

and, as Hamlet puts it, "A man may smile and smile and be a villain still."

Again, we are frequently in error because we identify a man too much with his business. We see a bookkeeper toiling from early morning to a late hour at night dispatching his voluminous work. We note his careful writing, his accurate calculations, the perfect straightness of the lines he rules, the cleanliness of his pages. Here, we hastily conclude, is a man nothing more than an arithmetical machine; that there is just enough life in his being to keep up this semi-locomotion of brain and body, and that there is just about as much poetry in his composition as there is in an interest table. Well, this bookkeeper is, perhaps, a tender husband and loving father. In the pauses of his work, he thinks of the wifely greeting that will welcome him home when the day's task is done, or of the dimpled babe that he will find asleep in its cradle. His patient industry, his heroic persistence, find their inspiration in the depths of an unfathomable affection; his seemingly prosaic manner is radiant with the light of a love that keeps his heart always warm and true.

Charles Lamb and John Stuart Mill were clerks in the India office, for instance. The delightful essayist and the profound philosopher submitted to the yoke of drudgery to meet the material necessities of existence. In the India office, they were accountants and corresponding clerks; at home they were men of genius penning lines of immortal vigor.

But what depths of pathos in those lines of Dr. Holmes:

"A few can touch the magic string,
And noisy fame is proud to win them;
Alas for those who never sing,
But die with all their music in them.

We underestimate our fellows because they are deficient in the power of expression. Hearts that beat responsive to every appeal of sentiment, eyes that glow with rapture before all the visions of beauty, profound and poetic natures are misunderstood and despised because they have no adequate