

coverings and showy surface they are like the ermine when robbed of its beautiful hide—nothing. For example: Have you not conversed with those whose brilliant wit, pungent sarcasm and well-framed sentences drew others to them and attracted wide-spread attention? Yet, have you not felt that behind it all there was something that made you doubt every word they uttered? Have you not sat 'midst a mighty audience and listened to one whose eloquence dazzled, whose pretended zeal seemed to inspire all who heard him, yet have you not felt that behind it all was lurking a monster which repelled the admiration that the genius attracted? That was the want of character, or to speak more truly, the possession of bad character, and it shows itself alike in nations and individuals.

Æschines was talented; his oration against the crowning of Demosthenese was a masterly production, elegantly written, excellently arranged and effectively delivered; but it fell like a chilling blast upon his hearers at Athens, because he was a "hireling of Philip."

Napoleon swept like "an angel of death" over almost the entire Eastern world, evincing a military genius unsurpassed—skill so marvelous that the world panted, gazed on in wonder, and shuddered at his very name. Although victorious in almost all of his campaigns, he could see but one road to glory; a road that led o'er battlefields strewn with human corpses; across marshes wet with human gore; over rivers of blood, and streams of tears from widows and orphans, and along the pathway of his journey the widow's wail kept music for his marching host. But he is dead, and o'er his grave no mourner weeps. Talent, genius, power—these he had. Character, he had none.

To gain an undying name Cæsar "crossed the Rubicon and Rome was free no more." He built a great name upon the ruins of the "Eternal City;" but think you it gave him