

Washington. You ask then how to find this law of being? Study yourself. No one can understand it but yourself. But in the selection do not overlook the one prime object of existence, and blight the element which, for successful cultivation, is pre-eminent. For there are two roads through life that diverge more and more. Hercules took the side of virtue, and thus acquired strength to accomplish his twelve labors. We are now standing at the forks of the roads, and virtue and vice are speaking to us of the advantages of their respective ways.

Success in life demands growth of mind. It calls for growth in purity, and, as Matthew Arnold says, growth in the "sweet reasonableness" of the soul. This we cannot reach if we follow a course with which it ever conflicts. The mind develops by means of the work in hand, and our hands thus mould our minds as the sculptor's do his model. Here we round a limb, there we give an expression of beauty, there a calmness of the eye that speaks of happiness and repose. But if our labor be upon an unworthy object, how can the sculptor give us the model of purity? But the form of the mind, says Tacitus, is eternal. Hence, every lick must have a purpose for completing the statue, until at last we set it in the gallery to remain through the ages, a result of our own hands and a purpose of our own life work. Look upon the unworthy model and then upon one where you read purity of every thought and act, and tell me which you would prefer to represent you in that gallery where the thoughts and deeds of the wise shall bud and bloom forever. So our purpose must least be taken as a means of earthly sustenance, a mere turn for bread and meat, but let us undertake it with the belief that whatever we do it shall be everlasting.

But further, having chosen it, let us make every moment tell upon our work. Every effort spent upon anything else is thrown away,—worse than thrown away, and the world in the expected result of our

labor is deceived, and we defraud our selves of the reward we might have obtained. A sorry thing, this throwing away one's life, and a sad story, this missing of eminence. A blessed thought, this attainment of real success, and a hallowedness, this sense of having opened a window of truth where we stand aside throughout all the coming ages, and see the light streaming down to the multitudes clamoring in darkness. But should we fail of this by an effort of our own, methinks that hell would only gain its pang, and the heart sick soul would reel forever, and grasp like a maniac into space for the result of an effort, wanting only by a moment's persistence. For what is there of life except that kind genius we leave behind us, that forever goes about doing good among men? F. M. L.

---

#### WEAVING.

---

Slowly but surely does the goddess Lachesis spin out the threads of our lives, and swiftly does the shuttle fly back and forth weaving it into fabrics sometimes fine and beautiful, other times coarse and ugly to the sight.

Each of us holds the shuttle in his own hands, and upon ourselves depends the quality of this fabric of Life. Its coloring, texture and usefulness are such as we make it, weaving, as we do, these threads in the warp of Time. Neither can we in any way avoid this responsibility. Father Time divides the warp and portions it out to us in regular and unvarying order, while the material we form from the minutes and hours which he gives us can never be changed, but is the same through all eternity.

The first we weave is a light dainty fabric, with all the bright hues of the rainbow blended in a charming pattern of joy, love and hope. The fabric is flimsy and wanting in firmness, but while it lacks in qualities of use, it possesses those of beauty. But these do not satisfy, and there is ever a desire for something not