

sociated, they are but co-workers in the strife, enabling him who possesses them to play his part with great power and influence in the drama of life. One of the greatest moving powers implanted in the human breast is the desire for wealth. Many choose a vocation simply because they think it is most subservient to their interests. Some demand an assurance of the full realization of their hopes, before they are willing to enter into the work. But how mistaken! How absurd would it be for the farmer to idle away the spring simply because he could not demand the harvest before the sowing. The wise farmer goes forth in the spring time, sowing diligently, not knowing what the harvest shall be. Of course, he expects the harvest, but knowing that the sowing precedes the fruit, he scatters the seed, tills the soil, and reaps the grain, as it ripens in due course of time. The future is veiled from sight. Who of mankind can tell the end from the beginning, or foretell the harvest before the planting?

Then let us enter into the work with a will and determination. Let us reflect for a moment. We are members of the great human family. We hold a place of no small moment in the affairs of the world. If we take the wrong road, or sail with an adverse wind, we will surely enter the wrong port. Then it behooves us to look before we leap. There may be danger ahead. Look first for the right path, and then travel it. But, on the other hand, it will not do to pause upon the brink of life's ocean, thinking that your current has not yet appeared, and allow your allotted years to roll away before the journey is begun; for if you do, old age and hoary hair will find you as far from the goal as youth and childhood.

But when once you have made the choice, labor on faithfully and cheerfully; never wearying because the fruits are not at once apparent, ever keeping before your minds the suggestive and telling lesson of our subject.

How many discontented persons do we find in the busy walks of life. Nothing suits them. They are perfectly uneasy. Carried along by every breeze that blows, always turning the wrong corner, they seem to be burdened by their very existence. If we could be situated somewhere in the immensity of space, and look upon the earth for a single revolution, I fear that our minds would meet with world is nothing but babble," seem to use very little discretion in their babbling. They prattle and gossip when they should be most sober and discreet, and *vice versa*. If one in all sincerity and soberness of feeling asks them for advice, or the candid expression of their opinion, they will as likely as not answer him with raillery and jest. It is not long since that I asked a gentleman in all candor, his opinion with regard to a certain matter that was troubling me somewhat. His opinion was given in the words of old Mrs. Means in the "Hoosier Schoolmaster;" "Git a plenty while yer a-gitting, that's alus my advice." He laughed lightly at this, and I would have been less than a gentleman, had I not laughed, too, but I confess that I did not greatly relish the pleasantry. There are times with everybody, when a joke or pleasantry is not at all in harmony with their feelings; when nothing but sound, practical talk will please. In everybody's nature there is, as Solomon says, "A time to weep and a time to laugh; a time to mourn and a time to dance," and any sort of conversation not in keeping with these times is inappropriate. Hence it becomes a matter of great importance with the conversationalist that he study carefully the feelings of him whom he would entertain.

Any remark that may offend or wound the feelings of another should be carefully avoided in conversation. Brilliant gibes often wound deep, and should be made with extreme caution. If a person has lost a friend, or has met with some untoward misfortune, be careful how you approach the subject in his presence.