

THE
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Qui non Profeit, Deficit.
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WORK.

It has been said that all things which exist must have had a beginning. When we ask the question, What was the beginning of work? our minds immediately revert to the grand Mosaic allegory of the creation of the world, and we repeat the first verse of the first chapter of the oldest writing on earth. "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." To continue the inquiry and inquire when man first received his commission to work would elicit the answer, "In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread." This decree of the Almighty is considered one of the effects of the man and woman's sin, and was inflicted on Adam as an additional punishment, but to us it seems as though God, after banishing our primitive parents, pitying their deplorable condition, gave them work as a means of regaining their lost position, for by it we are elevated and ennobled, preserve our health, happiness and virtue, and attain affluence and distinction, placing us in as perfect an Eden as would be beneficial to us. Imagine if you can the condition of this world without work. What an endurable, stagnate, insufferable place of torment it would be. Life would be a weird nightmare, a

senseless, weary waste of years; a gigantic torture of Tantalus in reality, and we would rejoice when the inevitable result of the world tumbling back into chaos was accomplished. What is the object of labor? If life is but a fleeting show, if man is but of a few days and full of trouble if it be that "dust thou art and unto dust thou shalt return," if, as Shakspeare says:

"Life is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

why this unending strife for what will profit us nothing? And we answer, if you expect the full reward and complete results of your labor in this present existence, then indeed you are working for poor pay. A passing breeze of applause, a moment's dizzy whirl on the high pinnacle of fame, before being plunged into the abyss of obscurity, a wearisome chase through jungles of prejudice, and bogs of slander and abuse, after the "will-o'-the-wisp" of popular favor and a final grasp at the coveted delusion only to find it the phorescent glow of a rotten stump, or to see your ignis fatuus flickering in some other quarter. A brief ride on the tide of public trust before you are engulfed by the greasy, slimy waves of calumny and dishonor that only hiss and moan for oth-