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Pleasure is an evanescent some-
thing which, when realized, becomes
nothing. Full of promise in anticipa-
tion, its realization turns the expected
gold into dross. The supposed beau-
tiful picture on nearer approach is
seen to be a daub; the apparent beau-
tiful gloss is only mould; the froth of
the cup covers only the bitter dregs
that lie beneath and the sweet portion
becomes acrid ere it passes the lips.
Such is pleasure, yet we seek it, pur-
sue it, trusting that it will give joy,
happiness, contentment, but alas, even
in its maddest whirls there is a sting
of regret, remorse, discontent, one
moment of doubtful, fleeting joy
bringing with it years of repentance
and sorrow. In looking backward we
find that the things which seemed to
have the least charm are the only
events which have made any impres-
sion upon us, and we do not relate our
pleasures but our labors, because they
are the realities.

Have you not seen a child work by
the hour to get to some desired sunny
spot and just as he reaches out to
grasp the sunbeam, a cloud fit by and
destroy the coveted goal? Thus it is
in life; thus it is in pleasure. Have
we not striven for years to obtain the
pleasures of a certain hour and then
when it is almost attained, it is snatch-
ed away by some unseen power and all
our labor has been in vain.

Mahomet says, "Paradise is under
the shadow of swords." Whether this
be true or not, we know that every-
thing worth attaining is surrounded
by dangers and difficulties. Often
things which should be a pleasure to us
are not, because we are wishing for
something that we cannot obtain
which probably when gotten would
bring with it grief and sorrow, al-
though at present it resembles the
most excellent things, which all have
a rainbow character.

Nothing is more hurtful to a youth
than to have his soul sodden with
pleasure. The best qualities of his
mind are thus wasted, his appetite for
the highest kinds of pleasure is de-
stroyed, common enjoyments become
tasteless, and when he comes to take
up the work and duties of life, the re-
sult is often only aversion and disgust.
As a child turns from broken toys, so
a youth turns from his withered pleas-
ures and he will find that his very ex-
pectancy for enjoyment has been de-
stroyed. A most pitiable sight is a
man who has thrown away his youth
in folly. It is among such persons,
whose youth has been sullied by pre-
mature enjoyment, that we find the
prevalence of skepticism, sneering and
egotism, which proves a soured nature.

The happy goal of a well spent life
is reached only through dangers and
difficulties which have cast their
shadow over the whole journey.

In life's morning we begin the pleas-
ant excursion through fields refulgent
with the dews and fragrance of spring
time's beautiful flowers. We pass on
along the pleasant banks, keeping step
to the rippling music of time, where,
near its source, it warbles as a little
stream among the pebbles of its bed.
As we proceed, two ways appear, one
called pleasure, the other, duty, the
former appears pleasant and bright,
the latter, dull and prosaic; in
each, shadowy forms appear beckon-
ing us to enter; our inclination tend
toward the first, our better self urges
that we take the second. In our
youthful inexperience we do not know
that the flower bordered way of the
former leads to the desert of disap-
pointment, despair and woe; we do
not know that the honey dew on its
flowers changes to the bitterness of
gall; that the sweet songs of its birds
ere long will become the croak of the
vulture, remorse gnawing at the void
of our withered hopes and heart.
The other path appears more difficult;
it is less attractive; the flowers that
bloom by its side have more quiet
colors; the songs of its birds are less
thrilling; the dew that sparkles on
the foliage does not glisten with such
brilliance nor has such sweetness of
taste, but these calm delights never
fade. Amongst its flowers lurks no
deadly serpent to sting the hapless
wayfarer; the road may be at times
rough but every step that is taken en-
larges the vision, every obstacle that
is overcome gives its own quiet joy,
every success that is attained carries
with it its own reward, none of its
promises are left unfulfilled, its gold
never becomes dross, and after the
sun of its day has sunk to rest, the

wayfarer may lie down amidst the vio-
lets that cover its sides and sleep the
dreamless sleep of health and peace,
no remorse or racking fears disturb
his peaceful slumbers.

How different is the lot of him who
gives his life's best efforts to the
gratification of his sensual passion;
what a narrow and despicable thing
is that man and that life whose hori-
zon bounds only the narrowness of
self and selfish joys. What bitterness
is covered by the deceptive froth of
his first faint enjoyment.
"For pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;
Or, like the snowflake on the river,
A moment white—then gone forever;
Or, like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place;
Or, like the rainbow's lovely form,
Evanishing amid the storm."

Passing away, leaving a place
marked only by gloom. Such is the
fate of him who makes the vanities of
earth his sole aspiration, nothing
lasting, nothing enduring, vanishing,
passing away in gloom and sorrow.
How different from the fate of him
inspired by some noble and lofty ideal,
takes his stand among the true and
good, ever pressing toward the accom-
plishment of something high and
noble. What a glorious sunset beauty
has such a life! Its last gloom, as it
sinks below the rim of this world,
sending out glorious streamers of re-
fulgent light, beckoning, beckoning
and calling the wanderer to that life
which lies beyond, to that world
whose beauties fade not.

Wayfarer on life's journey, so live
that when thy time approaches to join
the innumerable caravan,
"Thou go not like the quarry slave at
night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but sustain-
ed and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy
grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of
his couch
About him and lies down to pleasant
dreams."

PEARL E. LUDLOW.

"The sun unto the mountain said
Come up higher, come up higher."

We are told in Holy Writ that in the
beginning the face of the earth was cov-
ered with water. Then the spirit of God
breathed forth. Slowly the land appear-
ed and the mountains rose from their
pestilential vapors and mists, until finally
they appeared above the fogs and
storm clouds, shining clear and resplend-
ent in the beams of the glorious sun of
heaven, and, as the mountain struggled
upward into the clear sunshine, so does
the human soul ever strive toward the
light of its Almighty Creator.

Humanity is ever yearning for some-
thing higher, something nobler, purer,
truer. Holland says:
"Heaven is not reached at single bound,
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to the summit round by
round."

There is no royal road to success, like
the man who awoke one morning and
found himself famous. Each must toil
long to surmount the many obstacles in
his way before reaching his goal.

The ascent of the mountain is tedious
but the view which meets the gaze as
the top is attained repays us for our toil.

Each, seeking to obtain a summit
must start in the foot hills and work
his way slowly upward and onward, ever
striving, ever watchful of the dangers
that lie around and beneath him; care-
ful lest at any moment the heedless step
may fall on an unsure footing and be
precipitated into the abyss below; care-
fully picks his path from among the
treacherous surroundings. As he advan-
ces the way becomes more rugged, more
dangerous. Often wearied and discour-
aged he stops, ready to abandon the un-
dertaking. He thinks of the hardships
he has endured and with straining eyes
and faltering purpose he looks at the
towering heights beyond. The under-
taking seems too great for his courage
and strength.

About ready to give up in despair he
seems to hear reverberating through the
mountain summit those words which
gave the mountain birth,
"Come up higher, come up higher."

With renewed energy and purpose he
again begins the task so nearly abandon-
ed, but the dangers and difficulties seem
to multiply. To the right and to the
left the avalanches thunder into the
abyss below. Yawning chasms are to be
crossed, the icy path is full of unknown
dangers, but onward he goes faltering
and uncertain, obedient to the voice
of the monitor within him, pointing to
the dizzy heights until at last, strength
and courage holding out, he gains the
wished for summit. With the last wave
of departing strength he turns his swim-
ming eyes down o'er the paths he has
climbed with such danger and difficulty
and stands transfixed with wonder.

The way which seemed so rugged and
awful, as he glanced back over it appears
one gradual ascent. All the rough
places are lost sight and he wonders
what had become of all the difficulties
which, at one time, seemed almost in-
surmountable. So it is with the hu-

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man soul striving toward perfection,
daily, on its journey, troubles and hard-
ships arise but with the courage born of
hope, presses on, each day putting some
toil behind; faltering, hoping, trusting,
until at last it stands at the end of its
mortal career, and then looking back
o'er the journey it comes, all the irregu-
larities seemed to have disappeared and
he, his end attained, wonders why he
ever faltered or became discouraged.
In starting out on life's weary journey
we realize we will meet with our suc-
cesses and reverses but we should al-
ways fix a goal or sun that will loom be-
fore us, beckoning us on to climb higher,
for the heights now attained are small in
comparison to those we can reach if we
persist in climbing steadily on, forget-
ting our difficulties and remembering the
one essential thing, the utmost round to
which we aspire.

Difficulties innumerable will meet on
our journey; shipwrecks on life's tem-
pestuous billows; storms and unfore-
seen accidents on our travels, but on-
ward without faltering is the watch
word which will pass us through the
clouds to that sun of our life, the goal
of our lives, the goal of our ambitions.
As we start in life our desires to succeed
lead us devious ways, forgetting one, the
other, some of us may unfortunately fall
by the way side, but the thought of
what can be accomplished will urge us
on to renewed and more earnest exer-
tions. Again, on our way, if perchance,
we meet an unfortunate whose lot is
hard, extend to him a helping hand, for
you know not but that the most brilliant
diamond is still in the rough and that
the object of our courtesy may become
a Napoleon or a Cromwell.

Assist the unfortunate who tries to
succeed; you may not know the cause
of his adversity. When in such you
find your weary companion on the down-
ward road, call him back, show him the
beacon light, that glorious sun of life.
Your path will be smoother; and by each
and such act of kindness you will climb
higher in the estimation of your associ-
ates and become yourself a shining light
to brighten the path of a weary traveler.

Is genius that which enables us to
reach the top and call success our own?
To a certain extent, but by no means
does it wholly rest on genius. There is,
at the present day, too much said on
this subject. Common sense is so pro-
saic; yet, as appears from history, the
great ones knew that item, genius, was
not a supernatural thing, but simply
faculties which the lowest type of hu-
manity shared with them. They knew
what they possessed would not enable
them to accomplish what they under-
took, unless they steadily bent their en-
ergies to the task. "It is perseverance
and striving that gains honor."

Genius without difficulty is often a
curse than a blessing; its possessor de-
pending on his natural gift fails because
of indolence. He who has difficulties
to overcome will, with his eyes directed
upward, unmoved by the many hinder-
ances, make a more determined effort,
and, forgetting those things which are
behind, strive to reach those things
which are before.

Difficulties like a block of granite to
the climber of mountains is either a help
or a hindrance, in proportion as we are
strong and resolute or weak and falter-
ing.

Would Michael Angelo have built St.
Peters and beautified the walls of the
vatican had he awaited inspiration
while his work was in progress? Would
Raphael have dazzled the eyes of all
Europe had he allowed his brush to hesi-
tate? Would Goethe have written the
sixty volumes of his works or Milton
have completed his "Paradise Lost" had
they not often sat down to an unwilling
task.

Should misfortune drive us to despair?
Great things have been accomplished in
spite of misfortune. Bedford jail gave
the world "Pilgrims Progress," A lad
from a poor-house unlocked the doors of
interior Africa. The failure of a pub-
lishing company gave us some of Scott's
best works.

English history presents two striking
and memorable events which have never
been paralleled in any other nation;
and these came from perseverance and
listening to that voice which has aided
so many in leading a brilliant career.

The first is Milton. When advanced
in years, blind and in misfortune, he en-
tered upon the composition of an epic
which was to determine his future glory
and hazard the glory of his country in
competition with the classic ages of an-
tiquity. The counterpart of this picture
is Sir Walter Scott. With his private
affairs in ruin, he undertook, by intel-
lectual labor, to liquidate a debt of £120,
000. Glory pure and unalloyed was
Milton's aim. Honor and integrity were
Scott's incentives. In six years Milton
had realized the object of his hopes in
the completion of "Paradise Lost." His
work was accomplished, his triumph
complete; he held in his hand his pass-
port to immortality.

In six years Scott had almost reached
the goal of his ambition; he had roamed
the wide field of romance and the public
had liberally rewarded him. It seemed
as if the maxim, "Fortune helps those
who help themselves," was being clearly
exemplified. As the world saw his suc-
cess they cheered him on but his exer-
tion was too much, he had spent his life
in the struggle and he sank exhausted
in his course. The iron will was sub-
dued, and honor and integrity bowed
their heads in submission, to terminate
in death.

"Perseverant effort is the price of hon-
orable distinction." No man ought to be
convinced by anything short of as-
siduous and long continued labors issu-
ing in absolute failure, that he is not
meant to do much for the glory of God
and the honor of mankind. Let us
throw aside the doctrine that "Man is
the creature of circumstances" and
adopt the higher and grander one, "Man
is the architect of his own fortune." In-
stead of complaining of our few talents
and unfavorable circumstances, let us
make the most of what we do possess
and always strive to rise to the highest
types of manhood and womanhood.

Fear not obstacles. What are your
stumbling stones? Poverty, ignorance,
obscurity. If we will but listen to that
voice saying so encouragingly, calling so
clear and distinct, "Come up higher,
come up higher," we can surmount them
all. Many well known to fame have con-
quered. Why not we? Life and the
world are full of conflict and he who
wins wears the laurel.

A word of friendly admonition to my
classmates, I think, is opportune. Let
us start out on life's journey concentrat-
ing our energies on some grand and
noble aim, if we would succeed, it is
not meant that the talents we possess
shall henceforth lie dormant. This is
commencement. We are at the foot of
the great mountain, just starting to
tread the hard and rugged road. Let us
be alive to the necessities of life; raise
the fallen, and show by our daily life an
example of which we may ourselves be
proud; always endeavoring to attain the
utmost round of the great ladder and
let us each in our heart ever say,
"Come up higher, come up higher,
And from the dregs of earth's desire
Come up higher."

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