

very round people, but somehow they fit into every square hole that happens along. They are illustrated by Ben. Butler, who, while kissing one campaign baby is looking at another. They exemplify that phenomenal law, which, just at the edge of town, becomes so strong among the strawberries or peaches, that all the large ones crystalize at the top of the basket. There is just enough strawberry truth to cover up the deception at the bottom of the basket. None of the principles and passions implanted in the constitution of our natures are more deeply rooted, perhaps, than the love of distinction; the wish of occupying some place on the tablet of human remembrance. But if I had to say which of the two men I most respected, him, who is wholly insensible to the awakening stimulus of ambition, or remains a parasite, awaiting with sullen satisfaction the death of annihilation, or him, who, for distinction or notoriety only, plays a part in life, I would choose the first. I would rather have his dead, dry muscle, than the petty meanness of the man who never accepts any moral or social obligations, unless they promise him dividends. Deliver me from the man who, in the duties or pleasures of life, is faithful or cordial only in correspondence with the manner in which these bring him into the public eye. In view of the strict law of labor and compensation, such a man is an embezzler and defaulter. A man who has only egotism as his law, who is seeking to subjugate everything to his interest, who trades upon either the ignorance or credulity of his fellows in order to advance himself, who is too weak or too cowardly to make any assertion of his personality, who shirks all social responsibility and shifts it upon others, while he, unburdened, thrives apace, is a social sneak. It is this character in the community who shirks labor in the church, in the literary or reform club, or movements and methods to upbuild humanity, and when the thing is on the crest of the wave of popularity, manages to slide in from some sidetrack, and reap a large percentage of the benefits. You find this character at the church sociable, or at the clean-out-the-minister party, and in the early candle light stages of it, selecting choice pieces of the weightiest pound cake, for a "sick friend" who could not come. In the ordinary sense, the man may be a good sort of citizen, that is, with pendulum regularity, he goes to and from his daily labor. To the cent he pays his debts, and to the cent he demands of his debtors. Beyond that, he has nothing in common with his fellow men. That is his daily, weekly, monthly, yearly life, until he wears out. Only the newspaper man is sorry over that last event—at twenty cents a line. A life may have the length and breadth of intense humanity and still be thin. It must have height as well as length and breadth in order to be symmetrically complete. We all understand that when the business career of a man, as a means of conveying to society evidence of personal integrity, points just that one way in every hour of it, we have in view a magnificent object lesson of how spherical a man will be who has the three dimensions, length, breadth and height. He may

live neighbor to the long, narrow man just described, but he *lives* in the community. He doesn't merely stay, or reside, or count one more numerically. He is a factor; he is a reliable factor; always ready to do his share in every honest, manly effort. That is the man whom you can take literally. His living has a purpose; his muscles are tense; his head is erect, and his eyes are always uplifted.

A common trouble, especially among young people, is, they get the idea that the exaltation of manhood and honor and honesty of action, is conditioned or circumscribed by geography or arithmetic. They must be brilliant or not shine at all. The Creator has planted some of us in bare, desolate places, and we are apt to think that our sphere is very narrow; so narrow, indeed, that it does not make much difference what we do. This is false logic. Man has but one thing to do, that is, to grow, broaden, deepen and beautify in the precise corner of the field of human life where he belongs. Naturally enough, many think they could be more useful and lead a nobler life if their environment were enlarged. Possibly; but they should not lose sight of the fact, that, for the present, they are in one particular spot, and in no other; working at this particular calling and no other; possessed of just this particular amount of education and knowledge, and no more. In these circumstances it is duty to endeavor to brighten life; to make a worthy human life. A life devoted to mere pleasure has no heroism, and a life that never rises higher than duty has no sweetness. The one is weak, the other is harsh. Disgust and disappointment are the outcome of one; there is nothing of the other, save the opening of the door through which death lets life out. Every man may, with perfect manliness, pride and hope, work every day upon the principle that he is doing what the law of his individual life has made his duty.

A good many people are prevented from doing all they should, by what we call the virtue of the head. It keeps them from making real and practical the blessings and good will of the Man of Nazareth. Such people become saturated with the idea that if they pay a fair proportion of taxes, if they support the schools, if by their silence they give their consent to reform clubs and associations for the upbuilding of humanity, if they place no obstructions in the way of churches and Sunday schools, and especially if now and then they lend their presence at some of these places, they have redeemed themselves from the charge of moral lassitude and indifference. This character, having only the virtue of the head, is one of moral idleness. The man lacking in virtue of the heart is counted in the community. Between him and the man who possesses the virtue of the heart and affections, it is the difference of being weighed and being counted. Plato illustrated this thought when he said "I have the better half of Athens for audience when I lecture to Aristotle alone." A man who lives in a modest daily round of routine duty, whose way is hedged in by the shifting necessity of common drudgery, can escape from it if he will, long enough to add the