

was without ambition; glory came to him unknown and crowned him unaware. It has been truly said of him: "He was an Alexander without his ambition, a Cæsar without his vice; a Napoleon without his tyranny, and a Washington without his reward."

Milton too; that illustrious genius, who unlocked the brazen gates of the fiery gulf, heard its raging howl, and saw its maddening billows heave and toss, shall strike anew his golden lyre in heaven when yonder sun shall stay his fiery wheels mid-heaven, sicken, darken and pitch lawless from his flaming chariot into the chaos of universal ruin.

Nor is that all. The day is coming when those names written in blood shall crumble and sink; when yonder firmament shall frown in blackness and terror; when the judgment fires shall kindle around the pillars that stay creation, and rolling their smoke and flame upward, fire the entire starry dome; when burning worlds shall fly and lighten through immensity; when the great car of eternity, rumbling onward, shall ever travel over the bleak desolation and dismal loneliness of a burned up universe. Then shall the names of the just tower far above those written in blood.

These are the examples of men who have gone before us whose names are in history and whose lives are left as examples to us. Which will we choose? If we choose to take for our ideals such men as Cæsar and Hannibal we might be able to build great names as military geniuses, but we would be admired only for that genius. Rather let us choose for our examples such men as Washington, Henry and Jackson, and let us try in every way to be, if possible, as great as they. And let us always remember that in the making of character that everything we do goes to make it, either for good or bad; every action, every word, ay, every thought, as it flies on its lightning wings through the dark recesses of the brain. We now form habits; these are the grooves in which are to flow