

magnificent possibilities within the grasp of young men in this glorious age of progress.

A young man just entering upon the responsibilities and duties of man's estate, with all the future lying serenely before him, his life's possibilities, glorious successes or depressing failures, is full of perplexities and is ever tossed upon the wave of doubt. With chisel in hand, like the sculptor boy, he stands with the marble block before him, and whether he carves a figure symmetrical and exquisitely beautiful in proportion and expression, or irregular and deformed, will depend largely upon his conception of the subject. Life can rise no higher than our ideals. How essential is it then that we have proper training; and, above all, that we have a true conception of life and its infinite possibilities.

As a distinguished orator, unusually successful in his analysis of human character, has said, "It is the false ideal that builds the paradise of fools."

It is the eagerness to achieve success in realms we cannot reach that breeds more than half the ills that curse the world. If all the fish eggs were to hatch and every fish become a whale, the ocean would be eternally damned. If all the legal spawn were to hatch out successful lawyers, the "earth and the fulness thereof" would be mortgaged for fees and mankind would perish in the effort to pay off "the aforesaid and the same." If all the young men that clamor after politics should become successful politicians—but I forbear, because the mind of man is not capable of conceiving what the dire result would be.

Ambition is commendable, but the poet has most truly said: "How like a mounting devil in the heart is the unreined ambition! Let it but once play the monarch, and its haughty brow glows with a beauty that bewilders thought and unthrones peace forever. Putting on the very pomp of Lucifer, it turns the heart to ashes, and, with not a spring left in the bosom of