

guiding stars, conquered the known world, and sighed for other worlds to conquer. With all his conquests he never conquered himself, but let the intoxicating bowl drag him to a miserable death. In modern times such was Davis, the would-be ruler of the fairest states of our Union, the personification of despotism and slavery. He has written his name in the history of his country,—not for the good he has done, not for the admiration of mankind, but to be despised, hated and condemned by the good and true throughout coming ages.

Shall we, by kind actions and kind words, stamp them indelibly on the hearts of our fellow-men? He who can inspire hope and courage in the soul of a fellow being has the chance of writing his name in gold, on hearts that will always cherish him with fondest memory. Constantly, on this busy stage of human action, appear opportunities for a kind word, a kind act, a thoughtful care for some fellow creature. Does this seem a narrow sphere? It is a great, grand and glorious one. There are lives that have become famous whose great deeds were often of questionable morality, but true greatness must be founded on goodness. You may set your aim in life and come far short of it, and be compelled to pass through trials, but you are constantly nearing your mark and aim. He who aims at the heavens, while he is sure to come short of it, is apt to reach a higher point than he who aims at a lower mark and one that can be easily attained. Abraham Lincoln has carved a name which will exert a magical influence upon all future ages, a name which caused a new glory to overspread America, and is indelibly written on the hearts of forty millions of people. He, by his good morals and undaunted perseverance, arose from humbleness and obscurity in a Kentucky cabin to stand as a presiding genius, to rescue from evil the greatest, grandest nation the world has ever seen. He has not only written his name in the history

of his country, but he has also carved it on Liberty's dome, lasting as the everlasting hills, and to be blotted out only when the earth in her revolutions shall cease. Milton's "Paradise Lost," one of the grandest epic poems ever written, arose, Nemesis like, from poverty, neglect and blindness. Wickliff, Calvin, Luther and others have written their names high up on the rock of eternal truth, and, by the aid of the Bible, have brought the world out of heathenish darkness into the clear brightness of a religion, purified and made glorious in its simple and sublime beauty of love and truth. The name of Florence Nightingale is graven deep in letters of living light, and the music of her life, so filled with self-denying usefulness, can never be hushed.

But all may not be able to write their names beside those of conquerors and heroes, for "Life's great deeds are not all written upon the flaming, golden page." If you live for something good, you will leave behind you a monument that the storms of time can never destroy. Write your names in deeds and words of kindness on the hearts of the thousands you meet. You will never be forgotten; your names, your deeds will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind as the stars on the brow of evening. Good deeds will shine as the stars from heaven.

"Sculptors of life are we,

As we stand with our souls uncarved before us,
Waiting the time, when, at God's command,
Our life-dream passes o'er us.

If we carve it then on the yielding stone,
With many a sharp incision,
Its heavenly beauties shall be our own,
Our lives an angel's vision."

CORA B. HARDY.

RECIPROCATED MAXIMS.

CHAPTER II.

"Fearless he is, and scorning all disguise,
What he dares do or think, though men may start,
He speaks."
—Shelley.

A day passes by. A day in which Howard McKee is too constantly employed,