

is stronger than fortifications and iron-clads, she would have curbed her madness. An institution, whether good or bad, cannot be suddenly overthrown without great public commotion. And long after the commotion has subsided, its overthrow will effect multitudinous evils. The North and the South seemed to be ignorant of these facts; and the North, thinking it was for the public good, desired immediate emancipation. The South, not knowing the tenacity of the institution, took up arms for its preservation.

The reader, by giving careful attention to this work, will derive more pleasure and benefit by drawing his own deductions.

May the truths of this book lead many into the paths of political virtue, that our country may escape "the fate that bleeding thousands bore." ANON.

WHERE SHALL WE WRITE OUR NAMES?

Shall we engrave them deep on tablets of ever-during brass, whose unyielding surface resists the tooth of time? Shall we chisel them on columns of imperishable granite, whose polished coldness feigns defiance to the storms of ages? Shall we write them in shifting sand? Shall we dip our pens in human blood, and proudly trace our names beside those of conquerors and heroes? Shall we stamp them indelibly on the hearts of our fellow men, by acts of kindness and love? These questions come to one and all but once in a life time, and must be decided by self alone, no matter how difficult or complex they may be, and, when once decided, we commence to engrave our names in letters that can not be effaced.

The desire to engrave their names so that they may be read by all future generations is common to all. This desire is not only in the present day, but extends back to ages that are passed and gone. Some erect monuments and columns in

memory, but these will not always defy the ravages of time. The pyramids of Egypt were erected thousands of years ago, and the ancient kings of Egypt inscribed their names thereon. But will these pyramids endure forever? Pompey's Pillar has stood the storms of ages, but it is crumbling, and now on the point of falling; while Cleopatra's pride, the massive granite shaft, lies prostrate, broken, and half-buried in the drifting sands of Egypt. There are conquerors who stir up strife causing bloodshed, purposely to gratify ambition, and that their names may be borne on the wings of time; they tread under foot their fellow men and sacrifice noble lives that this ambition may be gratified. Napoleon has secured for himself a name that will remain for ages, but one for which he sacrificed his conscience. We find his name written side by side with the fact that he was only true in war. Surely we will not want to write our names on the roll of fame, if, by so doing, we sacrifice the purest motives of our nature.

Shall we write them in shifting sand? Indifference or carelessness often crases from our minds the importance of writing our names indelibly; hence, many who have talent through indifference miss the opportunity of giving lasting honor to their names, and write them so lightly that it is like the shifting sand which the wind will obliterate, or the returning tide wash away forever. To this class belong those who have no force or independence of their own. Thousands of men, and women, too, live, breathe, move, pass off the stage of life and are heard of no more. They do not a particle of good in the world; not a word they speak can be recalled; and so their names perish, their light goes out in darkness, and they are remembered no more. Will you thus live and die?

Numerous are the places where the children of men may write their names. In ancient times, Alexander the Great, with fame, ambition and glory as his