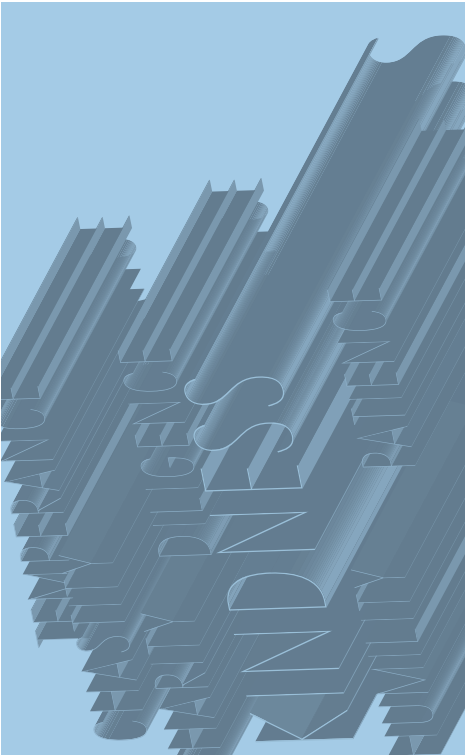


THERE IS A TIME IN EVERY MAN'S EDUCATION WHEN HE ARRIVES AT THE CONVICTION THAT ENVY IS IGNORANCE; THAT IMITATION IS suicide; that he must take himself for better, for worse, as his portion; that though the wide universe is full of good, no kernel of nourishing corn can come to him but through his loi 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 solely trusted as proportional 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 betrays him; no muse betrays him; 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 absolutely 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 transcendent destiny; and not minors and invalids in a protected corner, not cowards fleeing before a revolution, but guides, redeemers, and benefactors, obeying the Almighty effort, and advancing on Chaos and the Dark. What pretty oracles nature yields us on this text, in the face and behavior of children, babes, and even brutes! That divided and rebel mind, that distrust of a sentiment because our arithmetic has computed the strength and means opposed to our purpose, these have none. Their mind being whole, their eye is as yet unconquered, and when we look in their faces we are disconcerted. Infancy conforms to nobody; all conform to it, so that one babe commonly makes four or five out of the adults who proflie and play to it. So God has armed youth and manhood no less with its own piquancy and charm, and made it enviable and gracious and its claims not to be put by, if it will stand by itself. Do not think the youth has no force, because he cannot speak to you and me. Hark! in the next room his voice is sufficiently clear and emphatic. It seems he knows how to speak to his contemporaries. Boshful or bold, then, he will know how to make us seniors very unnecessary. The nonchalance of boys who are sure of a dinner, and would disdain as much as a lord to do or say ought to conciliate one, is the healthy attitude of human nature. A boy is in the parlor what the pit is in the playhouse; independent, irresponsible, looking out from

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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 MOUSE, 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 DAY WITHOUT GRIEVING TO SEE A NOBLE ART SO PROSTITUTED. IN THIS VERAN PRESENCE, I NATURALLY ENTER UPON THIS THEME WITH DIFFIDENCE, IT IS LIKE AN OLD MAID TRYING TO TEACH NURSERY MATTERS TO THE MOTHERS IN ISRAEL. IT WOULD NOT BECOME ME TO CRITICIZE YOU, GENTLEMEN, WHO ARE NEARLY ALL MY ELDERS—AND MY SUPERIORS, IN THIS

All things are double, one against another. Tit for tat; an eye for an eye; a tooth for a tooth; blood for blood; measure for measure; love for love. Give and it shall be given you. He that watereth shall be watered himself. What will you have?

**All things are double, one against another. Tit for tat; an eye for an eye; a tooth for a tooth; blood for blood; measure for measure; love for love. Give**

All things are double, one against another. Tit for tat; an eye for an eye; a tooth for a tooth; blood for blood; measure for measure; love for love. Give and it shall be given you. He that watereth shall be watered himself. What will you have?

**All things are double, one against another. Tit for tat; an eye for an eye; a tooth for a tooth; blood for blood; measure for measure; love for love.**

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 to wait until they have persuaded the majority to alter them. They think that, if they should resist, the remedy would be worse than the evil. But it is the fault of the government itself that the remedy is worse than the evil. It makes it worse. Why is it not more apt to anticipate and

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