

desire we do not over-reach ourselves and enter some calling against which our very nature recoils. Listen to Mathews: "Let every one who would get on in the world study well his own aptitude." Not allowing his sense of right to be mystified by some absurd request of parents or friends. Some great writers maintain that a man can, if he but desire, reach any degree of culture regardless of his ability. Dr. Arnold says that in his experience of twenty years teaching he has found the difference not so much in will as in energy. Be that as it may, energy cannot wholly take the place of talent. A man, in this age of enlightenment and strong competition, must have a reasonable amount of each—the more the better.

"We do what we must and not what we wish, and call it by the best name we can." There are objections to every calling. Let us look to it that the balance does not swing in favor of the objections. In any calling whatsoever we engage, when obstacles thicken around us, when the way seems obstructed by impassable barriers, when the cloud of gloom thickens above us, obscuring the brightness from our view, when we think to go on is a step farther from the goal, plunged a day's further into darkness, and to return for a change is to begin the travel of a strange road. We say, in such times as these we are apt to abandon our calling and seek some other, having thus wasted the best part of life in dissipation. In but few cases does the change prove advantageous, and where there is one goes on who ought to change a dozen change who ought to go on.

The idea seems to be prevalent at this day that one must enter one of the three great professions, Law, Divinity, or take six month's course in some Medical College, settle down to administering drugs, of which he knows but little, to patients of whom he knows less. Let us, as some great writer has said, teach by living instead of living by teaching, instead of the profession making us let us make our pro-

fession, being an honor to it, not expecting honor from it; and in whatsoever we engage, let us remember the calling is what we make it. F. M. H.

*WORSE THAN WAR, WORSE THAN
PESTILENCE.*

BY ———
CHAPTER VII.

There might have been seen, one fine sunny morning, Mr. Abbott pacing to and fro on the platform of the depot in the town in which he had just cast his lot. At times he would pause and gaze anxiously down the track. When the rumble of the train was heard he quickened his step, paused more suddenly, and looked at the column of smoke issuing from the engine behind the woods and hills, as though he read in it some joyful event. And when the train emerged from the ocean of verdure that hid it from view, Mr. Abbott's eyes grew more lustrous, and his whole countenance expressed great anxiety. What could be the cause of all this unusual demeanor? What, or who, could he be expecting? The approaching of the train soon told the story. As it neared the platform, the smiling faces of little Albert and Bell were seen peering through the open window of the coach, endeavoring to catch a glimpse of their long-absent father. Just beside them could be seen the serene but pleasing countenance of Mrs. Abbott. On the opposite seat were Mr. and Mrs. Sparks. Before the train had ceased its motion, Mr. Abbott was within the coach. Albert and Bell ran down the aisle with outstretched arms to meet him. But when Mrs. Abbott embraced her loving husband she seemed to startle at some unseen horror. No wonder, for the breath of Mr. Abbott almost suffocated her with the fumes of liquor. Her countenance suddenly changed from a loving and hopeful expression to that of sadness and despondency.

The journey had been a long and perilous one. Twice had they been attacked