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THERE IS A TIME IN EVERY MAN'S EDUCATION WHEN HE ARRIVES AT THE CONVICTION THAT
envy is ignorance; that imitation is suicide; that he must take himself for better, for worse,
as his portion; that though the wide universe is full of good, no kernel of nourishing corn
can come to him but through his toil bestowed on that plot of ground which is given to
him to till. The power which resides in him is new in nature, and none but he knows what
that is which he can do, nor does he know until he has tried. Not for nothing one face, one
character, one fact, makes much impression on him, and another none. This sculpture in
the memory is not without preëstablished harmony. The eye was placed where one ray
should fall, that it might testify of that particular ray. **We but half express ourselves, and
are ashamed of that divine idea which each of us represents.** It may be safely trusted
as proportionate and of good issues, so it be faithfully imparted, but God will not have
his work made manifest by cowards. A man is relieved and gay when he has put his heart
into his work and done his best; but what he has said or done otherwise shall give him no
peace. It is a deliverance which does not deliver. In the attempt his genius deserts him;
no muse befriends; no invention, no hope. **Trust thyself: every heart vibrates to that
iron string.** Accept the place the divine providence has found for you, the society of your
contemporaries, the connection of events. Great men have always done so, and confided
themselves childlike to the genius of their age, betraying their perception that the abso-
lutely trustworthy was seated at their heart, working through their hands, predominating
in all their being. And we are now men, and must accept in the highest mind the same tran-
scendent destiny; and not minors and invalids in a protected corner, not cowards fleeing

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OBSERVE, I DO NOT MEAN TO SUGGEST THAT THE CUSTOM OF LYING HAS SUFFERED ANY DECAY OR INTERRUPTION—NO, FOR THE LIE, AS A VIRTUE, A PRINCIPLE, IS ETERNAL; THE LIE, AS A RECREATION, A SOLACE, A REFUGE IN TIME OF NEED, THE FOURTH GRACE, THE TENTH MUSE, MAN'S BEST AND SUREST FRIEND, IS IMMORTAL, AND CANNOT PERISH FROM THE EARTH WHILE THIS CLUB REMAINS. MY COMPLAINT SIMPLY CONCERNS THE DECAY OF THE ART OF LYING. NO HIGH-MINDED MAN, NO MAN OF RIGHT FEELING, CAN CONTEMPLATE THE LUMBERING AND SLOVENLY LYING OF THE PRESENT

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UNDER A GOVERNMENT WHICH IMPRISONS unjustly, the true place for a just man is also a prison. Unjust laws exist: shall we be content to obey them, or shall we endeavor to amend them, and obey them until we have succeeded, or shall we transgress them at once? Men, generally, under such a government as this, think that they ought

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