not wholly manmade."

The Sabbath was made for man, body and soul, as

the two railway tracks are made for the two wheels, and only on the smooth track of God's law can your life run smoothly or safely.



CHAPTER XXIV
Be a Sabbath Observer

A gentleman who had great respect for the Sabbath was going to church. He was a peculiar man, and would sometimes do and say singular things. On his way he met a stranger driving a heavily laden wagon through the town. When opposite the wagoner, he suddenly stopped, turned around, and, lifting up both hands as if in horror, exclaimed, "There, there, you are going over it! There, you have gone right over it!" The driver was frightened, and drew up the horses in an instant, crying: "Whoa! Whoa!" He looked under the wheels, expecting to see the mangled remains of some innocent child, or at least a dog, that had been crushed to death. But, seeing nothing, he gazed at the gentleman who had so strangely arrested his attention, and anxiously asked: "Pray, sir, what have I gone over?" "The fourth commandment," was the reply. "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." (Exod. 20:8).

This commandment God wrote on "tables of stone" (Ex. 24:12) thousands of years ago, and not only on stone but also in man's nature. Sir Robert Peel once said he never knew a man to escape failure either in

mind or in body who worked seven days in the week. To observe it is a duty we owe to ourselves and to our God. To neglect or disuse it is to incur God's displeasure and with it the ills incident thereto.

About a century ago, the National Assembly of France, consisting mostly of infidels, abolished the Sabbath. It was not long, however, before a wail of distress went up all over the land, demanding the recognition of this "Day of Rest," and obedience to the will of God. It is to the credit of our legislators that they have never suggested such a thing, yet hundreds and even thousands of men and boys desecrate it. But—

"*A Sabbath profaned*
Whatever be gained
Is a certain forerunner of sorrow."

A PICTURE, TESTIMONY, FACT.

Hogarth once painted a beautiful picture in which he showed the first step downward of a man who suffered capital punishment. It represented him when a boy playing around the churchyard while the minister was preaching. Not that all boys who do so will come to the gallows, but all are wending their way downward to worse offenses.

A gentleman who had charge of a prison, in which there were more than one thousand prisoners, took special pains to ascertain the causes of their crimes. He said that he did not recollect a single case of capital offense where the party had not been a Sabbath-breaker. In many cases the prisoners assured him that Sabbath-breaking was the first step in their downward career. "Indeed," said he, "nineteen out of every twenty have neglected the Sabbath and other

ordinances of religion."

One of the most appalling crimes of the day is Sabbath desecration. Thousands make it a day of pleasure. On car and boat, with carriage and bicycle, excursions are made. With bat and ball games are played. With gun and fishing rod life is taken, all which says, "Death to the Sabbath." O, my boy, are you aware what that means? It is an evil influence thrown against 75,000 Sunday-schools and 800,000 teachers to stop the religious instruction of 7,000,000 young people. It is an influence arrayed against 60,000 pulpits and 60,000 trumpets calling sinners to repentance. And more than this, it is an influence arrayed against the morality and integrity of the nation, for, as Judge McLean of the Supreme Court, said, "Where there is no Sabbath, there is no Christian morality; and without this, free institutions cannot long be maintained."

A BRAVE BOY.

One lovely Sunday morning some years ago, eight young men were walking along the banks of a stream that flows into the Potomac not far from the City of Washington. They were going to a grove to spend the hours of that holy day in playing cards. Each of them carried a flask of wine in his pocket. As they were amusing one another with idle jests the bell of a church in a little village about two miles away began to ring. It sounded in their ears as plainly as though it were only on the other side of the little stream along which they were walking. Presently one of them stopped, and said to his friend near him, that he would go no farther, but would return to the village and go to church. His friends called to their

companions, who were a little ahead: “Boys! Boys! come back here. George is getting religious. We must help him. Come on, and let us baptize him in the water.” In a moment they formed a circle about him. They told him that the only way in which he could save himself from having a cold bath was by going with them. In a calm, quiet manner he said, “I know very well you have the power to put me in the water and hold me there till I am drowned; and if you choose to do so, I will make no resistance; but listen to what I have to say, and then do as you think best. You all know that I am two hundred miles from home; but you do not know that my mother is a helpless, bed-ridden invalid. I never remember seeing her out of bed; I am her youngest child. My father could not afford to pay for my schooling, but our teacher, who is a warm friend of father’s, offered to take me without charge. He was very anxious for me to come, but mother would not consent. The struggle almost cost her her life. At length after many prayers she yielded, and said I might go. The preparations for my leaving home were soon made. My mother never said a word to me on the subject till the morning I was to leave. After breakfast she sent for me and asked if everything was ready. I told her it was and I was only waiting for the stage. At her request I knelt down beside the bed. With her loving hands upon my head, she prayed for me. Many nights since then have I dreamed that whole scene. It is the happiest recollection of my life. I believe, till the day of my death I shall be able to repeat every word of that prayer. When I rose, she said, ‘My precious boy, you do not know, you never can know, the agony of a mother’s heart in parting from her youngest child. When you leave home you will have looked, for the last time, on the face of her who loves

you as no other mortal does or can. Your father cannot afford the expense of your making us visits during the two years that your studies will occupy. I cannot possibly live as long as that. The sands in the hour-glass of my life have nearly run out. In the far-off strange place to which you are going there will be no loving mother to give you counsel in time of trouble. Seek counsel and help from God. Every Sabbath morning, from ten to eleven o'clock, I will spend the hour in prayer for you, wherever you may be during this sacred hour. When you hear the church bells ringing let your thoughts come back to the chamber where your dying mother will be agonizing in prayer for you. But I hear the stage coming. Kiss me farewell.' Boys, I never expect to see my mother again on earth. But, by the help of God, I mean to meet her in heaven."

As George stopped speaking, the tears were streaming down his cheeks. He looked at his companions. Their eyes were all filled with tears. In a moment the ring which they had formed around him was opened. He passed out and went to church. He had stood up for the right against the wrong, with great odds against him. They admired him for doing what they had not the courage to do. They all followed him to church. On their way, each of them quietly threw away his cards and wine flask. Never again did any of those young men play cards on the Sabbath. From that day they all became changed men. Six of them died Christians, the seventh, who related this story, has been for years an earnest, active member of the church, and George became an able, Christian lawyer.

The same is true of you, my boy. You will help or hinder, bless or curse, encourage or discourage in proportion as you live and act on this day. Girard,

the millionaire of Philadelphia, one Saturday ordered all his clerks to come on the morrow to his wharf and help unload a newly-arrived ship. One young man replied quietly: “Mr. Girard, I can’t work on Sundays.” “You know the rules?” “Yes, I know, I have a mother to support, but I can’t work on Sundays.” “Well, step up to the desk, and the cashier will settle with you.” For three weeks the young man could find no work, but one day a banker came to Girard to ask if he could recommend a man for cashier in a new bank. The discharged young man was at once named as a suitable person. “But,” said the banker, “you dismissed him.” “Yes, because he would not work on Sundays. A man who would lose his place for conscience’s sake would make a trustworthy cashier.” He was appointed. My boy—

“*Dare to do right, dare to do right;*
The world will change when you’ve won the fight.
Don’t mind a laugh, don’t mind a slight,
Dare to do right, dare to do right.”

GOD HALLOWED IT.

After God made the world and all contained therein, we read that He rested. The word “Sabbath” is the Hebrew word meaning rest. We are to remember the “Rest Day,” for God hallowed it and because of this the one-seventh of our time is to witness a suspension of buying and selling; a pause in the clatter of the workshop and the anxiety of the desk; and a serious yielding up of ourselves to devout thought and intelligent worship. This day is absolutely necessary. Natural science affirms that man and beast require a day of periodical rest. Florists say that the most prolific plants cease to

produce beautiful flowers if they are not kept from flowering a part of the year. Medical men declare that keeping the Lord's Day is of unlimited benefit, and that man cannot and should not do without it. When Lord Castlereagh broke down from overwork on three hundred and sixty-five days per year, and through insanity took his own life, Wilberforce exclaimed: "Poor Castlereagh, this is the result of the non-observance of the Sabbath."

When John Quincy Adams was Minister to the Court of Holland, he joined a society of learned men, who met once a week for mutual improvement. Mr. Adams, though one of the youngest members, soon became a great favorite. On one occasion the meeting was adjourned to Sunday evening. Mr. Adams was not there. His fellow-members noticed and regretted his absence. On the third Sunday evening it met, Mr. Adams' chair was still vacant. Many were surprised that he who formerly was so prompt and punctual should thus break off. At last the meetings were returned to a week-day evening, and lo! Mr. Adams was in his place, brilliant and delightful as ever. The members welcomed him back and expressed their sorrow that press of business or the duties of his office should so long have deprived them of his company. "It was not business," replied he, "you met on the Lord's day; that is a day devoted to religious uses by me, which imparts unspeakable advantages from a faithful observance of it."

James A. Garfield, when President, showed his respect for this day by never allowing anything to interfere with his going to church. Like President Hayes he would walk in order to give his coachman rest. At the Chicago Convention at which Mr. Garfield was nominated for the Presidency, many wanted to go on with the balloting after midnight of

Saturday. Judge Hoar, the chairman, was pressed to ignore the Sabbath and let the Convention proceed. He replied, “Never! This is a Sabbath-keeping nation, and I cannot preside over this Convention one minute after twelve o’clock.” On that Sabbath, Garfield attended church and heard a sermon. At dinner the conversation turned upon the suspense of the country. One spoke of the deadlock in business created by it; another of the suspense in Washington, where all were awaiting the further developments of the Convention. All said something, and when done, Garfield remarked, quietly but earnestly, to one sitting beside him: “Yes, this is a day of suspense, but it is also a day of prayer, and I have more faith in the prayers that will go up from Christian hearts to-day than I have in all the political tactics which will prevail at this Convention. This is the Lord’s Day. I have great reverence for it.”

When General Grant was in Paris, the President of the Republic, as a special token of respect, invited him to occupy a place on the grand stand to witness the great racing which occurs in that country on Sunday. It is considered a discourteous act to decline such an invitation from the head official of the Republic. Such a thing had never been heard of, but General Grant in a polite note declined the honor, and said to the French President, “It is not in accordance with the custom of my country or with the spirit of my religion to spend Sunday in that way.” And when Sabbath came that great hero found his way to the American chapel, where he was one of its quiet worshippers. If such great men believed and obeyed the command of God, should not every boy do the same?

"KEEP IT HOLY."

My boy, keep this day which so many make a day of social festivity or pleasure holy. Do so because God asks you. Keep it holy by refraining from work or pleasure. "I thank God," said Gladstone, "for the Sabbath with its rest for the body and soul." Keep it holy by attending divine worship. Learn to say with David: "How amiable are Thy Tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts. My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the Courts of the Lord." (Psalm 84:1, 2). "I feel," wrote Coleridge, "as if God had, by giving the Sabbath, given fifty-two springs in the year." Keep it holy by doing good, for it is lawful to do good on the Sabbath.

It is said that a Spartan youth was holding the censer at a sacrifice when Alexander was offering a victim. It chanced that while he held it, a hot coal fell upon his hand. The youth flinched not, lest by any utterance or cry the company would be disturbed; "for," said he, "I am in the presence of Alexander." So, my boy, when tempted to neglect home meditation, the communion of saints at the church, or the sick or needy in their distress, do not do it, remembering you are in the presence of Jesus. Keep this day as a day of anticipation, looking forward to that holy and eternal Sabbath that remaineth for the people of God. Keep it, honor it, love it, for it is—

—"*the day that God hath blest,*
The type of heaven's eternal rest."

CHAPTER XXV
Be a Church Member

INTRODUCTION TO CHAPTER XXV

BY WAYLAND HOYT, D. D.

When once thy foot enters the church, beware,
God is more there than thou; for thou art there
Only by His permission. Then beware;
And make thyself all reverence and fear.

—*Herbert.*

The boy needs the church and the church needs the boy. Why is it that so many young men are on the downward road? Is it because they have either greater temptations or less power to resist them than others? Whether it be one or both, young men need the fellowship, protection and nurture of the church. My advice to every boy is, join the church.

—*Alvin A. Cober.*

Be a church member, my boy, because Christ commands it; because the church is on the winning side; because it is brave and manly; because to be a member of Christ's church is the highest honor. Do not wait about it. Love Christ, confess Him by becoming one of His declared people. Besides this, what help there is in the companionship of the church.



CHAPTER XXV
Be a Church Member

There are in the United States about seven hundred different kinds of lodges, chapters and orders, but not one of them can take the place of the church, or do the work this institution was designed to do. The church is divine, all other organizations man's creation. The latter are temporary, the former eternal.

Sometimes the word church is ill-defined. It is used to designate a sect or a place of worship. Instead of this, however, it is a people, and a redeemed people, though used in this connection with people and place. Jesus designated the church nucleus as those whom God had given Him out of the world. The first cabinet officers were illiterate fishermen who were taught at the feet of Jesus, a school infinitely more important than any college to-day. So true is this that every sceptical antagonist, whether possessed of the learning and genius of Voltaire, the brass and audacity of Paine, the polished eloquence of Hume, or the wealth and dignity of Bolingbroke, has had to bow before it and concede that it is all-powerful. And this, because its founder Jesus Christ is the center of attraction and the predominating influence.

WHY BOYS DO NOT GO.

Many boys absent themselves from church. Their excuses are without number and many of them without sense. Burdette, the Christian humorist, asks: "So you are not going to church this morning, my son? Ah, yes, I see. 'The music is not good;' that's a

pity! That's what you go to church for, is it? And 'the pews are not comfortable.' That's too bad! the Sabbath is a day of rest, and we go to church for repose. The less we do through the week, the more rest we clamor for on Sabbath. 'The church is so far away; it is too far to walk, and I detest riding in a street-car, and they're always crowded on the Sabbath.' This is, indeed, distressing! Sometimes when I think how much farther away heaven is than the church, and that there are no conveyances on the road of any description, I wonder how some of us are going to get there. And 'the sermon is so long always.' All these things are, indeed, to be regretted! I would regret them more sincerely, my boy, did I not know that you will often squeeze into a stuffed street-car, with a hundred other men, breathing an odor of whisky, beer and tobacco, hang on a strap for two miles, and then pay fifty cents for the privilege of sitting on a rough plank in the broiling sun for two hours longer, while in the intervals of the game a scratch band will blow discordant thunder from a dozen misfit horns right into your ears, and come home to talk the rest of the family into a state of aural paralysis about the 'dandiest' game you ever saw played on that ground."

WHAT CHURCH GOING DID.

Ah, my boy, you see what staying away from church does. It develops a habit of lying. There isn't one man in a hundred who could go on the witness stand and give, under oath, the same reasons for not going to church that he gives to his family every Sunday morning. My son, if you didn't think you ought to go, you wouldn't make any excuses for not

going. No man apologizes for doing right.

A young man from the country went to New York to engage in business. The first Sunday he visited the old Wall Street church, and was invited by Robert Lenox, the president of the Bible Society, to a seat in his pew. The next morning he went to buy leather to start shoe-making. When he asked for credit, the merchant asked: “Did I not see you yesterday in Mr. Lenox’s pew?” “I don’t know, sir; I was at church, and a kind gentleman asked me to sit in his pew.” “Yes, young man, that was Robert Lenox. I’ll trust anyone that Mr. Lenox invites into his pew. You need not trouble yourself about references. When the goods are gone, come and get more.” “The attendance at church that Sunday,” said this young man in after years, “was the means of my becoming a prominent successful merchant, and contributor to the support of God’s house.”

A humble brickmason who confessed Christ united with His people. Rising in meeting, he stated the reason that prompted him to this step. “I used to think,” he said, “that I could be as good out of the church as in it. I felt that I was moral and upright and had as clean a character as the next man; but one day while walking by a building under construction, I happened to see a new but dirty brick lying in the road useless and neglected. ‘There,’ said I to myself, ‘are you, Henry Crane, thinking you are as good a brick out of the church as if you were in it. But you are of no account to anybody, and nobody cares anything for you. You are lying around in everybody’s way, and nobody cares to step over you; they all tread you down into the mud as if you were a stone. If you were built into the wall, as you ought to be, you would amount to something, and have an honest man’s place. Then you would be of some use.’

So I made up my mind that I would not be like that brick any longer. That is why I have come out on the Lord's side and joined the Lord's people, that I may be built into the wall and have a place in the building of God."

WHY ATTEND AND UNITE WITH THE CHURCH?

To attend and be a member of a church should be considered a pleasure rather than pain, a privilege rather than duty. Some boys go because they are compelled by parents who are members. They laugh and talk, instead of worshipping God. Without a blessing they enter the sacred place, without a blessing they leave.

The most sacred entrance to the Kremlin, in Moscow, is called the "Redeemer Gate," because there is hung in it a picture of the Saviour—a picture of great sanctity. Even the Emperor has to uncover his head as he passes through this gate. The passage under the gate is long, but even in a terrific snow storm every one is compelled to uncover his head. It is said that when Napoleon refused to take his hat off while passing before the sacred picture, a sudden gust of wind took it off for him. God's House is sacred. There He manifests Himself, having declared, "Ye shall reverence My Sanctuary: I am the Lord." (Lev. 19:30). And Jesus said: "My House shall be called the House of prayer." (Matt. 21:13).

The blessedness derived from attending and uniting with the church exceeds the blessedness of everything else. God's Word approves it. Nehemiah said, "We will not forsake the House of our God." (Neh. 10:39). David said, "How amiable are Thy Tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts! my heart longeth, yea

even fainteth for the courts of the Lord; my heart and my flesh cry out for the living God." (Ps. 84:42). Paul exhorts not to forsake "the assembling of ourselves together." (Heb. 10:25).

It is at church where God says: "There I will meet with thee, and I will commune with thee from above the mercy seat." (Ex. 25:22). It is there God provides a spiritual feast of good things for the soul. "He brought me," said Solomon, "to the banqueting house and His banner over me was love." (Cant. 2:4). It is here He reveals His glory: "I will glorify the House of My glory," (Isa. 60:7) said God. Jesus declared, "There am I in the midst." (Matt. 18:20). Because of this General O. O. Howard stood the scoffs and sneers at West Point, and said: "I gripped my Bible, shut my teeth and went for my mother's and Jesus' sake."

To unite with the church is proper and profitable. It is one of the ways of confessing Christ. That beautiful character, Henry Drummond, united with the church at twelve. How interesting to read his first experience in taking part in meeting. "In prayer," he wrote, "I trembled in voice and all through. Voice seemed not my own. I had outlined the prayer during the afternoon, but didn't remember it." Little by little however he became a man who had great liberty in addressing God and pleading with man.

Many men who live without uniting with the church do not want to die out of it. When the great shipbuilder John Roach was struck with a mortal illness, he said. "I want to be received into the church." Let any Christian boy consider carefully that out of seven millions of young men in this land, only two-thirds attend church and only one-twelfth belong, and he will say with General Grant when

baptized by Bishop Newman, “O that I might live for years, that I might show the joys of being a consistent member of the church.” Church relationship, my boy, creates holy desires and aspirations, augments power for doing good, throws a magic uplifting influence around others and extends the kingdom of Christ on earth.

RESULTS OF CHURCH RELATIONSHIP.

The results of church relationship are too numerous to mention. To be a church member glorifies God, enlarges influence, and leads others into the broad fields of usefulness, where God can own and bless.

In “Darkest Africa,” a great man did a great work, through loving and uniting with God’s people in youth. In a little village of Scotland, stood an old church, whose pastor had preached therein for many years. One Sunday morning he was accosted by one of his deacons, whose face wore a very resolute but distressed expression. “I came early to meet you,” he said, “I have something on my heart to say to you, Pastor. There must be something radically wrong in your preaching and work; there has been only one person added to the church in a whole year, and he only a boy.”

The old minister listened. His eyes moistened and his thin hand trembled on his broad-headed cane. “I feel it all,” said he, “I feel it, but God knows that I have tried to do my duty, and I can trust Him for the results.” “Yes, yes,” said the deacon, “but ‘by their fruits ye shall know them.’ (Matt. 7:20). One new member seems to me a rather slight evidence of true faith and zeal. I don’t want to be hard; I have had

this matter on my heart and I have only done my duty in speaking plain." "True," said the old man, "but 'charity suffereth long and is kind: beareth all things, hopeth all things!' (1 Cor. 13:4, 7). Ay, there you have it: 'hopeth all things!' I have great hopes of that one boy. Some seed that we sow bears fruit late, but its fruit is generally the most precious of all."

The old minister went into the pulpit with a grieved and heavy heart, and closed his discourse with dim and tearful eyes. He wished that his work was done forever and that he was at rest under the blooming trees in the old churchyard. He lingered in the church after the rest were gone. He desired to be alone. The place was sacred and inexpressibly dear to him. It had been his spiritual home from his youth. Before this altar he prayed over the dead forms of bygone generations, and had welcomed the children of succeeding ones; and now to be told that his work was no longer owned and blessed!

No one remained, no one? "Only a boy." He watched the trembling man. His soul was filled with loving sympathy. He went to him, and laid his hand on his black gown. "Well, Robert?" said the minister. "Do you think if I were willing to work hard for an education, I could ever become a preacher?" "A preacher?" "Perhaps a missionary." There was a long pause. Tears filled the eyes of the minister. At length he said, "This heals each ache in my heart, Robert. I see the divining Hand now. May God bless you, my boy. Yes, I think you will become a preacher."

Some few years ago there returned to London from Africa an aged missionary. His name was spoken with reverence. When he went into an assembly the people rose; when he spoke in public there was a deep silence. Princes stood uncovered before him, nobles invited him to their homes, and on one

occasion he was presented with a sum of five thousand guineas in recognition of his great services. He had added a province to the church of Christ on earth; he had brought under the gospel influence the most savage of African chiefs; had given the translated Bible to strange tribes; had enriched with valuable knowledge the Royal Geographical Society, and had honored the humble place of his birth, the old Scottish church, the United Kingdom and the universal missionary cause.

Who was the boy? Who was the minister? The latter is forgotten. He sleeps beneath the trees in the humble place of his labors, but men remember his work because of what he was to that one boy, and what that boy was to the world. “Only a boy that had joined the church,” but that boy was the great missionary Robert Moffatt. Had he neglected church and mingled with bad company and formed bad habits, what a great work would have been left undone, what an obscure life he would have lived, and the name so universally known would never have been uttered with reverence as it is now!

BEE HUNTING.

Of hunting bees, one writer has said that the manner of catching them is very ingenious. He puts a piece of honeycomb into a box. Then he catches a bee and covers him within the box. As soon as the fright of the prisoner is overcome, he moves about, tastes the honey and is satisfied. The prison becomes a home. Being loosed, he finds his way back to the hive and in a little time returns, bringing others with him. He has told the secret story of his find to his former associates, and they in turn follow him back

until the bee-hunter's box is filled with a swarm of bees. This is God's appointed way of building up His church and saving the race. He first reveals Himself to one soul, entrancing him with His love and thrilling his soul with the joys of salvation. This one, having tasted the sweetness of forgiveness and the joy of hope, goes to another, narrating his experience and discovery, and he in turn finds another, until one by one he brings them into the great church hive. Andrew brings Peter, (John 1:41) Philip brings Nathaniel, (John 1:45) Joel Stratton brings Gough, Robert Eaglen brings Spurgeon, and you, some other boy.

O, my boy, attend church regularly. If you are not a member, become one. Then tell the story of Jesus and His love. Seek to bring others to church, for if the House of God is the Gate to Heaven, what must Heaven be? If the songs of Zion, the gospel preached and prayers offered are cheering and helpful, what must it be to be in the presence of Him who is the key-note of all songs; the sum and substance of all truth, the way, and the life? Can you not say:

"*I love Thy church, O God;*
Her walls before me stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.

For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end."

CHAPTER XXVI
Be a Worker for Jesus

INTRODUCTION TO CHAPTER XXVI

BY C. C. MCCABE

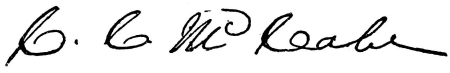
"Forth in Thy name, O Lord, I go,
My daily labor to pursue,
Thee, only Thee, resolved to know,
In all I think, or speak, or do."

The manifold relations that a boy sustains to society forces him to labor in many spheres, and each has its special compensation, but the noblest and best rewarded service is for Jesus. Such calls into exercise the purest impulses, inspires the best deeds, grants the truest freedom and protects against destroying vices.

—Nevin B. Mathes.

You cannot serve a better Master. He will set you free and keep you so. Any other service is slavery—but His service is perfect freedom. Work for Him. Let your life count upon the side of Christ, and for the welfare of the world.

You cannot imagine what a glorious destiny is before you if you give yourself and your life to Him.



CHAPTER XXVI
Be a Worker for Jesus

The poet Virgil was said to have cast an enchantment on one of the public gates of Naples. All who passed the sculptured, smiling face on one side prospered, but those who passed under the frowning figure on the opposite side were doomed from the outset to disaster. Many now believe in such superstitious ideas, and "Chance" is charged with the ups and downs of thousands. Common sense and experience assure us that the one main condition of success is work. The practical person takes no stock in what Shakespeare calls "giddy fortune's fickle wheel," but instead relies on "Heaven helps those that help themselves."

A dying farmer called to his bedside his three lazy sons and said to them: "My sons, a great treasure lies hid in the estate which I am about to leave you." "Where is it hid?" exclaimed the sons in a breath. "I am about to tell you," said the old man, "you will have to dig for it—" His breath failed him before imparting the weighty secret, and he died. Forthwith the sons set to work upon the long-neglected fields. They discovered no treasure, but they learned to work, and when these fields were sown, and the harvest came, the yield in consequence of the thorough tilling was prodigious. Then was it they discovered the treasure concealed in the estate, of which their wise old father had advised them.

The same rule holds good in the work of Jesus. Work is ordained by God, and should be ordained by us for God. The establishment of the religion of Christ in all lands, the numberless churches, the schools of learning and the asylums for the needy

owe all to the energy and toil of the adherents of Christ. In the Bible Christianity is represented as a temple, but Christians are the builders. Life is spoken of as a warfare, but Christians are the soldiers. Work is shown to be the divine test of greatness, but Christians are the workers. To simply love God is not sufficient, for love must prove itself by labor. To have faith is not enough, for "Faith without works is dead." (James 2:20). It is like a fish without water and a watch without springs. Philip might have said to Nathaniel: "I would not be surprised if we met Jesus to-day," but the record tells us he "findeth Nathaniel and saith unto him, 'We have found Him of whom Moses in the law and the prophets did write.'" (John 1:45). Harlan Page, pressed with business cares and battling with ill-health, might have said, "Well, now, I believe God will send laborers into His vineyard," but he went to work and led a hundred young men into the ministry by consecrating his personal influence to Christ.

LAYING BRICKS.

A little over half a century ago a boy heard his pastor say to the trustees that he would like a new brick walk laid around the old church. They replied it was impossible as there were no funds in the treasury. That boy wanted to do something for his Master, so he said to himself: "I will do what I can to lay the walk about the church." He went to a brickyard section of Philadelphia, and asked one of his father's friends to give him a thousand brick, of another friend he asked a like amount; and another, until he thought he had secured a sufficient number to complete the walk. He then asked some of the

men and boys whom he knew very well to help place them in position. They did so, beginning on Thursday and completing the work at half past ten o'clock Saturday night.

This lad had a great desire to know what the pastor would say, so he made his way very early Sunday morning to a place where he could see his pastor and not be seen by him. Soon after Dr. Chambers came down the street and started to go to his study, when he realized that his feet were standing on a new pavement. He took off his glasses and rubbed them. Putting them on he began to walk up and down, first on Sansom and then on Broad Street. He made the journey two or three times. The young man was soon walking along after him apparently unconcerned. The pastor had made his last trip over the walk, and turning around saw the lad. The tears began to flow as he said, "My son, who did this?" The young man looked up and said, "Dr. Chambers, I helped to do it." Then Dr. Chambers put his hands on the young man's shoulders and said, "God bless you, my son, you have made your old pastor's heart glad. You have greatly aided me in my church work." That boy was John Wanamaker.

THE COMMAND.

There is one reason which should prompt every boy to work. Jesus says, "Son, go work to-day in My vineyard." (Matt. 21:28). He has elected boys as well as men, and commissioned them to do His will. Note the loving title which He uses. "Son." Not slave, or servant, but son, thus presenting the fact of near relationship. Son, do what? "*Work.*" That's the philosopher's stone which turns everything to gold,

and the key that unlocks the treasures of nature. By it the muscles are hardened, the intellect strengthened, and slumbering genius awakened. "Son, go work!" When? "*To-day*," thus showing it is a present need, for the night cometh when no boy can work.

Ledyard, on being summoned before the Geographical Society of Great Britain was told they desired him to visit and do certain work in Africa. After enumerating the perils, the exposure, the hard work, they asked when he could be ready to start. "To-morrow morning," was the reply. The learned men were astonished. They thought it would take weeks and months to get ready. But God requires even greater promptness than Ledyard's. He asks, "to-day." There's not a moment that has not a work assigned to it, and if neglected it is left undone forever. Like a ship at sea, with compass gone, the boy loses his bearings. It is by the velocity with which a ball is shot from a cannon that it is kept from the ground. It is by a peculiar law that electricity will keep to the wire till it reaches a break, and thus an active Christian boy will keep at the Master's work until life ends. He will be a Samuel, saying: "Here am I," (2 Sam. 3:5) and a Paul, "What wilt Thou have me to do?" (Acts 9:6).

EQUIPMENT.

God not only calls us to work, but He also has a definite work, and equips every worker with ability to do that work. It is not sufficient to testify of being saved and a willingness to be used by God. No. God has something especially for every Christian to do. As surely as we have named the name of Jesus, so

surely have we been called to do His service,—a service that is for each one just as definite as for any who have lived before us. We may not be able to do what we would like, but we can do a great deal more than we do for the Master. It is not always—

—"*the good thing we accomplish, but the better thing we plan,*
Not achievement but Ideal, is the measure of the man."

There was a boy who led thousands to Christ. He was converted under somewhat peculiar circumstances, and owed the beginning of his religious life largely to the influence exerted upon him by the silent performance of an act of religious duty on the part of a room-mate and fellow-apprentice. This boy's early years were such as to produce a very unquiet conscience, but the claims of religion continued to assert themselves in his soul amid all his irregularities of conduct. At last he began to have longings for a better life. Sometimes on a Sabbath he would go away by himself and pray. "I wanted to be a Christian," he said, "but knew not how. I prayed that the Lord would raise up someone in the house to be my guide. I am sure I was sincere in this, and now came the turning point of my life. The gentleman with whom I lived was in need of money, so he took another apprentice for the sake of the premium. This youth had been religiously educated. The apprentices all slept in the same room. The first time this boy lodged with us he knelt down by his bed and prayed in silence. The thought instantly occurred to me as I looked with surprise on the youth bending before God, that there was the answer to my prayer. So it proved. I became acquainted with him and with boyish simplicity he told me the love of Jesus. It was not long before the

light of the Gospel shone in my heart." This boy that did his duty so silently and unconsciously is not known to us, but the boy he led to Christ and who became such a great soul-winner was the eloquent Henry James.

Joel Stratton was a poor, unlettered young man, but he led the great temperance worker John B. Gough to Jesus. It was a kind word and a hearty handshake that brought the white-headed, clear-brained, sweet-spirited, silver-tongued Bishop Simpson to Christ. Robert Eaglen is unknown but for one thing. One day standing up in meeting he attempted to preach the gospel. Before him was Charles Haddon Spurgeon, of whom the great evangelist Richard Knill once said: "That voice will be heard by thousands." Knill exacted a promise from him, that when he preached in Rowland Hill's great chapel in London, he would announce the hymn, "God moves in a mysterious way." This boy heard Eaglen give out the text, "Look unto Me, and, be ye saved." (Isa. 45:22). Then he caught the eye of the speaker looking at him as he cried, "Look! Look! Look! only look and be saved." Through that sermon Charles Spurgeon became a Christian. At sixteen he preached his first sermon. At nineteen he was placed on trial as a candidate for a pastorate. He was greeted by an audience of two hundred persons to hear the first sermon, but before his three months' trial was over, the twelve hundred sittings were all taken, and within a year the house was enlarged. The Royal Surrey Garden Music Hall was then engaged while a larger tabernacle was being built. Ten and twelve thousand people flocked to hear him. Rich and poor, lords and laborers sat at his feet. Men said, "What a brilliant meteor." But he proved to be a fixed star. He wrote many books, built orphanages

until five hundred children were sheltered, erected a college and did a vast amount of good. Great honor is his, but how great that of Robert Eaglen who led him to Jesus.

ONE BOY'S WORK.

Mrs. Phoebe Palmer once told of a boy in England who went to his pastor and asked him if there was something he could do for the Lord. The pastor said, "Why, I don't know. I do not think you are capable of teaching a class, and hardly old enough to be a judicious tract distributor. I don't know what you can do." "Seems to me," said the boy, "there ought to be something for us boys to do." The pastor thought a moment and then he asked, "Is your seat-mate in school a Christian?" "No, sir, I think not." "Then go to work, as the Lord shall show you how, and get him converted. Then take another and another. I cannot tell you exactly what to do, but if you pray, the Saviour will show you how to get them saved." Some months after when Mrs. Palmer was holding meetings in that place, this boy was lying very ill. The doctors gave him up to die. His father went to the afternoon meeting, and coming home, the boy roused up and asked: "Was Ned Smith at the meeting this afternoon?" "Yes, my son." "Did he give his heart to the Lord Jesus Christ?" "No, I think not." "Oh, dear," said the dying boy, "I thought he would."

The next day his father again went to the meeting. When he came home the son asked him the same question and expressed the same disappointment that his friend was not converted. The third day he asked the same question and received a different answer. "Yes, Ned gave his heart to the Saviour this

afternoon." "I am so glad," was the answer. After his death, his parents opened a little box he kept near him, and found a piece of paper with forty boys' names written upon it. The first one was his seat-mate at the time when he went to the pastor and asked for something to do for the Lord; the last name was that of Ned Smith. Every boy on the list was converted. He had taken them one by one in faith and prayer, giving them books to read, showing them texts of scripture, taking them to church and talking to them about their sins and how Christ would forgive them, and the whole forty had been converted through his efforts.

THE KIND OF A WORKER.

There is plenty of work a boy can do for Jesus. There are tracts to distribute, acts of love to be shown to the sick and aged. There are boys who can be influenced to go to Sunday-school and church. Beethoven's maxim was, "Not a day without a line," and the boy's should be, "Every day this one thing I do, something to lead a soul nearer to Jesus." Be a patient and careful worker. "The one prudence in life," said Ralph Waldo Emerson, "is concentration; the one evil is dissipation." Paul's exhortation to Timothy was, "Show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed," (2 Tim. 2:15), a first-class workman. To be this demands judicious planning and careful executing. It is not so much the amount done, but the way in which it is done. A right motive to a right way is found in the fact: "Thou God seest me." (Gen. 10:13).

Hooker, speaking of Edward VI. said, "He died young but lived long, if life be action." John

Summerfield was but twenty-seven when he died, yet with a frail body, he lived long enough to tell the Gospel message to the whole English-speaking race of his time. “So little done, so much to do,” said Cecil Rhodes on his death-bed. Though a man of affairs and a prodigious worker he sorrowed over the fact that he was leaving much unaccomplished. One of Napoleon’s dying veterans received on the battlefield the grand cross of the “Legion of Honor” from the Emperor’s hand and said “Now I die satisfied.” My boy, may you be enrolled in God’s Legion of Honor. Let nothing discomfort you. Make condition your bond slave, grasp opportunity by the forelock and work out destinies in sunshine and darkness, so that you may hear the Master’s voice after the labor and battles of life are o’er.

“*Go labor on; spend and be spent*
The joy to do the Father’s will;
It is the way the Master went;
Should not the servant tread it still?

Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice!
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom’s voice,
The midnight peal: ‘Behold, I come!’”

CHAPTER XXVII
Be a Witness for Jesus

INTRODUCTION TO CHAPTER XXVII

By H. W. Warren

My family and I were in Copenhagen one Fourth of July, so we hung our American flag out of the window of the hotel. Up came the United States consul, saying: "I knew there must be some good Americans behind that flag." How glad we were to see one of our countrymen in a strange land. What favors he showed us and what honors he caused to come to us.

We belong to a better country. Let us hang out the flag. The King of the country said: "If any man serve Me, him will My Father honor," (John 12:26) and "He that shall confess Me before men, him will I confess also before My Father which is in heaven." (Matt. 10:32). What is your name? Be it John, Henry or whatever else, how pleasant to hear it confessed in that place, that company and by that royal King.

It is not merely there and then that our names are confessed, but here and now: the Spirit beareth witness in our hearts that we are the children of God. The Holy Ghost is a witness to us now, as really as we are witnesses for God. Mutual relations are best relations. Abel obtained witness that he was righteous; so may we.



CHAPTER XXVII
Be a Witness for Jesus

In city courtrooms there is a certain stand known as the "witness stand," from which individuals give evidence for or against the accused whose trial is pending. Sometimes the evidence is the means of convicting and sometimes freeing the accused. Before giving the testimony, however, they are required on oath to tell "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

In like manner this world is one large courtroom, and there are many witnesses testifying daily for or against right, truth and Christ. Every political party is championed by witnesses who talk and vote for it. Satan has his witnesses and they are easily distinguished. The world has its witnesses. They run after the follies and amusements of this life, all of which leave an aching void. And why should not Christ, who is pure, kind, loving and helpful have witnesses? "Ye are My witnesses, saith the Lord." (Isa. 43:10). To be a true Christian is to be a witness for Jesus.

A BRAVE WITNESS.

When Frederick the Great of Prussia was ridiculing Christ and Christianity before a company of jolly nobles and officers of the army, there was one brave general who remained gloomily silent. It was Joachim von Zietan, one of the ablest and bravest officers present. Rising and shaking his gray head solemnly, he said to the King: "Your Majesty knows well in war I have never feared any danger, and everywhere I have boldly risked my life for you and for my country. But there is One above us who is greater than all men. He is my Saviour and Redeemer, who has died for Your Majesty, and has

dearly bought us all with His own blood. That Holy One I can never allow to be mocked or insulted, for on Him I repose my faith, my comfort and my hope in life and death. In the power of this faith your brave army has courageously fought and conquered. If Your Majesty undermines this faith, you undermine at the same time the welfare of your State. I salute Your Majesty." Frederick looked at the man in admiration, and in the presence of the illustrious company, apologized for what he had said. So no boy ever stands for Jesus, but that he awakens in the heart of those who make light of spiritual matters a sense of honor and respect for him and his testimony.

HOW TO WITNESS FOR JESUS.

It is not every one who says the most that does the most good. Actions speak louder than words. Nearness to Christ means Christ shining in the life. Seneca said regarding the quality of life: "It is the bounty of nature that we live, but of philosophy that we live well." Paul said, "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." (Gal. 2:20). "You may depend upon it," says Lavatar, "that he is a good man whose intimate friends are good," and no friend is so good or dear as Jesus. Every boy should witness for Christ because wicked men oppose the work He wrought. From the trial of Christ to the present, there have been those who have ridiculed His blessed atonement. They have uttered blasphemous epithets and have advanced many arguments to demolish the church He organized. Every manner of persecution has been hurled against His people. Yet in spite of fire, sword, rack and thumbscrew the adherents of

Jesus number more than ever before. Atheists and infidels have warred against the Christian religion, but we are living witnesses against them and their theories, “Their rock is not as our Rock, even our enemies themselves being judges.” (Deut. 32:31).

BEECHER AND INGERSOLL.

Colonel Ingersoll was one day in the society of Henry Ward Beecher and four or five gentlemen, all of whom were prominent in the world of literature. Several different topics were discussed with decided brilliancy, but no allusion was made to religion. The distinguished infidel was too polite to introduce the subject, but one of the party finally desiring to see a tilt between Mr. Ingersoll and Mr. Beecher made a playful remark about Colonel Ingersoll’s idiosyncrasy, as he termed it. The Colonel at once defended his views with his usual apt rhetoric and eloquence. He was met by several gentlemen in very effective repartee. Contrary to the expectations of all Mr. Beecher remained an abstracted listener. The gentleman who introduced the topic with hope that Mr. Beecher would answer Colonel Ingersoll, at last remarked, “Mr. Beecher, have you nothing to say on this question?”

The old man slowly lifted himself from his attitude and replied, “Nothing, in fact. If you will excuse me for changing the conversation, I will say that while you gentlemen were talking, my mind was bent on a most deplorable spectacle which I witnessed to-day.” “What was it?” at once inquired Colonel Ingersoll, who, notwithstanding his peculiar views of the hereafter, was noted for his kindness of heart. “Why,” said Mr. Beecher, “as I was walking I saw a

poor blind man with crutches, slowly and carefully picking his way through a morass of mud in the endeavor to cross the street. He had just reached the middle of the filth when a big, burly ruffian rushed up to him, jerked the crutches from under the unfortunate man and left him sprawling and helpless in the pool of liquid dirt, which almost engulfed him." "What a brute he was!" said the Colonel. "What a brute he was!" they all echoed. "Yes," said the old man, rising from his chair and brushing back his long, white hair, while his eyes glittered with his old-time fire, as he bent them on Ingersoll, "yes, Colonel Ingersoll, and you are the man. The human soul is lame, but Christianity gives it crutches to enable it to pass the highway of life. It is your teaching that knocks these crutches from under it and leaves it a helpless and rudderless wreck in the slough of despond. If robbing the human soul of its only support on earth be your profession, ply it to your heart's content. It requires an architect to erect a building; an incendiary may reduce it to ashes."

The old man sat down and silence brooded over the scene. Colonel Ingersoll found that he had a master in his own power of illustration and said nothing. The company took their hats and departed. Unbelief may scoff but it cannot controvert the fact, Jesus saves to the uttermost all who come unto Him.

WHAT OTHERS SAY.

A boy should witness for Christ, for as master minds declare, His character is spotless. Christ stands the ideal among men. The Roman centurion called Him: "The Son of God" (Matt. 27:54); Judas, "The innocent blood," (Matt. 27:4); Pilate, "The Man

without fault" (Luke 23:4); Josephus, "The wise man" and Celsus, "The miracle-working magician." Diderot the atheist speaking of the history calls it "The unsurpassed story." Napoleon declared Christ to be "The Emperor of Love;" John Stuart Mill "The guide of humanity;" Renan "The greatest among the sons of men;" Robert Owen "The irreproachable;" Theodore Parker "The youth with God in his heart;" to which millions add, He "is all and in all," (Col. 10:32) "and over all, God blessed for ever."

THE PROMISE.

A boy should witness for Christ because Christ has promised to witness for him before His Father. "Whosoever therefore," said He, "shall confess Me before men, him will I confess before My Father which is in heaven." (Matt. 10:32). Dr. Theodore Cuyler says the word "confession" is a very deep and far-reaching one. It refers to the heart, then to the lips, and then to the daily life. Whoever would be saved must embrace Christ in the heart; this signifies conversion. Next we must acknowledge Him with the life; this is what is usually styled "a profession of faith." Above all, those who make this open confession are expected to honor Christ by obedience to His commandments; this is vital Christianity. To all who honestly make confession Christ has promised He will own as "His brethren and chosen" in this world and in the next.

It was a drummer boy by the name of Charlie Couston that led the great Dr. Roosvalley to Christ. After the battle of Gettysburg this boy was so frightfully wounded that it necessitated the amputation of an arm and leg. When chloroform was

about to be administered he politely refused it. The doctor asked the reason. “Doctor,” said he, “one Sunday afternoon in the Sabbath-school when I was nine and a half years old, I gave my heart to Christ. I have been trusting Him ever since, and I know I can trust Him now. He is my strength and stimulant. He will support me while you amputate my arm and leg.” The doctor asked if he would take a little brandy. Looking up, the lad answered, “Doctor, when I was about five years old my mother knelt by my side with her arm about my neck, and said, ‘Charlie, I am praying to Jesus that you may never know the taste of strong drink. Your papa died a drunkard, and I promised God, if it was His will that you should grow up, that you should warn young men against the bitter cup.’ I am now seventeen years of age, but I have never tasted anything stronger than tea or coffee; and as I am in all probability about to go into the presence of God, would you send me there with brandy on my stomach?”

The operation began. While cutting through the flesh Charlie never groaned, but when the surgeon took the saw to separate the bone, the lad took the corner of the pillow in his mouth, and prayed: “Oh, Jesus, blessed Jesus, stand by me now.” Five days after this, Charlie sent for Dr. Roosvalley, to whom he said, “Doctor, my time has come. I do not expect to see another sunrise, but thank God I am ready to go; before I die I desire to thank you with all my heart for your kindness to me. Doctor, you are a Jew, you do not believe in Jesus; will you please stand here and see me die, trusting my Saviour to the last moment of my life?”

The doctor remained. Taking his hand Charlie continued: “Doctor, I love you because you are a Jew; the best friend I have found in this world was a

Jew." Dr. Roosvalley asked who was that. Charlie answered: "Jesus Christ, to whom I want to introduce you before I die, and will you promise me that what I am about to say, you will never forget?" The surgeon promised. "Five days ago," said the dying boy, "while you amputated my arm and leg, I prayed to the Lord Jesus Christ to convert your soul." The boy soon died, and the words had their effect, for the surgeon soon became a Christian.

About eighteen months later, Dr. Roosvalley attended a prayer meeting in Brooklyn. Among those who gave their testimony was an elderly lady who said, "Dear friends, this may be the last time I shall have the privilege of testifying for Christ. My family physician told me yesterday that my right lung is nearly gone, and my left one is very much affected; I have but a short time to be with you, but what is left of me belongs to Jesus. Oh! it is a great joy to know that I shall meet my boy with Jesus in heaven. My son was not only a soldier for his country, but a soldier for Christ. He was wounded at the Battle of Gettysburg, and fell into the hands of a Jewish doctor who amputated his arm and leg, but he died five days after the operation. The Chaplain wrote me a letter and sent me my boy's Bible." In the letter he informed me that my Charlie said to the Jewish doctor: "Doctor, before I die, I wish to tell you that five days ago, while you amputated my arm and leg, I prayed to the Lord Jesus Christ to convert your soul." No sooner had these words fallen from her lips, than the doctor left his seat, crossed the room and taking her hand said, "God bless you, my sister, your boy's prayer was heard and answered. I am the Jewish doctor for whom your Charlie prayed. His Saviour is now my Saviour."

Oh, my boy, there is no need of your living or

dying without doing what Charlie Coulston did. Someone is waiting for your advice and invitation to come to Christ. While a lad was showing Mr. Charles Spurgeon to a church where he was to preach he was asked, “Do you love your Master?” The boy stopped and said, “Mr. Spurgeon, for years I have shown ministers to the church, and not one has ever asked me that question.” The result was a new life for Christ.

If my boy, you would influence others to love and live for Christ you must do as the gifted young preacher Tyng exhorted his friends to do. He had met with an accident that cut short his glorious career. When about to die there gathered around him the young men who had rallied at his trumpet call, and lifting his wounded arm, he said, “Young men, I am about to die. Stand up for Jesus.” The sentence rang out on the air and did not cease ringing. It was printed in large capital letters, placarded in church vestries in many denominations, and became the rallying cry of thousands. My boy, stand up for Jesus;

—“the strife will not be long,
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor’s song;
To him that overcometh
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally.”

CHAPTER XXVIII
Be Loving

INTRODUCTION TO CHAPTER XXVIII

BY WARREN RANDOLPH

Love is the root of creation; God's essence.—*Longfellow.*

Love! what things are wrapped up in this word. Joy is love exulting. Peace is love in repose. Long suffering is love untiring. Gentleness is love enduring. Temperance is love in training. Meekness is love under discipline. Goodness is love in action. Therefore my boy be loving, for "not to know love is not to live."

—*C. C. Cissell.*

It has been well said that the three elements of manliness are love, principle and courage. Every boy knows that without the two latter he cannot succeed. But boys are too apt to think that to "be loving" belongs to girls. Analyze a great man's character and you will find love is the main-spring of his action. To be loving and lovable will give him a stamp which will pass current the world over.



CHAPTER XXVIII
Be Loving

It is related of the Apostle John that when old and feeble he was borne by his disciples to the House of God, where, spreading his hands, he addressed the

people again and again: “Love one another.” (1 John 4:7). When asked why he repeated it so often, he answered: “Because there is nothing else, attain that and you have enough.”

Love is the greatest thing in the world, the pivot on which the commandments turn, the pillar of the Christian religion and the keystone in the arch of our salvation. It is a height without top, depth without bottom, and length and breadth without boundary. It will not yield to bribes or threats, cannot be burnt by fire, submerged by billows or restrained by castle bars, but shines in patriotism, bleeds in sacrifice and dies in atonement.

To define love is impossible. It cannot be framed in sentences. Language is inadequate to express the feelings prompted by it. No philosopher can explain its whens, whys and wherefores. No geologist can unearth its footprints. No rhetorician can find a fit garb to clothe it. Artists cannot sketch it, scribes cannot pen it, nor can death destroy it.

THE LAW OF LOVE, THE RULE OF LIFE.

Love is a social virtue, “the soul of life.” It is the underlying principle of voluntary associations and is the governing force of action. In its relation to etiquette it is courtesy, “Love doth not behave itself unseemly.” (1 Cor. 13:5). Politeness has been defined as love in trifles, courtesy as love in little things. In social standing it is another word for a real gentleman. “Gentleman” has been defined as a man who does things gently, with love. In its relation to God it is self-sacrifice. “To be great-hearted, for the love we bear to our Master, and in imitation of Him, is ideal Christianity, for it is the religion of Him

whose life and death were self-sacrifice." Such love lightens the burdens of other lives, sweetens their toils and imparts music with every step. Such love begets love. It knows no discouragements and what it does is done gratuitously. To love thus is to live. Said Phillips Brooks, "Duty makes us do things well, but love makes us do them beautifully."

When the noted Dr. George Shrady went on a vacation in the mountains he left orders not to be called to do professional work on any account. While resting in a hammock a barefoot boy accompanied by his grandmother came to him. "I could not keep him away, doctor," said the aged woman, "he heard that you were here, that you were the greatest doctor in the whole world. He said that you could cure him and make him like other boys. I told him he had no money and could not come; that you would not bother with him, but he said he knew you would cure him. So here he is, sir." The doctor, moved by his simple faith, helplessness, poverty and rags, prescribed for him. He gave him two weeks of careful treatment, at the end of which he was able to romp in the fields strong and well. When Thanksgiving came, the Doctor received by express a rude box. On opening it, he found a large turkey to which a card was attached with the words: "Dear Doctor: Here is a nice fat turkey for you. It's the best I could send. I love you for your love to me." The gift and message imparted a new feature in the doctor's life. He saw rising above honor, riches or reputation, love, the *summum bonum*, the greatest thing in the world.

WHOM TO LOVE.

By creation and birth, we are members of one common family, and are under obligations to feel and care for each other. This principle is like a cord binding heart to heart. Where it exists it proves itself by the fruit it bears. “They do not love who do not show their love.” Love is often blind to faults and failings. “Love suffereth long and is kind.” (1 Cor. 13:4). While in battle Alexander the Great received a cut in the forehead, which left an ugly scar. Years after an eminent artist was requested to paint his portrait, but did not wish to show the scar. In order to make a perfect likeness and hide the deformity, he sketched the emperor leaning on his elbow, with his forefinger on his brow, thus covering the defect. So love, in tone, word, look and gesture, often “hideth a multitude of sins.” (James 5:20).

Love God. This should be the greatest aim of life. “God is love,” (1 John 4:8), and He commended “His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.” (Rom. 5:8). During the reign of terror in France a young man named Loizerolles was condemned to death. His aged father would not allow himself to be separated from his son, but accompanied him to prison. When the jailor a few days later presented himself at the door and called out the names of those who were to be executed, this aged man answered for his son who was asleep, and was led away to the scaffold. As that father gave his life for his son, Jesus gave His life that every boy should have life everlasting. For this consideration, should He not receive our love? Should we not love Him as He demands “with all the heart, and with all the soul, and with all the mind, and with all the strength?” (Mark 12:30).

Love your parents. Great is the love and many the sacrifices made by them for a child. From early

morning till late at night they plan and labor for his welfare. Is it any more than right that he love them in return? To be disrespectful and ungrateful is to invite and incur God's displeasure, but to be loving and dutiful is to gain heaven's approval and increased parental affection. Filial reverence is one of the best evidences of a loving heart, and he who loves God loves his parents.

Love your enemies. No counsel need be given to love one's friends, for friendship indicates love. To love an enemy seems hard, but it can be done, and nothing so changes enmity into friendship as love. Love cannot confine itself to the bosom that cherishes it. It must reveal itself in deeds of kindness. During the Revolutionary War, a Dunkard leader named Miller was grievously insulted by a man named Widman, who was afterwards sentenced to be hung as a British spy. Miller went a long distance to petition Washington to spare his life. The commander-in-chief said: "I would like to release Widman, because he is your friend; but I cannot, even for that consideration." "Friend!" cried Miller, "why, he's my worst enemy, and therefore I want to save him."

"Love makes excuses where she might condemn;
Reviled by those that hate her, love prays for them;
Suspicion lurks not in her artless breast.
The worst suggested, she believes the best.
Not soon provoked, however stung and teased,
And, if perhaps made angry, soon appeased.
She rather waives than will dispute her right,
And, injured, makes forgiveness her delight."

Love everybody. "Beloved," said John, "if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another." (1 John 4:11). It is not a question of color, education or social position, but the relationship God has made between us. "And hath made of one blood all nations of men, for to dwell on all the face of the earth." (Acts 17:26). One of the hieroglyphics of Egypt represents a child with a heart in his hand giving honey to a bee that has no wings with which to fly from flower to flower in quest of honey. The child represents the humility of love, the heart cheerfulness of love, and the giving of honey to the wingless bee the helplessness and worthiness of the object of love. The opportunity to exemplify love in its various forms comes often. Go, my boy, through life scattering flowers in everyone's pathway. Encourage the struggling, anoint the suffering, assist the needy, and you will break open barred hearts, melt into moral pliability iron wills and lead souls to Christ.

DID I DO MY BEST?

Years ago at Evanston a young man was preparing for the ministry. He was the room-mate of the eloquent Dr. Spencer of the Methodist Episcopal church. He was a frail lad, but a good swimmer. It

was his delight to give exhibitions of his skill in the boisterous lake. One night, ten miles out, a steamer with four hundred passengers was wrecked. Next morning all was excitement in the village. Two hundred men volunteered for service, among them this young man. A rope was put around his waist, that his frail body might be recovered should he be killed by the floating pieces of wreckage. Backward and forward he went for six hours, helping to save human life. Through his great familiarity with the surf he was enabled to do more than all the rest together. Out of four hundred passengers, only thirty came through the breakers alive, and of these, seventeen were saved by this youth. Between his journeys he stood before a blazing fire, covered with blankets. But each time an unfortunate one came near the breakers, he threw off his incumbrances and plunged again into the water. At first he wore the rope around his arm, but, coming to a piece of debris to which a drowning person was clinging, the wreckage struck him in the face. The crowd on shore, alarmed for his safety, commenced pulling in the line prematurely, before he had laid hold of the drowning person. Throwing off the rope, he clutched the man and brought him safely ashore. Walking up the beach, he saw a gentleman sitting in an elegant carriage, who had evidently come to the beach with his coachman from his suburban home, and going to him said: “These people have almost killed me and another accident may take my life without my having done my work. Will you consent to manage the rope, not allowing the people to pull until I give the signal? If you do this, you shall have half of the credit for anything I may be able to do.” The gentleman consented, and for five hours managed the rope. The last person saved that day was a man

who was coming ashore in a difficult part of the surf, where the bank was high and precipitous. Those who came to this part of the surf were absolutely lost, as it seemed more than a man's life was worth to save them. This youth saw this man clinging to a piece of wreck while with the other he held a bundle.

A sudden lift of the waves brought the man and the raft into full view, and there streamed out from the bundle a tress of hair. "Cost what it may, I will save that man or die in the attempt," said he, "he is trying to save his wife." He ran down the beach, following the retreating wave, kept down as closely as possible to the sand, and let the return wave pound him. When next seen, he was far out in the water. He swam to the piece of raft to which the two were clinging. When within six or eight feet of them, the man cried out: "Save my wife! save my wife!" The brave swimmer said: "Yes, I'll save your wife and you also." Fastening his hands in their clothing at the back of their necks, he said: "I can sustain you in the water, but you must swim for your lives and mine. We must push northward to get beyond this dangerous surf, if we are to be saved at all." To the joy of the spectators, he came safely to shore with both unfortunates, for whom he had so bravely imperilled his life. Into that one day he put the struggle of his life. Finally he collapsed and was put to bed. As his room-mate ministered to him, he looked up and said, "Did I do my best? Did I do my best?" Yes, he did his best as true love always does. There is no journey too long, no effort too hard, no suffering too intense, no sacrifice too great for it to make. As with this youth, so may it be with your—

"*impassion'd soul;*
Not as with many a mere part
Of its existence, but the whole;

The very life-breath of the heart."

THE DURATION OF LOVE.

Love is eternal. All else shall fail, but "Love never faileth." (1 Cor. 13:8). Wendell Phillips sang of a past golden age, and told in silvery eloquence of things now lost. Lost the instruments for lifting the pyramidal stones to their place. Lost the secret of annealing glass, and Tyrian colors undimmed by centuries. Lost the art of making the Damascus blade, whose elasticity would permit the point and hilt to kiss each other. Lost the ancient races of Israel, ancient cities, ancient books, ancient languages, but love still remains.

So great are our mental powers that we can conceive of the time according to scientific enumeration and declaration when the oil wells of the world shall cease, when all the precious metals shall have been dug and coined, when the sun shall have burnt out, yes, and by the transforming power of the coming Christ, the faith of Christians shall be changed into sight and hope blossom into fruition. Then, even then, love shall forever exist.

Cultivate love, my boy. "Men will not bow down to crowned power, or philosophic power, or æsthetic power, but in the presence of a great soul filled with vigor of inspiration and glowing with love man will do obeisance." Frank Bragg was only fifteen years of age when he lay dying in Paducah hospital. He had fought as one of Birge's sharpshooters. As the dew of death gathered on his brow, he said, "O, I'm going to die, and there is no one to love me." The nurse told him that he had many friends and that God loved him. "Yes," said he, "I am not afraid to die, but I

want someone to love me." "Frank," said the nurse, "I love you." She kissed his pale forehead. "Kiss me again," he said, "that was given so like my sister."

Did you ever think how many struggling hearts, sinful hearts, disconsolate hearts are saying: "No one loves me?" It remains with you, my boy, to sweeten many a bitter cup, cast sunshine into many a darkened soul, extract the thorn of anguish from many a sad heart, and make life worth living by expressing what John Waterhouse and David Cargill did to the cannibals of the Fiji Islands: "My love to you." Love in Jesus Christ, for love is the—

"golden charm that binds
The happy souls above,
And he's an heir of heaven that finds
His bosom glow with love."

CHAPTER XXIX
Be Hopeful

INTRODUCTION TO CHAPTER XXIX

BY H. L. HASTINGS

Hope leads from goal to goal,
And opens still, and opens on the soul;
Till lengthen'd on to faith, and unconfin'd,
It pours the bliss that fills up all the mind.

—

Pope.

Where there is no hope, there can be no endeavor or caution.

—Johnson.

Owls hoot in the night; larks sing in the morning. The children of darkness riot and groan in their gloom. The children of light have "Songs in the night," (Job 35:10), and "Joy cometh in the morning." (Psalm 30:5). God stands by those who stand by Him. If you hope in God, your hopes will never fail. He promises us the life that now is, and that which is to come. He can make this life a life of gladness, and the everlasting life a life of endless peace and pleasure.

"Now the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing that ye may abound in hope, through the power of the Holy Ghost." (Romans 15:13).



CHAPTER XXIX
Be Hopeful

Life properly belongs to the hopeful. It has been said that a pessimist is one who has the choice of two evils and takes them both. A discouraged man is defeated before he begins. When a boy, Peter Cooper had few school privileges. His father being a hatter, he was set to work pulling the hair from rabbit skins

to obtain material with which to make hats. His health was poor and though having but “half a chance,” at seventeen he resolved to work for himself. At this time he was living at Peekskill. Thence he went to New York, where he apprenticed himself to a carriage-maker for five years for board and two dollars a month. He had neither time nor money for what the world calls pleasure, but he had the pleasure of hope. While working for fifty cents a week he resolved: “If ever I get rich I will build a place where the poor boys and girls of New York may have an education free.” He then entered the grocery trade and made some money; then a glue factory, where he became rich. In 1854 the object of his hope was commenced and finished at a cost of $800,000. “The great object that I desire to accomplish,” said he, “by the erection of this institution is to open the avenues of scientific knowledge to the youth of our city and country, and so unfold the volume of nature that the youth may see the beauties of creation, enjoy its blessings and learn to love the Author from whom cometh every good and perfect gift.” It is a source of consolation to know that, in whatever circumstance a boy may be placed, there is, amidst the desolate and cheerless scenes a harbinger of comfort, a helm to keep his course in the right channel, and a north star on which to fix his eyes, namely, hope. Without it, the world would be desert and man the most wretched of all God’s creatures. With it, aspiration clings to some tangible reality as the ivy’s tendril to the oak. There may be failures, but hope believes in final success. It whispers, “nothing is impossible;” smiles serenely on the struggling, sustains the aspiring and cheers with a vivacity of assurance that portends success. As such it lit the lantern upon the ship of Columbus, waved

the torch before Bacon as he descended into Nature's laboratory, supported the steps of Newton when he wandered into the dim solitude of unknown worlds, sprinkled the canvas of Titian with purple lines of summer, sent Watts' engine snorting along the rails and Fulton's steamboat puffing up the Hudson.

WHAT IS HOPE?

Hope is a beautiful word. Its definition makes every bosom bound and burn. It is called "Music to the ear of the young;" "health to the sick;" "the birthright of all;" "the soul's most effective impulse," and a "glorious expectation." To the warrior it is the victor's wreath, amulet and medal of honor. To the student it means the bench, platform, pulpit, or some other exalted position. To the Christian it means more. So intimately is it associated with practical godliness that religion is called "A hope through grace," (2 Thess. 2:16) "a glorious hope," "a better hope," (Heb. 7:19) "a blessed hope" and "a lively hope." (1 Peter 1:3). The Christian's God is named the "God of Hope," Jesus Christ, "Our Hope," (1 Tim. 1:1) and His finished work "the hope set before us in the Gospel."

General Grant once said to a personal friend that his habit of day-dreaming, a kind of large and persistent hoping, had never left him. In his earlier life he had resigned from the army and things had been going steadily against him. He was working on a farm near St. Louis, from which he used to carry wood to the city for sale, and then ride back in the empty cart. It was a favorite sort of hoping dream of his, as he rode homeward, to think of himself with Mrs. Grant making a tour of Europe, and of himself

as an officer in the army. Foolish enough such hoping seemed for a poor farmer jogging homeward in the evening. But that hope was inspiration to him, and at last the reality of it all burst the bounds of his most daring dreaming. Hoping thus, even in Grant's circumstances, was vastly better than a weak bewailing of his hard and unpromising plight. It is a noteworthy fact that all through the war, everyone of Grant's utterances and dispatches had in it this note of hope. There could not be found a shadow of a suggestion of despair or of ultimate defeat. Hope, to him, as to thousands, was a stimulating factor.

WHAT HOPE IS LIKENED TO.

Like every other good thing hope has many symbols. Watson said: "Hope is like the cork to the net, which keeps the soul from sinking in despair." "It is to man," said Felthan, "as a bladder to a learning swimmer, it keeps him from sinking in the bosom of the waves and by that help he may attain the exercise." "Hope," says Howe, "is the engine that moves the world and keeps the intelligent part of it in action everywhere." But in the Scriptures it is symbolized as an anchor: "Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul."

When David was sad he said to himself: "Hope thou in God." What volumes of thought these words contain. "Hope" and "God" and the word "thou" linking them together. "Hope *thou* in God." That boy who places his trust in God is never hopeless. Airy fancies may seek to allure him, treacherous vices may endeavor to beguile him, but hope flits eternal around the human head and breast, and hangs its rainbow on the blackest cloud in all the chaste

sparklings of an angel from the realms of light. To give up hope is to give up the beauty of life. It was only when Paradise was lost that Milton makes Satan exclaim: “Then farewell hope,” and immediately thereafter, as always the case, he adds: “Evil, be thou my good.”

THE CERTAINTY OF THIS HOPE.

Paul said in regard to hope, “Sure and steadfast.” Like the anchor whose flukes get fast beneath the moveless rocks, holding the vessel to its moorings in spite of the storm, so hope whispers these magic words of joy, when waves of calamity and sorrow would engulf in the vortex of despair, “sure and steadfast.” Why? Because the cable that holds the anchor *hope* is *faith* and the rock that holds the flukes of the anchor is *Christ*, and the reason we believe it is sure, is because the Word of God says so, for His Word is “Yea and amen to him that believeth.” We believe because millions have tested and proved it.

Now anchors are not so much needed in mid-ocean, for the water is deep, the rocks far down, and the reefs distant, so that with a storm before or behind, the ocean craft could smile and say, “I can race as fast as you can drive.” It is when nearing the coast that extra care is taken and the anchor held in readiness, for should a storm arise it might dash the ship upon the rocks, run it upon a reef or strand it upon the shore. Nor is the anchor of hope so much needed in the mid-ocean of prosperity, peace and the fulness of God’s love as it is near the shore when we start in the Christian life and labor.

ROCKS OF SCEPTICISM.

Without this *sure* anchor many a boy has drifted on the rock of scepticism. When the little "squall" of laughter and "windy" arguments were brought to bear against them, they forgot their promises and gradually drifted upon this disastrous rock. No boy's anchor is secure who reads literature saturated with atheistical sentiments or keeps the company of infidel characters. Heinrich Heine the sceptic was proof of this. One day a friend called to see him, when suffering torments from a disease of the spine. He said: "If I could only walk on crutches, do you know where I would go? Straight to church." "You jest," the friend said. "No, no, straight to the church," replied the former scoffer; "my friend, believe me, it is Heinrich Heine who tells you. After having reflected on it for years, and after having reconsidered and maturely weighed what has been written on this subject by men of all sorts, believe me, I have reached a conclusion that there is a God who judges our conduct, and that after this life there is another, when the good will be rewarded and the wicked punished. There are fools, who, having passed their lives in scepticism and mistake, and denied God in their words and acts, have not courage to own that they are wholly deceived. As for me," he said sadly and almost hopelessly, "I feel compelled to declare that it is a cursed falsehood which long made me blind. Only at present I see clearly; and any man who knows me must confess that it is not because my faculties have become weak, for never was my mind more clear and strong than it is this moment."

Without this *sure* and *steadfast* anchor many boys have drifted upon the reefs of temptation. An unanchored ship may lie on the waters as calmly and beautifully as in a painted picture, but almost before one realizes, the undercurrent carries it away, and a

sudden jar, a terrible crash informs the captain it has stranded on a reef or struck a rock. So, too, hundreds of boys have been ruined in like manner, not by the gales of adversity, or strong winds of persecution, but by the undercurrents of strong temptations.

What Paul said of those who live by faith may be said of all boys. “These were tempted.” Temptations are with kings in their castles and peasants in the field. “They come,” says one, “of plenty, they are born of success and they are born of defeat.” They are not in themselves sins, but temptations become sin when the tempted one welcomes and yields to them. Temptations resemble the rocks which rest their jagged sides above the waves at low water. No vessel dare come near them. But after a while the tide comes sweeping into the bay and buries the rocks under a flood of water so that the largest ships as well as the lightest skiffs may ride in safety above their teeth of death. We cannot hinder temptation from coming to us, but we can refuse to heed it. How?

A NOVEL EXPERIMENT.

A story is told of a man who once asked an Eastern king if he could tell him how to avoid temptation. The king advised the man to take a vessel brimful of oil and carry it through the streets of the city without spilling a drop. “If one drop is spilt, your head shall be cut off.” Two executioners were ordered with drawn swords to walk behind the man, and carry out his orders. There happened to be a fair going on in the town, and the streets were crowded with people. However, the man was very careful, and he returned to the King without having spilled one drop of oil.

Then the king asked: “Did you see anyone whilst you were walking through the streets?” “No, I was thinking only of the oil, I noticed nothing else.” “Then,” said the king, “you may know how to avoid temptation. Fix your mind firmly on God as you fixed it on that vessel of oil.”

Thank God, this hope in Christ “is sure and steadfast.” You may be struck “all aback,” or, as Theodore Cuyler said, “may be stripped of many a topsail which ambition has hoisted or many a spar of prosperity; you may be obliged to throw out much of your lading into the sea; but if Jesus Christ is in your soul, you cannot suffer wreck.” The anchor “sure and steadfast” will hold you, under every circumstance, in every storm, and in every trial.

A GRECIAN FABLE.

There is a fable told by Homer of a Grecian boy who was pursued by a giant, whose breath was fire and in whose hand was a huge club. Two invisible beings assisted the pursued lad. One took his hand and lifted him forward, the other, casting an invisible cord over him, flew before him until his speed was doubled and the palace gates gave shelter. This is a beautiful representation of God’s gentle rule over us. O, my boy, when the enemy of your soul seeks to enslave or allure you into a trap, some invisible power will aid you to avoid and escape him. When all appears dark and gloomy, looking up, one sees a beautiful sky and hears the lark break forth in song. When discouraged and bowed down with grief he needs but listen to hear the Saviour whispering, “Hope on, hope continually, hope thou in God for ‘the Lord will be the hope of His people.’” And

looking up he then can say:

"*O Hope of every contrite heart!*
O Joy of all the meek!
To those who ask, how kind Thou art!
How good, to those who seek!"

CHAPTER XXX
Be Faithful

INTRODUCTION TO CHAPTER XXX

BY OPIE RODWAY

I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend His cause;
Maintain the honor of His word,
The glory of His cross.

Watts.

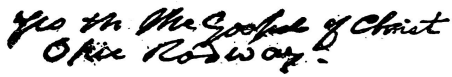
Be faithful to yourself. See to it that you repent of sin, that you forsake it, that you go to Christ the great sin-bearer, that you get a new heart, that you live a holy life.

Be faithful to your companions. Tell them what they ought to be. Tell them of Jesus who alone can save them.

Be faithful to Christ. Say: "Jesus only." Jesus my Lord and Master. Jesus my Saviour and Example. Jesus, my "all in all." If you would have an approving Saviour and Judge, be faithful.

"Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a

crown of life."



CHAPTER XXX
Be Faithful

Life may be compared to this book in two respects. First, it has a beginning, second, an end. It must not be measured, however, by the number of years one lives as we would number the pages of this book, for "length of years is no proper test of length of life." But life must be measured by what one feels, thinks and does. In the matchless phrase of Paul: "To live is Christ."

The exhortation of this chapter is beautifully illustrated by many characters of the Bible and history. Hananiah, "a faithful man;" Timothy, "faithful in the Lord;" Tychius and Epaphras, "faithful ministers;" Onesimus and Silvanus, "faithful brothers," and Antipas, "a faithful martyr." Julius Palmer in Queen Mary's time, being asked to recant his faith in Christ, said that he rather would yield his life. Latimer said that Smithfield had long groaned for him, but he had prayed that he might be firm in death. When the hour of execution came, he knelt and prayed, and, as the flames shot up about him, he cried: "Father of heaven, receive my soul."

In the first century lived a boy by the name of Polycarp. He was taught by John the Apostle. After embracing the Christian religion he studied to preach

and finally became a bishop. Persecution soon raged against the followers of Christ and this man was arrested. On the way to court, Irenarch, Herod and his father Nicetes met him. They took him into their chariot and counseled him: “What harm is it to say ‘Lord Cæsar’ and to sacrifice and be safe?” Polycarp replied, “I will not follow your advice,” whereupon they thrust him from the chariot, bruising his thigh. At the Stadium the procunsul urged him: “Swear and I will release thee.” “Reproach Christ!” rejoined Polycarp, “eighty and six years have I served Him, and He has never wronged me, and how can I blaspheme my King who hath saved me?” “Swear by the fortune of Cæsar,” cried the procunsul. “If you still vainly contend to make me swear by the fortune of Cæsar,” said Polycarp, “affecting an ignorance of my real character, hear me frankly declare what I am. I am a Christian.” “I will have wild beasts,” cried the procunsul, “I will expose you to them unless you repent.” “Call them,” replied Polycarp. “I will tame your spirit by fire, since you despise the wild beasts, unless you repent,” said the officer. “You threaten,” answered Polycarp, “with fire that burns for a moment, and is then extinct, but you are ignorant of the future judgment, and the fire of eternal punishment reserved for the ungodly. But why delay? Do as you please.” Saying this he was led away and burnt at the stake, which he made memorable by one of the most beautiful prayers ever uttered.

A Roman Emperor said to a Greek architect, “Build me a grand coliseum, and if it suits me, I will crown you in the presence of my people, and I will make a great day of festival on your account.” The architect did the work magnificently. The day for opening arrived. In the coliseum were the emperor and the

architect. The former arose, amid the plaudits of a vast assembly, and said, “We have gathered here to-day to open this coliseum, and to honor the Greek architect. It is a great day for the Roman Empire. Let this building be prosperous, and let honor be put on the Greek architect. O! we must have a festival day. Bring out those Christians and let them be put to death at the mouth of the lions!”

The Christians were put in the center of the amphitheater. It was to be a great celebration in their destruction. Then the lions, hungry and three-fourths starved, were let out of their dens in the side of the amphitheater, and they came forth with mighty spring to destroy and rend the Christians, and all the galleries shouted, “Huzza! Huzza! Long live the Emperor!” Then the Greek architect arose in one of the galleries, and shouted until, in the vast assemblage, all heard him, “I, too, am a Christian!”

They seized him in their fury and flung him to the wild beasts, until his body, bleeding and dead, was tumbled over and over again in the dust of the amphitheater. He was “faithful unto death!”

UNFAITHFULNESS AND ITS CAUSE.

Many boys start well in the Christian life, but in a brief time stray away. They put their hand to the plow but soon look back. They boil over with enthusiasm while the interest is at white heat, but when trials and ridicule come they follow Christ at a distance. They renounce the world for a season, but like Demas soon come to it again. Many who have at some time been numbered with the saints have later, like Judas, turned out to be betrayers.

Benedict Arnold battled nobly for the American

colonies, but he blackened his fair name beyond the power of rehabilitation when he plotted to secure and betray West Point. It is pathetic to read of his last hours in London when he donned his old American uniform, put on the insignia that Washington gave him after his victory at Saratoga, and said: “Let me die in this old uniform in which I fought my battles. May God forgive me for ever putting on any other.”

This reminds us of Esau’s remorse when he lost his chieftainship, and the despair of Judas after selling his Master. Infidelity to trust is an awful sin. Unfaithfulness is inexcusable and often brings with it direst penalty. It is a gradually increasing sin. There is first a lack of love to God. Then, like Peter on the sea and Elijah under the juniper tree, disbelief creeps into the heart, earnestness is lost, unwatchfulness results, joy vanishes and unholy living follows. In the end, unless there is a returning to God like the prodigal son to his father, death becomes sad and eternity awful.

DEAD ON THE FIELD OF HONOR.

Faithfulness is a beautiful and noble characteristic, which never fails to bring respect and honor. Fame comes only to a few, but faithfulness should actuate the life of every boy. Latour D’Auberque was only a private soldier who defended alone a fort in a mountain pass against a regiment of Austrian soldiers. He knew it was important that the Austrian army should not pass through this mountain defile, and he hastened to inform the garrison of their approach. When he arrived he found the soldiers had deserted, leaving their guns.

D'Auberque loaded rapidly and fired upon the advancing regiment, causing fearful havoc. For one hour he kept the Austrians at bay. Finally he raised a flag and sounded a bugle, thus announcing the fort would surrender if the garrison should be permitted to carry out their arms and depart in safety. The proposition was accepted, and D'Auberque took his arms full of guns and marched out alone. "Where are the others?" cried the Austrians. "There are no others," replied the brave grenadier. "I defended the fort alone." The Austrians threw their caps in the air and shouted "Hurrah!" They honored the man who could and would stand alone, though many of their comrades had fallen under his fire. When Napoleon heard of the brave action, he offered to make him an officer, but D'Auberque refused to accept. One day he was killed in battle. Whenever after the roll was called, a grenadier, by the command of Napoleon, stepped forward and answered, "Dead on the field of honor."

THE PROMISE TO THE "FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH."

When John was banished by the cruel Domitian to the isle of Patmos, he had a vision in which he was commanded to write to the pastor of the church in Smyrna concerning many things. He closed his letter with these words: "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." What a promise! No other person ever offered such a reward with such a condition. Faithfulness must characterize the aspirant, not for a few days, months or years, but "unto death." Then there are no terrors for the Christian. As the bee loses its power to hurt when its

sting has been removed, so death had no sting for the child of God. It lost its power to harm when Christ died for us.

THE ARAB MARTYR.

It was about three hundred and fifty years ago that a martyrdom took place, long considered legendary, but which was verified in 1853. An Arab baby was taken by Spanish soldiers and brought to Oran to be sold as a slave. The good Vicar-general, Juan Caro, bought him and named him Geronimo. When he was eight years of age, some Arab slaves escaped from Oran, and, thinking to do the boy a kindness, took him with them. For years he lived with his people as a Mahometan, but the holy faith which through Juan Caro had been planted in the boy's heart had taken firm root and could not be destroyed. For twenty-five years he remained with them and then ran away and returned to the Vicar-general. "Because I wished to live henceforth in the faith of the Divine Saviour," he said, "I returned to you." Juan Caro was delighted. He received the young Arab as a lost child.

Soon after he entered the Spanish Guard as a soldier and after performing many brave acts received a high military position. He married and for ten years nothing but happiness shone into his life. He won the respect and confidence of all. He was Juan Caro's right hand man, and his wife was a daughter to his adopted father. One bright May day in 1569 news came to Oran that a small Arab encampment was a short distance away. The rumor did not seem important. A handful of Spaniards could easily manage the Arabs, at least so thought Geronimo. Taking nine soldiers he manned a little

boat and rowed out of the safe harbor and along the blue sea past the coral fishery of Mers-el-Kebir. Suddenly two Moorish brigantines which had been lying in wait chased and ran them down. The nine soldiers escaped but Geronimo, who was a marked man, was seized and carried to Euldij Ali, the Calabrian renegade. A great cry spread among the Arabs through Algeria that the apostate was captured. The Moors who knew his history made a solemn vow that they would restore him to his old religion. For this they sent Marabouts to convert him with arguments and fair promises, but they returned discomfited to Euldij Ali. Another method was now tried. Geronimo was loaded with chains, treated with the utmost cruelty and when faint from torture and scarcely able to speak, the Marabouts stood around him offering him liberty, power, honor and riches. No offer, however, made him deny his faith, no longing for freedom made him forswear for one single moment his religion. Once, after some most horrible threats, he raised his poor suffering head, and with a voice so weak it could scarcely be heard, he said, “They think they will make me a Mahometan, but that they shall never do, even if they kill me.”

For four months Euldij Ali gloated over the daily tortures he was inflicting on Geronimo. At last the sameness of cruelty palled upon him, and he was determined to invent a new and more hideous revenge for the stubbornness of his captive. One morning the desired idea came to him. Examining the works of a fort by the gate of Bab-el-Oned, he saw a block of beton standing by the great stones. This block was a mould in the shape of the immense stones, filled with a kind of concrete. When the concrete was sufficiently hardened, the wall was to

be built with it.

Here was the height of torture. Here was the most exquisitely painful death man might devise! The dog of a slave should be laid in a similar mould, the liquid plaster poured over him, and the renegade, built alive into the wall, should be converted into stone. Calling a mason he said: “Michel, you see this empty mould of beton? For the present leave it. I have a mind to make beton of that dog of Oran who refuses to come back to the faith of Islam.”

The poor mason finished his day’s work with a sad heart. As soon as he entered the prison where Geronimo was a captive he informed him of Euldij Ali’s intention. Geronimo calmly answered, “God’s holy will be done. Let not those miserable men think they will frighten me out of the faith of Christ by the idea of this cruel death. May my blessed Saviour only pardon my sins, and preserve my soul.”

The whole of that night the brave young Arab spent in prayer and preparation for the tortures which he knew were awaiting him. Between two and three o’clock the next morning a guard summoned him to the Pasha’s presence, where stood a great multitude of Turks and Arabs in their gorgeous robes. He was then dragged to the gate of Bab-el-Oned, being beaten all the way. Euldij Ali addressed him slowly and clearly. He pointed out every detail of the fearful death, showed him the block of beton, and then said: “Do you still refuse to return to the faith of Islam?” “I am a Christian, and as a Christian I will die,” was Geronimo’s answer. “As you will,” replied the Pasha. Pointing to the beton, he said, “Then here shall you be buried alive.” “Do your will. Death shall not make me abandon my faith.” The Pasha raised his hand. The soldiers stepped forward and removed the chain from the prisoner’s leg. His

hands were bound behind his back, his legs crossed and tied together. Then, lifting the poor man, they laid him face downward in the mould. A renegade Spaniard named Tamango, desiring to show what a fervent Mahometan he was, jumped on Geronimo's body and broke his ribs. This act so pleased Euldij Ali that others followed his example. The plaster was then poured over him, and the brave Christian was suffocated.

Three hundred years later the noble Arab's martyrdom was brought to light and the story verified. In the museum of Algiers is the cast. It shows a slight figure, a face with veins all swollen, a poor mouth closed with a patient determined expression, hands tied, legs swollen, even the broken ribs are distinguished. He was "faithful unto death."

REWARD OF FAITHFULNESS.

When Petrarch was crowned at Rome, it was by the supreme magistrate of the Republic. Twelve youths were arrayed in scarlet. Six representatives of the most illustrious families, in green robes, with garlands of flowers, witnessed the scene. When the laurel crown was placed on his head, the magistrate said, "This is the reward of merit." And the people shouted, "Long live the poet." But you, my boy, if faithful to the end shall be crowned in the presence of all the high dignitaries of heaven, by King Jesus, with a crown that fadeth not away, and a radiance that vies with the brightness of blazing suns as they run their eternal course.

My boy, with what better exhortation can this volume close than, "Be faithful"? Being the architects of your own weal or woe, be courageous like Joshua,

self-reliant like Nehemiah, obedient like Abraham, persevering like Jacob, decisive like Moses, administrative like Solomon, above reproach like Daniel, long suffering like Paul, self-disciplined like David, prayerful like Elijah, masters of passions like Joseph, bold like Peter, self-surrendered like Noah, Godlike like Enoch, faith-acting like Abel, and in all things, with all persons, at all time exemplify the spirit of the Christ.

Be faithful. Faithful to your Christian profession, faithful to your church, faithful to Christ, faithful under all circumstances and in all places, faithful unto death. Above the grave of his hero Homer inscribed the words, “He was a brave man.” Above his hero Plato wrote, “He was a wise man.” Above his hero Alcibiades said, “He was a rich man,” but the motto for the Christian’s tomb is that which is sculptured beneath Lincoln’s great name and which he wished above all things history might write of him: “He was faithful.” And that of Rev. Henry Weston Smith, who was killed by the Indians while on his way from Deadwood, Dakota, to preach at Crook City, “Faithful unto death.”

When Allen K. Capron was killed at Las Guasimas, his father lifted the hat that covered his face, and said, “Well done, my boy.” May others say of you, “He was faithful,” and may Christ say to you, “Well done!”

“*Here’s a hand to the boy who has courage*
To do what he knows to be right.
When he falls in the way of temptation,
He has a hard battle to fight.
Who strives against self and his comrades
Will find a most powerful foe;
All honor to him if he conquers;
A cheer for the boy who says, ‘No!’

"*There's many a battle fought daily*
The world knows nothing about.
There's many a brave young soldier
Whose strength puts a legion to rout.
And he who fights sin single-handed
Is more of a hero, I say
Than he who leads soldiers to battle,
And conquers by arms in the fray.

"*Be steadfast, my boy, when you're tempted,*
And do what you think to be right;
Stand firm by the colors of manhood,
And you will o'ercome in the fight.
'The right' be your battle-cry ever
In waging the warfare of life;
And God, who knows who are the heroes,
Will give you the strength for the strife."

"My Pledge."

I WILL

Keep to the right as the law directs,
Keep from the world my friends' defects.
Keep all my thoughts on the purest themes,
Keep from my eyes the motes and beams.
Keep true my deeds, my honor bright,
Keep firm my faith in God and right.
Keep free from every sin and stain,
Keep from the ways that bring me pain.
Keep free my tongue from words of ill,
Keep right my aim, and good my will.
Keep all my acts from passion free,
Keep strong my hope, no envy see.
Keep watchful care o'er tongue and hand.
Keep firm my feet, by justice stand.
Keep true my word, a sacred thing,
Keep from the snares the tempters bring.
Keep faith with each I call a friend,

Keep full in view the final end.
Keep firm my courage, bold and strong,
Keep up the right and down the wrong.
Keep well the words of wisdom's school,
Keep warm by night, by day keep cool.

My Symphony.

"To live content with small means, to seek elegance rather than luxury, and refinement rather than fashion; to be worthy, not respectable, and wealthy, not rich; to study hard, think quietly, talk gently, act frankly, to listen to stars and birds, to babes and sages, with open heart; to bear all cheerfully, do all bravely, await occasions, hurry never;—in a word, to let the spiritual, unbidden and unconscious, grow up through the common. This is to be my symphony."

WILLIAM HENRY CHANNING.

TRANSCRIBER'S NOTES

Page	Changed from	Changed to
111	The practice is unfit a scholar or a gentleman.	The practice is unfit for a scholar or a gentleman.

1. Silently corrected obvious

typographical errors and variations in spelling.
2. Retained archaic, non-standard, and uncertain spellings as printed.

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK STEPPING STONES TO MANHOOD ***

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