

for inspection; as the illustrious examples which history has left, coming down to us as they do, loaded with the praises and adulations of all succeeding generations, they seem to have stood so far above us that we may scarcely lift our eyes to the lofty pinnacle of fame upon which they stood. And yet we believe the world means no injustice to be done to anyone. It is one of the vital principles implanted in our breasts that all shall have their just dues; we can see none of our fellow beings deprived of their rights and privileges. Then let us bear in mind that "Truth is mighty and must prevail." Let us each in his own humble sphere, endeavor to hasten that longed-for time, the "Grand Millenium,"

When man shall love his fellow man,
And justice rule throughout the land,

and ever remember that "If strict justice be not the rudder of all our other virtues, the farther we sail, the farther we shall find ourselves from 'That haven where we would be.'"

SEARCHING FOR A SCHOOL.

I had been sufficiently fortunate to be able to attend college for a year without interruption, but, during the Summer vacation, as I was staying at home, the stern fact would constantly recur to me that I had not enough of the Almighty Dollar to carry me through the coming year; no, not for more than one term, nor did it seem probable that paterfamilias would be able to assist me. Now the truth is, I had never made a practice of going away from home to earn my salt, but had been content to see my expense at college liquidated from the paternal purse.

My first year at college had caused my hitherto humble aspirations to rise amazingly and I looked eagerly forward to the day when I should be able to join the host of practitioners at the bar and tread the exalted path of the average lawyer. I wished to return, and being sud-

denly cast upon my own resources, was somewhat at a loss as to how I should go to work to fill my depleted purse. While I was still pondering upon the dilemma. Uncle Hezekiah one day said to me:

"Now, Dick, the best thing that you can do, if you want to go to college again, is to teach school this winter. You've got education enough, plenty. Why, I never went to a college or an academy at all; only to the district school every winter for five or six terms, until I was sixteen. I kept school many a term afterward. You have been through your arithmetic, grammar and all that. The common English branches are all you want. This fussing about these higher branches is no good in my opinion. Now, just get a school, and if any of your scholars make trouble, just give 'em a good whaling with a hickory gad."

Much more in the same strain said he, and the encouraging prospect held out caused my eyes to protrude like those of a cow, when she finds an unguarded gateway leading into a cornfield. I would have a sufficiency of the circulating medium to carry me through the Fall term at college and then I could teach through the winter, keep up with my studies, and be earning at the same time, ninety dollars, perhaps, or even more. This would enable me to return to college in the Spring, and by that time,—comforting thought,—times might change.

The prospect was too tempting, and I at once decided to look around for a winter school. I had made no special preparation for teaching, it was true, but was not the logic of my uncle conclusive? As to the possibility of finding any particular difficulty in getting a school, the thought scarcely entered my mind; was not I a collegiate, possessed of a better education than the majority of our indigent, semi-agricultural teachers? Was not a good education the great need of the teacher, and would not the school boards see and appreciate my superior qualifications?