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OLD TALES

AND

MODERN IDEALS

A SERIES OF TALKS TO
HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS

BY

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WITH

Faith, Hope, and Love,

I dedicate this little volume to the young men and women, who, as students of the Birmingham High School, inspired my unfaltering Faith in youth, strengthened my Hope for the future of my State and Country, and established my Love towards God and all Goodness.

PREFACE.

For a number of years, the program of the Birmingham High School has provided for a brief talk to the assembled students every Monday morning, by the superintendent or some invited speaker. The purpose of these talks has not been entertainment: it has been something more than instruction; the presentation of worthy ideals and the inspiration to nobler living have always been the dominant ends in view. The "Talks" here published are selected from a large number made to the school by the superintendent and are presented substantially as delivered, excepting so far as their reduction to writing after delivery may have marred their effectiveness by making them more pretentious and formal in style.

Their publication in this form is due to the solicitation of friends who believe they may serve to stimulate teachers and others in their efforts to give the students of our high schools more wholesome ethical instruction and richer life ideals.

John Herbert Phillips.

Birmingham, Ala.
January, 1905.

PUBLISHERS' NOTE.

This volume of addresses, delivered to the High School students of Birmingham, Alabama, the Publishers desire to bring to the attention of the general reading public and of teachers.

As a book of varied essays, in which tales from myth, tradition, and history bear, each with significant illustration, upon the ideals of modern life, it is recommended to readers everywhere.

To teachers, both in High Schools and in Grammar Schools, it will prove a book of large practical value in aiding them to develop the ethical application of lessons in literature and history and to guide the daily conduct of the school. It is adapted for use, not merely by the teacher alone, but by teacher and pupils together in the classroom. Chapters, or shorter selections suggested by some topic of the day, may be read aloud by the teacher; or, in the higher grades, the book may be used as a Supplementary Reader in the hands of the pupils themselves.

CONTENTS.

OLD TALES AND MODERN IDEALS.

I. JANUS, THE ROMAN GATE-GOD.

Janus am I : oldest of Potentates;
Forward I look, and backward, and below
I count, as god of avenues and gates,
The years that through my portals come and go.
—*Longfellow.*

In ancient Rome, beside the Forum, stood the famous temple of Janus Quirinus. In time of war, its gates remained open, a signal to the people that their deity was at the front, opening the gates of new territory for the Roman Empire; when war had ceased,—a seldom occurrence in Rome,—the gates of the temple were closed as a pledge of peace. Janus was the god of gates and doors—the guardian divinity of all entrances. As usually represented, he had two faces, because gates and doors look two ways, outward and inward; and in one hand carried a staff and in the other a key, the

badge of his office. Being keeper of the gates of earth and the gates of life, and janitor of heaven, he opened the year and the seasons and inspired every beginning and every invention. Therefore, he was invoked before every important action; and, as no rites of worship could be undertaken without his aid, he was given precedence over all other Roman deities. Since the time of Numa, the first month of the Roman year has been called January, in his honor; and the name remains to this day—a lasting memorial to Janus, the "Gate-God."

I need not apologize for introducing this old mythological deity as the theme of this morning's talk. You have, no doubt, already anticipated my purpose. Many of the old classic myths and fables are rich in fruitful suggestions to thoughtful students. The lessons to be derived from the fabulous gate-god of the ancient Romans are not only interesting, but particularly appropriate for the first day of the term—the gateway to the work of a new semester.

The beginning of anything is always regarded as important. In ancient Rome it was deemed so important that it was put in charge of a special god. The Romans doubtless thought that if their god would help them to begin well, they could manage to carry on the undertaking fairly well without him. This

belief is not uncommon in our own time. There are many young men who think that if some one will only help them get a position, nothing else is necessary. In their own conceit, they are self-sufficient; and the one condition of their success is *to get* a position. To the average office-seeker in this country, the whole qualification for holding office is to be able to get the appointment. No matter how unworthy or how ignorant he may be, if he can induce the guardians of the Republic to help him get an office, his sublime self-confidence is such that he has no question of his ability to hold it without any assistance, human or divine.

While we of this age do not invoke the aid of the old heathen divinity, we still emphasize the beginning of important undertakings and attach special significance to the first day of the year, to birthday anniversaries, to the inauguration of certain periods, to the laying of corner-stones of public buildings, and to the initiative step in any great work. We still emphasize the old proverb, "Well begun is half done." To begin aright, to enter upon our work fully prepared, in the right spirit and with the proper conception of our own duty and responsibility, is far more important than young people usually imagine. Many a battle has been lost because of poor preparation and a bad beginning; many

a promising career has been blasted, many a life has ended in disgrace and disaster, because of the failure to begin aright. Today, the one essential to success is right preparation. The nation that wins the battle is the nation that is best prepared and best equipped with trained soldiers and modern munitions. Today, it is not the young man of wealth and luxury and ease who wins the laurels of life, but he who, through patient struggle and obscure toil, becomes fully prepared and completely equipped to do that which he dares in the work of life. It is today literally true that "The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong." Prepare to begin well the work of life. This is the first lesson I would impress upon you today. There are new gates to open, new doors to enter. The world has great work in store for those who are prepared to do it, and great glory for those who succeed. Great duties and great responsibilities confront you. Will you be prepared to meet them? You are naturally eager to find out what is before you: you are mentally on tiptoe of expectation to learn what interesting revelations of life and of nature are reserved for you in the new fields you are about to explore—what beauties, what delights, what mental conquests; aye, and also what struggles, what pains, what reverses and disappointments! Resolve to begin well; for the beginning is the condition

and the promise of the end. The struggle must come before the victory.

> "Greatly begin! though thou have time
> But for a line, be that sublime."

Important as it is to begin well, do not imagine that this is all. A continuous line may be conceived as a succession of contiguous points, or a point in continuous motion; so life may be regarded as a series of beginnings. The great and noble life is that which begins daily, continuously and persistently. If you would truly succeed, the ardor, purpose, and courage of the beginning of your work must be continued to the very end. "He that persevereth to the end, the same shall be saved." As a rule, most students, when they enter school, are very much alike: they start apparently on an equal footing. It is at the close of school that we find the difference. It is human destiny that gives us the angle of divergence. Most men, as they enter upon the race of life, differ but slightly in their capabilities for culture and nobility; but oh, how sad the difference at the close! Most failures in life are due, not to want of intellectual capacity, but to want of perseverance and steady adherence to purpose. It is quiet, diligent work that tells, not spasmodic effort, in school as well as in the larger business of life. Scien-

tists tell us that it requires the electricity of thirty-seven ordinary lightning flashes to keep one little incandescent lamp burning for one hour. We want students in our high schools, and men and women in every department of life, who will work purposefully and persistently, not those who flash spasmodically for special occasions, and who cannot be relied upon for continuous effort.

There is another beautiful lesson suggested by the story of Janus, the old Roman gate-god. You remember that he was usually represented with two faces, so that, while guarding the gates and doors of his worshipers, he could look at once both ways—outward and inward. This is a significant characteristic and suggests the important thought, that, as we enter the gates of life, we must look within as well as without. Man must deal, not only with the physical world without him—the world of science, art, and literature, the world of society and of government, but also with the world of thought and of passion, of feeling and of conscience—the world of unfathomable mystery that lies within himself. As you stand upon the threshold of life and prepare to enter the open gates of the great untried world before you; as you look upon the inviting fields and pleasing prospects that stretch out in every department of knowledge and of industry, do not

forget to look within. Your appreciation and mastery of the great world without will depend upon the cultivation and mastery of the little world within. *The extent of your outlook will be proportional to the depth of your inlook.* Cultivate the finer feelings and sentiments of the soul; banish deceit and dishonesty in word and thought; expel every base motive and unworthy suggestion before it has time to become crystallized into action. Keep your minds full of pure and ennobling thoughts, and the bad will have no chance to enter.

Our deadliest enemies lie within ourselves. Many a genius has won signal victories in the world without —the world of science and invention, literature and art, industry and finance, only to succumb at last to hidden foes within. Guard well, then, the sacred portals of this temple, while you strive for conquest in the larger world without. "Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life." Enter, then, my young friends, the avenues of knowledge that are opening and widening before you. Like Janus Quirinus, keep in one hand the staff that is essential to sustain material life and to provide for your physical needs and comforts; in the other, hold fast the key that shall unlock for you the gates of knowledge and the doors of moral and spiritual power. Look within as

well as without. Cultivate the power of introspection —the habit of self-examination. "Know thyself." This is the first step in true wisdom. Nobility of character, which is true greatness, is due far more to the inner powers and processes of the soul than to conditions and factors that are wholly without.

The last lesson of the old heathen myth is then the most beautiful of all. Janus, the old Roman gate-god, is simply the personification of conscience—the Divine element in the soul. As Janus presided over the gates and doors of Rome and at the beginning of everything, so conscience should guard the gates of life and should be consulted at the beginning of every action. As Janus carried a staff in one hand and a key in the other and faced in two directions at once, so conscience, sustained by the staff of material life and carrying in her hand the key to all the gates of life, has regard both to the world of matter and to the world of spirit, to the present and the future. Janus, the two-faced gate-god of Rome, protected the gates and doors of his worshipers, even as the cherubim of Eden, with a flaming sword which "turned every way," kept the way of the tree of life. Let conscience, then, the presiding monitor that looks within as well as without, guard well the physical senses, the royal gateways of the sacred temple of the soul, that no

impure thought or unworthy desire may enter to defile it.

The gates of the temple of Janus were open while the Roman people were at war, expanding their territory and extending their power. They were kept open until the campaigns were ended and peace had been restored. So, also, during the warfare of life, while battling for the right against the hosts of ignorance and error; while striving for the increase of knowledge and the growth of moral and spiritual force, swing open all the gates of the temple of the soul and let them be kept open, never to be closed, until the last enemy shall have been conquered, and peace at last shall reign.

II. THE STUDENT'S DIVIDENDS.

When men establish an institution for business enterprise, the end in view is profit. Time, labor, and capital are combined for the purpose of gain. The successful business corporation is one that is so managed as to bring the greatest possible returns to the shareholders. The index to its success is the dividend declared. The dividends received by the shareholders are always determined by two fundamental facts: the successful operation of the business of the firm or corporation, and the amount invested by each individual stockholder. If the institution has been successful, and has made any gains in its business, the amount received by each individual shareholder depends upon the investment, the amount he has put into the business.

This school, with its nearly four hundred students, is an institution organized for special work and for the benefit of all those who are shareholders. Though its business is conducted for profit, its gains cannot be computed in dollars and cents. The capital stock of this institution includes a great deal more than the

money investment represented by building and equipment. It includes the time and the work that each one of you invests daily; it includes the brain and heart powers of your teachers; it includes assistance of parents and friends, and the encouragement and goodwill of all good people in the community and the state. Remember that, in this institution, each one of you is a shareholder. The city and the state are likewise shareholders and, through you, have a right to share in the profits.

The question I wish to press home to each one of you this morning is an important one: What do you get out of the high school? What profits do you get from the business in which you are engaged? What dividends do you receive from your investment? What is your investment in the high school? Your time? Yes. "Time is money," we are told; and if you stop a minute to compute the market value of your time invested in the high school, you will find it an important item. What is your time worth per day? Suppose that the entire school is capable of earning daily an average of only fifty cents per pupil. Then the time value of the high school is two hundred dollars per day, one thousand dollars per week, four thousand dollars per month. Important as this time investment is to each of you, it is

the lowest view that can be taken of your interest in the school. Does each student get from the high school adequate returns for the time invested? If you are here to invest nothing but your time, your dividends will not be worth mentioning. To get adequate returns, you must put into the business your best efforts. You must put in love of work, diligent application, concentrated attention. You must put in daily the exercise of your best intellectual and moral powers and the practice of your highest conceptions of right and duty. In return for an investment like this, what benefits may the student rightly expect? What does the school endeavor to give.

The first measurable benefit the school aims to give the pupil is an increase of power. Everybody strives for power in some form and in some direction. Many a man strives for the power that comes through the possession of wealth; but that kind of power is outside the man, not a part of him. If he loses the wealth, he loses the power. Many a man strives for the power that fashion and social leadership give; but such power is not real or intrinsic. Another seeks power through official position; but this, again, is temporary and external. Too many, indeed, strive to possess instrumentalities of power that are fleeting and unsubstan-

tial—means of power that are entirely outside their own personality.

The power that the high school aims to give you is not something apart from your real self, but a conscious capacity and an inherent strength which you can never lose in the lottery of life. This power *includes* ability to make money, but it comprehends much more. It includes ability to discharge the duties of official position and the functions of social or political leadership, but is not limited to any single channel. Electrical energy may be converted into light, heat, sound, or motor power, at will. So with mental and moral power: it is convertible at will into a thousand agencies for the benefit of the individual and of the world. This power includes mastery of the field of knowledge; power to know, and to acquire information. It requires a knowledge of science and mathematics, language and literature, history and politics, music and art. But this is not all. Mere knowledge is not power. Mere information is not dynamic. You must have power to think, to reason for yourself. Real thinking is a difficult task; it is a power that must be developed by continued, persistent exercise. But it is not enough for the educated man to have intellectual power; he must have also power *to do;* he must have skill in applying his knowledge to the conditions that surround

him in the home and in civil and social life. Doing is the proof of knowing; execution is the test of skill. The test of your knowledge of an algebraic problem is the solution; of a geometrical proposition, the demonstration; of Latin construction, the correct translation; of good English, correct writing and speaking. The test of right thinking and right feeling is right action. It is not enough to know the rules of politeness and good manners; the test is found in the doing. It is not enough to feel kindly and sympathetically towards the weak, the helpless, and the afflicted. Kind feelings and sympathetic emotions that are not embodied in words or deeds recoil upon themselves and harden the heart of the possessor. This power which the high school aims to give to each one of you includes the power to feel, to sympathize, and to express that feeling and sympathy in the daily work of life. It includes self-control and self-direction. The power to master self, to acquire dominion over those passions and prejudices that lie within your own breasts—this is the highest form of power you can obtain by the processes of education.

But power is not the sole index of culture. Misdirected power may prove a curse to its possessor. It is the aim of the high school to develop the affections and the emotions; to develop love for the good, the

true, the beautiful. The cultured man not only knows, but loves, the good in nature and in art, in thought and in action. Any work in which the heart is not employed becomes dreary drudgery. The young man that sighs at the very thought of the task assigned him has no joy in his work. There is no sadder picture to me than that of a whole class of young people who come to school under compulsion, who go through their tasks under compulsion, and who look upon their teachers as heartless task-masters. Their school life is joyless, because intellect and desire are working at cross-purposes. To the healthy, normal mind, there is joy in work, and pleasure in exercise. The healthy mind rejoices in the mastery of difficult problems; it is the weak and impotent that frets and sighs and groans. The high school aims to make you happy in your work, to give you joy in every lesson. A joyless task is poorly done, and a heartless student will accomplish but little. Put thought into your work, and let love for study stimulate your activity.

The high school aims also to give you confidence in your mental powers. What others by work have done, you may achieve. Have faith in yourself. Dependence upon others undermines self-reliance and weakens your faith in self. In proportion as you progress in the attainment of true culture, you will grow in faith

—faith in yourself, faith in your fellow-men, and faith in God, the author of all truth and all beauty, the sum and inspiration of all wisdom. And, lastly, the high school aims to give you true ideals of life; yes, it aims to give you life itself. It is not enough that you simply prepare here for ife. Let your school life be real life, in its fullness and its richness, its joy and its sweetness. Reap now the dividends within your reach; power, love, faith, and life itself. Do you remember the old story of Pygmalion and Galatea? Pygmalion was a youth of ancient Greece who thought none of the Grecian maidens beautiful. He could not love, because none reached his ideal of beauty. The life of the youth was loveless and joyless; and he lost faith in himself, in human-kind, and in the very gods. In his lonely abode, he began to chisel from the marble the statue of a woman. As he continued to work, his ideal developed; "as the marble wasted, the image grew." The more he worked, the more he loved the image he was creating from the heart of the marble. When the statue was completed, it was Pygmalion's ideal of a beautiful woman. He loved it, he adored it; but it was only the cold, lifeless marble upon which he lavished his affections. Then he prayed to the goddess of beauty to give life to the statue he loved, that he might truly possess his own creation. His prayer was

heard; and Galatea sprang into life, the realization in face and figure of his dream of beauty.

If your education is to culminate in life; if your culture is to be truly possessed as a part of yourself, you must create it for yourself; you must chisel it out of the lifeless material you find in nature and in books. Your power must form, your heart must love, your faith must inspire.

To this end, then, do you individually and as a whole work together—to the development of power conditioned in the possession of knowledge, enthusiasm, confidence, and true ideals. And if, in this business, all coöperate, great will be the dividends.

III. THE CHOICE OF SOLOMON.

"Ask what I shall give thee."—*2 Chron.* i. 7.

At the beginning of his public career, Solomon was in deep perplexity. He was a young man, with limited experience of life, brought for the first time to consider seriously the obligations entailed by his position. He had succeeded to the throne of his illustrious father; and as he surveyed the great work before him, he was overwhelmed with the sense of responsibility. In this state of serious reflection, with the burdens of a kingdom weighing upon his mind, he went up to the tabernacle of God at Gibeon, to worship. There God appeared unto him in a vision and said unto him: "Ask what I shall give thee." That is the supreme moment in the life of the young monarch. Upon the choice he now makes hangs not only his own future, but the destiny of a great nation. What shall he ask? A whole realm of possibilities opens up before him. Shall he ask for wealth and riches, for a long life of ease and pleasure? Shall he ask for honor and power and glory among the kings and rulers of the earth?

Shall he ask for victory over his enemies and for the expansion of his imperial domain by military conquest? All these alluring possibilities might be included in the dream of an ambitious young monarch; all might be considered legitimate aspirations for a king. But Solomon chose none of them. After considering the entire field, he consulted his own greatest need and preferred the modest request: "Give me now wisdom and knowledge, that I may go out and come in before this people." "And God said to Solomon, because this was in thine heart, and thou hast not asked riches or honor, or the life of thine enemies, neither yet hast asked long life, but hast asked wisdom and knowledge for thyself, that thou mayest judge my people, over whom I have made thee king; wisdom and knowledge is granted unto thee, and I will give thee riches and wealth and honor, such as none of the kings have had that have been before thee, neither shall there any after thee have the like."

This significant and far-reaching choice of Solomon is beautifully paralleled in Greek mythology by the choice of Hercules. As the youthful hero stood upon the threshold of life, uncertain as to the course he should take, he was accosted by two beautiful women representing Vice and Virtue. Each offered her services as his guide and counselor; each demanded his

allegiance and insisted that he should immediately choose which he preferred to follow. Vice, enchantingly beautiful to the eye, promised him riches and luxury, love and pleasure, if he would but follow her. Virtue urged him to accept her as his guide, but warned him that in her wake he would be obliged to wage incessant war against evil, to endure hardships without number and to suffer toil and privation for the sake of making the world better and life richer for millions of mortals. She promised, as his reward, an immortality of fame on earth and a final abode with Jupiter on high Olympus. After pondering awhile in silence over these two dissimilar offers, Hercules turned to Virtue and declared himself ready to follow her guidance and to obey whatever command she might choose to give him.

These two stories, one from Sacred history and the other from heathen mythology, may be regarded as the most significant and suggestive in all literature. The name of Solomon has come down the ages as the synonym of wisdom; and that of Hercules still symbolizes physical strength and the application of the powers of nature to the destruction of the evil that is found in the world. In its broadest sense, the choice of Solomon includes that of Hercules. The twelve labors of Hercules symbolize the progress of humanity

in overcoming physical obstacles; the wisdom of Solomon includes the mental and spiritual conquests of the race. The greater includes the lesser. "Wisdom is a tree of life to them that lay hold of her; and happy is every one that retaineth her."

Some one has truly said that life is endurable only in the atmosphere of possibility. The great charm of existence, to young men and young women, lies in the fact that all the chances of fortune and all the possibilities of human achievement lie before them and are not beyond the scope of realization. Much of the pleasure of youth is found in dreams of future joy or greatness. As we advance in years, the possibilities of life naturally become fewer; the chances of winning fame or fortune gradually diminish, until old age, at last, finds its greatest pleasure in retrospect. The charm of youth lies in the possibilities of the future; the charm of old age lies in the achievements of the past.

Each one of you, my young friends, is confronted this morning with the complex possibilities of one lifetime; and each one of you is given an opportunity to choose. We may say what we will about the influence of heredity; we may talk glibly of the force of circumstances and environment. We still have the power to choose our line of conduct and to shape the conditions

of our life. This is the first lesson we are taught by the two stories I have selected. To every one God appears in some vision, in some moment of illumination or of spiritual insight, and gives him the opportunity to choose. He says to each of you today, "Ask what I shall give thee."

Choose. It was never intended that you should be passive spectators in the drama of life. You must make an active choice, a positive election. Jesus said to his followers, "Ask and ye shall receive; seek and ye shall find." And even of the Pharisees and hypocrites, he said, "They also receive their reward." What people ask for with all the earnest intensity of the soul they generally receive. Those who set their hearts upon one object in life and sacrifice all else for its attainment are very apt to realize it. If it is a base object, all of life's powers and energies are brought down to the level of that object, and life itself becomes base. If the object is high and noble, all of life is enriched and ennobled. Choose then the best, the greatest thing in the universe—that wisdom which perisheth not and that virtue which shall shine forever. Your choice may not be framed in words; the real desire of the soul is expressed in your attitude towards work and in the spirit of your daily conduct. If I were to translate the choice of many young people into

words, it would read, "God grant me ease and pleasure; save me from all hard work and give me a good time." These young people may attend school or college, they may appear to seek wisdom; but their real choice is unmistakable. When they enter school, they study the curriculum in order to select the easiest course. The curriculum of life has many courses. How many people there are who elect the course that promises the least amount of work! They forget that all of life is not easy; that in every life there are tragic moments which require the severest discipline to endure, and obstacles which require the trained powers of the soul to overcome. Many ask for wealth—wealth for its own sake or as an instrument of pleasure or power, a means for the gratification of pride and ambition. Others seek honor and glory by social distinction or political position, forgetting that such honor is temporary and that such glory soon fades away. True wisdom means the highest development of the human soul—the highest intellectual, moral, and spiritual culture. Those young people who ask for wisdom need not announce the fact in words; their conduct tells the story. They do not work for praise or glory, for marks or honors. They do not work under compulsion, nor from a sense of duty or obligation, but from a deep soul-desire, and for the life of

service for which school work is a preparation. The young man who seeks merely to do his duty, to do only that which he is obliged to do, comes far short of his privilege. Men deserve no credit for doing only what duty and obligation prescribe. Credit begins when, in the spirit of love for the work, one goes beyond mere duty; when the heart's desire, the real hunger for culture, is so intense that labor becomes spontaneous service.

Solomon chose wisdom, and in addition, received wealth and honor and glory and a long life. "Length of days is in her right hand, and in her left hand riches and honor." True wisdom includes all else that is good and needful. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and all these things shall be added unto you."

IV. LAUGHTER AN INDEX OF CHARACTER.

"How much lies in laughter, the cipher-key wherewith we decipher the whole man!"—*Carlyle.*

"Nothing is more significant of men's character than what they find laughable."—*Goethe.*

LAUGHTER is characteristic of man alone. The lower animals may share with him the possession of many traits; they may have similar physical structures and similar appetites; they may exhibit a degree of intelligence that marvelously approaches human reason, and manifest by their actions definite emotional tones which we readily interpret, in terms of our own mental states, as pain and pleasure, joy and sorrow, happiness and distress. But man, and man only, has the power to laugh.

I have no sympathy with those who would condemn a good, hearty laugh. It is sunshine in the home and in the world. He who cannot enjoy a laugh is an abnormal man and suffers from a diseased organism. A bright, happy, genuine laugh is a tonic to the individual and cleanses the atmosphere of the germs of social malaria. A good laugh is both a therapeutic and a

prophylactic; it not only restores, but also preserves physical and mental health.

The lesson I would impress upon you this morning is the fact that laughter is an important index to character; it is the involuntary expression of the real man or woman. We judge other people almost unconsciously by a variety of little signs. Some people say that they read human nature intuitively. They are simply good interpreters of signs. Everything you have, everything you say, and everything you do, is a sign of character, an index to some trait or peculiarity. You see a stranger for the first time; you can tell but little of his disposition or true character. You observe his eyes, his features, his walk, his gestures; yet you know but little of him. You hear his voice and listen to his words; then you think you know him better. But when you hear him laugh, you feel that you have heard the involuntary expression of his soul. The laugh is the "cipher-key," as Carlyle calls it, to the man's inner life. It is quite obvious that the manner in which you laugh gives other people an opportunity to judge your culture and your politeness. Every laugh, from the sweet, spiritual ripple of gracious sympathy, through its various modifications, down to the rude guffaw of boorish ignorance or the stentorian outburst of uncontrolled animal pleasure, is an involun-

tary expression of the man behind it. The manner in which you laugh reveals your inner self: whether it be tainted with sneer or sarcasm, malice or revenge, satire or mockery, conceal it, disguise it as you will, the sting is still there and the poison cannot be mistaken.

But there is another way in which laughter may be regarded as an index of character. Goethe expressed a great truth when he said, "Nothing is more significant of men's character than what they find laughable." How you laugh may be important, but what you laugh at is far more important as an index to what you really are. Have you ever felt mortified in company, by suddenly finding yourself laughing immoderately at something that had been said or done, while the rest of the company were serious and unmoved? The difference is subjective; it is a difference in the culture and the character of the individuals.

Every laugh is a judgment upon the character of the one who laughs. Many people, when they laugh, unconsciously tell us their secret opinion of themselves. Young people too often imagine that they understand clearly the motives and even the secrets of other people, and that their own are completely disguised. They forget that, whenever they laugh, they proclaim their most secret thoughts by an unmistakable sign to all who choose to observe; they forget that every smile is

a soul-revealer, that every laugh is a self-judgment. If young people who covet the good opinion of others fully realized this fact, they would be more careful of their laughter in school, in church, on the street, and in public gatherings.

"Loud laughter," says Chesterfield, "is the mirth of the mob, who are only pleased with silly things; it is the characteristic of folly and ill-manners." It is too often the case that the more silly the cause, the louder the laughter and the longer. Have you ever heard the loud, inane, empty, ill-timed laugh that seems to be without cause and without occasion? Have you ever heard what Goldsmith describes as "The loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind"? Such a laugh usually bespeaks either the thoughtlessness of an empty pate or an inherent weakness that excites our pity. Such laughter is as harmless as it is pitiable. Similar to this is the hysterical and meaningless laugh of those who laugh only because others laugh, or because they do not know what else to do. They may feel sad at heart and laugh only to keep from crying. In such a case, the laughter either is without cause, or is a substituted effect, an unnatural expression of a nervous and disordered organism. Then again, we have the familiar type of laugh known as the "giggle." The "giggling" school-girl or school-boy is simply the

subject of organic nervous disorder, an example of lack of self-control. It is a species of laughter excited, not by a sense of humor, but by causes largely within the organism itself, for which the laugher should not be held strictly responsible.

At lecture or play, people applaud what they approve. So, in the class room or in company, your laughter signifies your recognition, and usually your approbation. It matters little what is said in your presence; you cannot control that. It matters much, however, what kind of reception you give it; that is entirely within your own control. A pupil makes an unfortunate mistake in recitation. There is some one void of respect and sympathy, who is ready to laugh. That laugh may or may not confuse the victim; but it reveals the cruel, unsympathetic heart of him who laughs. Some one, by accident, drops a word or a phrase that, by distortion, may suggest a vulgar thought; that coarse snicker or loud guffaw locates unmistakably the distorted mind that received it. In the daily occurrences of any school, innumerable incidents will give opportunity for evil and impurity to find expression in the laugh of familiar recognition. Scarcely a day will pass that does not illustrate the adage, "To the pure, all things are pure," as well as "Evil to him who evil thinks." The vulgar word or

coarse suggestion does not affect the pure-minded. But to the foul mind, it is a fuse that connects with a mine of dangerous and inflammable thoughts; and the loud, explosive laugh that follows proclaims the fact that the connection has been made. It tells the whole story. Every laugh of this kind is your self-condemnation, your own revelation of your secret thoughts and desires. It is a judgment passed by yourself. "Judge not that ye be not judged." The self-respecting man who values the purity of his heart will turn away in disgust from story-mongers who retail filth in vulgar jest, rather than give the stamp of his approving laugh to filth and impurity. The thing you find laughable is an index to your character.

We find also the mocking, irreverent laugh. He who laughs at sacred things and makes mockery of religious creeds, sacred to thousands of souls, may not modify the creed or affect the believer; but he indicates clearly his own blindness and narrowness. The thing he laughs at reveals his prejudice and his bigotry. A laugh is a very simple thing, but profoundly expressive. When used as an instrument for pain, it may express the whole gamut of the malevolent affections, from the coarsest and most savage to the most refined in cruelty. When devoted to the service of love and friendship, it may sweep the entire range of the nobler

emotions. Laughter, as an instrument of the soul, is often more effective than words in inflicting pain or conveying pleasure. Let not your laughter be the instrument of pain; let it not become a winged shaft dipped in the poison of malice and hatred. There is a world-wide difference between laughing at a person and laughing with him.

Robert Burdette, the famous humorist and lecturer, maintains that all humor has its origin in pain. This seems a paradox, but it is probably true. The Indian is generally supposed to be devoid of the sense of humor. He is grim-visaged and never laughs, we are told. But if he could be observed as he engages in the war-dance, around some hapless pale-face that is being tortured or scalped, it would be seen that his hilarity is immeasurable, and that his laughter knows no bounds. The Indian never laughs except in the presence of physical pain: it requires the dying groans of his victim to excite his humor. In the most primitive stages of humor, pain is an essential factor. A man on the sidewalk slips on a banana peel, and everybody laughs. If the man falls and is seriously hurt, those who laughed a moment since now rush to his assistance. The first action, the laugh at the man's embarrassing situation, is the relic of the savage impulse in us all, a faint echo of the Indian's cruel humor; the second

action, the proffer of sympathy and help, is the effect of kindness and humanity. Too many men and boys find enjoyment in brutality and amuse themselves by inflicting pain. Their greatest "fun" is found in the torture of some hapless victim, dumb or human. The "tin can tied to a dog's tail" process is as laughable to the boy as the scalping process is to the Indian. The two processes as sources of fun are the same in kind; the difference is only in degree. In both cases, the things found laughable prove the perpetrators to be savages.

True humor may be an evolution from pain and cruelty, as may the true gentleman of today be an evolution from the savage or cannibal of twenty centuries ago; but the true humor of today should have as little resemblance to cruelty as the true gentleman of today has to the savage. As religion, education, and the various processes of civilization transmute the savage into the ideal gentleman, they should change also the humor of pain and the laughter of cruelty into an agency of sympathy and joy.

V. THE PHILOSOPHY OF WANT.

"And he began to be in want."—*Luke* xv. 14.

All acquisition, individual, state, or national, is governed by one great fundamental law. Underlying every attainment, every success, every growth, every progressive step, is the one essential condition of want. Without want, there can be no real progress. Beneath all the struggles of life, we find want of some kind. Men and women in their various pursuits are not trying to eliminate their wants, but to satisfy them. When we see a great effort, involving a long and terrible struggle, we know there must be behind it a great persistent want to be satisfied. Without conscious want, no achievement is possible; no success is attainable.

The story of the prodigal son is very suggestive. In that "far country," he had wasted his substance in riotous living; he had spent his all, and we are told that "he began to be in want." This was the first step towards the satisfaction of his real needs, the first condition of his return to his father's house.

Want is the first step towards attainment, the first condition of accomplishment. Back of every effort lies a sense of need, a conscious want.

The philosophy of want involves four important facts. First, the essential condition of achievement in any line is want. Second, the character of the need, the direction of the want, indicates the direction of the achievement. Third, the sense of want increases in proportion to the extent of the achievement. Fourth, want is the ultimate measure of achievement.

When a man is imbued with the want of money, he will get it. If he has a deep-seated, persistent, overpowering want in that direction, he will devote all his talents, all his physical and mental energies to its attainment. If he wants money, and wants it so intensely that he will sacrifice all the luxuries, all the comforts, and all the pleasures of life, and will prostitute all his physical, mental, and moral energies to its possession, there is no reason why he should not become as rich as Crœsus. As his wealth accumulates, his desire for more wealth increases, and the intensity of his want is the measure of the extent of his possessions. If a man aspires to social or political distinction, his success will depend primarily upon the intensity of his want. If he wants learning, the extent of his attainment as a scholar is the correct index to

the intensity of his want. There are, doubtless, other conditions of success, but all depend upon this primary condition. The man who wants to make money must know the conditions of trade and must become skilled in the various methods of business. He must know how. There are hard circumstances and adverse conditions to be overcome. Back of all these is desire, subject to the indomitable "I will" of the man bent on conquest. Henry Ward Beecher says truly that "the elect are those who will; the non-elect are those who won't."

The heroes of history and the world's benefactors in all the ages have been men and women of great wants. Those who want the least in life get the least. Alexander the Great's desire for conquest was so great that, when the entire world had become subject to his dominion, "he wept for more worlds to conquer." So intense was his desire for conquest, that, it is said, he died of disappointment when he had reached the bounds of human possibility. Columbus followed the lead of an unconquerable desire which guided him to the discovery of new lands beyond the seas. Edison, the "Wizard of Menlo Park," is stimulated by an overwhelming want, a desire to conquer the mysterious realm of electrical science; and the great achievements that will make his name immortal among men consti-

tute the measure of his want. In every sphere of life, there are men and women who have devoted themselves to the cause of liberty, religion, and human progress; and the intensity of their motives may be read in their struggles and their sacrifices. Remember that the character of the individual want determines the character of the effort and the achievement. The man who wants merely money, or conquest, or notoriety, is on a low material plane; he who aspires to intellectual and moral excellence stands on a higher plane and will reap results proportionate to his want and on the plane of his desire.

The application of the lesson I would make this morning is not difficult. Ask yourselves today the simple question, "What is my greatest want, my own dominant desire?" You are students in the high school; your business is ostensibly to get an education. Do you really and earnestly want to be educated? Some young men and women attend school without any very definite purpose. In a general way, they would like to be educated; but there is no conscious want, no burning desire for attainment. Their strongest desire may be to have a "good time"; all else is secondary. There are others whose strong, steady work in all their studies is an indication of the want and the will which require the sacrifice of ease,

pleasure, and personal comfort. Do you want to succeed in your Latin? If your want is intense enough and persistent enough, you will succeed. Do you want to master your algebra or geometry? If that want is genuine and becomes dominant enough to command your time and the concentration of all your powers, the domain of mathematics must become yours by the right of mental conquest. Your work in any recitation, your accomplishment in any subject of the curriculum, is an index to the weakness or the strength of your want. Before there can be a masterful "*I will*," there must be an overpowering "*I want.*" There are students who go through high school and college to please parents or friends, or simply because it is the fashion. There is no intense, persistent desire for personal attainment, no seriously felt want of culture; and, in consequence, we have too few really excellent scholars, and too many mediocre ones. Commonplace education is the result of commonplace wants and commonplace educational efforts. There are too many students in all our schools who are still living in that "far country," wasting their time and their opportunities in "riotous living," who have not yet begun "to be in want" of intellectual culture. The great law that want is the essential condition of attainment is the keynote to human progress. It is true in every

plane of activity; the material, commercial, political, intellectual and moral planes alike. Wherever we find no want, but absolute contentment, we find no growth. The hope of the moral and spiritual advancement of the race is found in the prevalence of "divine discontent" in the world. When we find an individual, a city, a state, or a nation that is satisfied with present attainment and past effort, there is little hope of further development. All nature proclaims this great law. All the universe is a system of wants and partial satisfactions, so adjusted that the best interest of every created thing is subserved; and all give expression to the universal law of development. The aspiration of the humblest of God's creatures for higher moral attainment is a prayer that finds its answer in the struggle for a purer, better life.

VI. A LESSON FROM AN OLD ROMAN COIN.

"Whose is this image and superscription?"—*Matt.* xxii. 20.

In one of the most obscure streets of Rome stands a dilapidated looking building where old Roman coins are burnished and prepared for the market. One day, a traveler enters this building, and seeing in one corner a huge pile of what seem to be fragments of brick and cakes of dried mud, inquires their use. He is much surprised and interested when informed that these fragments of burnt clay are in reality valuable gold coins brought from the ruins of Pompeii and Herculaneum. The proprietor of the establishment, selecting one of these mud cakes, hands it to a workman, who places it in a rapidly revolving cylindrical brush. During this process, the earthy debris which forms the exterior crust is ground away, until at last the gold within has been reached. Touched by another piece of metal, it gives forth the usual clear, metallic sound. There can be no mistake: it is pure gold. It is now passed on to another workman, who subjects it to another process. By the use of several acids and the application

of a series of cleansing agents, there is developed in clear outline on the face of the coin the image of a Cæsar, which for ages had been obscured by the accumulated dross. Still another process brings out the superscription about the image; and at last, that which but a little while before seemed merely a lump of common clay hardened to the consistency of rock, shines forth in the sunlight, the current coin of an imperial realm, representing the power and dominion of a Cæsar.

This story of an old Roman coin will enable us to appreciate, with more or less clearness, the matchless reply of Jesus to the Pharisees who sought to entangle Him with questions. "Is it lawful to give tribute unto Cæsar or not?" was a question cleverly conceived, and involving a dilemma from which, in their judgment, there could be no logical escape. An affirmative answer would have been equivalent to an abdication of the Kingdom He had come to establish, while a negative answer would have given them the coveted opportunity to proclaim Him a traitor to the Roman power. Holding in His hand a Roman coin, He asked, "Whose is this image and superscription?" When they answered, "Cæsar's," He replied: "Render therefore unto Cæsar, the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God, the things that are God's." And we are told that they marveled at His doctrine.

By this object lesson, the Master clearly recognized the two phases of human activity, the material and the mental. The duality of man is one of the simplest and most commonplace facts of experience, but one which our greatest philosophers cannot explain. Each of you knows that, through the senses, you are aware of the great illimitable world without, which you call matter; you are aware also of another incomprehensible world within, which you call mind,—a world of knowledge and emotion, of reason and conscience,—a world of inner experience and life of which you alone are conscious. What matter is, or what mind is, we know not; but we do know that both are involved in our earthly life, that both are involved in the processes of education, and that both are essential factors in the development of individual character as well as the advancement of civilization. Jesus was no ascetic. He did not encourage men to withdraw from the duties of the material world to engage in thought and spiritual meditation. He did not encourage men to neglect their temporal welfare, but commanded due attention to the material. "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's." Perform your social and civic duties; help to develop your material resources, and to improve your physical environment; but "Render unto God the things that are God's." You have powers and

capacities that do not bear the impress of matter; your mind with all its undeveloped possibilities, your desire for knowledge, your respect for right and justice and truth, your longings and aspirations for a nobler and better life—"Whose is this image and superscription?" We are told that "God created man in His own image," not the material body, but the mind, the spiritual element; this is the image of the Divine.

The divinity of the human soul is the central thought of education as well as of religion. The belief that every mind bears the stamp of the Creator adds dignity and worth to humanity. The highest realization that can be experienced by human consciousness is this kinship with God—the unity of man in thought and spirit with the divine mind.

The first lesson I would impress upon young people, as they start their career in high school or college, is this exalted idea of the nature of the mind to be educated. Failure to appreciate the dignity and nobility of the mind itself accounts very largely for the neglect of its cultivation. It was this realization that enabled the old poet to say:

> "My mind to me a kingdom is,
> Such perfect joy therein I find,
> As far exceeds all earthly bliss
> That God or nature hath assigned."

The true mission of all right education is the development of the God-image in the soul. This is the end and the aim of the school. Wherever we meet a human being, whether in the higher and more favored walks of life, or in the dark by-ways of ignorance and the neglected paths of vice and squalor, we may rest assured that down deep beneath the external crust lies the true gold. It may be covered over with the dross of ignorance, prejudice, and superstition; it may be encrusted with the cumulative burden of inherited vice and depravity; it may have passed through the fires of injustice, bitter oppression, and cruel persecution; it may have lain in the darkness of ignorance and in the chill shadows of want and penury, where no ray of love or smile of sympathy had ever penetrated; it may even now be buried in a sepulcher of evil habits that have crystallized into an adamantine rock impervious to the sunshine of love; but the gold is still there, and the image it bears stamps it as immortal. Through the processes of right education and civilization, the golden core may be reached; and if touched by the true metal of divine love, it will respond in kind. Little by little, under the right processes, the "image and the superscription" may be developed, and the hard lump of common clay may at last be transformed into the current coin of God's universal

empire. It is within our power so to use our opportunities that the divine image may be developed in our own souls and in the souls of those with whom we come in contact.

"Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness." Seek it in yourselves. Seek the best and the purest thoughts; seek the most inspiring words and the noblest actions of which you are capable. "The Kingdom of God is within you." Seek it in your friends and associates. In our daily companions we generally find what we are seeking. If we seek mirth and frivolity, we shall find them. If we have no faith in humanity, we shall find duplicity; it is what we are expecting. If we are looking for hate and prejudice, we shall find them. "Seek and ye shall find;" but the thing we find will be what we are seeking. The man who goes through the world acting on the theory that every man he meets is a liar and a thief simply proves to the world that he himself at heart is dishonest. The man that goes through life with faith in his fellow-man, trusting the honor of those with whom he deals, believing others to be honest and truthful, will often be disappointed, will often find his confidence misplaced; but he has at least proved to the world that he himself is a gentleman, that his own heart is pure. What you yourself are at heart, you expect others to

be; what you are capable of doing, you expect others to do. The slanders retailed so fluently by the community gossip usually have their real source in the gossip's mind.

If we cultivate faith in mankind and let our conduct towards others be inspired by love, how different life becomes! If the soul be really divine, faith in man is the condition of faith in God; the love of our neighbor is the test of our love of God. "If a man say I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar." "He that loveth not his brother, abideth in death." Love to man is the test of the higher spiritual life; service to God means service to humanity. If we seek with this spirit of love, we shall find God in every man. Let us cast away suspicion and distrust; let us look for truth and beauty, honor and justice; and, though often disappointed, we shall more often find the good that we are seeking. The reason why our friends are not better to us, is because we are not looking for the best that is in them. Draw out the best thoughts, the best moods, the loftiest ideals of those with whom you associate; in return give them nothing that is not pure and true, that has not stamped upon it the "image and the superscription" of the divine. "Judge not that ye be not judged." Your "judgments" or opinions of others are revelations of your own soul. The cynic

tells us that there is no truth or honor in the world; by this judgment he tells us also that he is a cynic. The pessimist tells us that the world is hopelessly bad, and his opinion brands him a pessimist. The man who does not believe in schools or churches, or charities or reforms, who does not believe in the possibility of developing higher moral standards through these agencies, proclaims to the world that the "image and superscription" in his own soul have not developed into consciousness. We need clearer vision, that we may see the true, the beautiful, and the divine in human souls; we need broader sympathies, that we may take upon our hearts the burdens and sorrows of other lives.

Narrow is our little life and empty, until, enlarged and enriched by the lives of others, broadened and sweetened in sympathy for others, beautified and glorified in love for others, it shall have realized its divine origin and become the current coin of a spiritual empire, representing the power and majesty of the Perfect Love and the Perfect Life.

"He is true to God who is true to man;
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us;
And they are slaves most base
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all their race."

VII. KNOWLEDGE AND POWER.

THE most difficult task that confronts a young student entering upon his high school course is to learn how to study. Thinking is the hardest work that any one can undertake; and studying is learning how to think, how to use the mind. At the beginning of your work, you are apt to feel that your lessons are too long; the tasks assigned by your teachers, too heavy; and the actual knowledge gained from your books, not worth the expenditure of so much effort. I wish to impress upon you this morning the fact that your success or failure as a student will depend, not upon the amount of information you may get, but upon the power you acquire. The actual amount of useful information that you derive from your study of Latin or German, algebra or geometry, may be very small. The chief aim of school instruction is the development of power; ability to do, to bring things to pass.

The test of your progress in school is not *I think, I believe, I guess.* It is not simply *I know,* but *I* CAN. The ability to do—effectually to accomplish something—is the true test of education. In the old Anglo-

Saxon, the verbs "know" and "can" have nearly the same meaning. *Can* is now used simply as an auxiliary verb in the present tense. Originally, it was the past tense of the verb *"ken," "to know;"* it meant "I have learned" and therefore *"I know how," I can.* We have reminders of this origin in the old Anglo-Saxon words *"ken"* and *"con,"* in the old Scottish word *"canny,"* and in the noun "can," a vessel with capacity to hold. "I can," therefore, means not simply *"I know,"* but *"I know how."* Knowledge in itself is not a power; it is a means, a condition of power. You *can* recite your declensions or conjugations, because you have learned how; you can solve your problems in algebra because, by learning, you have acquired the power to do so. The acquisition of power is far more important than the mere acquisition of knowledge—power to give attention, power to comprehend, power to memorize, power to compare and to reason, power to feel, and power to execute.

Only a few years ago, you began your work in the primary school. You were then weak and helpless: parents and teachers did most of your work for you. Today you are conscious of some degree of power. You have mastered the elementary processes of reasoning; you have learned to gather knowledge from the printed page and to express yourselves with more or less clear-

ness both in speech and in writing. You have grown in mental power as you have in physical strength. No longer can you rely upon parents and teachers to do the work for you; your success now must depend upon your own efforts, though under the guidance and direction of others.

Power or skill is not inherited. One may inherit tendencies and favorable conditions, but real power must be acquired by exercise. Some acquire more easily than others; but all must comply with the universal condition of all acquirement, self-effort. You did not inherit ability to ride a bicycle; you acquired that power, not by reading about it, not by seeing others ride, not by being told how, but by trying the exercise yourself, with determination to succeed.

The first evidence of mental power is ability to concentrate your thoughts with vigor and force upon the work you have in hand. The manner in which you study affects your character as a student far more than the subject-matter of any text-book. The habit of "day-dreaming" over a text-book is most pernicious in its effect upon character. The student who permits his thoughts to wander over land and sea, who dawdles over his work, wastes his time, dissipates his mental energies and develops mental and moral weakness. This is the young student's chief trouble. You are

preparing your history lesson; when you reach the bottom of the page, you suddenly awake to the fact that your thoughts have been wandering; you have read every word on the page, but you cannot recall a single thought. You are preparing your Latin lesson; for a few minutes you may work very diligently, but all at once your thoughts begin to wander and you are carried far away from your Latin, though your eyes may still rest upon the text-book. You are living over again the pleasures of the past vacation or enjoying in anticipation the enchantments of the coming circus or the bewildering effects of that promised new dress. Your mind drifts with the tide of associated thoughts and glides from one sweet vision to another, unconscious of the flight of time and of the task you have set out to do. Two hours pass quickly, and fond parents vainly believe you have been studying. The "head-light" oil you have wasted may be measured; the gas you have burned may be registered by a metre; but there is no device under heaven to register the fruitless flights of a mind-wandering student. Do not try to delude yourselves or your friends into the belief that this is studying. Guard well the mind; control your thoughts and cast out every beguiling intruder that comes between you and your lesson. "This one thing I do," should be your motto. Concentrate all

your energies upon your task and do not rest till you have mastered it. Master your own mind. How can this power be developed? I know of no better plan than to try the "time test." Does it take you two hours to get your lesson in Latin, algebra, or geometry? See if you can't get it in an hour and a half. When you have succeeded in saving half an hour, make up your mind to get it in an hour. If you succeed in getting it in half the time formerly required, you have made a great saving of time and have increased your power immensely. Let me give you a few suggestions which I think will prove helpful:

1. *Provide favorable conditions.* You cannot do much in the way of studying when hungry, nor immediately after eating. Don't try to study rocking in a chair or reclining on a sofa. Such an attitude invites sleep. Use a hard, straight-back chair and sit erect. The body must be wide awake if the mind is to be alert. The body should not be uncomfortable; but, if it is too comfortable, the mind works indifferently. The greatest masterpieces of genius have not come from luxurious parlors, but from poorly furnished garrets.

2. *Be ready to begin.* Whatever aids are needed—pencil, paper, ruler or dictionary—should be ready at hand before you begin work. To search for each arti-

cle as it is needed causes waste of time, distraction of effort, and dissipation of energy.

3. *Be methodical.* Have some system in your work. Get your lessons in the same order every day; have the same place to study, the same desk or table, the same chair, the same hours. Train your mind to systematic effort. Don't yield too easily to your "moods." You may say "I don't feel like studying to-night, I'll put it off till to-morrow." It is very true that there are times when mental effort is very difficult; when we may not feel like working. Sometimes postponement may be wise, but it is not a good habit to form. The cause may be physical, or it may be mental. Too much excitement, whether caused by pleasure or by disappointment, is never conducive to mental concentration. By effort, the student may master his moods and make his mental powers obedient to his will.

4. *Be self-dependent.* The best and most successful student is he who studies alone. Those who rely upon others are usually weak. The studying done by a group of students in one room, if kept up for any length of time, is apt to weaken the power of concentration. The work that tells, the work that really pays, is the work done by yourself alone. It requires will-power to work by yourself. Dare to be alone.

Have faith in yourself; develop confidence in your own power, reliance upon your own resources. If you believe you can, you will; if you think you can't, you will fail. There is much truth in the old Latin motto: "Possunt quia posse videntur." They can, because they think they can.

5. *Cultivate patience.* There are many people who will work well so long as they succeed; but when they encounter any difficulty, they lose heart. Learn to persevere. Newton, the great astronomer and mathematician, declared that whatever he had accomplished in life was due not to genius, but to his capacity for patient, persevering work.

Knowledge is power only when that knowledge can be applied effectively. There are many people who know the rules of mathematics, but they have not the power to apply them effectively in the solution of mathematical problems. They may know the principles of grammar and composition, but they lack the power of applying them in concise and accurate speech or in clear and logical composition. They may know what is right and seemly in conduct; but their behavior in school, in church, or on the street, shows clearly their want of power to act up to their knowledge. Knowledge is power only when it issues in habitual and appropriate action, when it results in actual capacity

to perform. There is a chemistry of the mind that bears a striking analogy to the chemistry of nature. The fuel placed in the furnace is not power; nor does it become power until its latent energies are released, and its hidden forces are transmuted into new combinations. The water in the engine boiler is not power; it can have no expansive force until, by the application of heat, its hidden energies are released and converted into a powerful agent. Food is not power; our daily food must be digested and resolved into simpler elements before it becomes a positive living force. Knowledge is not power; it is only the raw material of power. It must be disintegrated by the processes of mental digestion and must enter into new forms and combinations, before it can become manifest as intellectual and moral power.

VIII. THE PASSING OF THE FENCES.

"By faith the walls of Jericho fell down."—*Heb.* xi. 30.

Not long ago, there was inaugurated here in Birmingham an interesting campaign for the removal of fences. "Tear down the fences" was the cry raised by the newspapers and taken up by the people; and, as a result, the fences that once enclosed our city parks and many of our beautiful residences have already disappeared. The reasons generally given for this movement are superficial: we must imitate the larger and older cities; it adds to the beauty of our streets; it is economy. Many people dispense with their fences, merely because it is a fad to do so.

Has it ever occurred to you that there is a deeper meaning and a more far-reaching significance in this simple fact of the removal of the fences in our city? The facts of our lives are effects; even the passing of the fences is an evolution. What is the real significance of this fact? What is its logical relation to history?

To me, there is an air of serene confidence and trustfulness about a residence without a fence around it.

It implies a great deal of faith in the honesty and good-will of the neighborhood, and is a very high compliment to the children of the next-door neighbors. It suggests that the owner of that residence is at peace with all his neighbors, and that the children of that neighborhood are not considered rogues and vandals. I am pleased every time I pass that beautiful unfenced residence across the street. The owner of that residence seems to say to me and to every other passer-by: "You are a very decent, respectable man; I trust you. You and I do not need fences." An unenclosed residence suggests friendliness and community of feeling. It suggests unselfishness and large-heartedness.

In the cities of Europe, the residences of the wealthy are generally enclosed with high stone walls so that the passer-by cannot get even a glimpse of the green lawns, the flowers, and the beautiful shrubbery within. There is an air of distrust and selfish exclusiveness about those forbidding stone walls. As I pass them, they seem to say to me: "You are not to be trusted. These flowers and these lawns are not for you; you cannot, you shall not enjoy them." But an unfenced residence gives me an assurance of welcome. It seems to convey this message from the man within to the man without: "I trust you; look at my gardens and my flowers and enjoy them with me."

The residence of the middle ages was a castle with high stone walls ten feet or more in thickness. There were windows to let out arrows rather than to let in light. There was the moat filled with water, the drawbridge and the portcullis. In the watch-towers were sentinels to keep a sharp lookout for approaching enemies. It does not take the reader of mediæval history or the traveler in Europe long to find out what the people of those days thought of each other. Every home was a fort indicating suspicion, fear, and war. The people had little love for their neighbors, little faith in mankind.

From the fortified dwelling of the fourteenth century down to the fenceless residence of today is a long, long story—a story of bloodshed and revolution, a story of human tragedy and world suffering, yet a story of the gradual development of brotherly love and of faith in man. The cities of the old world in ancient times were enclosed with high stone walls for the protection of the inhabitants. Some of the oldest cities of the new world also were surrounded with walls. When the French settled in Quebec, the first thing they did was to build a wall around the town to protect themselves against the Indians and against the English. The remnants of this old wall may still be seen, as may remnants of the town-walls in St. Augustine and Santa

Fé. The old walls serve no purpose today: the progress of brotherly love, faith, and good-will has rendered them useless. They stand only as silent witnesses to the suspicion, the hate, and the faithlessness of other days. Fences and walls suggest a wild land filled with wild beasts and barbarians, a primeval forest filled with bloodthirsty savages.

The growth of faith in humanity during the last half century has swept away international barriers. Nation trusts nation more and more as the years pass, and the whole world is rapidly becoming a community of nations without walls or fences. The nation that isolates itself from the rest of humanity by a great wall, will soon find itself in the condition of China. It must tear down its walls and enter the great community of nations, or suffer the humiliation of defeat and disgrace.

St. John, in his vision, caught a glimpse of the good time coming, when he prophesied, "There shall be no more sea." The great oceans that once kept the nations apart are today great highways of commerce and friendly intercourse. There shall be no more sea as a barrier to brotherhood; and, with the increase of faith upon the earth, we may hope for realization of Tennyson's dream, "The parliament of man, the federation of the world."

In the temple at Jerusalem, a row of marble pillars called "the wall of partition" fenced off the court of the Gentiles. On this wall was the inscription in Latin and in Greek, "No foreigner may go further on penalty of death." This hatred of foreigners is characteristic of all nations and peoples who have fenced themselves in from the rest of the world by ignorance and selfishness. It was characteristic even of the most enlightened nations of antiquity. The moral ideals of Greece and Rome made it as much a duty to hate foreigners as to love fellow-citizens. Even Plato, the wisest of the ancient philosophers, congratulated the Athenians that, in their dealings with the Persians, "they had shown a pure and heartfelt hatred of the foreign nature." There are many countries today where the foreigner is still subjected to suspicion, hatred, and persecution. There are many countries where hereditary caste and arbitrary social distinctions stand as impassable barriers, separating man from fellow-man. The Christians are still menaced in Armenia, and the Jews are still persecuted in France and in Russia. The political barriers that have separated states and sections in our own country have been almost eliminated, and the high barbed-wire denominational fences which have so long divided the religious world into hostile camps are rapidly disappearing.

Every great charity, every organized effort for the relief of human suffering and the uplifting of the race, demolishes whole sections of our sectarian fences. Only a short time ago in Galveston, a Roman Catholic priest, a Jewish rabbi, and a Protestant minister served together on the same committee to relieve the suffering of a stricken people. In the presence of that great calamity, theological distinctions and differences of creed were forgotten; and all were united in one great faith, one great hope, and one great charity.

"By faith the walls of Jericho fell down." It was not by the use of battering rams or dynamite, but by the silent progress of the army of Joshua around the walls. By faith, also, the walls about the cities of the old world fell down; by faith, the castles of the middle ages have disappeared; and by faith the barriers that have so long separated the nations of the earth have been eliminated. The greatest lesson in all history is the lesson of faith. Faith in man is the corner-stone of all progress: credit is the basis of modern trade and the key-note of our entire commercial system. Faith in mankind is the basis of government, the foundation of democracy. Without faith there could be no organization, no combination of labor and capital, no trades-unions and no trusts. Nowhere is this principle so conspicuously demonstrated as in our own country.

Here, the fences separating the Jew from the Gentile have almost disappeared; and the Irishman and the Anglo-Saxon dwell together as brethren. By faith, arbitrary race and social distinctions are passing away; and in an atmosphere of fraternity and equal opportunity, each individual stands or falls by his own merit. In the public schools, there are no educational fences restricting the opportunities of knowledge and culture to the favored few. The doors of opportunity are open for all who, through faith, will enter. To meet with success in any vocation today, a man must trust and be trusted. The men who get themselves and their friends into the most serious troubles in the business world are the men who cannot be trusted; the boys who get into constant trouble in school or college are the boys who cannot be trusted. Faith is the corner-stone of the school, of business, of government, and of civilized society.

"To tear down the fences" is the mission of education, of science, and of religion. It is the mission of democracy. Every advance in true culture, every deed of heroism and of charity, every invention and every discovery in science, knocks out a stone from some partition wall. And as the walls of Jericho fell by faith, so shall the social and industrial barriers that still impede the progress of the race soon disappear,

and the glorious dream of universal brotherhood become a realization.

> "It's coming yet, for a' that,
> That man to man, the warld o'er,
> Shall brothers be for a' that."

Faith in man is the great spiritual force, the battering-ram that is slowly but surely breaking down the walls of the ages; and faith in man is the index of faith in God.

IX. A CLOUD OF WITNESSES.

"Wherefore seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses."—*Heb.* xii. 1.

THERE is a classic charm about the picture which the sacred writer here presents us. Paul had evidently attended some of the great festivals for which both Greece and Rome were famous. Perhaps he had seen the Circensian games in the Circus Maximus at Rome. It is more likely, however, that he had in mind the scene presented in the amphitheater, during the celebration of one of the four great national festivals of Greece. The description of the chariot race in Wallace's "Ben-Hur" is no doubt familiar to many of you. That scene is represented as having occurred during the time of Christ, in the wealthy city of Antioch. It is perhaps the most vivid picture of its kind in all literature and gives us an excellent idea of the manner in which these classic festivals were conducted. The most celebrated of the Grecian festivals was the Olympic held at Elis once every four years. During the celebration of the Olympic games, a sacred truce was declared: war was suspended throughout the states of

Greece. In the great amphitheater, gallery above gallery, sat assembled Greece, tens of thousands and even hundreds of thousands of people, terraced like clouds in the heavens, looking down upon the exciting scene in the arena below. Fifty brawny contestants are about to begin the foot-race; they represent the various states and cities of Greece, and, in anticipation of this contest, have been for years under the instruction of a "lanista" or special trainer. As they lean forward eagerly awaiting the signal for the start, each has his eyes fixed upon the course; every muscle is contracted, every nerve is tense, and all the physical energies are concentrated upon the work in hand. Flashing eye, dilating nostril, and heaving breast show intense but controlled excitement. It is no time for idle talk, it is no time for playful jest. It is to them the most serious crisis of a lifetime. A slight advantage gained or lost may decide the victory. Every unnecessary weight has been laid aside: everything that might impede progress or endanger success has been removed. The prize itself is insignificant: it has no money value; it is only a laurel wreath from the sacred grove of Olympia. But they know that the honor of victory is inestimable. The winner of the prize not only honors himself, but honors his family and friends and confers distinction upon his city and state. He is carried home in a

triumphal procession and enters his native city, not through the usual gates, but through a breach made in the wall. He is henceforth to occupy a place of highest honor in his city and state. He has immortalized himself, and his praises are spread abroad in story and in song. The hope of such distinction must nerve to his best efforts each contestant. More than this, he is conscious of the fact that around him and above him in that vast amphitheater is a "great cloud of witnesses." Not for one moment can he take his eyes from the course to look at that vast assemblage. But he knows that his family and friends are there; he knows that the representatives of his city and state are there; he knows that he is the center upon which a thousand anxious hearts are focused. When the signal at last is given, he "runs with patience the race that is set before him." The consciousness of the fact that "so great a cloud of witnesses" attends him gives courage and strength; their hopes and their prayers give wings to his feet. Always, it is joy to perform an heroic deed in the presence of a great multitude. Hobson at Santiago and Dewey in the Bay of Manila were applauded even by the whole civilized world. "Wherefore seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and

let us run with patience the race that is set before us."

When I look into the faces of the four hundred students before me, I cannot help thinking of that vast congregation of parents and relatives and friends whose interests are represented here. We are not alone in our work; every life involves other lives. Teachers and students are compassed about with a great cloud of interested witnesses. Every single life that enters here is the focus upon which are converged the hopes and affections of a whole domestic circle. Each life before me has its own "cloud of witnesses" to inspire and encourage its highest endeavor. Fathers are working and saving, mothers are praying and sacrificing, that you may be able "to run with patience the race that is set before you."

Interest in your life and work here is not confined to the members of your domestic circle and your immediate friends. You are here the representatives of your city and your state; you are the elect among thousands to represent and demonstrate the culture and the training of our social and civil society. In this "cloud of witnesses," we find the city and the state, the church and society, all interested spectators with eyes fixed upon this arena.

You are to represent the scholarship and the culture

of the past; you have received as a heritage, the achievements and the wisdom of those who have served their generation and passed to their reward. Poets have sung, authors have written, and painters have spread their canvases for you. But without your personal effort to realize and possess your heritage, their work is incomplete. The Apostle says that "they without us should not be made perfect." Our faith and our labor are essential to the perfection of those who have served before us: the past is complete only in the present; the work of parents is completed and perfected only in the lives of their children.

"Let us lay aside every weight and the sin that doth so easily beset us." As you enter upon the course before you, do you still insist upon carrying weights to retard your progress? Many young students try to carry along with them other interests, which must hamper them in the race. Lay them aside. Is it the weight of greed for money, of selfishness, of idleness and indifference, of frivolity and social pleasure? Lay them aside. Every year, there are hundreds of young girls and boys whose physical constitutions are wrecked, not by hard study, but by imprudence in eating and dressing, late hours and social dissipation. With these weights, you will be hopelessly handicapped; lay them aside. The contestants in the race not only

laid aside every obstructing weight, but also faced with courage all the hardships and difficulties necessary to the victory. In their training, they did not seek exemption from toil and trial. The young man or woman who searches the curriculum for the easiest course; who asks to be excused from this study or that, because it is difficult, will never win the prize.

This great cloud of witnesses with which we are compassed imposes upon us a great responsibility. If only our own life, our own destiny, were involved, it would be serious enough. But oh, how serious becomes our work, when we remember that the past, the present, and the future are involved in our success or failure! We are to make perfect the heritage of the past by using it to the advantage of the present, and we are to transmit it unimpaired to the future. Great is our responsibility. The cloud of witnesses gave courage and inspiration to the contestant in the Olympic games. The interest and solicitude of loved ones should inspire and encourage us to do our best, "to run with patience the race that is set before us." It is not the one who frets and chafes; it is not the one who loses control of self in the excitement of the race, or who runs spasmodically, who wins the victory. Patience is essential to success. It is not always the brilliant and the clever student that gets the most out

of school, or out of life. The slow plodder, by patience and perseverance, often outstrips the swift.

"It is not strength but art obtains the prize,
And to be swift is less than to be wise."

X. THE STORY OF THE CENTURIES.

THE passing of the nineteenth century and the dawning of the twentieth are without significance, save to the thoughtful few. For the masses of men and women who are not familiar with the logic of history, no serious reflection is provoked, no important lesson is emphasized. Days, months, and years are marked off by natural boundaries which all may recognize. These divisions of time impress us because they affect the routine of physical existence and enter into the business calculations of our lives. There are no lines of demarcation—no natural events to signalize the transitions of centuries. The stream of time glides silently on, passing one century mark after another, with no series of cataracts to register the stages of its rapid descent. Days, months, and years are necessary to the business of the bank and the workshop. Centuries are of interest only to the historian and the philosopher.

While we review the progress of the nineteenth century and praise its marvelous achievements, it is well to remember that every century of the past has been

regarded as a wonderful era, when compared with its predecessor. The progress of each succeeding century is made possible by the achievements of all that have preceded it. No great character or great event in history stands alone. Each is the product of a thousand contributing influences. The great discoveries and inventions of our age are due not exclusively to the men whose names are associated with them. Whitney utilized the results of a score of failures before he gave the cotton-gin to the world; it took more than one brain to produce the sewing-machine; and Edison and Bell have profited by the scientific investigations and inventions of thousands who have preceded them.

The progress of civilization is rhythmic. The lines of development are neither continuous nor parallel. There is definite progress, however; and one great purpose runs through all the centuries of the world. All lines of thought and human activity are related and interdependent. Perfection in any one line is impossible without corresponding development in all related lines. Much of history is valueless, except as it serves for scaffolding in the development of some portion of the structure of civilization.

In order that we may form an unbiased judgment of the achievements of the nineteenth century, let us briefly review the most striking contributions of its

immediate predecessors. Emerging from the darkness of the middle ages, we enter upon an era of awakening in the fifteenth century—the dawn of the Renaissance. The permanent contributions of this century may be summed up in a few words: it gave the world gunpowder which made the peasant equal to the knight on the field of battle; it contributed the printing-press, destined to become the world's most powerful agency for enlightenment, and the mariner's compass, which enabled man to become lord of the ocean. On the practical side of life, these three contributions constitute the sum of the progress of all preceding centuries, and the foundation of all that should follow. But, important as these contributions have proven to be, the glory of the fifteenth century consists in the discovery of unknown lands beyond the seas. The kings, emperors, and popes, who ruled Europe during that century, are almost forgotten; but the names of Columbus, Magellan, Vasco de Gama, and the Cabots are immortal, because of their imperishable contributions to civilization. It was the fifteenth century that gathered up the scattered treasures of preceding ages and laid the foundation for modern civilization. Its lines of progress, however, were material rather than intellectual or moral. Its energies were concentrated upon matter rather than upon man. It gave hitherto

unknown continents to civilization, but it accomplished little for man as a moral and social being.

In the sixteenth century, we find a marked departure from the material plane of the fifteenth. In this century, history turns upon the pivot of human interest. It was an era of religious and spiritual awakening, and the emotional element of the individual manifested itself in sentimental literature and in fanaticism; in the inquisition, in persecution and martyrdom, and in a series of cruel, religious wars. It was the era of that religious upheaval in Europe known as the Reformation; and the events of its history are clustered about such names as Luther and Zwingli, Erasmus, Melancthon, Calvin, John Knox, and scores of other names associated with the great religious movements of the century. It was also the beginning of the era of colonization, a movement prolific in its results to the individual and to society. The sixteenth century developed the individual on the emotional side.

The seventeenth century was ushered in by the Elizabethan age of literature in England, and was made illustrious by the names of Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, and Pope, Addison and Steele, Bacon, Locke, and Newton. In France it included the classical age of Louis XIV and the founding of the French Academy, and among its immortal names are those of Molière

and Racine, Fenelon and Descartes. All Europe experienced an intellectual awakening; and the masses, through the dissemination of general knowledge, were brought to a consciousness of their intellectual powers and of their needs and rights as men. The seventeenth century developed the individual on the intellectual side.

In the eighteenth century, the dominant idea was the positive assertion of political rights by the individual. The masses of the people, having developed a consciousness of their selfhood, now turned under the heel of tyranny. Emotion and intellect find expression in will. It was the era of popular demand for civil and religious freedom. It culminated in the liberation of the American Colonies, the birth of the American Republic, and the French Revolution. It abolished feudalism, gave the death-blow to absolute monarchy, established the principle of political equality, and substituted the modern for the mediæval state. The eighteenth century developed the individual on the executive side, and the cycle of dominant individualism was complete.

In the nineteenth century, civilization returned to the material plane of the fifteenth century. A new cycle began, and history repeated itself. The fifteenth century was characterized by great inventions, and was

an era of unprecedented geographical discovery and territorial expansion. The nineteenth century gave us a very striking parallel. Its discoveries and expansion movements eclipsed those of all the preceding centuries. The increased powers of the individual were concentrated upon the conquest of man's material environment. The spirit of industrialism and of commercialism dominated all of the activities of the century. But the extraordinary progress of invention, the application of machinery to wealth production, and the rapid increase of cheap transportation facilities, developed entirely new economic conditions. As a result of this development, we find enormously increased capital and production, the concentration of large masses of people in cities, and the growth of social and commercial organizations, and of combinations of labor and capital. The material development of the nineteenth century was based upon individualism, but the results and tendencies of this development were distinctively social. The progress of the century consisted in laying the material foundation for the social development of the race, and its economic problems were the natural and logical results of its industrial activities. The nineteenth century prepared the way for the social reorganization of the race, as the fifteenth century did for the uplifting of the individual.

In this new cycle of progress, what is to be the mission of the twentieth century? The orderly sequence of history would naturally lead us to expect that the twentieth century should be the historical analogue of the sixteenth; that human interests should prevail over material development; that emotional activity should be expanded into aesthetic and ethical life. From the character of nineteenth century progress, the inference is also justifiable, that individualism, as a motive force, will be superseded by socialism. While the individual must still be emphasized, it will be the individual as a social and institutional being, as a member of the state and of society, and, as such, in sympathetic touch with all mankind. Egoism must yield to altruism, and selfishness in individuals and in organizations must be sacrificed for the well-being of the race.

An industrial and manufacturing era like the nineteenth century had to deal with the problems of material wealth production, and with questions relating to the economics of daily existence. Physics, chemistry, and political economy, naturally and properly, became the popular sciences of the schools, because the ethical and sociological problems involved could not be anticipated. But these new problems developed by the industrialism of the century are already pressing for solution. In the twentieth century, economic thought

will be directed chiefly, not to wealth production, but to wealth distribution. The old science of political economy will be largely superseded in its hold upon the popular mind by the new science of sociology. Physics and chemistry will yield their supremacy in the curricula of our schools to psychology, ethics, and æsthetics. The study of man will be esteemed more highly than that of matter; and the ethical adjustment of human relations will be deemed more deserving of man's deepest study than the mechanical adjustment of material means and ends, for the gratification of selfish desires. As the nineteenth century has given man a new material environment, the twentieth century must develop for him a higher ethical and spiritual environment; as the sixteenth century began the evolution of human interest from the standpoint of the individual, the twentieth century must emphasize the ethical and moral aspects of life through social and economic organization.

XI. VEGETABLE SOCIOLOGY.

There are many facts of vegetable life that are wonderfully suggestive of the laws and conditions of human society. The biologist, with his microscope and his imagination, finds that much of the prose and the poetry of human life has been anticipated in garden, field, and forest; that even the social and ethical relations of mankind are faintly typified in the vegetable kingdom. Natural laws are universal, and the penalties for their infraction must be uniform throughout the realm of nature.

Idleness is abnormal everywhere. With the members of the vegetable family, the normal state is that of labor. Even the modest little plant by the wayside is an incessant worker. If we could read aright its life history, we would find its career to be one of continuous endeavor to fulfill its life mission—the primary purpose of its existence. The microscope has revealed to us the fact that the plant is provided with an exquisite laboratory, equipped with the most ingenious, delicate, and costly aparatus imaginable. Not only is the plant required to use these tools skillfully in the accomplish-

ment of its work, but it is also intrusted with their complete construction and their maintenance. So complex and so costly is this equipment of the plant workshop that human ingenuity, with all the wealth of the Rothschilds, could never have devised or constructed its elaborate machinery.

Root, stem, and leaf are three separate departments of the plant laboratory, in each of which are conducted the delicate processes essential to plant work. The roots grow downward into the earth to gather up and prepare the raw material; they take up in solution the various food substances necessary for the body of the plant and accumulate a store of plastic material to be worked up in the laboratory as necessity demands. The leaves grow heavenward and exercise functions of the highest importance to the welfare of the plant. They contain that mysterious substance known as chlorophyll—the green coloring matter which enables the leaf to absorb the energy of the sunlight and to assimilate the carbon dioxide of the air into the plant system. By its power, the sunbeam that falls upon the leaf yields its vital energy, which, by some mysterious process, unknown to human science, is transmuted into life. This process—the manufacture of plant life—is difficult, expensive, and mysterious. In vain, science has tried to learn the secret; and though the microscope has made

wonderful revelations in regard to the conditions and processes of life, life itself remains a mystery. In the work of the plant, we know that the roots deal with the earth and provide the material element; that the chlorophyll of the leaf, by its affinity for the sunlight, provides for the higher life; and that the function of the stem is to serve as a channel of communication between the roots and the leaves, and to support the higher organs of the plant in such a way that all may do their assigned work to the best advantage.

Human society is divided into various classes, according to the capacity of its members for work or according to their attitude towards the great ends of human life. Since intelligent and purposeful work is accepted as the normal state, we have various abnormal social states or classes. We thus speak of the defective classes, the criminal classes, the idle classes, et cetera. So, also, among the members of plant society, the biologist finds abnormal classes, determined primarily by their attitude towards the work assigned them—the ends of vegetable being.

When dissimilar members of the plant family live together, one or each dependent upon the other, they are said to be symbiotic; and biologists have discovered among the members of the plant family three kinds of

symbiosis, or "living together": mutualism, helotism, and parasitism.

1. *Mutualism.* In this condition, two organisms of different species or genera live together in a state of mutual dependence. The members may be of equal rank, but each does only a part of the work. This division of labor may be productive of mutual benefit, but inevitably it results in corresponding loss to each individual. Neglected powers lapse, and unused organs gradually disappear for want of exercise. The fungus growth on the roots of clover and some orchids and club mosses are examples of this abnormal condition of mutualism in plant life.

2. *Helotism.* This condition is named from the word *helot*, which signifies serf or slave and was applied to the serving class among the Spartans. As the term implies, we find a species of servitude existing in the vegetable kingdom. Some plants possessing simple organisms, like the algæ, live in intimate relation with plants of a higher development, like the fungi. The former serve in the capacity of slaves to the latter. The lower plant does all the hard labor, absorbing the simple elements from the soil and from the air and working them up into complex substances which nourish the higher plant. The lichen, for example, instead of being a simple organism, is in reality a double

plant, consisting of an alga and a fungus living together. The latter is the aristocratic master. It profits by the toil of its little slave and lives a life of luxury and indolent ease. But this genteel and idle master, though free from hard labor, is far from being strong and prosperous. Through continued idleness, it has lost the power to work, to produce the essential chlorophyll, and has degenerated into a helpless creature dependent upon the generous support of its faithful servant.

3. *Parasitism.* Perhaps the most interesting and instructive class of symbiotic plants are the parasites. These are found in two divisions, the true parasites and the saprophytes. The first class attach themselves to some living organism—some industrious hard-working plant. The parasite does very little work on its own account; it escapes part of the toil and the struggle of earning its livelihood, by absorbing from its host the necessaries of life already prepared. To this class belong the dodder, which is completely parasitic, and the mistletoe, which is partially so; the rusts and the smuts, which attach themselves to cereals; and the useless but audacious suckers, which sap the strength of the fruit-bearing plants and torment the farmer boy. Some of these parasites are very choice as to the host that shall sustain them, while others are indiffer-

ent and will accept entertainment from any convenient source. The twining dodder with its yellowish or reddish stems will coil around any plant that it meets; and, in most cases, it stealthily and cruelly strangles its unsuspecting host. The mistletoe selects a tree, often a fruit-tree, as its host; and, for this reason, it was called by the Greeks, *Phoradendron,* the "tree-thief." The saprophytes differ from the true parasites only in one particular. Instead of attaching themselves to living plants, they feed on dead and decaying organisms. In this class may be found the moulds, the toadstools, the mushrooms, the puffballs, and numerous animal and vegetable germs.

The results of parasitism are worthy of notice. We shall mention only a few of the more obvious:

1. What the true plant does in different stages of its existence, the parasite continues to do throughout its entire life. There is no alternation of sleep and wakefulness, rest and labor, seed time and harvest. There is no progress, no development. It continues its monotonous round of dependence, until its host has been exhausted and death ends its career.

2. Another result of parasitism is the loss of the power of protective adaptation. True plants are capable of a variety of spontaneous or induced movements, which are quite suggestive of voluntary activities. For

protection and preservation, they adapt themselves automatically to light, temperature, and moisture. Leaves turn their faces towards the sunlight, and tiny rootlets shoot out in the direction of moisture. When the parasitic habit is complete, the plant loses the power of self-protection: it can no longer respond to external stimuli. It is incapable of originating any activity of its own and is helplessly dependent for life and protection upon the host to which it is attached.

3. Another consequence of the parasitic habit is the degeneration of special organs. While the parasite secures its livelihood by absorption from its host without work or worry, it sacrifices the delicate mechanism which the true plant must build up for itself at such great expense.

4. Perhaps the most conspicuous and the most fatal consequence of parasitism is the loss of the chlorophyll, that mysterious substance that is so essential to the highest welfare of vegetable being. It has no power to absorb and assimilate the energy of the sunlight. Without chlorophyll, the plant has no direct affinity with the source of life. This is the primal cause of its degeneration. In the plant world, as in the human world, degeneration is the price of indolence.

XII. PERSEUS AND MEDUSA.

The mythology of the ancient world gives prominence to a group of popular stories known as "Sun Myths." To this group belong the stories of Hercules, Theseus, Œdipus, Phæton, Endymion, Perseus, and other solar heroes. In all these stories, the hero represents the sun or the light. Born of the darkness or of the dawn, he is exposed to the dangers of mountain wilds or ocean wastes, because some oracle has predicted that he would slay his parent—the darkness from which he has sprung. After a season of perilous wandering, he is finally rescued, and is forced upon a long journey into distant lands to perform some difficult and hazardous task. He represents the light of the sun, journeying northward to the solstice, dispelling the darkness and the mist, overcoming the power of the frost king, and giving new life to the forces of nature.

The story of Perseus and the Gorgon is a typical solar myth. Perseus is the son of Jupiter, the god of the sky, and Danæ, the Dawn, daughter of King Acrisius, the representative of darkness. Like other solar heroes, he is cast adrift shortly after his birth, in

the hope that he may perish, because the oracle has predicted that King Acrisius will some day be slain by his grandson. Perseus and his mother are placed in a chest and, for a long time, float upon the sea. At last they are cast ashore in the kingdom of Polydectes, where Perseus develops into a sturdy, manly youth, a favorite of men and of gods. The king woos the fair Danæ; and Perseus is sent to the distant land of the north, the home of the mist and the darkness, with the injunction that he must find and slay the terrible Medusa and bring her head as a bridal gift to grace the nuptials of his mother and his guardian king.

This Medusa was one of three famous sisters who lived in the far north where the sun never shone, and where the earth was mantled in unbroken darkness and covered with perpetual snow. As a girl, Medusa had been far-famed for the beauty of her comely face, her shapely form, and her long curling tresses. Her somber brow was crowned with the storm-cloud, and her dark eyes flashed forth a fire that illumined the dreary region of the Pole. But Medusa was unhappy and dissatisfied with her home. She wished to live in the land of the south, where the sun always shone and the flowers ever bloomed, and where, moreover, her beauty could be seen and admired by gods and mortals. Vain of her beauty and conceited, as some beautiful girls are

too apt to be, she besought Minerva to permit her to visit the sunny southland. When Minerva declined, she reviled the goddess and declared that she envied and feared Medusa's beauty; that, if men once beheld her own comely face and beautiful locks, they would no longer consider the goddess beautiful. Minerva was so incensed by Medusa's insolent slanders that she decided to punish her for her arrogance and presumption. Accordingly she changed her long, beautiful locks into hissing snakes, which writhed and coiled and twisted about her neck and body; and, though she permitted her face to retain its beauty, she declared that one glance into it should change the unfortunate beholder into stone.

The task assigned to Perseus as a test of his valor and devotion was the finding and slaying of this terrible Medusa with her snaky locks and face of fatal beauty. He at once began to prepare for his dangerous enterprise. The gods who had so carefully watched over his childhood and youth were interested in his success and offered their aid. Pluto, the god of the underworld, who controls the unknown treasures embosomed in land and sea, gave him the magic helmet, which had the power of making the wearer invisible at will. Minerva, the goddess of wisdom, armed him with her wonderful ægis, her polished, mirror-like shield, which

would enable him to see things by their reflection upon its surface without looking at the objects themselves. Mercury, the patron deity of speech and of music, the embassador of high Olympus, put upon Perseus's feet his own winged shoes, that he might be endowed with great power of flight; and he gave him, besides, a short curved sword for defense or attack.

Thus equipped by the gods, he proceeded to that mysterious region inhabited by the "Gray Maids of the Mist," who guarded the approaches to the land of the Gorgon. By strategy, he extracted from these ancient maidens many valuable secrets; he learned from them the way to the abode of the nymphs, who placed at his service their richest possessions and directed him to the hiding-place of the Gorgon. Perseus, aided by the winged shoes of Mercury, proceeded in his northward flight to the land of perpetual darkness and discovered the secret dwelling-place of Medusa. The floor of her cave was strewn with the petrified bodies of those who had been lured to gaze upon her fatal beauty, and the air was filled with the weird lullaby of the hissing serpents as they sang the horrible Gorgon to sleep. But the magic helmet of Pluto made him invisible; the mirror-like shield of Minerva enabled him to see the reflection of the fatal face of the sleeping Medusa; and a well-directed blow with the sword of

Mercury severed from the body the terrible head, which he carried home in triumph to his king.

Such is the mythical story of Perseus and Medusa. I shall not attempt to give a critical analysis of the story, or to unravel the mystic message that its symbolism conveyed to the people of the ancient world. I am concerned only with the practical lessons it contains for us. Considered as an allegory, the story is richly instructive. It is a prophecy of the individual's career and destiny in modern life. The true hero of today is endowed with wondrous powers, and is sent out into the world to mitigate the wrong, to dispel the darkness and superstition, and to destroy the Medusas that lure men to destruction. Every young man and young woman in school or college is a modern Perseus endowed with mighty powers and intrusted with a great mission. You are here, today, undergoing preparation for the serious purposes of the life that lies before you. The gods that aided in the equipment of Perseus are ready to assist in your preparation. In ancient myth and fable, the forces and powers of nature, the elements of knowledge, and the various arts and sciences were personified and deified. Pluto was the god of the underworld, the personification of the wonderful wealth that lies beneath the earth's surface, the marvelous energies and mysterious agencies that

are revealed to modern life by mathematics and the natural sciences. The magic helmet of Pluto is here placed at your service. Physics gives you the mastery of matter and its laws, electrical science equips you with a giant's power, chemistry and biology introduce you into the secret chambers of creative power, and geology enables you to read the handwriting of God in the strata of the earth. Fundamental to all science is the science of mathematics: all nature is based upon exact mathematical laws. The mastery of these sciences will make you the possessor of the magic helmet of Pluto, which we are told has the power to make the wearer invisible at will. The greatest factors of modern life are invisible; the most potent influences are impersonal. The progress of civilization involves personal elimination. Ignorance cannot extend its influence in time or space very far beyond the personal presence of the individual. Knowledge and skill and the power of invention make possible the operation of beneficent forces and influences that are far removed from the creative personality. The most telling forces in our daily life are impersonal. As we read a book, a magazine or a daily paper, we may not see the active personality behind it. The great lights of literature from Homer to Shakespeare and Tennyson wear the magic helmet of Pluto, because the printing-press has

multiplied and extended their impersonal power. The personalities of Morse and Bell, Edison and Howe, are merged in their great inventions. The individuals are invisible, but time and space cannot limit their influence. The man dies and is forgotten, but he leaves an invention which will multiply his power for good throughout all the ages of the future. Every invention of the nineteenth century illustrates the power of an invisible personality. The inventor wears the magic helmet of Pluto.

Wealth also makes possible the impersonal and invisible power of the individual. The coal and the iron, the silver and the gold of the underworld belong to the realm of Pluto, and are at the disposal of man for the suppression of evil and the elevation of the race. It is not the possession, but the abuse of wealth that is ignoble. Riches used to gratify selfishness and to display the personal element, are invariably condemned as mean and vulgar. The wealthy philanthropist may live in obscurity, unobserved of men; but the hospitals and asylums, libraries and colleges he has builded are powerful impersonal influences that will go down through the ages, alleviating pain, succoring the unfortunate and dispelling the darkness of ignorance, long after he is dead and his name and habitation are forgotten among men. George Peabody, John McDonough

and Peter Cooper, John Harvard, Ezra Cornell and Paul Tulane are mouldering in the earth, but their impersonal influence will long continue to bless mankind. They wear the magic helmet of Pluto. The first great lesson taught us by the sun-myth is the secret of power through eliminated personality. It is the lesson taught by Christ when he says: "He that loseth his life for my sake, shall find it."

The mirror-like shield of Minerva enabled Perseus to destroy the Medusa merely by looking at the reflection of the fatal face. He had faith in the power of the shining surface to reflect the reality. Too many young people are not wise and cautious enough to profit by the experience of others. The boy is skeptical and has no faith in his father's judgment; he must see things for himself; he must bring the follies and vices of the world within the range of his own senses—he must gaze upon the fatal beauty of the Medusa. No wonder the caverns of politics, business, and society are paved with petrified lives! Listen to the voice of experience; read the records of the ages. History is the wonderful ægis of Minerva that reflects upon polished surface the vices and follies of the world and serves for protection to its possessor. The old adage, "The young man must sow his wild oats," is without justification, for what he sows he must invariably reap. Young people need

not see for themselves the vices of the great city in order to avoid them or to destroy them. In the morning paper they may behold the image of life's fatal illusions without leaving their own firesides. The habit of "slumming" indulged in by many good people is utterly inexcusable. Let them turn their backs on Medusa and keep their eyes upon the shield of Minerva. With your eyes fixed upon history and literature as your shield, and your backs turned to the follies and vices of the world, you will escape the heart-hardening and conscience-searing effects of life's Medusas.

But your preparation requires not only the mastery of mathematics and natural science, but also of language and music, the vehicles of intellectual and emotional expression. These are the "winged shoes" of Mercury, the god of speech and of music. Words have been fittingly called the wings of thought. Upon the pinions of language, Homer and Virgil, Plato and Aristotle, have come down through the ages; and their invisible personalities are still potent in the life of the world. Luther and Wesley, Chaucer and Shakespeare, Bacon and Descartes, are a millionfold more powerful today than when they lived upon the earth. The music of Mendelssohn and Handel still wings its flight through the years; and though far removed from their

limited personalities, its ever-increasing volume multiplies its blessings to the world.

The equipment of Perseus typifies practically the entire curriculum of the school. When you are truly the possessor of this equipment, you may, like Perseus, force the "Gray Maids of the Mists" to give up their secrets and discover the path that will lead you to the rich possessions of the nymphs that live in the rocks, the woods, and the meadows; in river, ocean, and cloud-land. Like the great and good of all ages, you will be endowed with the power of an invisible personality, conferred by the magic helmet of Pluto; the ægis of recorded truth will protect you by revealing to you the image of the wrong to be overcome; and the "winged shoes" of Mercury will carry your faith and your influence down the years of the future, until at last the head of the Gorgon shall be severed by the sword of Eternal Truth. "Put on the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil." Paul doubtless had in mind the old pagan sun-myth of Perseus, when he exhorted the Ephesians to have their feet "shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace," to take the "shield of faith," the "helmet of salvation," and the "sword of the Spirit" —the word of Truth. Resolve, then, to do something while you live that will be an influence for good in the

world when you are gone; and remember that a great mission in life requires great preparation. All the powers of earth and heaven are ready to assist you; all the gods are ready to contribute to your success.

XIII. WEALTH AND POVERTY.

"The ferns loved the mountains,
The mosses the moor;
The ferns were the rich,
The mosses the poor."

These suggestive lines I found by accident, while spending an idle hour in a quaint old book-shop rich in curious volumes, many of them published before the beginning of the eighteenth century. These lines of poetry embody the conclusion of an interesting old legend which runs in this fashion: In the long, long ago, the ferns and the mosses dwelt together in peace and amity. They lived in a broad fertile plain where all the conditions of life were favorable: the sun shone brightly by day, and the dews of evening provided abundant moisture; the air was balmy, and the breezes that swept over the plain brought health and happiness to the mosses and the ferns alike. The ferns became tall, stately trees, stretching their graceful trunks towards heaven; and their richly colored foliage drank in the dew and the sunshine. On account of their thrift and prosperity, their richly colored dress and their splendid proportions, they were envied by all the other

vegetable inhabitants of that land. The mosses at their feet kept their roots supplied with abundant moisture and thus gave life and energy and beauty to their stately companions. The mosses themselves were likewise benefited, and prospered by their mutual sympathy and association. The roots of the fern gave them warmth and energy through the soil, and the leafy foliage protected them from the scorching heat of the midday sun. The mosses grew large in size and rich in verdure and rejoiced in the beauty and munificence of their stately protectors. But, alas, there came an unfortunate day when the ferns and the mosses had a quarrel; they could no longer live together in sweet sympathy and helpfulness; they could no longer dwell together in that beautiful plain, each enriching the life of the other; and they agreed to part. Hereafter each would live to himself and go through life alone. So we are told:

> "The ferns loved the mountains,
> The mosses the moor."

The ambitious ferns climbed up the steep mountain side, and some of the more ambitious planted themselves on the very summit, so that they might look down from a greater height upon their former companions in the plain.

The mosses, on the other hand, wandered downward to the low marshland and the moor. But after the lapse of time, the ferns and the mosses both came to grief. Each class sadly missed the other and grew unhappy in its loneliness. The ferns no longer had the mosses to retain the moisture about their roots, and gradually they became less thrifty and less prosperous. In time they lost their stateliness and their leafy luxuriance and dwindled away, until they became mere shrubs. The stately trees of the plain now had become mere dwarfs in stature, as compared with their forest companions. Those that climbed the nearest to the crest of the mountain were the greatest sufferers; the higher they climbed, the greater their loss in stature and in verdure, because of the thinness of the soil and the scarcity of moisture.

The mosses were likewise unfortunate. They missed the sheltering shade and grateful protection of the stately fern trees of the plain. They lost in vigor and in richness of verdure and dwindled into mere colorless lichens and other homely parasitic forms. Their solitary lives became joyless and hopeless; they must now submit to a dreary existence in the desolate moor, amidst the dead and the dying of the vegetable kingdom.

The legend suggests lessons of importance in social

economy. The ferns and the mosses typify two great classes of human society, and the legend illustrates their interdependence.

> "The ferns were the rich,
> The mosses the poor."

No man liveth unto himself. He is part of a social organism. Every member of society is dependent upon every other member. The welfare of all depends upon the prosperity of each; and the success of the individual in any sphere is, in an important sense, the contribution of the society of which he is a member. The wealth of the few depends upon the productive power of the many. The poor contribute to the wealth of the rich; they may make or unmake the laws that protect this wealth; they become the soldiers who fight the battles, when home and country are threatened with marauders or with the invasion of a foreign foe. The rich need the help of the poor.

In a large measure, the rich are indebted for their wealth to the laws and institutions of society. Our laws, our society, our social and civil institutions that make our wealth possible, are not of our own making; they are our inheritance from the past, and we are under obligations to transmit them to those who come after us. The opportunities and the talents we have

received as gifts from the past, we should turn over with interest to the future. The rich are under obligations to the poor, and the presence of the poor gives the opportunity for the discharge of these obligations. A man by himself alone cannot become rich.

The cultured man likewise is indebted to society as a whole. The conditions that have enabled him to acquire an education are largely inherited from the past. Our culture is the accumulation of the ages, which has been entrusted into our hands. It is our duty to transmit it to the future with interest. Individual culture is enhanced in value by sharing it with the world. The individual alone, isolated from the life of the people, cannot be truly cultured.

The individual by himself cannot develop a high state of morality. Morality is a social affair; the individual must develop into a social being, which is the higher self, by contact and interchange with his fellows. The hermit who hides in his cell to escape the temptations of life can never become morally strong. If we search the pages of the past, we will find that the men of the greatest moral strength, the noblest types of spirituality, were the friends of the poor. From Socrates to Emerson, from Christ to Tolstoi, the greatest philosophers and reformers of the world have lived close to the hearts of the people. The presence of pov-

erty is an essential condition in the development of the soul's divinest qualities. The rich man who turns a deaf ear to the cry of poverty and closes his heart to the needs of the people shuts out from his soul the dew of heaven and in the end becomes a spiritual dwarf. The higher he climbs his mountain of greed, the farther away he gets in his selfish exclusiveness, the more stunted his development, the smaller the dimensions of his soul. The poor, on the other hand, need the protection that wealth can give; they need the opportunity that wealth can provide to save them from discouragement; they need the hope that wealth can inspire to keep them from despair. Removed from the opportunity and the hope inspired by the heart-beats of wealth, they wander into the moors and the marshes of life and become serfs or criminals. All wealth is not bad; all poverty is not mean. Wealth may be a blessing to its possessor and to the world, if used for the relief and the uplifting of the race. It may prove a curse and a soul-destroyer if hoarded for selfish gratification. Poverty may be useful and honorable so long as it provides life-giving moisture at the very roots of humanity; it may be useless and degrading as a colorless lichen, feeding upon the decaying branches of society. The rich and the poor in this world have been made for each other. From sympathy and coöperation

and harmony must develop blessing and happiness to all. From separation and selfish isolation will result, on the one hand, a class of stunted paralytics and spiritual decrepits, and, on the other hand, a class of physical and moral degenerates. Life is one; humanity is one; God is One; and we all are His children.

Wealth in itself has no intellectual, moral, or spiritual values. It is good only to the degree that it is convertible into noble uses and provides the conditions of individual and social betterment. To reach its highest value, wealth must modify the environment and provide physical conditions that are favorable to the production of higher values in the individual and in the state. It may be transformed into schools and libraries, museums and parks that will disseminate intellectual and æsthetic culture; it may be transformed into books and newspapers, magazines and paintings, and a thousand forms that will elevate the race. Coal and iron ore and clay may be transmuted into ideas, and the raw material of earth may be spiritualized into noble ideals. The possibilities of wealth are beyond human calculation; the responsibilities of wealth can scarcely be realized. The problem that confronts the rich man, is the transformation of his wealth into blessings for humanity; the transmuta-

tion of mud, by the alchemy of the soul, into golden bricks for the pavement of the New Jerusalem. The law of transmutation is the most mysterious and yet the most universal law in all nature. Inorganic matter is changed into vegetable matter; and this in turn, is changed into animal tissue, blood, and brain, and all that makes up the body of man. But the law does not stop here. We do not understand the process; but blood and tissue and brain cells are transmuted into thought and feeling, intellect and will, and these in turn may become spiritual powers that lift humanity into the atmosphere of the divine. This is indeed the kingdom of Heaven within us, built up from the raw material of earth, through a series of transmutations. This is the mystery of conversion. That soul is itself unconverted, that has not learned the secret of converting its material possessions into spiritual forces. True conversion must begin with the material; he who would convert human souls must begin by converting his wealth, his talents, his physical and intellectual powers, into spiritual forces.

This is the great law of being to which all nature is subject. Every plant and shrub, every leaf and flower, every animal that breathes the air, finds its destiny and its glory in rendering obedience to this universal law. Each transforms the lower elements

of its life into higher forms, and all nature, by this unending series of transmutations, attests for man—

> "One God, one law, one element,
> And one far-off divine event,
> To which the whole creation moves."

XIV. HISTORICAL IDEALS.

"I will make all my goodness pass before thee."—*Exodus* xxxiii 19.

The ideal is the real measure of the character of an individual, of a nation, and of civilization. What we call progress in the individual consists in his passage through a succession of ideals, each in turn lifting him to a higher plane, and each, for the time, dominating his life and directing his activities. To the boy of six years, the acme of human glory is to sit on the cabman's box and wield those suggestive instruments of power, the whip and the reins. Then, perhaps, in rapid succession, he is a street-car motorman, a locomotive engineer, a policeman, a western detective, a great preacher, doctor, or lawyer. While each ideal may vanish before it is realized, it exercises a potent influence in shaping the life of the man. At every stage of his development, the measure of his actual life is found in his dominant ideal.

Progress in a nation's history consists in the substitution of higher and broader ideals for those that are low and narrow. These ever-shifting standards

of national achievement mold the character of the people and determine the activities of the nation, both at home and abroad. The character of a nation at any period in its history may be determined by the study of its dominant ideal.

The progress of civilization as a whole is likewise marked by a succession of ideals. The student of history may trace in the course of the centuries that are past the rise and fall of ideals which have provided the motive forces of human endeavor, and which have given shape and direction to the destinies of nations. That is a very suggestive incident given us in the life of Moses. He had been on the mountain, as you will remember, where he had seen wondrous manifestations of the great attributes of Jehovah; he had seen the most startling expressions of God's power, wisdom and justice; but, still dissatisfied, he asked, "Now, Lord, show me thy glory." "And the Lord answered and said unto him, I will make all my goodness pass before thee." The lesson is very direct and very simple; the glory of God consists not in His power, not in His justice, not in His wisdom, but in His goodness—"I will make all my goodness pass before thee."

In every age, the ideals of a people are embodied in the object of their worship. The attributes of their gods are the qualities most admired in men. In the

world's early civilizations, physical power was idealized. The greatest man was the man of muscle and brawn, the man who could conquer his enemies by physical power. Such men were selected to lead their armies and to rule as kings and emperors. The supreme attribute of their deity was power, and their governments were absolute monarchies. Physical power was the object of worship and the ideal of social and civic life.

In the Hebrew theocracy, we find the attribute of justice idealized. The laws of the people required "eye for eye, tooth for tooth, hand for hand, foot for foot, burning for burning, wound for wound, stripe for stripe." Strict justice, untempered by mercy, is not the noblest attribute of God, nor the highest ideal of man. Later, as in the civilization of the Greeks, we find the element of wisdom idealized. Art and philosophy are elevated to the loftiest pedestals. Minerva, the goddess of wisdom, is worshiped; and the knowledge and culture characteristic of Greek civilization still challenges the admiration of the world.

The attributes of power, justice, and wisdom still continue as elements in our modern ideals. The element of power still holds a dominant place—power through physical strength, through the influence of wealth and possessions, or through the opportunities

of social standing or official position. But this ideal of power is modified and held in check today by the ideals of justice and humanity and of the constantly expanding conception of wisdom.

These ideals, however, singly or combined, do not constitute the highest or the noblest reach of individual, social, or national endeavor. It is not to these that we must look for the glory of a nation or of civilization. "Now, Lord, show me thy glory." "I will make all my goodness pass before thee." Goodness is the most glorious attribute of Jehovah, and the noblest ideal of man and of civilization.

Goodness as an ideal involves wisdom and justice and power, but it gives reason for their being. It is not necessarily the negative saintly quality characterized by the drooping eye-lid and the cheerless face. Goodness is an active, not a negative trait; it does not consist in the bad things that you have not done, but rather in the constant stream of good things that flow out of your life. It is the spirit that animates your sense of justice, that guides your power, that directs your wisdom. It is that quality which gives tendency and direction to all your powers and activities, and determines your attitude towards all the difficult questions of human life. It is the oxygen that purifies the atmos-

phere of social and civil institutions, the sunlight that gives life and joy and happiness to the world.

The real test of your moral character is not your power, your sense of justice, or your wisdom, but your attitude towards those elements that constitute goodness. Many people think it a mark of superior wit to ridicule goodness, and to speak lightly of truth and honor and righteousness. The young man who treats lightly these qualities in private and social life, cannot be trusted with the responsibilities of official station in the state or the municipality. Too often, the press of our country is responsible for much of the corruption in public life by its attitude of tolerance towards vice, and of ridicule and sneer towards reform. Whatever your position in life may be, I trust that you may ever place yourselves in fullest accord, and in active coöperation, with the elements of goodness in your environment; that you may cultivate sympathy with truth and righteousness, and consecrate your lives to the establishment, in social conduct and civic affairs, of this noblest ideal of life.

The process of education involves the development of right ideals; it means the abandonment of childish illusions and contact with the stern realities and responsibilities of existence. It is natural for the child to look upon his father's farm as a kingdom whose

wealth and resources can nowhere be surpassed. The boy thinks his father greater than Alexander, wiser than Solomon and richer than Crœsus. The hills his youthful feet have trod are to him the highest in the world, his father's forest trees are the tallest, his meadows are the greenest, and the winding stream that flows past his father's house is the most beautiful and enchanting in all the earth. To him, that mysterious circle on the outskirts of his father's wide domain, where earth and sky seem to meet in one unending kiss, is the boundary line of the universe. But, by and by, there comes a time when these sweet and happy illusions of youth must pass away; when the dreams and ideals of childhood, one by one, must vanish and yield to other dreams and other ideals. As we rise step by step to a higher plane, the circle which forms our visible horizon gradually recedes and discovers to our astonished view a world of beauty and of splendor far beyond, of which we had never dreamed in childhood. The process of education thus means the dissipation of old ideals as well as the formation of new.

Some one has wisely said that the end of education is to lift us above the spirit of the age in which we live; to enable us to form an ideal of life higher and nobler than that of our own generation. This does not mean that we are to be out of touch with life as it is; the

higher does not bar us from the lower, but enables us to pass through it and beyond it. Man's horizon, intellectual and moral, should be wider than his home, wider than his business or profession, wider than his church, his city or state, his race or nationality. If your education does not extend your field of vision, widen the circle of your influence and sympathy beyond the present and the immediate, and develop within your soul ideals that are higher and nobler than those of the commercial age in which you live, it has failed to achieve its highest purpose.

As you leave the school room and enter the service of life, you will have opportunities to give expression to your highest ideals. You will manifest to the world the knowledge and the wisdom you have acquired; your power will be tested and your ideal of justice will find its adequate expression. But, when the challenge comes, as come it will, "Show me now thy glory," may you promptly respond in word, in deed, in life, "I will make all my goodness pass before thee."

XV. THE KINGDOM OF MAN.

"Not what I have, but what I do is my kingdom."—*Carlyle.*

A KINGDOM presupposes a king, and the real test of a king is his power to govern his kingdom. His wealth and wisdom and skill may be valuable aids, but the measure of the king is his ability to rule. Not his possession, but his activity, is the test of his sovereignty.

The test of a machine is not what it has, but what it does. Its value depends not upon the material out of which it is made; not upon its external ornamentation or its beautiful polished surface, but upon the power to accomplish effectually the specific work for which it was designed. If you want to buy a watch, your first concern is about its ability to keep good time. The "movement" of the works comes first; the style of the case and the material out of which it is made are secondary considerations. Accuracy and reliability in the measurement of time is the realm in which the watch is expected to exercise dominion. Not what it has, but what it does is its kingdom.

The wonderful forces of nature within us and with-

out us have very little significance for us, apart from their specific fields of operation. The latent energies of matter and of life are of value only because of their kinetic possibilities, their power to work for some specific end. Steam has been known for ages as a powerful physical agent; but it remained valueless to man until it was imprisoned in the steam-engine by Watt, in the locomotive by Stevenson, and in the steamboat by Fulton. Steam was discovered, not by analyzing it, but by finding out what it could do. Electricity had been vaguely known for centuries; but it was only a mysterious and an uncontrolled evil genius to be feared and shunned, until men such as Franklin and Morse and Edison succeeded in finding what it could do for the benefit of man. They discovered the kingdom of electricity. The true measure of nature's forces is not their composition; not what they have, but what they do. Steam is not more powerful as an agent of civilization because we have learned that it consists of oxygen and hydrogen in a vapor state; nor is electricity any the less powerful because we know neither its nature nor the source of its power. In the organic world, every plant and every animal has its allotted field in which it exercises its peculiar functions. When we discover its uses, we discover its kingdom. "By their fruits ye shall know them." This is the universal test.

The same law applies to men and women. The true measure of our life is not found in our wealth, our learning, or our social position. It is found in the sphere of our activities. Conduct is the sum total of life. Learning may direct it, and wealth and social position may enlarge its influence; but these are after all only accessories. It is not our possessions, but our actions, that count. "Not what I have, but what I do, is my kingdom." Your kingdom is the realm in which you rule, the domain in which you exercise power and authority. There are many things in your life over which you have no authority; there is a wide domain in which you can exercise no choice. You did not choose your parents or the place of your birth. You are an American citizen, not by choice, but by force of circumstances over which you had no control. In those matters, you are neither blameworthy nor praiseworthy; you are not responsible. You deserve no credit whatever for the social position, the good clothes, and the many superior opportunities with which you are blest. For what you have, you may not be responsible; but what you do is your own exclusive domain over which you are sole ruler, and in which there is none to dispute your authority. In this realm of conduct you sit an absolute sovereign, a king by divine right. None can dethrone you or share your kingdom, and

there is none in whose favor you can abdicate your power.

There are many who pride themselves upon the superior gifts they have inherited, whether they be lands or wealth or natural powers, forgetful of the fact that they are gifts, in the mere receiving of which there is no particular merit, and unmindful of the fact that the possession of these gifts entails greater obligation and increased responsibility. Sometimes, we find students boasting of their native wit and glorying in their ability to shirk all hard study. They rely upon luck and inherited shrewdness to carry them through school and through life without work. The most valuable talent you can possess is the talent for work. This includes all other gifts. It is not an inheritance, but a power that each must develop for himself; and the test of this power is achievement. As a student, not what you have, but what you do, is your kingdom.

The test of your power to know and feel the truth is your power to express it in language. The test of your power to know and desire the right is your power to express it in conduct. An old classic story tells us that once upon a time the boys of Sparta visited Athens, and, as the guests of the Athenian boys, were assigned to seats of honor in the great amphitheater. Near by were the benches on which sat the Athenian boys. The great

circular hall is crowded, and it is nearly time for the play to begin, when an old man comes limping down the aisle. His hair is gray, his form is bent, and he leans heavily upon his staff. In vain he looks on either side for a vacant seat and stops at last opposite the boys of Athens. They laugh and jeer at the poor old man, ridicule his bent form and halting gait; but there is not one so civil as to offer him a seat. The Spartan boys beckon the old man to come to them; and all rise up as one man, each offering his seat and standing with uncovered head until the old man is seated. Seeing this, the Athenian boys break out in loud applause and cheer the generous act of the Spartans. The old man, slowly rising to his feet, faces the vast assemblage, and, with a gesture of his hand, cries out in a loud voice, "The Athenian boys *know* what is right, but the Spartan boys *do* what is right." It is not what we know or what we desire that really counts, but what we actually do. Conduct is the index of conscience, the register of knowledge.

Christ uttered a divine truth when he said, "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth." The greatest danger of our age is the greed for material possession, at the sacrifice of the higher and nobler elements of life. Wealth may buy a corner lot and build a costly mansion, but it cannot buy

hope and faith and happiness. Wealth may buy a great library and costly works of art, but it cannot buy the love of good literature or the power to appreciate and enjoy a Wagner opera or a Beethoven symphony, as interpreted by the Thomas Orchestra. Such power is not a purchasable quantity. A wealthy English woman once said to the great artist Turner, by way of comment on one of his paintings, "I never saw anything like that in nature." "Madam," was the reply, "what would you give if you could?" The power to appreciate and appropriate the true and the beautiful in nature and in life is not for sale in the department store. It is to be obtained only upon the condition of personal effort and individual work and is within the reach of the poorest and the humblest.

We need today to emphasize the doctrine that man is a free agent, that the individual is sovereign within the limits of his kingdom. Whatever we may say of the power of heredity, the shaping of our own life is our own work. Whether it shall be a thing of beauty and of honor, or of shame and infamy, will be as we ourselves determine, because that is our dominion. "Not what we have, but what we do, is our kingdom."

We have too long accepted the theory that the conditions of social and civic life which we have received as a heritage cannot be changed; that the ignorance and

the vice inherited from the past cannot be remedied. Many good people act upon the theory that heredity is omnipotent, and that the ills of the state and of society cannot be cured. This doctrine of fatalism leads to hopeless skepticism. We must make the world better by creating better conditions; we must improve the next generation by bequeathing to it a heritage of better conditions and higher opportunities. By raising the standard of intellectual and moral life in the state, we raise the standard of individual and social life. Too many people are satisfied with their heritage. "What was good enough for my grandfather is good enough for me and my children," is a remark too often heard in this day of railroads and machinery.

The life of the State consists not in the abundance of its taxable values and bank deposits, nor yet in its history and cherished traditions; but in the facilities it provides for the development of a noble, intelligent, and virtuous citizenship. The life of the Church consists not in the venerable creeds and forms and architectural piles it has inherited from a mediæval age, but in those higher elements of spiritual life and activity which shall elevate the race and redeem humanity. Not what it has, but what it does, is the kingdom of the State, of the Church, and of man.

The relation of the individual to inheritance on the

one hand and to environment on the other is very concisely stated by Mr. Jenkyn Lloyd Jones of Chicago, in his final examination of a class in philosophy. The last question propounded is as follows: "Two children are born on the same day, one in the home of a Harvard professor, the other in the wigwam of a Dakota chief. By some chance, the two children exchange homes in early infancy; the child of the savage chief is educated in the atmosphere of Harvard, while the Cambridge child is reared on the Indian reservation. At the age of forty, which would you rather be, and why?" I shall leave you to solve this problem as you may. Remember, however, that it deals with two kingdoms, one of society, the other of the individual. Society is responsible for the two civilizations. The individual is responsible for his career within the limits of his civilization.

The philosophy of right living is strikingly expressed by Zoroaster, the old Persian sage. "I was in darkness," he says, "but I took three steps and found myself in paradise; the first step was a good thought, the second a good word, and the third a good deed." These three steps indicate the boundary lines of human responsibility, the domain of individual sovereignty, the kingdom of man.

XVI. IMPRISONED GENII.

An interesting old Arabian legend relates that Radib, one of the most versatile and powerful of the genii, resolved that he would render his services to mankind only upon the condition that they were won by toil and perseverance. Accordingly he provided himself with a secret retreat,—an insignificant little black bottle,—for which he contrived a curious spring stopper. He then succeeded in reducing his gigantic proportions, so that he could conceal himself in the little black bottle. As soon as he entered, the mysterious spring stopper securely closed the door of his little prison.

"I will now go to sleep," said the giant; "and he who needs me may wake me up and let me out."

Hundreds of years had elapsed, and many generations of men had come and gone. The little black bottle still lay in the valley, unopened and unheeded. Some had observed it, only to kick it from their path with scorn and contempt, because it had no beauty nor comeliness in their eyes. Some had picked it up, only to cast it away again. They had neither the skill nor the patience to undo the spring stopper; they heard no

voice from within, nor could they see the concealed divinity which waited only to be released to do them inestimable service. To the many thousands who had passed that way, in search of wealth or fame or pleasure or power, the little black bottle was an object too trivial to attract attention.

One day came a poor peasant. By chance he stumbled upon the little black bottle. He picked it up and resolved to carry it to his home, that his children might use it as a toy. As the poor man scrutinized the little black object he had found, he observed its peculiar form and the strange device which closed the opening. While reflecting upon the possible use of so trivial an object, he heard from within a faint voice, scarcely audible at first, but more distinct as he bent his ear to listen.

"Let me out, let me out," said the voice.

"What will you give me if I let you out?" said the peasant.

"Whatever you desire," was the reply.

"Then," said the peasant, "give me a beautiful palace and fill it with gold."

"I will," replied the voice; "let me out, let me out."

Immediately the peasant went to work to learn the secret of the spring stopper. His zeal was unflagging; his energy was tireless. The more difficult seemed his task, the stronger grew his faith in the voice. He bent

all his energies to his task and consecrated all his powers to its accomplishment. Days, months, years passed, but the mystery was still unsolved; the little black bottle was still unopened. Time and labor, pleasure and comfort—all were sacrificed to his one life purpose. Though sometimes his ardor grew cold and his hopes became faint, he did not despair. He had heard the "still small voice" from within, and that voice had found a response in his own heart. At last, after years of toil and privation, his object was attained: he discovered the secret of the spring stopper, and the little black bottle was opened. Immediately, there came forth a little cloud, a vapory substance that seemed to possess neither form nor beauty. For the moment, the peasant's heart sank within him. Was this to be the reward of all his toil? Must his faith and sacrifice end at last in vapor? But as he watched, the vapory substance slowly expanded and gradually assumed the form of a stupendous giant, whose head towered far above the trees of the forest. He picked up the peasant's modest little hut, threw it in mid-air; and it came down to earth transformed into a marble palace of gorgeous beauty, fit for a king to inhabit. The giant blew his breath upon the forest trees, and the leaves in falling were changed into showers of golden coins. Hundreds of little dwarfs were soon upon the

scene, carrying into the marble palace bags of glittering gold. Each little dwarf, as he threw down his bag of gold, threw himself upon it and was instantly changed into another bag of gold, until every nook and every chamber in the capacious palace was closely packed with gold. When the giant had fulfilled his promise, he said to the peasant:

"Whenever you need me again, you know where to find me." Then he squeezed himself once more into the little black bottle, and the mysterious spring stopper again securely closed his prison door.

This old Arabian tale is not so fantastic as it seems. The truth it illustrates has been verified in the lives of thousands of men and women. Civilization is the sum total of little things, and history is but the record of great events born of obscure beginnings. Yet most people despise small things. The unlettered and the ignorant in all ages have overlooked the commonplace. Our estimates of our surroundings are too often based upon external appearances. We are too apt to judge people by the clothes they wear, and to value citizenship in dollars and cents. But truth does not go abroad, heralded by a trumpeter and a brass band, nor do we find the best commodities of life in a full-page newspaper advertisement.

The ancients delighted to represent their heroes

and divinities with a plain exterior. The gods of Olympus seldom visited the earth with the pomp and splendor of their imperial home. They often appeared in low disguises, living on common terms with mortals. The Homeric legends represent Apollo, when banished from heaven, as a herdsman pasturing the flocks of Admetus on the banks of "Thessalian Amphrysus," and Jove, the "father of gods and of men," as delighted to rusticate with the sons of toil. Odin, in the legends of the North, was a fisherman; and the chief hero of Hindu mythology was a peasant dwelling among peasants. So, also, in sacred history, Jesus, the carpenter's son, was born in a stable and trod the shores of Galilee with unlettered fishermen as His privileged associates. True greatness has always been represented with a plain and humble exterior. True worth is veiled from vulgar eyes. It is the great mission of education to lift the curtain from the commonplace and to enable us to see the divinity that lies within, in all its splendor and beauty.

The world is beginning to appreciate the commonplace. It is learning the lesson of Michael Angelo, that "trifles make perfection." The waste products in manufacture are turned into articles of commerce, and those things that were despised by our ancestors are attracting new interest. Much of the silver and gold

mined in our western states today is obtained from the dumps of twenty years ago. Swamps are drained, arid plains are irrigated, and neglected fields in science and literature are beginning to bring forth rich fruitage for mankind.

"It is the very principle of science," says Emerson, "that nature shows herself best in leasts." The great discoveries and inventions of the world may generally be traced to obscure beginnings. Men were readily attracted by the glitter of gold, but failed to see the value of the mountains of iron ore that so long remained about them untouched; they were dazzled by the ruby and the diamond, but gave no heed to the useful "black diamonds" that lay at their feet. Until the close of the eighteenth century, a lump of coal was a veritable "black bottle," within which dwelt a powerful giant, waiting to be released to serve humanity. A drop of water is an insignificant thing, a little "black bottle," whose latent possibilities were undreamed of through the long ages of the world. Men heard the faint voice within crying for release; thousands toiled to master the secret of the mysterious "spring stopper." At last, a century and a half ago, the giant was freed. Today, he grinds our corn, weaves our cloth, saws our timber. He has belted states and kingdoms with iron highways, and sends the iron horse thunder-

ing and shrieking through the valleys and over the plains, laden with life and the products of toil. He carries the majestic ship across the ocean, and, through the midst of the wildest sea mountains, guides her safe to port, while

> "The pulses of her iron heart
> Go beating through the storm."

Earth and air have always been the common property of man; but generations trod the earth and breathed the air, unconscious of the marvelous powers they contained, until men like Franklin, Morse, and Cyrus Field touched the magic spring that imprisoned the giant within. The little black bottle yields its secret, and the stupendous giant called electricity is brought into the service of man. Jupiter-like, it cleaves seas and continents with one gigantic stride and flashes from state to state and from continent to continent, bearing the thoughts and desires of men. This wonderful giant writes our letters and delivers them, too; he is at once the world's stenographer and mail carrier; he is ready for any service and can speak any language known to man. He pulls our cars and carriages, turns the wheels of our machinery, and lights our streets and our houses. Science today is rapidly realizing Emerson's prophetic vision: "Hitch your wagon to a star,

and let your chores be done by the gods themselves!"

Thousands of scientists are trying to learn the secrets of the spring stoppers that conceal so many powerful giants. Thousands of others are at work harnessing the powerful genii of earth and air and water for the service of the race. These giant forces of nature, concealed in the simplest things around us, stand ready to do our bidding; they will perform all the drudgery of the world if only we can learn the secret and "let them out." Thousands of young men and women in our schools and colleges are striving to master the secrets of the spring stoppers which confine the genii within their prisons. In physiology, physics, chemistry, and geology, you have "little black bottles" that you alone must open, if the giants within are to serve you. Mathematics is the common key that unlocks the door of every science. It is a "little black bottle" that conceals a stupendous giant, one that has at his command a whole army of lesser giants, which he brings into the service of man. Mathematics tells the astronomer where to look for a new star in the heavens, and enables him to describe with accuracy the courses of the planets. Mathematics had inferred the existence of the vibrations which produce the Roentgen ray long before it was discovered, just as it had established for Newton the law of gravitation be-

fore it was accepted as a principle of physics. You are struggling with Latin and with science, with history and with English composition. They seem unattractive and insignificant to you now. They are "little black bottles," concealing within the most powerful genii. You must learn for yourselves the secret of the magic stopper; you cannot do it by proxy. Listen to the voices of these genii, though you hear them yet but faintly; let them out and they will enrich you by their service. If you would succeed you must exercise faith, humility, and self-denial. Give heed to the commonplaces of life. The gods do not always dwell in the heights of Olympus; they are waiting at our feet to do our bidding. The world is full of genii, but their powers cannot be obtained unasked. Their favor and assistance will not come to us unsought. Worship is the condition of all blessing; and worship consists of faith, prayer, and labor unceasing.

The average life consists of commonplace events. The test of true living is not to be sought in the brilliant episodes or the dramatic incidents of a career, but in the ordinary everyday experiences of life. We need not fold our hands and wait for the occasional or the exceptional incidents of life to bring us a revelation of truth and duty; we need not wait for a midday vision to bring us the divine message. "The word is

very nigh thee." In daily trial and homely joy, in honest toil and simple service, there are spiritual genii waiting to be released to inspire us to the truer life. The greatest needs and the greatest blessings of human life are found in commonplace experience and commonplace endeavor. When we learn to find inspiration in the commonplace routine duties of life, we may realize the poet's aspiration and

> "make this forenoon sublime,
> This afternoon a psalm, this night a prayer,
> And time is conquered, and the crown is won."

XVII. ALTARS OF THANKSGIVING.

"I will offer to thee the sacrifice of thanksgiving."—*Psalm* cxvi. 17.

In ancient Greek mythology we are told that the king of Calydon issued a thanksgiving proclamation. His empire had flourished, his people had prospered. The fields of Calydon had brought forth abundant harvests, and the vineyards had yielded a rich fruitage. His enemies had been conquered in war, and his people rejoiced in the spoils of victory. Commerce by land and sea had been richly profitable, and peace and happiness reigned throughout Calydon. In order that this thanksgiving festival should be elaborate, he directed that altars be constructed throughout the realm to the lesser divinities as well as to the mighty gods who dwelt on the summit of Mount Olympus. Accordingly, altars were erected in honor of Ceres, the goddess of corn; Bacchus, the god of vineyards; Mars, the god of war; Neptune, the god of the sea; Apollo, the god of music; Mercury, the god of speech and eloquence; and all the other divinities that had contributed to the prosperity of Calydon. To each divinity, appropriate

thank-offerings and sacrifices were made; and to each, homage was paid proportionate to his supposed contribution to the prosperity of Calydon. At the close of this great harvest-home, when the fires upon the altars burned low, and the odors of the sacrifices had been wafted by fair winds to mingle with the clouds of far-away Olympus, the people returned to their homes, rejoicing in the thought of the pious duties they had performed.

But alas! one deity had been neglected. While doing homage to the gods of far-off Olympus, they had forgotten Diana, the mighty huntress, the queen of the woods and of the chase, who hunted the wild beasts in the Calydonian forest. On account of her vigilance, the wolves and the foxes and other wild beasts of the forests had not molested the flocks, the fields, or the vineyards of Calydon; yet in this great thanksgiving festival, no altar had been raised in her honor, no homage had been paid to her power. The king of Calydon had intended no slight to the goddess; he simply did not think of her. All went well until it was nearly time for another harvest. The prospects were even brighter than those of the year before; and believing that it paid to celebrate thanksgiving, the king was thinking of another proclamation, when suddenly a great disaster fell upon his people. Out of

the great Calydonian forest came an enormous wild boar, whose terrible tusks and foaming mouth made the people dumb with fear. He ravaged the ripening grain fields, laid waste the vineyards, destroyed the herds and flocks and killed the people that ventured beyond the city walls. For a season the domains of Calydon were devastated, and thanksgiving and joy were changed into sorrow and lamentation. At last Meleager, the king's son, came forth and summoned to his aid all the heroes of Greece. They organized the famous Calydonian hunt, chased the terrible beast to his lair in the forest, where he was killed by Meleager, who himself afterwards lost his life on account of the envy of his companions.

This interesting story of a mythological age introduces to us the oldest thanksgiving festival of literature. Mythical as it is, the human element of the legend is universal; and its lessons may be useful to us today as we prepare to celebrate the first thanksgiving festival of the twentieth century.

On Thanksgiving Day, we are apt to catalogue our blessings and enumerate our individual successes. The direction of our gratitude depends largely upon the direction of our prosperity, while the intensity of our emotion of thankfulness depends upon our sense of personal obligation. The farmer is thankful for rain

and a good crop of corn or cotton; the merchant, for a successful business year; the lawyer or the doctor, for professional success; the mechanic, for plenty of work and good wages; and the politician, for a good office and influence enough to hold it. Such blessings as life, health, food, clothing, and shelter, are more or less common to all and appeal to our common sense of gratitude. All our personal life equations have these blessings as common factors. If we analyze our own emotions, however, we will find that each of us, like the king of Calydon, issues his own thanksgiving proclamation; and the thanksgiving altars we raise are as varied as our dispositions and our personal interests. Cain was a tiller of the soil and "brought of the fruit of the ground, an offering unto the Lord"; but Abel was a keeper of sheep and "brought of the firstlings of his flock." Our altars may not be consciously dedicated to the heathen divinities of Greece and Rome, like the altars of the old myth; but if we remember that these mythical divinities of ancient mythology are personifications of nature and may be regarded as symbols of natural forces working within us and without us, we may conclude that many of the thanksgiving altars of today are dedicated in honor of the same old heathen divinities. The thank-offerings of many are still symbols of particular occupations—sacrifices to Ceres,

Bacchus, or Mars; to Mercury, Apollo, or Minerva; to Venus, Mammon, or the goddess of Fortune.

The word "thank" comes from the same root as the word "think." To be thankful is to be thoughtful—thoughtful not only of our benefactors, but also of those who need our benefactions; not only of our blessings, but also of those who are without them; not only of our abundance, but also of the want of others. Thankfulness in its broad sense is thoughtfulness, and Thanksgiving Day is *thoughtsgiving day.* Our thoughts constitute the self,—the inner and real part of us,—and a thank-offering is the sacrifice of that self to supply the needy. The hungry and the naked, the sick, the afflicted, and the sorrowful, are the thanksgiving altars upon which the truly thankful man makes his thank-offering to God. Upon these altars he sacrifices himself by being thoughtful. He is thoughtful of the hungry and converts himself into bread; he is thoughtful of the naked and converts himself into clothing; he is thoughtful of the sick and afflicted and converts himself into comfort and relief; he is thoughtful of the sorrowful and converts himself into sympathy. The true altars of thanksgiving are the suffering and the needy; and the truly thankful man is the one who thinks, and who converts his thoughts for the relief of suffering and distress, thus offering a

sacrifice "well pleasing and acceptable unto God." "For inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these little ones, ye have done it unto me."

But the king of Calydon neglected to pay homage to Diana, the mighty huntress; and, in consequence of that neglect, his fields were devastated by a terrible wild beast from the forest. If Diana in the fable is the symbol of temperance and self-denial, the moral lesson is obvious at once. In the forests of our nature are the lairs of many dangerous beasts, which we must chase and destroy. Faults and foibles, weaknesses and self-indulgences, soon grow into confirmed habits. If we forget them and neglect them, they will some day become our masters and will wreck our lives as the Calydonian boar devastated the fields of Calydon. Many a young man with a promising outlook, with a bright prospect for a useful career, has had his life wrecked by the wild beast of intemperance. Malice and envy and avarice, passion and prejudice, are Calydonian boars, which, if neglected, will some day come out of the forest into the open fields and defy your power to check their disastrous course. The State may pay homage on this thanksgiving festival to all the virtues, social, civic, and moral; but there is grave danger that some day, on account of neglect and indifference, the Calydonian boars of ignorance and

political corruption may stalk forth from her forests and lay waste her fair fields. Our country may erect altars to all the powers in the universe; but unless the wild beasts of greed and anarchy and commercialism are chased and destroyed, she will pay the penalty of neglect, as did the king of Calydon.

What does thanksgiving signify to you today? Is it merely a sentiment of gratitude for benefits received? A pleasing sensation resulting from the possession of gifts not possessed by others? Is it the vocal expression of that sentiment in song or in prayer—the giving thanks to God on one special day in the year? To many, no doubt, thanksgiving means just this and nothing more. There can be no real thanksgiving in the heart, unless the sentiment of gratitude involves a sense of obligation—obligation to use the benefits given to us as a trust for the relief of others. "The hand of Providence is a human hand," and the truly thankful man feels that he and his gifts are but the instruments of that Providence. Thanksgiving thus becomes *thanks-living,* not for one day in the year, but for the three hundred and sixty-five days. If the man you have benefited thanks you profusely one day and slanders you the next, he is not grateful. If your father showed mercy to a neighbor who was sick and penniless, fed him, clothed him, and nursed him back to

health, and that neighbor afterwards rudely turned you from his door when you appealed for a small favor, you would pronounce that neighbor a despicable ingrate. Yet, your merciful Father continues to shower His blessings upon you daily; while some of His little children at your doors are crying for bread, for cheer or for sympathy, and you deny them the relief which it is in your power to give. You may not have money to give, but you can contribute a kind word or a smile, often much more needed than food or money. A cheerful face, a pleasant greeting and a kindly, helpful word, often serve to dispel the gloom and sadness of life, when bread and meat are not needed. Truly "man cannot live by bread alone." The test of thanksgiving is thanksliving.

XVIII. WORK AND RECREATION.

In many of our large cities, a movement has been started which has for its purpose the beautifying of the backyards as well as of the frontyards of residences. It is found that many people who, from motives of decency and respectability, keep their frontyards in good order, will neglect their backyards and permit them to become a menace to health and good morals. As a result, societies have been organized, and prizes are offered for the cleanest and most beautiful backyards. In our own city, we might profit by such a movement.

The backyard of a residence in a crowded city block may be made an influence of great moral value in the life of the people. If covered with slime, ash-heaps, and piles of unsightly rubbish, it begets an influence that cannot be counteracted by the well-kept lawn in front. It is not the frontyard, but the backyard, that furnishes us with the surest index to the sanitary and moral condition of the household.

In the large cities of the country, the backyard is the playground of the family. Here, amidst growing vines

and fragrant flowers, they find relief from the din and clamor of the street and gather strength for the duties of the library, the parlor, or the shop; here, the children find in their games and sports that recreation which enables them to meet with cheerfulness the tasks of the school or of the household. The diversion of the beautiful and well-equipped backyard of a city home is the best safeguard of childhood and the best protection against the temptations of evil companionships in the street.

The beautiful backyard of the city residence is a symbol of the larger pleasures and diversions of life. Men and women cannot endure the unbroken round of toil: the perpetual din of the street dulls the ear; the continuous glare of the avenue wearies the eye; the monotonous rush and drive of the thoroughfare racks the nerves; and we are forced to find relaxation and recreation. Artists who paint continuously on a background of white rest the eyes by placing before them colors mixed with blue and green. The white glare of strenuous work drives men and women to seek relief in somber colors. A boy in one of the social settlements of Chicago, when reproved for wrong-doing, remarked, "How can you expect a fellow to be good when he's got no backyard?" The boy's homely phrase contains a bit of wholesome philosophy. Say

what we will, the backyard idea in life is an important element of individual and social progress. I sympathize with that Chicago boy. It is hard indeed to be good, physically, mentally, or morally, without definite periods of relaxation and recuperation; efficiency cannot be kept at a high standard without refreshment and recreation. The business man must seek rest and recreation in the solitude of his summer home, to keep himself from being ground to death under the wheels of his business; the professional man must seek recreation in fishing or hunting, to keep himself from becoming a physical and mental wreck. Workers in every field of duty must have their backyards for play and relaxation, and for the recuperation of energy, to endure the severe strain of modern life. This is the simple explanation and justification of the legitimate athletic sports of school and college. The boy who devotes all his time to hard study can never hope to equal in real power and efficiency that other boy who knows how to alternate hard work and rational recreation. "All work and no play" does indeed tend to make Jack a dull boy, and will probably make him a duller man. The best all-around student is the one who has learned so to adjust his life, that all his powers, physical and mental, shall get their best and most harmonious development.

I don't believe in the theory of some philosophers that baseball, football, and other forms of college athletics are merely relics of barbarism and indicate the tendency of man to revert to savagery. I prefer to regard them as forms of physical and mental relaxation, just as essential to the well-being of the student as fishing and hunting to that of the business or professional man. Ethically, they may be no better; they are certainly no worse.

It is a well-established principle of science that all movement in the universe is rhythmic. From molecules to stars and suns, movement is never steady and continuous. In the processes of growth, rest follows activity; and all life is a succession of intermittent pulsations. The resultant of these backward and forward movements is a form of progress, which is better described by the spiral than by the straight line.

The successful life conforms to this universal law of rhythm. It is a perpetual swing between lower and higher forms of activity. It is this swing of life's pendulum, as of that in the clock on the wall, that gives energy and efficiency to the whole human machine. It is the movement of the wave from trough to crest and from crest to trough again that keeps the ocean from becoming a stagnant pool; it is the intermittent motion of the winds that purifies the atmosphere and makes

the air we breathe sweet and wholesome. This perpetual swing between toil and pleasure, work and relaxation, saves labor from becoming drudgery, keeps life pure and sweet, and re-creates the vital forces for more efficient service. The swing from the axe-handle to statecraft and philosophy made the life of Gladstone a power in British politics; the swing from the fishing-rod to affairs of state has given our own country more than one notable example of power and efficiency. The greatest workers in the history of the race have had their backyards of play or recreation.

But the most serious phase of this subject is the fact that too many people spend all their lives in backyards. The cook, the porter, and the stableboy live in our backyards; and their doors open into the alley and not into the street. The young man who enters school or college for the purpose of having a good time, or whose highest ambition is to excel in football; who neglects his studies and fails to cultivate the nobler powers of his mind and soul—such a man lives in his backyard, and the doors of his soul open out upon the alleys of life. I fear there are too many young men that are content to live in the backyards of our colleges and universities.

The young woman whose sole purpose in life is to be a society belle and to win favor by the external

graces of dress and artificial acquirement, still lives in a backyard, and makes selfish enjoyment the serious end of life. I have no idea of denouncing the dance, the theater or the card table; but when men and women sacrifice the highest and most imperative duties of life for these continued and uninterrupted pleasures, then, indeed, they stamp themselves unmistakably as residents by choice of the backyards of human life. Life, to be worth living, must be pitched on a higher plane than that of amusement and recreation; the circle of life must have a higher aim for its center than the pleasures and relaxations that are intended as mere accessories.

Let me repeat what I said at the beginning. Your backyard is a better index to your real condition than your frontyard. If we would elevate life, we must elevate the pleasures of life, not destroy them. If we would purify our lives, we must begin by purifying and beautifying our recreations and our amusements.

Build your houses on the busy avenues of life, if you will; build your career and your life work where you can be most useful to the world, and where your life will count for something in the world's progress. But let your backyard—your pleasures and your recreations, purified of dross and all selfishness—serve as accessory and aid in your life of thought and achieve-

ment. You will thus preserve the harmony and equilibrium of all life's forces and be able to consecrate not only your business, but also your pleasure,—not alone your residence on the avenue, but likewise your purified and beautified backyard,—to the service of God and humanity.

XIX. WORK AND CHARACTER.

In the crypt of Saint Paul's Cathedral in London lies buried the body of Christopher Wren, the famous architect who designed that splendid structure. Above his resting place, upon a marble slab, is the inscription: "*Si monumentum requiris, circumspice*"—If you ask for his monument, look around. In Saint Paul's Cathedral, Christopher Wren has a monument more magnificent than any marble shaft or royal mausoleum. The most impressive thing about that monument is, however, not its massive proportions nor its costly material, but the simple fact that he built it himself. Man's only true monument is his own work. As we walk through a beautiful cemetery, we see many costly monuments and read the inscriptions, which, in loving phrases, recite the virtues of the departed. But these monuments are built by other hands; and, in many instances, the reflection is forced upon us, that this magnificent post-mortem exhibit is but a sad mockery of the life commemorated. Our real monuments will not be found in graveyards, but in the actual work of our own hands and brains during life. Saint Paul's

Cathedral is an appropriate monument because it symbolizes the character of the builder and reflects the patient toil, the marvelous skill, and the noble ideals of the man who conceived and executed that stupendous edifice. Christopher Wren put into that great structure the best that was in him; his greatest thoughts, his noblest purposes, and his best knowledge and skill. Saint Paul's Cathedral was not dishonored by defective material nor shoddy workmanship; in its construction, there were neither crafty stratagems nor cunning evasions, shrewd deceptions nor cheap subterfuges. The man put himself into his work; and while his body still sleeps within those walls, Christopher Wren continues to live in Saint Paul's Cathedral.

Goethe once declared that all his works constituted one great confession. Every man's work is his public confession, his revelation of himself: all labor is self-expression, self-realization. Man lives in his works: they not only perpetuate his memory, but also reveal his character. The flint spear-head, the carved image, and the bits of broken pottery in the museum are prized by the student of anthropology, because they enable him to read the history of a vanished race. It is said that, if every vestige of Greek art and literature had been destroyed and only the Parthenon had been pre-

served, from its walls alone the story of the race could be substantially reproduced.

Work is a confession of weakness as well as a revelation of strength; it becomes an index to the purposes and the methods of the worker. In the work of each individual may be read the outward expression of his inner moral being. The order of the world is essentially moral; but this order is sadly disturbed by the shirker and the trifler. The progress of civilization is impeded by the carelessness and shiftlessness, the ignorance and incompetence of many who profess to do the work assigned to them. The world's cry today is for better service and more competent servants. In Church and State, in business and professional life, there is a growing demand for greater efficiency. A large proportion of the losses and calamities of life may be traced directly to ignorance and incompetency. Nine-tenths of the railroad disasters, reported in the newspapers as accidents, are not accidents at all, but the natural consequences of culpable ignorance or criminal negligence. The most frightful railroad wreck may be traced to the forgetfulness of a switchman, the carelessness of a train dispatcher, the ignorance of a man at the telegraph table, the negligence of an engineer, or the failure of a conductor to read aright or to obey his orders. Possibly, it may be traced farther

back, to the ignorance of a bridge builder, the carelessness of a blacksmith who left a defective link in a chain cable, or even to the venality and greed of corporation officials. In every line of business, there are men who practice intrigue and deception for personal gain; who do not scruple, for their own advancement, to take advantage of the ignorance and simplicity of those less fortunate. Business sharks and professional fakirs abound everywhere; in every town and city, there are men whose principal stock in trade is the credulity of ignorance. Such men build monuments so transparent that they can scarcely conceal the shriveling souls revealed in their works.

In every trade and profession, we hear complaints of shiftlessness and inefficiency. The roof of your house leaks, the unseasoned timbers warp, and the badly hung doors and windows cause discomfort and annoyance, because some contractor or carpenter has failed to give you honest work. The plumber, the plasterer, the tinner, and the paper hanger, each has an opportunity to express himself in his work; and too often that work bears the impress of incompetency or of dishonesty. Business men complain of clerks who are shiftless and untrustworthy; of employees who shirk and neglect their duties in the absence of employers; of stenographers who cannot read their own notes, and who are

unable to write and spell correctly. Scores of young men and women today rush into positions for which they are unqualified, and are eager to undertake duties for which they have neglected to prepare themselves. Their weakness of character is invariably reflected in their work.

But the sins of negligence and shiftlessness are by no means confined to employers and wage earners. The lawyer, by idolence or stupidity, abuses the interests of a trusting client; the superintendents and directors of a large enterprise, by indifference to details, may cause injustice and oppression to labor, or bankruptcy to their business. The master is often responsible for the failures and shortcomings of employees, and the ordinary household servant too often reflects the shiftlessness of the lady in the parlor.

What is the cause of these various symptoms? Doubtless, in many instances, necessity and compulsory ignorance are responsible. But by far the deeper and more universal cause is moral weakness. The man who palms off shoddy goods for the genuine, who sells by short weights and measures or fails to give an equivalent in service or commodity for the price he receives, is essentially a dishonest man and is guilty of immorality. Commerce today is predominantly moral in its tendency. Organized business is based upon

moral assumptions and presupposes ethical standards. Commerce is a great school of morality. Business, in its organized relations, compels elementary morality and tends to develop the higher and nobler ethical qualities of life. Business requires men to be sober, honest and industrious; it requires promptness, patience, accuracy and courtesy; it demands honor, truthfulness and fidelity to trust. Vast business interests depend upon the fidelity of some obscure servant who moves the complex machinery by a word or a sign. The man who serenely lies down to sleep in the Pullman palace car that travels at the rate of fifty miles an hour has implicit faith in the loyalty of the man at the switch and the skill of the man at the throttle. All business and all labor is essentially moral: and the exceptions, after all, are only the more conspicuous by contrast. We live each day by faith in the goodness of men we have never seen, and exceptional treachery or baseness should not shake our faith in the moral order of the world nor in the essential goodness of mankind.

The world today requires of its servants higher qualifications than it did twenty-five years ago; the next generation will be required to show greater efficiency than the present. As commercial and industrial methods increase in complexity, there is a definite

advance in intellectual and ethical standards. More is required of the motorman than of the horse-car driver, who shares with the horse the responsibility for efficiency. The intellectual and moral qualifications of the man who handles a machine must be higher than those of the mere hand-worker. In proportion as science frees men from dependence upon brute force and substitutes higher forms of energy for lower, it creates higher ethical and intellectual demands upon man himself. The more complex the machine, the greater must be the skill and knowledge of the operator; the higher the servant, the greater must be the responsibility of the master. The more complex the organization of labor and of capital, the greater the need of delicate mechanical adjustments, and the more pressing the demands of ethical considerations. Organization promotes altruism. As a member of an organization, the individual tends to become less selfish, because he is compelled to respect the welfare of every other member and of the organization as a whole. The man who will join no lodge, no union, no church, but resolves to go through life alone, is the embodiment of selfishness.

There is a natural and inevitable relation between honest labor and its just rewards. Honest service demands adequate remuneration. But the man who

measures the reward before he considers the character of the service reverses the logical order. The successful worker is the man who first considers his work. Too many young men begin at the wrong end of the line. "What will it pay me?" "How much is there in it for me?" "Where do I come in?" These are the questions too often asked by the man who faces a possible service to his employer, to the city, to the state, and to humanity. The magnified self obstructs the vision of the larger and more distant benefits. "Virtue is its own reward" is true in every sphere of life. The young man who bounds his duties and responsibilities within the circumference of a silver dollar limits the possibilities of success. When invited to step beyond this small circle, he will smilingly tell you, "That is not my work. There is no money in that for me; I am not paid for doing somebody else's work." We have too many people who are afraid of doing something for nothing, but are not at all sensitive about receiving something for nothing. Some years ago, a sixteen-year-old boy left his father's farm and went to New York to look for work. He had neither money nor friends; but he had industry, pluck, and a good common school education. He applied for work in a railroad office and was employed to sweep the office and attend to the fires. In this capacity, he proved

that he was not afraid of work, whether stipulated in the agreement or not; and he was soon promoted to service as a messenger boy. His willingness, promptness, and efficiency soon won for him a more remunerative position in the office. Here, he not only dispatched his own work with efficiency, but put in overtime to help those who were behind and asked no questions about pay. He soon became familiar with the duties of his superiors and rapidly climbed the ladder of promotion, because he regarded the service rather than the pay. That boy was Edwin Hawley, the New York millionaire, who recently astonished the financial world by declining the presidency of the Southern Pacific Railroad system and a salary of forty thousand dollars a year. When asked the secret of his wonderful success, he replied: "I have always made it a rule to put the best that is in me into the work of my employer, regardless of the pay. I am sufficiently a believer in the law of compensation to think that we draw pay for every bit of work that we do. All extra work brings its compensation. It may not come at once; it may not always come in money; but it is sure to come at some time and in some form. In the long run, no work ever goes unpaid." These words should be burned into the hearts of all young men and women who expect to occupy positions of service and trust.

If there is any merit in your work, the world will find it out and will pay for it. All over this country today, business men are searching for efficiency. Look well to your work, and you will worry less about the pay. The wages are only the symbol; the merit lies in the work itself. The man who degrades his work to the level of his low wages, degrades himself. Improve the character of your work, and you will elevate yourself; the symbol must in time adjust itself to the reality.

Labor is self-expression. Every art, every trade, and every business is a language that reveals the man behind it. You may have command of a noble language, but it will prove valueless unless you have something to say in it. Knowledge and skill are valuable to the world only as they become the expression of a noble character and the revelation of the divine element in the soul.

There is a tradition that in ancient Rome, one of the great temples suddenly collapsed before it was completed, burying in its ruins many of the workmen. An investigation revealed the fact that the disaster was due to the use of broken blocks of marble cemented with wax. The polished surface of the marble did not reveal the defect; but under the weight of the superstructure, the waxed blocks gave way, and the temple fell. Thereafter, so runs the story, the builders of the

city were required to enter a contract to use marble blocks that were "*Integra et sine cera*"—whole and without wax. Integrity and sincerity, the characteristics required in the work, soon became the virtues required in the workmen. The real defects were not in the marble blocks placed in the temple walls, but in the Roman workmen who lacked integrity and sincerity. Wholeness of the self will become wholeness in the work. If your work is to be integral, the self behind it must not be fractional. On the other hand, unsoundness in the work tends to develop unsoundness in the man. Dishonest service will make a dishonest servant. The work reacts upon the character. The mechanical law that action and reaction are equal is true also in morals and religion. Our own deeds become instruments in the building of that temple not made with hands, eternal in the heavens, that monument of which Saint Paul's Cathedral is but the symbol and the shadow.

XX. THE MESSAGE OF EASTER.

The annual festival of Easter is perhaps the oldest and most generally observed of all the festivals of Christendom. The English name is derived from "Ostera" or "Eastre," the Teutonic goddess of spring, who is supposed to be identical with Astarte, the old Semitic divinity of Syria and Phœnicia, the personification of the springtime, providing for the seeds and the beginnings of things. Though today Easter is generally regarded as a Christian institution commemorating the resurrection of Jesus Christ, it is, as a matter of fact, much older than the Church; and its real origin antedates Christianity by more than two thousand years. The old Teutonic festival of Ostera and the Jewish Feast of the Passover occurred about the same time of the year. The former celebrated with numerous pagan rites the renewing power of nature; and the latter, the wonderful deliverance of the Israelites from Egyptian bondage. The early Church combined the two into one great feast day, which was made commemorative of the resurrection of Christ.

I do not ask you this morning to formulate a definition of Easter as a church festival, nor to tell me its place and significance in Christian creed or ecclesiastical history. Most of us have been accustomed from childhood to attach to Easter a sacred significance and to regard it as commemorative of the risen Christ. To some, it is sacred because of its association with the ancient feast of the Passover; and in most of the eastern countries it is still known as the "Pasch," or the Paschal Feast. For many people, unfortunately, the day still retains some of its old heathen usages and pagan associations and is deemed the proper time for frivolity and selfish extravagance. Too often on this annual festival, side by side with the sacred rites of the Church, we may find the worship of Fashion, the modern goddess of spring.

Aside from its purely ecclesiastical character, Easter brings to the thoughtful many beautiful and inspiring lessons. The memorial feature of the festival signifies sacrifice, suffering, and death. The central theme of its prophetic message may be read in garden, field, and forest. The resurrection is an actual fact. Nature spreads out her volume of testimony so that even the youngest may read. There is no sorrow out-of-doors, to-day. The earth, released from the bondage of winter, rejoices in the sunshine and bursts forth into exuberant

life, with the fragrance of the budding flower and the soulful note of the caroling bird. As we walk among the trees, on this glad spring morning, we feel the tonic effect of the buoyant air; we inhale the sweet fragrance of the flowers; we delight in the varying tints of grass and foliage. The awakening of the old from the long sleep of winter into a new and larger life, is proclaimed by every flower, tree, and shrub. The modest violet coms forth into the sunlight. The unattractive caterpillar, freed from the limitations of its lowly larval state, emerges into a higher and more beautiful life in the form of a gilded butterfly. It is resurrection day everywhere in the organic world. Life is sweeter, earth is fairer and heaven is nearer, as the windows of the soul are opened to the beauty of the world, and the heart is attuned to the sublime harmony of nature's resurrection anthem.

But what practical lessons for us are contained in these manifestations of the Eastertide? What is the meaning of the prophetic voice that speaks to us through elaborate ceremonial and beautiful symbolism? What special message does the Easter spirit breathe to man? What inspiration to higher thinking and nobler living? What generous impulses, larger hopes, and loftier aspirations?

All true progress is conditioned upon sacrifice. This

is the primary lesson of the Easter festival. Nothing is complete in itself. All things are correlated. There is no day without a preceding night, no spring without a winter, no life without death. There can be no resurrection anywhere without a crucifixion. Throughout the realm of nature, the development of the higher and nobler forms of life is invariably conditioned upon struggle and sacrifice. From the death and decay of the old plant springs the larger life of the new. The birth of the better things to be is amidst the ruins of the things that were. Within the grain of wheat lies the possibility of countless other grains, yea, of the vast harvest fields of the future. But this grain must lie buried in the earth and suffer death and decay before it can ever be more than a single grain. It must lose its own identity in the present, before it can be fruitful in the future; it must sacrifice self, if it would benefit posterity. The tree, stripped of its protecting foliage, must endure the frost and the wintry blast, if it would bud and blossom and bear fruit. Sacrifice is the law and condition of all physical progress; without a cross, nature finds no resurrection.

The tragic is everywhere incomplete. In fiction and in dramatic literature, the tragedy comes at the end of the story; but, in nature's story, tragedy is the beginning, not the ending. The better literature of the

future will follow nature's suggestion, and the larger life born in tragedy will be idealized. No destruction is final: the tree dies and decays, but its elements pass on into other forms of life. All tragedy is a condition of a larger life beyond: every death has the potency of an eternal future.

The law of sacrifice is inflexible and universal in human life. They that sow not shall not reap; the spendthrifts will never grow rich; the prodigal sons must sooner or later feed upon husks. Self-denial is a fundamental condition of health and wealth; it is the law of all growth and progress; it is the first essential in every act of chivalry and in every deed of heroism. Sacrifice is the price of knowledge and the only path to culture. The frivolous devotee of pleasure can never obtain true wisdom; without toil and struggle and the sacrifice of selfish interests, the rewards of scholarship are unattainable. Without a crucifixion, there can be no intellectual resurrection.

What is true of nature is likewise true of the higher life of the soul. The deluded slave of fashion can never taste the joys of a spiritual Easter; the self-centered, self-seeking man or woman can never reach a high degree of moral excellence. "He that loseth his life for my sake, shall find it." "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." In all

the ages, pain has been the choice of the truly magnanimous; martyrdom has ever been the seal of earth's noblest heroes. In the sorrow of daily sacrifices, they found the joy of daily resurrections. In the tragedies of life's brief story, they found the gates of the life immortal. In every great soul, in every heroic life, is illustrated the truth,

> "That men may rise on stepping stones
> Of their dead selves to higher things."

It is said of one of the old Scottish martyrs, that on his crest he had inscribed as his motto, "*Sub pondere cresco.*" Above this motto was the figure of a palm tree with suspended weights. The palm tree, when left alone, it is said, is in danger of becoming crooked; but under heavy weights, it will grow straight as an arrow. The palm tree is a fit emblem of human character. When left alone in ease and luxury, it is in danger of becoming crooked; when weighted with the crosses and burdens of life, it will grow heavenward straight as an arrow.

But the most beautiful lesson of the Easter festival is its prophecy of immortality. While it looks back upon the cross and the grave, it also points forward to the crown of immortal life. Only the true, the pure, and the good are worthy of immortality. Truth alone

is eternal. There can be no immortality for envy and hatred, error and falsehood. The idle gossipings of society, the empty rounds of pleasure, and the thousand vanities of daily existence are, in their very nature, temporary and vanishing. If we wish to live the life immortal, we must cultivate something that is worthy of immortality. The ribald jest and the tainted story are not the stuff to live forever. The trashy novel and the vaudeville play can last scarcely through a decade of years. Can you imagine these as the nutriment of the soul throughout eternity? But truth and love and charity—these have within them the undying essence of divinity.

The great practical lesson of Easter is the value of sacrifice in human life. This does not mean that kind of sacrifice which yields without gain, or abandons without hope. It is the sacrifice that makes all life sacred and holy; that lifts our commonplace tasks and daily duties out of the mechanical and conventional order and invests them with a noble spirit and a holy purpose. Such sacrifice dignifies the personality and exalts the commonplace drudgery of life into the realm of the heroic. It involves the lesson that behind the pleasure of achievement lies the effort; behind the joy of the task performed lies the toil; behind the bliss of moral victory lies the temptation and the struggle.

The spirit of Easter teaches us that our individual life may be daily renewed through trial and struggle; that every task performed and every difficulty overcome tends to make life richer and larger. With every Easter festival we should join in nature's universal resurrection, and, with a higher conception of duty and destiny, keep step with the divine spirit of progress in the universe.

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea."

XXI. THE MISER OF NEW ORLEANS.

In Lafayette Square, in the city of New Orleans, there stands a beautiful monument. It consists of a polished Greek column of Istrian stone, rising from a similar base, which rests on a series of octagonal bases. The capital of the column is worked out artistically in leaves and floral decorations; and the whole is surmounted with an heroic bust in bronze, the central theme of the artist's design. A little below and in front of this majestic statue, standing upon projecting ledges of the pedestal, are the bronze figures of two children, a boy and a girl. The boy, with one hand, is laying his tribute at the feet of the hero and, with the other, is grasping the hand of the girl, who seems to support him in his difficult position.

This monument is remarkable for two reasons. In the first place, it commemorates the life of a man, who, at the time of his death, nearly half a century ago, was accounted by the people of New Orleans mean and penurious, and who was reputed to be the richest old miser in Louisiana. It is remarkable, in the second place, because it was built entirely at the expense of

the public school children of New Orleans, in grateful remembrance of the city's greatest benefactor and noblest philanthropist.

These apparently contradictory statements may be reconciled only by telling the life story of John McDonough, the great educational philanthropist, who, for more than thirty years, lived the life of a miser, so that at his death he might bequeath a fortune for the education of the children of two cities, Baltimore and New Orleans—the former the city of his birth and childhood, the latter the scene of his business success, declining years, and death.

One of the most impressive scenes it has ever been my pleasure to witness was the unveiling of this monument in December, 1898. The most enthusiastic portion of the vast throng that had gathered to witness this interesting ceremony consisted of fifteen thousand children from the McDonough schools of New Orleans. They had a right to be interested on that occasion; because it was through their instrumentality that the monument had been erected, and the name and the worth of John McDonough had thus received tardy recognition. They were honoring the name of a man who, as the benefactor of childhood, had stamped his impress for all time upon two great American cities.

The record of John McDonough's earthly life, like

that of many of the world's great benefactors, is brief and uneventful. His biography may be comprised in three brief chapters, each covering a distinct era in his career. The first tells us of his birth, childhood, and young manhood, in the city of Baltimore. This period is uninteresting save as it gives evidence of the strong purpose and earnest endeavor which were to mature later into the indomitable character of a successful man of affairs. His school education was meager; but it gave him the foundation upon which he erected, through self-instruction, a substantial superstructure of wide knowledge and sympathetic learning. Through habits of systematic self-improvement and painstaking attention to duty, he soon attained a conspicuous place among his associates. His early apprenticeship in the mercantile business was characterized by industry, accuracy, intelligence, and integrity. These virtues of the youth constitute the corner stones of the remarkably successful business career of the man.

The second period of his life comprises his wonderful success as a man of business in the city of New Orleans. Undaunted by commercial reverses, he forged to the front and laid the solid foundation of his fortune by large purchases of land at low prices, from the French and Spanish governments. In 1803, the purchase of the Louisiana Territory by the United States

government gave a fresh impetus to southern trade and brought increased commercial prosperity to New Orleans. Already the wealthiest man in the territory, and the largest individual landowner in the world, he enormously increased his wealth, as his vast estates multiplied in value. So rapid had been the growth of his fortune that, in 1806, he was forced to retire from active business in order that he might devote himself exclusively to the management of his landed interests. During this period, McDonough did not live the life of an ascetic, but took an intelligent interest in the social and political life of the people among whom he lived. He enjoyed the comforts and pleasures of life to which he was entitled by his wealth and social standing. His extensive establishment on the corner of Chartres and Toulouse streets was the center of fashion and gayety. His entertainments were lavish, and among his guests were the leaders of fashion and society in the old French-American city. With horses and carriages and a great retinue of servants, he lived the life of a man of the world and dazzled the elegant French society of the time with the splendor and grace of his social triumphs.

But suddenly, a mighty change occurred in John McDonough's manner of life; and we enter upon the third chapter of his career, in many respects a striking

contrast to the one just given. He was now in his fortieth year. His elegant mansion was vacated; his furniture, horses and carriages were sold; he abandoned the social gayeties of which he had been the center and separated himself completely from the life of the world. Society wondered, and friends remonstrated; but, grimly and persistently, John McDonough followed his chosen manner of life and declined to give any reason for the change that seemed utterly inexplicable to his friends. He moved to his plantation across the river at McDonoughville, where he occupied a small, unpretentious, simply furnished house. Here, removed from the noise and din of the city, he lived a simple, frugal life. He had a scow rowed by two negroes, which carried him across the river every morning to his business office, and back again to his home late in the evening. For more than thirty years, he continued without interruption this quiet mode of life, devoting himself with increasing energy to the task of accumulating wealth. As time wore on, his name became a byword throughout the territory. His fabulous wealth, peculiar habits, and unique personality were the topics of conversation among all classes of people. He seemed to live apart from the world and to be laboring under the burden of a great task. Some thought he was insane, and others thought his love of

gold had made him selfish and miserly. On the streets he was jeered and taunted by the thoughtless youth of the day; and his name was the subject of jest and ridicule in the social circles of the city. Still he continued unmoved, in his own quiet, simple way, regardless alike of jest and jeer, bent upon some great purpose hidden in his soul from the view of an unsympathizing world. Much did he suffer, not alone from sneer and incivility, but also from injustice and oppression. But he moved steadily onward without faltering and without murmuring, until his seventy-first year of age, when death, the great revealer of life, came to make manifest to the world the mission of the miser of New Orleans.

So far as mortal eye could see, John McDonough had lived to little purpose: to the multitudes who read the news of his death, his life had been mean and selfish. But the real life of this mysterious man was not revealed until he was gone. The greatest and most significant period of his life began with his death. With the perspective of half a century, the people of New Orleans have learned to love and honor Old John McDonough, as one of the best and noblest men that ever walked the streets of that southern metropolis.

A few days after his death, the provisions of his

will were made public. His fortune, at that time considered fabulous, was bequeathed in trust for the education of the poor children of Baltimore and New Orleans. As Cæsar's will, published by Marc Antony, changed the hearts of the Roman mob, so did the publication of the will of John McDonough change the verdict of the people regarding his life and character. During those silent years he had toiled and sacrificed that he might serve the future. Misunderstood and reviled by his fellow-men, he had consecrated himself to the task of building free schools for those who were without educational advantages. He considered himself merely as the agent, "the steward of God," in accumulating a fortune for a noble purpose. Thus, at his death, the selfish old miser of the McDonough plantation became the noble philanthropist of New Orleans.

The world is too often premature in its judgments of men and unjust in its verdicts upon human life. It condemned John McDonough while he lived, as a sordid miser; but, after his death, it built a monument to commemorate his life as that of a great philanthropist. There are some human lives that cannot be appreciated at close range. So it was with John McDonough. His contemporaries stood too near his great soul and unique personality to understand the

man; it required the perspective of half a century to comprehend fully the purpose of his life.

For thirty years, John McDonough lived a life of sadness, silence, and seclusion. In the solitude of his own thoughts, he cherished a noble purpose which was to be revealed only after his death. In the center of his being, he erected a "holy of holies," which could not be entered by his contemporaries. But today the sadness of his life has been converted into joy and sunshine for the twenty thousand children who attend the McDonough Schools of New Orleans; the silence of those long years finds twenty thousand youthful voices singing his praises and preaching the gospel of peace and good-will to men through personal sacrifice; and the wealth he gathered is being daily transmuted into virtue and intelligence, truth and justice. During those thirty years of silent endeavor, John McDonough regarded himself as, in the highest sense, a minister of God, consecrated to the one unselfish purpose of providing for the intellectual and spiritual upbuilding of future generations. He sought no reward in the praises of men; he asked for no approval save that of his own conscience. In his will, he asked but one favor of the future; and that request reveals the pathetic loneliness of his life and the yearning of his soul for that simple recognition which comes from the heart of childhood.

"I have still one small request to make," he says, "one small favor to ask, and it shall be the last,—it is that it may be permitted annually to the children of the free schools situated nearest to the place of my interment, to plant and water a few flowers around my grave. This little act will have a double tendency; it will open their young and susceptible hearts to gratitude and love to their Divine Creator, for having raised up, as the humble instrument of His bounty to them, a poor worm of the dust, like me, and teach them at the same time what they are, whence they came, and whither they must return."

The silence and the sadness of the past are forgotten; the sacrifice and the suffering of life are crowned with victory; and the miser New Orleans knew for thirty years lives immortal, as the philanthropist, while generation after generation of children rise up to call him blessed.

XXII. THE STORY OF ECHO AND NARCISSUS.

The childhood of the race was entertained by interesting stories. Some of these creations seem fantastic and meaningless to us today, while many of them teach lessons that are still helpful and elevating to the childhood and youth of the present age.

Among these mythical tales, we find the story of a beautiful oread or mountain nymph. This mythical maiden was lithe and graceful; and her beauty had attracted the attention of Jupiter and Juno, who made frequent excursions from the heights of Olympus to visit the nymphs of earth. But this fair maiden had one grievous fault: like many other beautiful maidens, she talked too much. In addition to her disagreeable habit of mimicking others, she seems to have been particularly fond of talking of herself and of her beauty, and in every conversation she would always have the last word. Her vanity became intolerable to Juno, and she talked so much and so fast that the goddess could not even get a chance to give her a word of advice. At last, the offended goddess decided to punish

her; so she decreed that she should henceforth continue to have the last word, but never the first; she should be allowed to talk, but only after other people. So this airy maiden, henceforth called Echo, had no power to begin a conversation; she had to wait until others had spoken, before she could speak. She wandered about through the forest, over the mountains, and among the rocks and the trees, waiting for somebody to speak, so that she could have a chance to say a word. One day, Echo saw a proud and handsome youth called Narcissus, as he bounded through the forest engaged in the chase. Instantly she fell in love with him and longed to enter into conversation; but alas, she had no power to address him. She must wait for him to speak the first word. So long and wearily she followed him, waiting for him to speak. One day, when Narcissus had wandered away from his companions in the hunt and become lost in the woods, he cried out as loud as he could, "Ho there!" "There!" immediately answered Echo, glad at last to have a chance to speak to Narcissus. "Why don't you come to me?" again cried Narcissus. "Come to me," answered Echo. "Let us get together," said Narcissus. "Get together," replied Echo. Then she rushed forward to embrace him, but Narcissus recognized her and fled. "I am determined you shall not have me," he

said. "Have me! Have me!" cried Echo, almost in despair. But Narcissus would not speak to her again, and ran away as fast as he could, leaving poor Echo to hide her blushes, her grief and disappointment, in the shades of the forest. She pined away through grief and shame. Her flesh disappeared, and her bones changed into rocks that formed a part of the rugged mountain cliffs, leaving nothing of Echo but her voice, which still wanders aimlessly among the groves and mountain glens, repeating snatches of songs and conversations that she hears from others.

But the proud Narcissus fared no better. He had been cruel to other nymphs besides Echo and had disdained all their efforts to attract his interest. He was supremely selfish and loved nothing on earth but himself. One day, a nymph prayed to the goddess of beauty that Narcissus might some time know what it was to love and not have that love requited; and the avenging goddess answered the prayer. It chanced one day that Narcissus, hot and thirsty from the chase, came to a beautiful fountain in the forest; the grass was green around it, and the rocks protected it from the wild beasts. Its limpid waters shone like silver and reflected the image of Narcissus as he stooped to drink. At once he fell in love with his own reflected image, thinking that he had found some beautiful water

spirit in its fountain home. Long he gazed with admiration upon the rounded cheeks, the curly locks, and the beautiful eyes, and loved himself to distraction. He leaned over to kiss the image and stretched forth his arms to embrace it. The image fled for a moment, but returned again to mock him with its fascinating presence. He could not leave the fountain; he lost all desire for food or rest and thought of nothing but the image, gazing upon it long and tenderly and calling to it in endearing terms. The image came and went, disturbed by his falling tears; but Narcissus still remained. The flame of passion at last consumed him so that he lost his strength and his beauty; and, in his despair, he cried out, "Alas! Alas!" Echo, who hovered near him, mockingly replied: "Alas! Alas!" After many days of weary watching, Narcissus pined away and died of love of self. The sympathetic nymphs prepared a funeral pile and would have burned the body, but it was nowhere to be found. It had mysteriously disappeared; and in its place had grown a little flower of purple and white, which still preserves the name and memory of Narcissus.

Few of the stories of classical literature are so replete with human interest as this simple tale of primitive life. It is a mirror held up to nature, reflecting human frailties and their consequences as clearly as

the forest fountain reflected the features of Narcissus. It is a story that tells its own moral, and its lessons are applicable to any age or country.

Echo was not the first nor the last to bring upon herself the direful results of talking too much. The garrulous individual is never highly esteemed by his associates. Volubility is never accepted as an evidence of real worth. The incessant talker passes judgment upon himself, and he is accepted as a person of little weight. People who give themselves little time to think, can scarcely be expected to have anything worth while to say. There must be much golden silence before we can expect speech that is silver. When to talk and how much to say, only the wise understand. Young people who talk during sermon or lecture advertise their own emptiness of thought and want of judgment.

You will observe that the original cause of poor Echo's downfall was not simply the fault of talking too much, but the unfortunate habit of talking back at people. This very human habit of talking back has brought ruin to millions of beings more substantial than the airy maiden of the ancient myth and has brought sorrow and disgrace to many millions more. The little boy who found for the first time that his loud and angry words came back to him in the same tones

had made an important discovery in social philosophy. It is the talking back, the hot and hasty retort, that lies at the bottom of most of life's troubles. When frown responds to frown and angry words are echoed back, the seeds of hate and strife and murder take root and grow in human hearts. Friendship is shattered, love is blasted, family life is ruined, and the peace of communities, states, and nations is continually jeopardized by this commonplace habit of talking back. Echo is ever sensitive, ever responsive. The girl who allows herself to become a spitfire among her companions, and the boy who is so quarrelsome that none can get along with him, are suffering from Echo's trouble; they reflect too easily the anger and hate they find in their associates. I asked two high-strung brothers the secret of their peaceful companionship: "We never get angry at the same time," was the reply. If one was angry the other did not talk back; neither was an echo. I met a street-car conductor the other day who, for five years, has performed his arduous duties in rain and sunshine and has never quarrelled with a passenger. I asked him the secret. "It is very simple," he said: "when I see a passenger is angry, I answer in a quiet, kindly tone, or hold my tongue; I never talk back, and it always takes two to make a quarrel." This is good common sense as well as sound

philosophy. Truly, "A soft answer turneth away wrath." Echo's impulse to talk back grew into a habit so strong that at last she dared to talk back to the very gods; and for punishment, she was condemned to talk back through all eternity.

But Echo's voice is not always angry. She is often flippant, often frivolous.

Light and trivial conversation always involves imitation. The average person is content with mere repetition. The themes of social intercourse seldom rise above the plane of the shop, the daily market, the newest novel, or the latest newspaper sensation. Too often they descend to the level of scandal or the spicy personal gossip of the street. The discussion seldom passes beyond the rehearsal of what was said by somebody about something or somebody, and what somebody else thought about it. Repetition is the keynote to a large part of the social intercourse of the day.

The result of persistent imitation is invariably the loss of power. This was Echo's punishment. She lost her power of initiative. She could only repeat what others had said. She finally dwindled away until she was nothing but a voice, an empty sound. The student who is content to repeat from memory the words of the text-book, who rides his way through his Latin text

with the aid of a "pony," or copies his mathematical solutions from his neighbor, is in serious danger of bringing upon himself the curse of Echo, and will eventually lose the power of original thought and independent effort. The young men and women in school and college, who will copy pages of encyclopedias or magazine articles and hand them to their teachers as original compositions, must very soon be as devoid of thought power as they are of common honesty. The scores of young men and women who pose before the public as the authors of beribboned essays written by somebody else are so many powerless voices repeating the thoughts of others; they are the Echoes of modern school life.

The world is full of human parrots, people who never grow beyond the stage of imitation and repetition. The average joke recited with such keen relish at the corner grocery store or in the hotel lobby is usually as old as human nature, and has probably been repeated, in some form, by every generation of mankind. The professional jester, however, will tell it again and again as new, and will often claim credit for its invention.

The parrot really believes he is original. His habit of imitation has become his normal state. The lack of power today in press, pulpit, and platform, is due

largely to that servile imitation which results in the loss of originality and independent thought.

Another result of imitation is uselessness. Echo wanders about in a helpless and useless state of dependence upon others. The most inefficient people in the world are those who can only follow the crowd; they are useful only as the phonograph is useful, to reproduce what others have created. Such people never have any political principles until the party leaders have spoken or the party platform has been written. They never can tell you their religious beliefs until they have refreshed their memories by reading anew the articles of their church creed. They have no views or opinions upon any subject until some one else has spoken; then you are likely to hear their empty voices resounding from every hill and hollow. The phonograph is a very interesting invention; but it has no creative genius, no power of originality. You have only to turn the crank and it will give you abundance of sound; but it is all second-hand, it is all imitation. We want fewer phonographs and more original thinkers and courageous leaders.

In the character of Narcissus, we have the extreme counterpart of Echo. If the latter is dependent and wanting in creative and initiative power, the former is narrow in his independence and self-limited in his re-

sources. Narcissus is proud, haughty, and self-centered, the embodiment of egotism and self-consciousness. An ardent worshiper of self, he sees nothing else in the universe worthy of his respect and admiration. There is no beauty or excellence anywhere, unless it contributes in some way to his own pride and self-esteem. His house, his children, his dogs and his horses, are incomparably superior to those of his neighbor, simply because they form a part of himself. The supremely selfish man even excludes his family, and worships self in the narrow personal sense. He is exclusive in his love and admiration and limits his interests to the narrow sphere of the personal self. The unselfish man is he who enlarges the self by taking into it his family, his community, his state, and his country. This larger self has larger interests, larger emotions, and wider sympathies. Narcissus limits his affections to the personal self. He scorns love and sentiment and recognizes no obligations to his neighbors. His social development has not even reached the tribal state of a barbaric race. His personal virtues are large in his own eyes; they are viewed at such close range that they obscure the virtues of others. He is always looking at his own image and loves himself to distraction. How wretched is the man who can see in earth and sky, in literature and art, in State and in Church, in

the very fountains of life, no abiding beauty, no entrancing visions, nothing but the poor reflection of his impotent self!

Where self becomes the center of our thought and activity, and the fabric of our visions, it is natural that we should see all things only in their relation to that self. Then our wealth, our culture, our government, our religion, and even heaven itself, are of worth and value only as they contribute to our personal comfort and selfish enjoyment.

Narcissus is unconscious of the cruelty that, by his thoughtlessness and selfishness, he is daily inflicting upon others. He scorns love and patriotism, faith and charity, as well as the common courtesies and graces of life, except so far as they may magnify his self-esteem and personal glory. If he is a business man, he adopts as his motto, "Business is business"; if a soldier, "War is war"; if a politician, "Politics is politics." These epigrammatic formulas, if they have any meaning for him at all, are simply subterfuges for dishonesty, cruelty, and injustice. He recognizes no obligation to introduce into his sphere of action the broad principles of universal justice and humanity.

Narcissus is a too familiar character everywhere. We find him frequently on our street cars, occupying a whole seat by himself, absorbed in a newspaper per-

haps, and oblivious to the presence in the aisle of a feeble old man or woman struggling to stand. We find him on a crowded railway car, apparently asleep, occupying two seats,—one for himself and one for his baggage and his feet,—while the men and women in the aisle must get along without seats as best they can. We find him in the church, holding fast to the end of the pew, while those who may come in later must squeeze their way beyond him. We find him in the school, thoughtless, heartless, and cruel, ever seeking his own comfort, his own pleasure, trying to get the best of everything and of everybody, regardless of the rights or the feelings of his fellows.

But the end of Narcissus is no more enviable than that of Echo. "Seest thou a man wise in his own conceit? There is more hope of a fool than of him." He pines away for the love of self, and loses all desire for intellectual and spiritual nourishment. He starves his better nature, dwarfs his own soul, and dies a wretched death, bequeathing to the world nothing but a little flower, the emblem of mental torpor and spiritual sleep.

Cultivate originality in thought and work; do not be content to remain through life, a mere echo of somebody else. Enlarge your personality by taking into it the best interests of other persons; ennoble your life by taking into it the best influences of other lives; en-

rich your own work by sympathetic aid in the work of others. Then will your larger, richer, nobler self become a potent influence for good in the world; and when you are gone, your memory will not be a mere Echo, nor your monument a Narcissus.

XXIII. THE VALUE OF THE IDEAL.

"Your young men shall see visions."—*Joel* ii. 28.

The ideal has value as well as the practical; the dream is as essential as the reality. In the forge of life, the ideal becomes the mold of the actual. In this material age, we are apt to over-estimate the practical phase of life and to neglect the ideal; we are apt to stress the culture of the reason and the will and ignore the imagination. We need to be reminded that the unity and the completeness of life require the ideal as well as the practical. The idealist has always been the prophet of his generation, the seer of better things to come. Without him, there could be no poetry, no art, no science; without him, there could be no invention, no enterprise, no progress. He is the propelling force that moves society onward. All the great forward movements of civilization were born of idealism. In every age, the leaders of human thought and activity have been men of creative imagination; they have been the poets and the philosophers, the moral and social reformers, the prophets and seers of their time, who, during life, were contemptuously called dreamers and

idealists by their now forgotten practical contemporaries.

The practical man is not without his value, but that value is negative rather than positive. He is the social and industrial brake; he keeps the car of progress from danger by holding it back. A brake is an excellent thing to have, but it has no motor force; it has no power to propel. The man who has no ideals is hopelessly stranded; he can never accomplish any lasting good, either for himself or for others. The man who never dreams by day nor sees visions by night is chained like Prometheus to the rock of materialism; he has lost the power of spiritual insight because he is unable to project himself beyond the limitations of the actual.

The saddest of life's tragedies is the death of the soul's ideals. Let us not think it unmanly to indulge in day-dreams. That hour spent in speechless reverie is not altogether an idle hour; that hour of vague longing and of silent communion with your soul is not an hour altogether lost. Have you never, in some moment of illumination, journeyed upon the subtle wings of imagination, far beyond the petty cares of the little world in which you live, into a new and splendid universe of which you were the creator and the ruler? Such excursions into the unseen, though laughed at by the unthinking, possess an inestimable educational

value. The dreams of childhood are more potent than we think in shaping human destiny.

> "What entered into thee,
> *That* was, is, and shall be."

Some of the greatest masterpieces of art have had their beginning in the reveries of a child, wandering along the banks of a forest stream; some of the greatest works of literature have had their inspiration in the day-dreams of a boy behind the plough. Many of the heroic characters of history have been the realized dreams of youth. It was as a shepherd, alone in the solitude of the desert, that Moses heard in the burning bush the voice of the angel and received his commission to deliver the Israelites from Egyptian bondage; and we are told that "He endured as one seeing the Invisible." David was only a shepherd boy when he was anointed leader of the armies of Israel and bore away in triumph the head of the Philistine giant. In the stone quarries of Scotland, Hugh Miller dreamed out his remarkable career as a geologist; and Webster's matchless oratory was the realization of his day-dreams on his father's farm. Christine Nilsson, while attending the country fairs of Sweden as a little flower girl, was longing for mastery in the art of music and dreaming of the day when she should charm great audiences with her gift

of song. The air castles of childhood have often become models for the more substantial creations of manhood.

It is noble indeed to have great dreams, and to prove our faith in them by converting them into great realities. Our desires, our prayers, our longings—these are the necessary forerunners of attainment. As Lowell so beautifully says:

> "The thing we long for, that we are
> For one transcendent moment."

Who can estimate the influence of childhood's day-dreams upon the world's history? The boys who ploughed in rooty ground and dreamed between roots of great things to come, have written great books, painted great pictures, sung great songs, and established great business enterprises, because in their boyhood days they were fortunate enough to have a chance to be alone and to dream in the solitude of the farm. Country-bred boys and girls have ever been the greatest dreamers. The lives of city-bred youth are too busy and too full of the petty, material cares of the present, for dreams and visions of the future; their souls are too much disturbed by the rude jostle and discordant din of the city's social whirl to enjoy an hour of splendid dreaming. This is the glorious privilege of

life in the country. Here, nature by her magic spell transports the soul to Pisgah's height, and, lifting the veil from the promised land beyond, reveals to the enraptured youth visions of beauty and power. This is the real secret of the success of country-bred youth in business and professional life. Their life work is but the realization of childhood dreams and boyhood visions in the solitude of the farm.

The quest for the impossible is not always vain; the search for the unattainable is not always fruitless. The sailor who steers toward a star brings his ship into port. Some of the greatest attainments in life have been unexpected discoveries on the road to the ideal; some of the world's greatest inventions have been incidental. The alchemists of the middle ages sought the philosopher's stone which would produce the elixir of life and transmute base metal into gold. Their quest for the ideal was vain, but they discovered the science of chemistry.

Arkwright set out early in life to discover perpetual motion; he found compensation for his disappointment in the invention of his spinning machine which, before his death, had revolutionized cotton manufacturing in Europe. Most of the thousand inventions patented by Mr. Edison were developed from incidental clues; they were simply accidental discoveries upon which he

stumbled while pursuing some ideal. The north pole has never been discovered, but new lands and valuable geographical knowledge have been given to the world as the rewards of heroic effort.

Sometimes the unexpected attainment is greater than the ideal; the realization often exceeds the anticipation. Sometimes a Saul sets out in search of his father's asses and finds a kingdom; sometimes a Columbus sails in search of a passage to India and discovers a new world. The world has stumbled upon some of its most valuable discoveries, while following some vain illusion; it has found some of the greatest truths of science and philosophy, while pursuing some impossible chimera.

It is far better to seek the unattainable than to go through life without an ideal; it is better to dream the impossible than never to dream at all. The longings and aspirations of the soul help to redeem labor from drudgery, and to invest human life with dignity and glory.

> "What I aspired to be
> And was not, comforts me."

Unrealized hopes and unanswered prayers help to mold the soul into a diviner form. Although the secret thoughts and purposes, the hopes and aspirations of the soul may never crystallize into words and

deeds, they must still exert a potent influence upon that mysterious complex we call character.

> "All instincts immature,
> All purposes unsure,
> That weighed not as his work, yet swelled the man's amount;
> Thoughts hardly to be packed
> Into a narrow act,
> Fancies that broke through language and escaped;
> All I could never be,
> All men ignored in me,
> This, I was worth to God, whose wheel the pitcher shaped."

There can be no absolute failure for him who steadily pursues a high and noble ideal. He may not reach the distant goal upon which his eye is fixed, but the joy of the unexpected attainments by the way often transcends the bliss of complete realization. Apparent failure may prove to be our greatest blessing; sometimes it proves to be the lens that corrects our distorted vision; sometimes, the curative agent that restores the equilibrium of our spiritual powers. The apparent failures of life are often grand successes, and what the world pronounces success may in the end prove to be an ignoble failure. All depends upon the viewpoint.

> "Not failure but low aim is crime."

But it is not enough to dream. The soul that sleeps and dreams and never wakes to action has no place in

the category of life. The man who dreams and never acts, who is "disobedient to the heavenly vision," can never hope for realization. The other day, a little boy in a primary class was asked by his teacher to tell his dream. It was a beautiful dream; there was to be a great party, with plenty of ice cream and cake and flowers, and his teacher had been invited to the party. The next morning he brought to the teacher an invitation from his mother to attend a reception at her residence. It is beautiful to dream; it is glorious to make your dreams come true.

> "Our lives must climb from hope to hope
> And realize our longing."

That is a pathetic story told of the old French peasant who, all his life, had longed to see the beautiful city of Carcasonne, some five leagues away. At last, he was grown old and gray; his form was bent, and his limbs were unsteady as he climbed one day the hillside near his native village to catch a glimpse of castle tower and cathedral spire, as they rose from the heart of Carcasonne, against the sky, beyond the blue mist of the mountains. With quivering voice he crooned the sad refrain:

"I never shall see Carcasonne; I never shall see Carcasonne."

> "One sometimes sees beyond his reach,
> From childhood to his journey's end."

A stranger who overheard the old man's crooning, resolved to gratify his life's desire. "On the morrow," said he, "thou shalt journey with me to Carcasonne." Early they set out upon the journey. But alas, that night the bells tolled the death of the old peasant;

> "The old man died upon the road,
> He never gazed on Carcasonne.
> Each mortal has his Carcasonne."

Who doubts that the Carcasonne of the old man's dreams was far more beautiful and enchanting than the reality he had longed to see? There may be aspirations too noble for words and longings too deep for expression; there may be promises too fair and beautiful for earthly fulfillment and prayers too sublime for answer this side of heaven. The Carcasonne of the heart may be too glorious for material realization.

> "In the globule of dew, in the heart of the rose,
> Lies a story untold, like the tragical close
> Of a promising life, or a song unsung,
> Or a stifled cry from the heart whence it sprung."

XXIV. THE LAWS OF DEVELOPMENT.

The world today accepts the theory that creation is a process of development with matter as a basis. In an important sense, education is the analogue of creation, and may be described as a process of development with mind as a basis. Nature's processes in creation are progressive and involve the development of matter from lower to higher forms, from the simple to the complex. In the vast accumulations of mineral treasures stored in the earth, the geologist recognizes the principle of progressive development operating towards a beneficent end. Human skill takes the raw material thus provided by Nature and, through a series of industrial processes, accomplishes a second creation. The manufacturer develops this raw material progressively into higher and more valuable forms that shall meet the requirements of civilization. But the processes of development are expensive. Higher forms can be evolved from lower only through toil, struggle, and sacrifice. This law of development is universal and inflexible. Whether we examine nature's processes in creation, the mechanical agencies of furnace and fac-

tory, or turn our attention to the processes of the intellectual and spiritual realms, everywhere we shall find the element of sacrifice as the one essential condition of development into higher and nobler states of being.

The third great law of universal development involves the purpose towards which these expensive processes are directed. Nature may not be economical in the use of her material; she has plenty of time and is never in haste; but her processes are never aimless, never vain or purposeless. Wherever we find development in the world of matter or of man, we find also that unerringly

> . . . . . "Through the ages,
> One increasing purpose runs."

The great purposes of nature and of providence are always expressed in terms of usefulness and helpfulness to others. The great end of all development is service.

The method of all development then is progress; its condition, sacrifice; its end, service. But, in order to illustrate more clearly and forcibly these great laws of development, I shall give you a bit of material symbolism, which may suggest a few practical lessons. I shall, therefore, ask you to follow me patiently as I

give you briefly a simple story of development—the story of a homely, commonplace bit of matter—a story with a bit of local coloring.

One day, somewhat over sixty years ago, Professor Michael Tuomey, a celebrated British scientist, who afterwards became the first State Geologist of Alabama, stood alone on the top of Red Mountain. The trained eye of the eminent scientist recognized at once the wonderful possibilities of the commonplace red dirt which he found in such profusion about him. He recognized, at a glance, the wonderful capacities with which nature had endowed that raw material, and understood the nature of the processes necessary for its conversion into a higher state of value and usefulness. He measured with his practical eye the rich hematite deposits stored away in that mountain range, for future development; he saw, in the valley below, the lime rock running parallel with the iron; and beyond the valley, the vast Warrior coal fields with their exhaustless treasure of "black diamonds." His creative imagination quickly combined these raw materials, and there arose before him a remarkable vision of the future of the wonderful valley. In that vision, he projected himself into the future; he saw the smoke ascending from a thousand industries by day, and the night made lurid by the flames from as many furnaces, rolling

mills and factories; and a teeming population pursuing the various avocations of a great and prosperous city. Descending to the valley below, the inspired scientist directed his footsteps towards the quiet village of Elyton. To a crowd of farmers and villagers in the old court square, he related his wonderful vision. They listened to his strange story with compassionate interest, but laughed his predictions to scorn. The enthusiastic geologist was ridiculed as an impractical theorist and a visionary fanatic. Such has always been the reception accorded the man who lives in advance of his contemporaries and proclaims truths beyond the daily experience of the multitude. Such has always been the fate of the prophet and the seer.

The iron ore in the Red Mountain Range had lain there for ages, unappreciated, until the trained eye of Professor Tuomey fell upon it. The savage Indian who hunted his prey and so long resisted the white man's progress in North Alabama knew of its existence and used it as war paint. The pioneer residents of the valley were familiar with it, and often climbed the mountain-side in search of the "dye-rock," as they called it. Instead of using it to color bows and arrows and to paint their bodies, as the Indians had done, they used it to dye the cloth from which their garments were made; but the vast iron ore deposit of

Red Mountain was still without money value in the markets of the world.

Today, we see the vision of the scientist realized, and the prophecy fulfilled. The crude "dye-rock" of sixty years ago is now being daily transmuted, by a series of developing processes, into higher forms of matter and into ever-increasing powers of value. The crude material is taken from the mountain-side and, by the process of roasting, is freed from its sulphur and water and converted into an oxide. This oxide is placed in the blast furnace, with lime and coke in alternate layers; and, by the severe process of smelting, it is purged of its dross and impurities and reduced to a molten stream of liquid iron. The molten matter is allowed to crystallize into bars of pig-iron; and, in this form, the crude "dye-rock" for the first time becomes a merchantable product, with a positive money value in the markets of the world. The "dye-rock" has completed the primary stage of its development; it has finished the elementary process of its education.

But that unattractive "dye-rock" was originally endowed with capacity to become something more than mere pig-iron. Its native powers have not yet been fully developed.

The pig-iron is carried to the rolling-mill, where it is subjected to the trying processes of puddling and

rolling and hammering, until it is transformed into a still higher and more valuable product. It is now ready for a wider range of service to civilization and is prepared to perform higher duties in the world. The native "dye-rock" of the pioneer has completed the secondary process of its development; it has finished the high school stage of its education, and stands ready to serve civilization as wrought iron. It is richer in value because of its increased power for service.

But the inherent powers of the raw material are capable of still further development, and we find the same original "dye-rock" undergoing the severe training processes of the steel mill. Here, it is converted into steel ingots, and now stands forth prepared to serve the highest purposes of the world's civilization. It has at last completed the college curriculum of the iron manufacturer, and commands the highest prices in the world's iron markets.

The next stage, and the last in its development, is that of specialization. The uses to which it may now be applied are as varied as the wants of man; the forms it is capable of assuming are as diverse and interesting as human skill and ingenuity may devise. It is prepared to enter any department of the world's great university of applied arts. It may enter a factory where it becomes specialized into steel wire, nails, or

needles; it may be placed in an establishment where it is converted into fine cutlery and costly surgical instruments, or into steel pens or hairsprings for watches. When the "dye-rock" of Red Mountain has passed through this course of training and has become specialized in one of the great departments of industry, it is prepared to render the highest possible service to the world. Its capacity for efficient service to man has increased in proportion to its development. As crude iron ore, its utility was practically nothing. As cast iron, it was capable of only a limited service, on account of its extreme brittleness, its want of tenacity and elasticity. It was useful, it is true, for many of the lower purposes of life; but we should never have expected to make razors or surgical instruments out of pig-iron. As wrought iron, it was adapted for a wider field of usefulness; but no one would have undertaken to convert it into a Damascus blade or a hairspring for a Waltham watch.

The higher the development of the iron, the greater becomes its commercial value. The "dye-rock" is practically valueless in itself. Its price, as raw material, is determined by its potential value. It may be worth one dollar per ton, not for what it is now, but for what it may become. As pig metal, it may be worth ten times, or even twenty times as much; but a large

part of this value even is based upon its anticipated development. As the product of the rolling-mill, its actual value has been largely enhanced; and, as steel ingots, it may be worth ten times the value of the pig-metal. If this ton of steel is suitably prepared for the manufacture of Esterbrook pens, it is worth one thousand dollars; and the pens will sell at wholesale for more than five thousand dollars. If this ton of steel is made into a high grade of needles, these needles will sell in the market for one hundred thousand dollars; if it is made into hairsprings for watches, the value of these hairsprings, at wholesale prices, will exceed five million dollars. This enormous increase in value is the result of the development processes through which the raw material has passed. Experts tell us that ninety per cent. of the value of any finished product represents the labor involved in the processes of its production. The increasing value of the iron, then, as it passes through the several stages of progress, from the native "dye-rock" to the polished steel instrument, is due very largely to the intelligent labor expended upon it.

If the "dye-rock" of Red Mountain were endowed with reason and power of choice, we may imagine it protesting against being torn from its native surroundings and carried through the disagreeable processes of

the blast furnace. It is entirely satisfied and happy as it is, and knows nothing of its native capacities or future possibilities. Why disturb its calm repose in the bosom of that mountain? Why not let it rest on in contented uselessness and comfortable worthlessness? If it is incapable of much good, it is likewise incapable of much harm. The mishaps and crimes of the world are chargeable very largely to the developed product. The pig-iron may smile at the helplessness and utter insignificance of the "dye-rock." It may ridicule the idea of developing the worthless red dirt of the mountain into pig-iron like itself; it may boast of its own comparative superiority in the industrial world, and decry that worthless mass of undeveloped red rock as incapable of improvement and unworthy of attention. So easy is it to forget one's origin.

The pig-iron may be imagined protesting also against continuing its course in the rolling-mill or steel mill. Is it not already worth ten dollars a ton? Is it not already fitted for a great variety of life's duties? Why waste so much time and labor upon further development, when it can enter at once upon so many of life's activities? While it is undergoing a course of training and preparation in these higher industrial institutions, it might be usefully exercising its earning capacity in the great busy world at the rate of ten dollars a

ton. It has all the training it wants; it has no desire, no ambition to be anything in life but pig-iron. The pig-iron may argue also that many of its pig-metal acquaintances are prospering very well without this additional sacrifice of time and labor; bars of pig-metal have been converted into edged tools and have succeeded, apparently, as well as if made of steel. The bar of pig-metal is vain enough and conceited enough to think that it can accomplish as much in the world as tempered steel; it is presumptuous enough to enter into the highest and most delicate of life's vocations. The mass of red dirt in the world may not know the difference between a cast-iron and a steel implement; so long as the pig-metal does not come in contact with the true steel, its imposition may never be detected, and its inefficiency may never be suspected. Why may it not enter upon the higher duties of the industrial world in the form of a keen-bladed knife or a high-grade surgical instrument without being melted in a converter, oxidized by high pressure air currents and passed through the tortures of the whole Bessemer process? But the lessons of actual experience are most convincing; and not even the skill of an expert is required to detect the difference between the edge of a piece of cast-iron sharpened by hard usage and the keen edge of the tempered steel. In the world of matter, the law of

development is exacting, and will admit of no pretense, sham, or evasion. The highest development of the raw material requires sacrifice and subjection to definite processes.

Again, we observe, that, in the world of matter, the higher the development the wider the obligation. The steel has greater responsibilities than the pig-iron, because it has to deal with more delicate processes and serve more important purposes in the world. Whatever of value the pig-iron has acquired is due to the skill and the labor that have constructed the intricate mechanism of the blast furnace. Its debt to the world is greater than that of the "dye-rock" or of the pig-iron, because it has received more. It has been "bought with a price," it has been "redeemed by sacrifice," and it must repay the debt by service and sacrifice. It owes this service, not only in life's higher and more fashionable circles, but in its lower and humbler walks as well. The true steel should never forget its origin. It must lend assistance in the elevation of the "dye-rock" from its subterranean slumber. The steel plow and the steel hammer are not degraded by working side by side with cast-iron pick and crowbar, in lifting the red dirt to a higher state of value and usefulness. The higher product is under obligation to elevate the lower.

This simple story of the "dye-rock" of Red Mountain is rich in its suggestiveness. But I am not unconscious of the fact that, as a material illustration of the laws of universal development, it comes far short of the purpose for which it is used. The mechanical processes required for the development of crude matter into higher forms of value and usefulness can indicate to us only in an imperfect way the transcendent importance of those principles and processes which pertain to the development of immortal mind. Education is not an act, but a series of related processes. Conforming to the laws of universal development, its methods must be progressive; its essential condition must be sacrifice; and its one supreme end, service to the world.

If the processes of education were merely mechanical; if the mind could be subjected to methods similar to those applied to inert matter, the work of the school and the college would be simple indeed. The processes of spiritual development require the mastery, not only of the fields of formal knowledge and of the material environment, but also of the impulses and the tendencies, the motives and the powers, of that delicate structure we call the human soul, that self-conscious, self-acting, and self-determining essence whose actions and reactions mysteriously result in that form of development which we call education. The educational

elements which need the emphasis today are not the material and the mechanical, but the ethical and the spiritual. Elegant buildings, expensive libraries and laboratories, and costly mechanical equipment, however valuable and necessary, may prove not only inadequate, but positively obstructive, to the higher ethical ideals of education, if they exclude those nobler and more spiritual elements essential to the highest processes of soul-development.

The plastic human material placed under the care of the teacher and subjected to the processes of the school are not so many bars of pig-iron to be treated by the same invariable mechanical laws and the same uniform processes, but bundles of delicate nerves, tied up with mere breaths and heart-beats, enveloping the beautiful soul within. Handle them carefully lest you injure the sensitive structure; touch them gently and with no unskillful hand, if you would make the soul within to vibrate in unison with the divine purpose in universal development.

> "Pluck one thread, and the web ye mar;
> Break but one of a thousand keys,
> And the paining jar through all will run."

Our State has only within the past two decades fully realized the great value of her undeveloped material resources. Today, as never before, she is beginning to

realize the fact that her greatest wealth lies in the untold possibilities of her human "raw material," if I may use the expression—the too long neglected social "dye-rock" of her mountains and her valleys. The greatest problem that can confront any commonwealth is the development of its young men and women into higher forms of power and of service to society; the transformation of crude ignorance and helpless uselessness into economic factors, moral regenerators, and social redeemers. The solution of such a problem requires the lofty enthusiasm of an inspired optimism and the moral heroism of a disinterested patriotism.

XXV. MODERN CHIVALRY.

The age of chivalry is the most picturesque and dramatic period in the world's history. The stage of action of this world-drama was mediæval Europe, with the dense ignorance, social chaos, and moral darkness of a feudal state as a background.

No period in history is richer in dramatic character and poetic incident. It has given us Charlemagne and his Paladins, the Troubadours and the Trouveres, the Niebelungen Lied and the themes of the Wagner Operas, the Arthurian Legends and a whole library of romances in poetry and in prose. To this dark age of the world, illumed by meteoric flashes of human sentiment and the garish dawn of a coming light, our modern literature, music, and art are indebted for their richest treasures. As we study the genius of the feudal state, with the perspective of the centuries, we cannot fail to penetrate its pomp and pageantry and note the spirit of self-sacrifice and unselfish devotion to a cause, which dominated the order of knighthood. The mission of the chevalier was held in such esteem that his preparation required long and severe training.

Many there were who wished to enter the school of chivalry, but few there were who could stand the tests necessary to win the degree of knighthood.

Come with me in imagination for a few minutes and witness the "commencement" of a knightly career. It is one of the most dramatic and impressive scenes in the life of the period. In the spacious court of the baronial castle, we see a brilliant assemblage of brave knights and beautiful ladies, the flower of ancient chivalry, awaiting the arrival of the candidate who this day is to be invested with the honors and dignities of knighthood. Shining shield and glistening armor reflect the sunshine and make the barren courtyard a blazing sea of light. At last, we hear the trumpet signal and see the "candidatus," a white-robed youth, with a knightly sword suspended from his neck, emerging from the castle hall. His manly form and noble bearing indicate strength of mind and body, while his modesty and gentle courtesy attest his moral worth and careful training. His period of education, covering fourteen years, is now completed, and he stands, a youth of twenty-one, ready to graduate and to receive the degree that will win him consideration and honor among his fellows and entitle him to enter the lists as a knight, valiant and true. While he thus stands in the presence of the brilliant assemblage, the priest

takes his sword and blesses it in the name of religion; the feudal lord, in the name of his sovereign, propounds the usual questions in the catechism of knighthood, regarding his habits, his motives, and the principles that are to be the guide of his future conduct. Then, kneeling, with one hand uplifted and the other grasping the hilt of his sword, the "candidatus" recites, with ringing voice, the "confession of faith" of knighthood, in which he solemnly vows "to tell the truth, to succor the weak and the defenseless, and never to turn back from an enemy." He then rises, and the white robe of the candidate is exchanged for the armor of the chevalier. With becoming ceremony, he is presented with the coat of mail, the shield, the gauntlet, and the rest of his knightly equipment. Lastly, the sword is buckled to his side, his superior lord presents him with a lance, and suddenly gives him a stinging blow on the cheek with his own—the last insult he shall ever permit to pass unavenged. The young chevalier again kneels, and the impressive accolade is now administered. His superior lord gives three light strokes with the flat of his sword upon his head and shoulders and reverently pronounces the significant formula of investiture: "In the name of God, Saint Michael, and Saint George, I create thee a knight. Be valiant, be courteous, be loyal." The ceremony of

investiture is ended; the young knight puts on his helmet; and, mounting his richly caparisoned horse, he rides forth to battle, if need be, to die for the principles he has espoused.

The old age of chivalry has long since passed away. Knighthood with all its glory and splendid pageantry is now classed with a vanished "dark age" of history. The halberd, the shield, and the coat of mail are still prized, however, not merely as objects of curiosity in our museums, but also as symbols of the spiritual weapons of a new order of chivalry. The spirit of the old chivalry still remains in the new; the body has changed its form, but its soul lives on. The virtues of the old chivalry belong exclusively to no age or period; they have been transmitted to us, freed from the glamour of arms and the limitations of caste, and constitute the virtues of a new age and of a modern chivalry that incomparably outranks the old.

> "The old order changeth, * * *
> And God fulfills himself in many ways."

The spirit of the old order of chivalry is just as potent today as it was in the days of Richard the Lion-Hearted; the personal virtues of the old order are included in the requirements of the new; the duties and obligations of truth and loyalty, temperance and pur-

ity, courtesy and generosity are even more binding upon us today than they were upon the plumed knight who rode forth from his castle gate

> "With eager hope and valor high,
> And the proud glow of chivalry
> That dared to do and die."

He who would be a chevalier of the modern order must first "tell the truth, do justice, succor the weak and the defenseless, and never turn back from an enemy" of righteousness.

Charles Kingsley aptly says that "The Age of Chivalry is never past, so long as there is a wrong left unredressed on earth, and a man or woman left to say, 'I will redress that wrong, or spend my life in the attempt.'" The wrongs to be redressed today may not be the same as those of the days of Arthur and Sir Galahad; but there are still wrongs to be redressed, just as real, just as pressing.

The knight of old put his trust in his sword and his good right arm. Might too often made right, and muscle made morality. Physical force and material weapons decided the victory. The modern knight must use intellectual, moral, and spiritual forces. Intellectual power and spiritual insight, faith in man and faith in God—these are the weapons of modern chivalry.

The duties of modern knighthood are far broader and more comprehensive than those of the old. The duties of the mediæval knight were personal duties to individuals of his own or of a superior rank, never to those of a lower. The wrongs he avenged were personal wrongs; the enemies he fought were men like himself. He knew no society but that of the castle hall and recognized no laws but those of his own order. His soul never felt the thrill of a lofty patriotism, and his heart never beat with a noble enthusiasm for humanity. The genius of the old chivalry was individualism, its keynote was personality. It developed the individual, but did little directly for the State or for society. Its code of honor was restricted by caste; its code of ethics was tribal and superficial; its courtesy and humanity did not include the helpless horde of vassals that supplied the needs of camp and castle hall. Such a code is too narrow for the modern age; the duties of modern knighthood must extend beyond the personal and the individual. We live in organized society, and our work must be done largely through organized forces and institutional agencies. The personal element must still be effective; but it must be made effective through the school, the Church, the State, and other social and institutional forces. The modern knight must fight organized evil through organization. There are social

diseases to be healed and civic wrongs to be righted. The weak and the defenseless are today appealing for help and succor; legalized injustice and rank oppression walk along the highways of life unreproved; perjury and dishonesty too often invade our halls of justice and sear the civic conscience. There are children today deprived of the rights of childhood; some are sent to the factory instead of the school; some are condemned to associate with hardened criminals in our mines and prisons till hope is killed and the bloom of life fades away. Many of our own race are doomed to face the duties of life and the obligations of citizenship without the light of education or the inspiration of knowledge.

The crusades of the old chivalry represented a great upheaval of the people for the purpose of delivering from the hands of the Moslems the tomb of the Christ. We need today a crusade of modern chivalry to recover from the forces of ignorance and superstition the tomb of humanity. Christ is still buried wherever His brother man is shrouded in ignorance and superstition. We need another Peter the Hermit, to lead the flower of modern chivalry in a crusade for the deliverance of children of tender years from that slavery which dwarfs soul and body in mine and factory, to satisfy the greed of heartless capital. We need a new knight errantry

that will bravely face the social, political, and industrial problems of our time, and never turn back from the organized forces of injustice and oppression.

The ancient chevalier was ready to suffer death, if need be, in defense of a noble cause. The modern chevalier may not be called upon to suffer physical death, but he is and will be called upon to do something far more difficult—to live for the truth. But never was a great cause triumphant without sacrifice; and the modern knight will be required to sacrifice social or political life, to face social death or political martyrdom, which is a far sterner test of valor, loyalty, and true patriotism than any form of physical death. It requires more true courage today to practice the truth at home, among our own friends, than to preach it to the heathen beyond the seas; it requires greater heroism today to champion an unpopular cause at home, in our own city or county, than to die for the flag on a foreign shore. The highest test of heroism is not on the battlefield amidst the roar of cannon and the music of musketry, but in the quiet fields of everyday life; in business, in society, in municipal, state, and national politics, or in the commonplace duties of the home, and the humble associations of the farm and the workshop. The boy who stoops to pick a banana peel off the sidewalk, or shuts a neighbor's gate, by accident left ajar,

by these simple, thoughtful acts shows the heroic spirit of a modern chevalier.

> "Who puts back in place a fallen bar,
> Or flings a rock from the traveled road,
> His feet are moving toward the central star,
> His name is whispered in the God's abode."

The times call loudly today for knights and ladies, valiant and true, to enter the lists of a new knight errantry at home, in the cause of education, social betterment, and civic righteousness. Young ladies and gentlemen of the High School, this call comes to you today, as the successors of the brave knights of old, and the representatives of modern knighthood. You are heirs of all the chivalry, of all the ages of the past. By your opportunities and privileges, you are created knights and ladies of this new order of chivalry. Upon you rests the obligation to battle for the truth, "to succor the weak and the defenseless, and never turn back from an enemy." Be valiant, be courteous, be loyal.

A generation ago, commencement sermons and college addresses emphasized the fact that school life is a preparation for the future. This is true as far as it goes; but, today, we recognize the larger truth that the school course is not a preparation for life, it is life itself. We must not impair the unity and the integrity

of life by dividing it into segments and transferring the realities and responsibilities of the present to the unseen future. Life, as an ethical entity, is not measured by years or periods, but by the realities compressed into the present moment, the eternal now.

> "The past and the time to be are one,
> And both are now."

Upon the coat-of-arms of one of the most powerful of the ancient ducal families of France was inscribed the motto, "Noblesse Oblige"—Nobility obligates. The nobility conferred by birth or culture, by wealth or power, by talent or opportunity, imposes corresponding obligations. The proof of your excellence is the benefit you confer upon others; the test of your nobility is your recognition of the obligation it imposes. The true scholar imparts his wisdom to others; the scientist recognizes his obligation to give the world the benefit of his discoveries; and today, there is no more significant fact in modern life than the increasing recognition of the obligations of wealth, as illustrated by the many munificent contributions to the cause of education and of popular culture. The most hopeful sign of the twentieth century is the practical application of the old French motto, "Noblesse Oblige."

You belong to the noblest and proudest race under

the sun—a race that has won, through sacrifice and blood, the right of empire among the nations of the earth; a race that, by its genius, has stored in the temple of wisdom the richest fruits from the fields of literature, science, and art. You are justly proud of the achievements of your race and of the nobility of your ancestors. But remember, young ladies and gentlemen, all this obligates: "Noblesse Oblige."

You are enjoying opportunities of culture today, perhaps through the struggles and sacrifices of fathers, who, because of the storm and stress of civil strife a generation ago, were denied the advantages of school or college; opportunities obligate "Noblesse Oblige." You are here today, perhaps, because of the loving sacrifice of a devoted mother, who works a little harder, stints herself each day a little more, and manages to live with plainer clothes for herself and fewer comforts for the home, that her son or daughter may get the advantage of a high school education; a mother's devotion and sacrifice obligate: "Noblesse Oblige."

The possession of wealth or power or learning implies obligations to society; and the glory of human life consists in the discharge of these obligations. What a revelation of the divine do we find in those wonderful words of Christ, "The glory that thou hast given me, I have given unto them." The glory of the Christ was

not that of receiving, but of giving; not that of possession, but of transmission. We are too apt to look upon our wealth, our power, our fame, our culture, and say, "This is mine, my success, my pride, my honor, my glory." We forget that there is nothing glorious in mere possession. Indeed it may be even mean and inglorious. The glory of it all lies in our ability to say, "The glory that thou hast given me, I have given unto them." The true worth of human life lies in its transmissive capacity. In that wonderful miracle of modern science, the telephone, there is a little metallic film called the transmitter. Into this, the message is delivered; and the mysterious vibrations are repeated hundreds of miles away. The real worth of the telephone lies, not merely in its power to receive, but in its transmissive capacity. Take away from the telephone that capacity, and you take away the great purpose of its existence. Take away from human life the power to transmit to others God's messages, through wealth and culture, literature and art, and you take away from it God's great purpose in creation. Your inheritance of gentle birth, civil liberty, and cultured environment, are messages transmitted to you from the distant past. Upon you rests the solemn obligation to transmit them unimpaired to others who are wearily waiting here at home or, it may be, far away, for these messages of

light and knowledge, love and peace. The truly cultured man today is he who recognizes the fact that every good and perfect gift from science, from literature, and from human experience, is a trust for the benefit of humanity. It is our obligation to use these gifts, not to glorify ourselves, but for the purpose of uplifting and ennobling other lives. Be not content with mere possession; cultivate the power of transmission.

There are two dangers of modern life against which we need to raise a note of warning. The first is that tendency to exclusive specialization which narrows the life of the individual to one trade or one profession. However necessary this may seem in the lower mechanical avenues of trade and industry, it limits the possibility of sympathetic interest in the great concerns of life about us. The man must be larger than his trade or profession; larger than his city or state; larger than his church or denomination. The man of greatest personality, widest vision, and largest sympathies, is he who has the widest range of human interests. We are often reminded of the political maxim, "Public office is a public trust." We need to realize today that private life is also a public trust, and that, in proportion to its privileges and opportunities, it has duties and obligations to the community, the State, the Church, and to humanity at large.

The second danger to which I allude is the tendency to accept the present conditions in politics, economics, and even in religion, as permanent and unchangeable. Do not, I pray you, join in the pessimistic cry that things must go on forever as they are; that "purity in politics must ever remain an irridescent dream," and that social reforms must be relegated to the realm of impractical idealism. Such doctrine is cowardly, pernicious, and irreligious. The new chivalry is dominated by faith in man and hope for the future. The operations of enlightened philanthropy are widening and broadening our sympathies; constructive sociology has become a recognized principle of government and of religion; and formation rather than reformation is the key to human betterment. The new chivalry proves its faith in God by its faith in man, and realizes its highest conception of divine worship in human service.

You doubtless recall that beautiful story of ancient chivalry, the Holy Grail. It has been sung over and over again by Tennyson, and still more sweetly by our own poet, Lowell. You recall how Sir Launfal had resolved to devote himself to a pious quest for the Holy Grail. His armor was burnished, his steed was in readiness, and all his preparations were complete for his departure on the morrow. He laid himself down to rest and sleep; and, while he slept, there came to him

the wonderful vision that transformed his life. He dreamed that the eventful morn had come, and

> "Sir Launfal flashed forth in his unscarred mail,
> To seek in all climes for the Holy Grail."

As he rode forth from the castle gate upon his noble charger, a loathsome leper clad in filthy rags stretched forth his hands and begged for bread to eat. With condescending pity, Sir Launfal cast at his feet a golden coin and proudly rode away, thinking he had done a deed of charity. But the beggar scorned to touch the gold, when the love he craved was denied.

> "Better to me the poor man's crust,
> Better the blessing of the poor,
> Though I turn me empty from his door;
> That is no true alms which the hand can hold;
> He gives nothing but worthless gold
> Who gives from a sense of duty;
> But he who gives but a slender mite,
> And gives to that which is out of sight,
> That thread of the all-sustaining Beauty
> Which runs through all and doth all unite,—
> The hand cannot clasp the whole of his alms,
> The heart outstretches its eager palms."

In his unavailing search for the Holy Grail, Sir Launfal has ridden around the world, and after many, many years, returns again, at the sweet Christmas time, but now an old man, worn and poor and bent in form. His gilded mail, too heavy for his weary limbs to bear,

has been laid aside; his sword and his charger are gone; and in yonder castle lives another who tells him that Sir Launfal is long since dead. Shivering in his rags, the old man sits by the frozen stream to eat his last crust of bread, when, lo! there stands before him again the self-same leper that accosted him years before on the proud morn of his departure. Again the poor leper begs for bread to eat. Now, Sir Launfal looks upon him not with loathing, but with love and reverence:

> "The heart within him was ashes and dust;
> He parted in twain his simple crust,
> He broke the ice on the streamlet's brink,
> And gave the leper to eat and drink."

It was only a moldy crust of bread that he gave the leper to eat; it was only water from a wooden bowl that he gave the leper to drink; but the brown crust became fine wheaten bread, and the water became red wine. Changing the water into wine was the first miracle of our Lord's ministry to man; to change the water of earthly poverty into the wine of heavenly mercy—this is always and everywhere the first miracle of the divine life. As Sir Launfal gazes, lo! The bread becomes the flesh, and the water the blood, of the Son of God; and the leper stands before him the embodied Christ!

"The leper no longer crouched at his side,
But stood before him glorified,
Shining and tall and fair and straight
As the pillar that stood by the Beautiful Gate,—
Himself the Gate, whereby men can
Enter the temple of God in Man."

Thus are we taught the truest and noblest lesson of human life. The "Vision of Sir Launfal" is not simply a beautiful dream, but a vital reality in the true life of the soul. Not in pomp or wealth or power, not in weary journeys through distant lands, are we to find our Holy Grail, but in poverty, or sacrifice, at home, at our very gates.

The story of Sir Launfal's Vision is the ideal of Modern Chivalry, and its spirit of sacrifice is the test of Modern Knighthood.

"The Holy Supper is kept, indeed,
In whatso we share with another's need;
Not what we give, but what we share,—
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,—
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and Me."

To you, young ladies and gentlemen, I can bring no nobler message, no loftier ideal. To you, who are thus ennobled by race and exalted by glorious opportunity; to you, who are the recipients of the richest intellectual and spiritual treasures of the past, to you let me give the parting injunction, "Noblesse Oblige." "Be valiant, be courteous, be loyal."


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