

just deserts, always passes for what he is worth. This is far from true. The full extent of his capacity may not be appreciated, but his good or bad qualities can not be hidden. It is a universal fact, that the ability and capacity of an individual is not appreciated while he moves and has his being among his fellow men. This is owing in a great extent to the vast hordes of ambitious men, burning with the flame of jealousy at the success and popularity of him who so well deserves it.

Shakspeare failed to pass for what he was worth in the estimation of a single person in the age in which he lived. And even now,

"Ten ancient towns contend for Homer dead,  
In which the living Homer begged his bread."

Character is a much more rare article in the best society, even, than many suppose. Could we only pass behind the curtain, and gaze upon the actors, before they appear upon the stage, in the drama of life, the scene would be appalling. Could we only open the secret doors and reveal to the world the workings and doings of the great heart of Society, the idea of Society and human character would appear as a vision.

To-day, as humanity moves on, in a path more enlightened, more cultivated, than the time gone by, we cannot but feel the world is better. Covered by the veil of pride, vanity and hypocrisy, the world presents an improved condition, wrapped in the garb of moral and religious ideas, she presents a brighter appearance, to those mystified by the same general deception.

But what is character? Intellect alone does not give it, neither intellect combined with moral worth produces it. Many have possessed these peculiarities, and yet were quite devoid of character. Character involuntarily commands respect. It is something more than great capacity, more than great intellect. Byron had all this, but character was to him a stranger. Were the deeds of his out-

rageous and infamous life exposed in all their naked deformity, by those who sought glory in writing of his worth, his disposition and inhuman desires would be incomparable. For Byron's unequalled abilities as a poet, for the splendor of his genius, he has received his just reward. Byron hated the world, and the world loved him in return, while the writings of no man were more injurious to society, to human kind, than those of Byron.

Some labor under the delusion that reputation is character, and rest contented without character and with only a meagre reputation. Reputation may exist independent of character, and among the many, whose names are fresh upon our memory, transmitted to us through the ever living pages of history, who have made themselves immortal by the brilliancy of their intellect, and splendor of their genius, were, in innumerable cases, devoid of character. We find Bacon, Goldsmith, and Johnson, who by their wonderful powers inscribed their names upon the pages of life, never to be blotted or erased by the passing of time. They possessed an extensive degree of talent, which ripened into a solid reputation. But they belonged to the class of which Denham speaks, "Who fears not to do ill, yet fears the name; and, free from conscience, is a slave to fame."

Along the corridors of life, we find an eager struggling mass, blinded by the desire for name, for reputation, living within the tolerance of mankind, only for fear of name. The aspirants for true character are few, the possessors are fewer. Seeing the world and its surroundings, character appears only in name, only in thought. The moral mark is drawn wider and extends farther in some than in others.

But is this moral mark only a description, is it only for fear of name? Or have you drawn it wide only for the love of character?

H.