

sion that requires sacrifice and toil, have indeed a splendid form of courage. Young manhood has peculiar temptations, and history presents to us men, whose moral courage in resisting them have made themselves the equals of Washington, Lee and Grant.

There is also a courage of conviction found in the man who is brave enough to think what he ought to think. There are great mental battles, and some of our finest victories have been won by those men who have fought their way through doubt and darkness to conviction and light.

The world is held back by men who are afraid to think. Thought is the creator of civilization and progress. It is the emancipator that frees men from all superstition and tyranny. Every true thought leads towards God. Thought will never damage anything that ought not to disappear. It will strengthen all that is worthy and good. It will not injure the vital elements of established truth; although it may send some arrogant theories into oblivion whither all error must ultimately go. The only danger is that men have not the courage to think deeply enough. The courage that does what ought to be done, that leads a man to become what he ought to be, and to think what he ought to think, is of the highest order. The courage of manly action, character and thought, stands above brute force and exalted passion. Courage is essential in all true life. All progress is conquest, a series of battles and victories. Advance is won by effort only. The true life must be fearless and tireless, and amidst the temptations, trials, sorrows and conflicts in life, heed

—hear the divine message that came to David in the days of his troubles. "Be of good courage." A. M. H.

A Mother's Love.

If there is one mortal feeling free from the impurities of earthly frailty that tells us in its slightest breathings of its celestial origin, it is that of a mother's love, a mother's chaste, overwhelming and everlasting love of her children.

The name of a mother is our childhood's talisman, our refuge and safe guard in all our mimic misery; 'tis the first half-formed word that falls from a babbling tongue; the first idea that draws upon the mind; the first, the the fondest and most lasting tie in which affection can bind the heart of man. It is not a feeling of yesterday or to-day; it is from the beginning the same and unchangeable: it owes its being to this world, but it is independent and self-existent, enduring while one pulse of life animates the breast that fosters it; and if there be anything of morality which survives the grave, surely its best and noble passion will never perish.

'Tis not selfish passion depending for its permanency on the reciprocation of its advantages; but in its sincerity it casteth out itself and when the welfare of that object is at stake, it putteth away fear and knoweth not weariness.

It is not excited by form nor feature, but rather by a happy pervision of perception, imbues all things with an imaginary beauty. It watches over our helpless infancy with the ceaseless benignity of a guardian angel, anticipates every childish want, humors every childish fancy, soothes every transient