

mercy of the elements. Having no end in view, no harbor to reach, he drifts idly down the stream, borne along by the current. He has no ennobling motive impelling him onward, nothing that will give him strength to battle for the right. Can such a one live a successful life? Will the verdict at its close be "well done?" Does he live in the true sense of the word? Does he know what life is? For, as "poetry is older than criticism, so philosophy is older than metaphysics, and these mysterious questions of our being, our lives and to what purpose we live are ever before us and within us, and even the little child, as it begins to prattle, makes inquiries which the pride of learning can not solve." Is not every life made broader and nobler that rests upon a sure foundation? That has some definite end in view? something to gain or lose, something in the scales which may turn either way?

History teaches us that not one of all that brilliant coterie which she delights to honor ever reached their eminence without some object in life, something always above and beyond, ever pointing upward and onward. And these nobler "instincts of humanity are ever the same. Those exalted hopes which have dignified former generations of men are to be renewed as long as the human heart shall throb. The visions of Plato are but revived in the dreams of Sir Thomas Moore."

Then, having your own canoe, do your own paddling; for no one has ever attained to eminence who employed some one else to do this for him. Do you suppose that Napoleon or Wellington would ever have achieved their great victories if they had left the paddling to their generals? And in science, no less than in the art of war, must men work for themselves. Newton would never have demonstrated to the world the system governing the universe, nor Franklin have drawn electricity from the clouds, the world, to-day, would not cherish with so much pride all those bril-

liant names that shine so brightly on the scroll of fame, had their owners possessed less strength to guide in safety their precious barks. There never would have been a George Sand or Florence Nightingale, the North would never have had an "Uncle Tom's Cabin" to aid them in their struggle, nor Mrs. Browning or Margaret Fuller, had these canoes been left to float idly down the stream of life without that brave energetic paddling which made their owners famous men and women.

The History of nations, no less than of individuals, illustrates our subject. The early annals of Connecticut in her independence are in striking contrast to those of Virginia as a royal province. The former started out upon her career energetically paddling her own canoe among the aborigines of the country. But the latter trammelled from the first by royal governors, was in a continuous tumult.

So many barks starting out with every sail spread in the brightness of the morning, before the meridian has been passed are capsized in the storm and sink to the bottom.

Life is the sea to you, but the night is often dark, the waves high, the wind rough. But let your canoe be staunch and tight and with a steady hand pilot it onward and you will reach, at last the harbor in safety.

MAY B. FAIRFIELD.

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POLITICAL LIFE.

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When a man enters political life, he is immediately branded as, if not a rascal, at least as a suspicious character, and every one appears to think he has a perfect right to repeat all the old charges against a politician that he may have heard: and he thinks it his bounden duty to add a little here and there to the old story to round out the form, and make it more presentable to the hearer. So a man is aware when he enters the political arena, that he will have adversaries on all sides to contend against, and many who are not particular about the weapons they