At the Lafayette College commencement, at Reston, Pa., last evening, Hon A. K. McClure

spoke as follows:-Gentlemen of the Literary Societies:- I have chosen a common, homely theme—"Every-day Life." Many of you may hastily pronounce it uninteresting and uninstructive. It is not set forth in your list of studies. It is not a favorite for rhetoric. Most students habitually overlook it; too many great teachers forget or gnore it. It does not mingle with the pleasing inspirations which are busy weaving future garlands for the graduate. It may unsettle some delightful castles reared in your moments of repose from weary labor; but it is the life we each and all must live. Let us look at it soberly, and cultivate it kindly, and it will reward us with many cheering smiles and charming attri-

While our every-day life is the theme that should be most familiar to all, it is the one important part of education that is most neglect-You may become what the world of letters calls a great scholar, and yet be to the world, and in the world, a novice. If successful, it will be an accident; if useful, it will be grudgingly acknowledged after after you are dead, if even then. Mere scholarship, in its relations to the great purposes of human life, is like an intricate machine in unskilful hands. While it will run itself, it is well; but when it wants direction its beauty and its mechanism go for naught. Our colleges and higher schools are of inestimable value, but they cannot do everything for the student. They can store the mind and fit the man for the ceaseless lesson of life; but when they have done, the work of learning has but commenced. When you shall have passed safely through your recitations and examinations you are just fitted to enter the boundless school that

is ever open around us. The world itself is the master teacher of its countless pupils. It has no sessions or vacations. Its vast books are never closed. Its million-tongued voices are never silent. Its precepts and admonitions, its gentle suasions vengeful mandates, throng upon us wherever we are. In its sources of instruction, aiming to make men each day better than before, it is as varied as the handiwork of God; and yet how many of all the living profit by these multiplied teachings as they swiftly pass?

You have read, and doubtless often quoted, the truism that "the proper study of mankind is man." It is the plain, broad channel of advancement, for the study of man involves the study of everything. For him all things were created. All of the world's beauty is but a tribute to his excellence. All of its thorns and brambles are but chastening rods to make him mindful of the purpose of his being. grandest themes of the painter and poet relate to his destiny. The pulpit is inspired by the story of his redemption. Senators and commoners win distinction only as they promote his happiness, and that heroism is enshrined over all that has achieved his amelioration.

It is an imperative lesson to enable us to know something of ourselves. Whether we would pay court to the fickle goddess of fame, or aspire to wealth, or to usefulness, or to the nearest possible perfection of human character, the one unending study is of Man. The supreme problem that confronts the faithful student from day to day, and from year to year, ever revolves closely about himself, and yet it takes in its scope all of nature's infinite variety of ever-present and ever-changing text-books. .eok out upon the world's tumu!tuous school. Each one so like his fellow, and all so unlike; yet each varied understanding is bountifully furnished with endless sources of culture. Did all pursue the same beaten path, the world would be monotonous, and most of its beauty and teachings would be lost. But no two have the same aspirations, or garner the same harvest from the same field of thought, while the larger number go out and come the cradle to the grave, and are of the riches they have The absorbed astronomer may explore the heavens when opportunity is presented, and then pass on through the world unconscious of its offerings. The geologist may delve into the earth's recesses and rocks, and forget the living in his search for the records of the past. The scholar of books performs only what some other mind bids him-all else is a sealed treasure around him. He could solve the most abstruse problem for the student, but would be confounded if asked to solve the problem the student himself presented. Many right-eous men teach from the Holy Book, and teach in vain. They know only what they teach, and not to whom they teach. The thoughtless, plodding son of toil rejects all things save as necessity becomes his master. Thus do the learned and unlearned jostle on, like truant children, discarding the best means of usefulness to their fellows, and dooming to pitiful thraldom the immortal element of our existence.

If I were to call upon the learned young men before me to tell of the great epochs of human history, you would answer premptly and cor-rectly. I could tell you nothing of the world's mutations that would be novel to you. So much you have learned, or are learning well. Do not understand me as assuming that you should have earned more, for I have already told you that life is one unending lesson; and here, when all has been done that can be done, you are only fitted to begin the great study. Let me kindly, and, I trust, pleasantly and profitably, lead you from the stilted plane that youthful ambition builds, to look into the fountains which have given the world its varied eras. You have studied its heroes, its sages, its patriots, its poets, its scholars, and its masters. I would now have you

The marked events of the world's history may

study the sources whence they came.

always be traced to the every-day life of the peoples who were the chief actors therein. You would point to Casar or Alexander as the great hero of the ancients; but without Rome, just as she then was, what could Clesar have been? and without Greece, trained as one vast military Alexander might have been a slave instead of the conqueror of the world. Heroes are made and unmade, not by circumstances alone, but heroism must ever be the joint creation of the man and of the occasion -the people must find their true type with the particular elements of excellence which meet their supreme We speak thoughtlessly of great leaders, forgetful that they are created, and that their followers have had much to do with their creation. Rienzi deserved greater honors from Rome than ever did Casar, yet the one was master of Rome when she was mistress of the world, and the other falled and fell ignominiously, and is remembered only as the last of the Tribunes. He was not overthrown by rivals, as was Casar, when he |ell at the foot of the statue of Pompey. boisterous fountains of ambition which made Brutus a murderer gradually coursed like subtle poison through the ranks of the people and patrician and plebeian alike were tainted and paralyzed. Casar had a party, and Autony a party, but Rome had none, and the sad sequel is told in the single sentence: - "Rienzi fell from the vices of the people." At last a mere handful of banditti possessed the capital of the once proud empire, and her libertles were overthrown because her people had lost all their noblest

Washington was perhaps the only man who could have won the independence of the colonies, and yet there were those in the Revolutionary army no less brave, and much more brilliant. It was rare wisdom that called him to the chief command. Had Arnold commanded, he would have lived a patriot, desperately, and lost his cause, a Washington and the people fought there was a common inspiration. They mutually led, mutually followed, mutually suffered, and mutually triumphed. The desire for liberty became part of the every-day life, part of the every-day devotion, of the colonists; and the patriot hero became the Father of his Country.

Let us for a moment transpose the two chies military leaders of the early part of the present century. Transfer Napoleon to Britain and Wellington to France. Could there have been a Marengo, or Austerlitz, or Waterloo? Had Napoleon been in the English army with all his flery zeal, he would have been cashiered before

he reached a colonel's commission; and had war had been reached. He looked solely to the ways of mankind about them, and the Christian Wellington been under the eagles of France, he necessities and to the sentiments of the people. era was thus named. Trace it thence through would have lived and died a subaltern. each in his own army was a great captain, and each typified the people he so successfully com-manded. The people of France created Napo-leon; the people of England made Arthur Wellesley Lord Wellington. 'Soldiers! from these monuments forty centuries look down upon you," were the inspiring words of Napoleon to his victorious army in Egypt, "England expects every man to do his duty," was the strongest appeal man to do his duty," was the strongest ap that could be made to the British soldier. oleon would apostrophize the "sun of Austeritz," and hurl his columns into battle like the whirlwind; while Wellington would silently, calmly, and stubbornly maintain his position in presence of defeat and wait for Blucher. The eople of these two powerful nations monided their leaders, and through them moulded their own destiny. Had they been differently edu-cated and inspired, they would have created other leaders, and the annals of their heroism would have been no less glorious; but the names to which ambition so proudly points would unwritten therein. Napoleon quickened and developed, but did not create, the every-day life of the people of France. The ripening fruit fell before the fitting harvester, and since then France has obeyed, but never loved, another Never was she so great as under Napo-The glory of France was in the keeping of every household. Honesty, vigor, and advancement inspired all classes, and their everyday life was written in blood on the battlefields of almost every nation of Europe, and commemorated in the grand column in the Place Vendome.

But peoples, like individuals, never stand still. All exceptions to this rule are but insignificant. France gradually and imperceptibly declined under the restored Bourbon rule, and was ready for the gnawing cancer of the second empire. They worshipped the name of Napoeon, and gave hearty enthusiasm to the feeble imitations of the weak pretender who usurped They merited their ancient the Crimea and followed the renown in Emperor to Italy; but indelibly stamped upon the their new decay Was French nation, for her once great people were enfeebled by studied profligacy and debauchery, and their decline grew more marked with each returning year. At last the terrible avenger came. It was not so much Prussia as the everyday life of the French people. Under the first Napoleon Prussia might have defeated them in battle, but their honor and their nationality would have been preserved. But their destruction was hastened by a feeble and corrupt and corrupting court, until all France could not create a leader, because her people had lost all their quulities of greatness.

It would seem that an overruling Providence meant for all mankind to have a most impressive esson in the late Franco-Prussian war. speak of Bismarck and Napoleon as if they were its authors. They were but borne by the flood-tide to the grand consummation. Had Bismarck been a Frenchman, he would have rotated from local turbulence to exile; and had Napoleon been a Prussian, he would have been a third-rate author or a soldier unknown to fame. But while France was declining in the moral, mental, and physical qualities of her citizens, the German people, under a weak but honest ruler, were advancing in all that develops and ennobles a nation. It was said that the German universities triumphed over the Austrians at Sadowa, and that in the late war the soldier of Von Moltke marched with a professor's gown in his knap-sack. These are exaggerated but significant delineations of the every-day life of the German people who won at Gravelotte, at Sedan, at Metz, at Strasburg, and at Paris. The everyday purity, potriotism, industry, religious zeal, and universal education of the German people, ripened them for German unity. The Fatherland is their first love, and Bismarck was the master architect to rebuild the lost empire. Calm. clear-sighted German statesmanship. called him as the best type of the nation's want, and he saw the foundations well laid, and everything at hand for the imposing structure. He could not miscalculate the venture. The everyday life of forty millions of Germans was steadily and surely preparing them for the great work, and he gathered the fulness of their just re-William now wears the imperial crown. and the princes are marshals of the empire, and Bismarck is prince of the realm-all wearing well-earned honors; but the thoughtful historian vill record the story of the households of the Fatherland, moulding the solidarity of the German peoples.

Thermopylæ was made memorable by the every-day life of the Spartan people. They were not more courageous than the other soldiers of Greece, but they were a law unto them-selves in warfare. Had it been an arbitrary decree of a bloody despot, that they should never retreat in battle, they would have defied it. Had it been an exceptional command of Leonidas, it might have been disobeyed without peril to reputation. But it was the law of the Spartan eople, made by and for themselves-conceived by their idelatry of unfaltering bravery, and it was obeyed by the soldiery because each man was but obeying himself. They could have retired with credit, according to the generally accepted laws of war, as did their comrades; erected their own strange heroism. None could standard of the to unequal survive conflict, but death itself was as nothing when weighed against the honor of the Spartan citizen in arms. They fought and fell, and the column that commemorated their willing sacrifice bore the faithful inscription-"O stranger, go tell to the Lacedemonians that we lie here in

bedience to their laws. You will better appreciate this important lesson when we glance at the startling events which have just transpired in our own midst Most of you were susceptible of intelligent convictions, touching the great war of the Rebellion, from its beginning to the consummation of its logical results. It is the however, that children believe that the mighty revolutions all happened long before they lived, and quite true of men as well. Few, who witnessed the colossal struggle between the North and the South, can measure its marvellous achievements or its momentous consequences. Its heroes sprang from our own every-day circles, and we cannot invest them the romance that history will weave so beautifully around them. The grave questions to be decided in the cabinet and in the field, we decided ourselves in our every-day actions. Our every-day education and advancement advanced the statesmen and standards of the nation, and as a people we were almost imperceptibly and unconsciously working out its crowning triumph - Man's noblest struggle for man. The thoughtless and superficial blamed the politicians, and charged them with the country's misfortunes. It was not so. They were bad enough, and may have quickened the conflict, but when the passions of civil strife shall subside, and the impartial historian comes to record the most thrilling annals of civilized warfare, it will be truthfully told that two brave and powerful peoples had that two brave and powerful peoples had exhausted compromise on irreconcliable differences of national policy, and accepted the inevitable arbitrament of the sword.

A quaint, uncouth, and untried man was called to the chief magistracy of the nation to grapple with issues of incalculable moment. Experienced and cultivated statesmanship was appalled at the consuming disorder that beset the Government, and it had little faith in the wisdom that was to guide the old ship through the tempestuous sea of bitter sectional estrangement. But the guiding star of national safety was the single-hearted and faithful ruler who was from the people and of the people. I have heard him isment in profoundest sorrow, in the dark days of the struggle, that scarcely a score of Senators and Congressmen were in sincere accord with his convictions of public duty. It was their prerogative to counsel and to complain-it was his to decide and to act for thirty millions of his countrymen. They bowed to the expedients which arose with each day-he was the guardian of the noblest patrimony that future generations could inherit. He resisted the imperious demands of one-idea leaders, until, in his calm, patient reflection, he felt that the fulness of time for the great epoch of the

"What I do about slavery and the colored race, I do because I believe it helps to save this Union; and what I forbear, I forbear because I do not believe that it will help to save the Union," was one of his trite and purgent sentences addressed in reply to a sincere criticism; and it frankly defined his whole policy on the great question that was convulsing friends and foes alike. Had he been a supreme trickster, or what the world calls a trained and subtle statesman, he might have made the wounds of the country seem less ghastly than they were, and deluded the people to be content with healing the surface, leaving the terrible gaugrene deeply imbedded in the body politic, to sap its vitality and finally break out afresh with resistless virulence. But he believed in self-government, and, believing, he maintained it. At Gettysburg, in dedicating the resting-place of the martyrs who fell in the decisive battle of the war, he declared the high resolve that ever animated him—"that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth. advanced only as the people advanced. When they faltered under the grinding exactions and sore sacrifices of the conflict, he parleyed until they were reinspired. His whole administration, touching the threatened dis-memberment of the republic, was but the varying record of the every-day current and inspiration of the great fountain of popular power. Its violence was severely criticized, but it was ever rocked upon the boisterous waves of revolution. The whole contest, from its inception until its issues were finally decided, was but one continuous revolutionary progression. It was honestly and earnestly assailed by the highest waves of partisan hostility, but he was faithful in the one supreme purpose national unity, and a people equally faithful generously forgave in all minor issues what they could not approve. Had he been called to the Presidency before the war, with nothing but the ordinary political strife to quicken the pulsations of the national heart, he would have been but an ordinary, and perhaps an unsuccessful, executive. Unschooled and unapt in political management, he would have been paratyzed by the abler and more adroit machinations of jealous rivalry, and the logical sequence must have been failure. But a great occasion imposed great duties upon the people and upon their chief ruler. It was for them to count the cost and to pay the appalling tribute. They felt, as their President so forcibly expressed it in his first message-"This is essentially a people's contest. On the side of the Union it is a struggle for maintaining in the world that form and substance of government whose leading object is to elevate the condition of men;" and the man of the people only could successfully lead them, through fearful tribulation, to their national deliverance.

Had Mr. Lincoln been a citizen of the South, and ardently in sympathy with its cause, he could not have administered the government of the Confederacy for a twelvemonth. Nor could Mr. Davis, with his confessed administrative ability, have conducted the war as the Executive of the Upion. Men of the type of these two rulers were not rare in both the North and South during the war, and sincerely devoted to their respective sections; but they were felt or unfelt just as their leading characteristics were in accord or in antagonism with the great purpose of their people. Had the causes of these two civil leaders not been essentially and irreconcilably at variance, there would have been no dissevered States and no war; and being vitally discordant, their rulers and heroes were created for widely different purposes, and of necessity from the most opposite of ele-ments. Each was the true creation of his own people, and I believe that both filled the possible measure of the duties assigned them. One was successful, and success is the most successful of all human rewards. The ther failed, and must answer for all the errors that failure so greedily groups and magnifies. The Confederacy was reared upon despotism. Its boasted corner-stone was caste. Its theory of government avowed the inequality of human rights before the law. A cold, polished, able, and sincere despot only could crystalize such a movement, and accept a conflict that braved the progress of enlightened civilization. He was the offspring, not the parent, of a monstrons wrong. However diversified their views may have been at the beginning, for four years the Southern people waged war for the dissolution of the Union, and proved their devotion on many bravely-contested battle-Their President was their chosen leader, their faithful exponent, and his failure was but the accomplished failure of the every-day lifeof the habits, convictions, and teachings, for more than a generation, of eight millions of our

fellow-citizens. Equally marked were the opposite requirements of the Northern and Southern peoples, in selecting their great captains from widely opposite characteristics of military genius. Grant and Lee were confessedly the heroes of the sanguinary struggle. In their respective positions none could have been greater-none more successful. But had Grant been a Confederate and Lee a Federal, both would have been good soldiers-neither a successful general. Both reached supreme command over stars which had glittered and paled, because they respectively filled the measure of their people's necessities. The contest was unequal with respect to numbers and resources. The South required the genius to husband, to protract, to give battle only when superior forces were neutralized by position or circumstances. The North demanded swift and crushing blows. Its hunger-cry was, battle-One sought its most trusted and skiiful defender; the other called for its most persistent and obstinate assailant. The South found its true type of a warrior early in the strife. The would have revolted at the Wilderness campaign had it been attempted one year earlier. In the late fall of 1861 I heard the inquiry made of a gallant officer, who subsequently commanded the Army of the Potomac-"Why not advance? The answer "We could move directly upon as and Richmond, and capture Richmond, and capture Manassas both, but it would cost ten thousand men to do it;" and cavil was silenced. Ten times ten thousand men were killed, wounded, and missing in military movements well meant to economize the terrible sacrifice. Then half as many more fell in the campaign of 1864, which was wisely planned in accord with the nation's inevitable need, and executed with marvellous heroism and skill. Grant fought just one defensive battle during the war. He lost it, and lost his command. Lee conducted two offensive campaigns, and both were disasters. "I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all sumwas Grant's echo, from the Wilderness, of the throbbing popular heart in the North. renewal of the engagement could not be hazarded," were the sober words with which Lee assured the South that though Gettysburg was lost the army was not sacrificed. These chieftains were the faithful creatures of the every-day lives, the purposes, the hopes, and the wants of their peoples; and their achievements were but the patiently and painfully wrought consummation of years of mingled

thought and action in the homes of the nation. The same causes which have created the heroes and sages in the world's history have been the chief agencies in the rapid progress of Christian civilization. Its origin was divine, but the means employed for its diffusion are within the economy of human efforts and influences and the every-day lives of sincere Christian people are the most impressive and successful of all its teachers. The every-day life of Christ silences the scandal of the scoffer, and it resolves the doubts of thousands whose frailties question the offices of faith. His was the one perfect life among men. He was sorely tempted, and He knew not sin. He was re viled and persecuted, and He prayed for His enemies. His teachings were pure as the fountain of inspiration whence they came, and His daily walk and actions confounded a sinful world that sought in vain for the blemish on His garment. Even those who reject Him as the Messiah pronounce Him as the best of men, and confess the happy influence of His sound precepts and blameless example. At Antioch, the seat of learning and luxury and moral pro-fligacy, His humble followers were classed as Christians. They were distinguished from the

ways of mankind about them, and the Christian era was thus named. Trace it thence through the revolutions of nearly two thousand years—through the gradual triumphs of error by the gradual corruption of the people—through the terrible penaltics which slowly but surely came as withering vengeance from heaven; and through seasons of moral darkness which appeared as if hope had fied from man. In all these wonderful mutations, not mere rulers or leaders are answerable for results. They were eaders are answerable for results. They were but the creatures of the ebbing and flowing tides of popular degeneracy, or of the struggles of the people for their temporal or spiritual amelioration. The State corrupted the Church; the Church subordinated the State, and the battleaxe smote the altars where the faithful wor-shipped. The name and ceremonies of the Church were prostituted to the flagrant abuse of external government, until nationas and religious decay made civilization o reproach. We point to the Reformation al the date of the new Christian era that has s. rapidly advanced and ennobled the human race But when and what was the Reformation Luther and Calvin were but the builders of Protestantism. Its foundations had long been laid, its corner-stones had been fashioned by centuries of consistent devotion, and all its materials had been framed and seasoned for the imposing temple. The martyr of Bohemia had gove to the stake a century before, and Wick liffe had taught still half a century earlier. The line of reformers is unbroken from the date of the Son of Man until now. There were periods when their voices were hushed, and when they would have taught as to the winds had they dared to teach; but there were every-day lives in every State, whose purity of character and were like the silver dew action of the morning drops earth is parched to desolation. And when the struggle began, the world was in travail for two centuries before the Reformation was born. The "reformers before the Reformation" are not unnoticed in history; but before them still were the ever-living currents of Christian life. Like the waters of the western desert, which hide from the weird and burning waste, but rise again where there are life and beauty, Christian excellence and Christian influence coursed onward through ages of degeneracy, until they swelled up as the flood-tide that bore Luther and Calvin to the great work. Luther ignited the latent spark that illumined the world. An unscrupulous Dominican friar made him revolt against the power from which he had accepted Holy Orders. The first step once taken, he earnestly sought the truth, and as he advanced he was followed by many who had long aided to influence, and had long felt the influence of the Reformaton. He little dreamed of the slumbering unrest that was beneath the serene surface of the Church. When he boldly erected the standard of regeneration, the quickened life of the people made his journey to Worms a triumphal ovation, and he entered the city chanting the song of the disenthralled, for the Reformation had its Marseillaise. Nor has the lapse of time, nor the rapid strides of enlightened progress, changed the chief agency of Christian advancement. The Church has great teachers-men whose fame is world-wide, and many stars may be worn in their crowns. And we have books, and journals, and periodicals, and tracts, which tell at every door of the way of redemption; but above all and successful over all, is the every-day Christian life that is silently but surely restraining evil, and telling to all around it, in gentle ceaseless whispers, that the good only are happy hopeful and great.

would not seek to dim the lustre that brightens the memory of the names which are interwoven with the world's great events. Not one leaf should be plucked from their laurels. They are as bright beacons along the dark ways of our journey, and they are standards which invite emulation. The higher you place your standard, the higher will be the measure of your attainment. You may fall far short of the reali zation of your dreams, but no earnest efforts in the right direction can be wholly lost. behind you, and far off yet behind others, will be struggling mortals to take fresh inspiration by what you, in your failure, have won. But I would remind you of the source, the currents, the tides, and the havens of the troubled waters on which you are about to embark. The broad ocean of life is made up of individual lives, and each has its labor to perform in rearing the angry waves of the tempest, or in settling the calm surface of the world's repose. I watched a clear, cool, bubbling spring as it rose on the summit of the rocky range, and its little streamlet hurrying off in fretful murmurs to the eastern sea. An ox would drain its overflow, yet it is the source of the Father of Waters. It dashes down the rude declivities, and foams through the narrow canons, joined in every ravine by its tributaries, until it washes the precious metals from their long hiding places, and quenches the thirst of the luxuriant mountain valley. Around it on every side, through the chaos of bald cliffs and come many streams of green ranges, character and temperament. are flung into the air, and from the pierced rocks the cold, crystal waters flow. Strange minerals give the hues of the chameleon to some, and others encrust their fountains with monuments created by the wealth they hold in solution. Here are boiling currents and there are tepid wells, and yonder are silver lakes; but all, all course onward and are lost in the great river, which in turn is lost in the vast ocean. Did I say lost?-let me recall it. one drop of all those various springs is lost Not one of all their varied qualities goes for nought. Though all are mingled in one temperament, and all become alike in their yet each has its office the qualities of the river and . Nor are these little sources river and moulding the ocean. limited to the task of shaping the character of the great streams into which they flow. Each by itself has some good work to do. They have cooled the lips of people and of creatures which we know not of. They have gathered the mountain riches, in single sands, during forgotten ages, to be ripe for the necessities of civilization. They have opened new fields for science, or made paths plain where the learned have stumbled. They have swept the scant fertility of the rugged hills, and made broad meadows for man to develop into beauty and plenty. Each babbling rivulet, and each parti-cle of itself, have never been idle nor have they tolled in vain. They may have been sent to flood the plains, or to fill the mountain gorges. Thence they may have been diffused as the mists of the morning, or drunk in by the insatiate earth. But they have ever returned and ever They may rise and fall in some far distant clime, to revive the drooping plant or glit in the gentle dews, or in the destruction of the

ter on the fragrant flower; or they may come in the scalding tear, or in the tinted rainbow, or What I would most pointedly illustrate is the value and influence and duty of each individual every-day life. But few even of the most learned can have their names inscribed on what we call the "scroll of fame;" but that rare attainment is not the true measure of a great life. I speal of what all classes are most prone to forget and what the ambitious and cultivated youth more than others, is likely to overlook. turn to the monuments of greatness as pre-served in the history of human effort; but you are unmindful that the sources of all memorable vents, and of ail distinguished benefactors, are the infinite individual beings who make up the family of mankind. I would not have you close your eyes to the fact that the world had its Cesars and Napoleons, its Shakespeares and Miltons, its Washingtons and Jacksons, its Clays and Calhouns, its Lincolns and Douglases. Well-directed ambition animates to noble deeds and adorns a noble life; but the faithful aim should be to make one pure, unselfish, earnest every-day existence. The value of such a life is incalculable. It may not be heralded to the world, or be notable in history, but it is a perpetual well-spring of blessings to its author, and to all within the range of its influence, and the end of its good offices cannot be measured. All see the pure fountain, drink of its refreshing waters, and all of bounty and beauty around it mutely but eloquently testify to the gran-deur of its attributes. The brilliant meteor flashes, expires, and is forgotten. The comet comes to note the revolutions of the heavenly

bodies, and passes away. But the goddess of night, and her countless family of merry stars, return with the decline of day and perform their ceaseless mission. Many are unnoticed; millions are unknown; but they all join in lifting the curtain of darkness, and are as priceles diamonds of beauty and endless sources of bene-

Look well to the single individual life, and guard with jealous care against the ambition that would make you the prey of a selfish strug-gle for mere distinction among men. It is slow, deadly poison to the integrity of youth. It dwarfs and paralyzes mature manhood. It chills all the nobler aspirations of our nature. It hastens a vexed life to withered and untimely senility. To such the world is a vast, dreary solitude, save as it ministers to one unholy, unsatisfying purpose. Their efforts are like footprints in the shifting sands of the desert—the simoon sweeps over them and they are effaced forever. All the hopes and aims of an immortal being are staked upon an at-talament which, if won, is but a hollow, fleeting bauble, and its garlands turn to burning ashes when they are grasped. A crowded throng has run this thorny, cheerless course, and innumerable throngs will persist in clouding and perverting bright lives, only to tell in the end how their days were "worse than basely lost. Soon you will go hence, fitted for the better efforts of mankind, and strong in the vigor of youth and hope. Go back to the great school whose portals are never closed, whose admoni-tions are never voiceless, and whose honors are

order. Learn that he is ever a stranger in the land who does not live for others, and that-"He most lives

rich in lustre, and fade not when the sober

evening-time shall bid you set your house to

Who thinks the most, feels the noblest, acts the The whole family of man is mingled in a mass of mutual teachers and pupils, and each individual lite should take its part in advancing and elevating the human race. Wherever you may be, or however conditioned, the field will be boundless. Every passing day should save some bruised reed, or solace some bitter sorrow, or halt some wayward step, or inspire some wise resolve. This is the lesson of the pure, the hopeful, the earnest every-day life. It is always being taught, and always teaching: always polishing some lustrous gem, to note that it leaves the world better than it was found. Its course of study is never finished; its work is never done. It makes the peaceful home, whose door is not passed without a welcome. brightens the places of the lowly, and is felt in the temples of pride and selfishness. It is ever sowing, ever reaping, ever garnering, and only in the fuliness of time can its jewels be counted. It is the sublimity of well-spent years, in which

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100 casks of Sherry Wine, extra quality of finest

100 cases of Sherry Wine, extra quality of finest 25 casks of Sherry Wine, best quality of medium

25 barrels Scuppernong Wine of best quality.
50 casks Catawba Wine
10 barrels medium grade. Together with a full supply of Brandies, Whiskies, Scotch and English Ales, Brown Stout, etc., etc., which he is prepared to furnish to the trade and consumers generally in quantities that may be required, and on the most liberal terms.

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WHOLESALE DEALERS IN PURE RYE WHISKIES,

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DEALERS IN NAVAL STORES,
ANCHORS AND CHAINS,
SHIP CHANDLERY GOODS, ETC.,
FOR. 46 and 48 NORTH WHARVES.

PROPOSALS

DEPARTMENT OF HIGHWAYS, BRIDGES, SEWERS, ETC.—OFFICE OF CHIEF COMMISSIONER, No. 104 SOUTH FIFTH STREET.

PHILADELPHIA, June 19, 1871.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED PROPOSALS will be received at the Office of the Chief Commissioner of Highways, until 12 o'clock M. on THURSDAY, 22d instant, for the construction of a sewer on the line of HAVERFORD Street, from THIRTY-EIGHTH to THIRTY-NINTH Street.

On DIAMOND and BODINE Streets, from the south curb line of SUSQUEHANNA Avenue along BODINE Street to DIAMOND Street, thence along DIAMOND Street to the west curb line of AMERICAN Street.

lise of AMERICAN Street. On HALE Street, from the south curb line of MONTGOMERY Avenue and connect with the sewer in COLUMBIA Avenue.

On VIENNA Street, from the south curb line of FRANKFORD Road, and connect with a sewer already constructed on the said VIENNA

Street, to a point fifty-three feet northward of MEMPHIS Street. On SECOND Street, from the northwest curb line of CUMBERLAND Street to the sewer in YORK Street On MONTGOMERY Avenue, from

sewer in TWENTY-SECOND Street to RIDGE TWELFTH Street, from WALLACE to MELON Street; said sewer to be constructed in the usual form with a clear inside diameter of

And a SEWER ACROSS MULBERRY Street. at the distance of fifteen feet southerly of MEADOW Street, in the Twenty-third ward; said sewer to have a clear inside diameter of four feet, and constructed according to plans and specifications furnished by the Chief En-

gineer and Surveyor.
With such manholes as may be required. The understanding to be that the sewers herein advertised are to be completed on or before the 31st day of December, 1871, and that the contractor shall take bills prepared against the property fronting on said sewers to the amount of one dol lar and fifty cents for each lineal foot of front on each side of the street as so much cash paid; the balance, as limited by ordinance, to be paid by the city; and the contractor will be required to keep the street and sewer in good for three years after the sewer is

finished When the street is occupied by a city passenger railroad track, the sewer shall be constructed alongside of said track in such manner as not to obstruct or interfere with the safe passage of the cars thereon; and no claim for remuneration shall be paid the contractor by the company using said track, as specified in the Act of Assembly approved May 8, 1866.

Each proposal must be accompanied by a certificate that a bond has been filed in the Law Department, as directed by ordinance of May 25, 1860,

If the lowest bidder shall not execute a contract within five days after the work is awarded, he will be deemed as declining, and will be held liable on his bond for the difference between his bid and the next lowest bidder. Specifications may be had at the Department of Surveys, which will be strictly adhered to. The Department of Highways reserves the right to reject all bids not deemed satisfactory. All bidders may be present at the time and

place of opening the said proposals. No allowance will be made for rock excavation, except by special contract.

MAHLON H. DICKINSON,

6 19 3t Chief Commissioner of Highways.

NOTICE, SEALED PROPOSALS, INDORSED "Proposals for furnishing the Public Schools with Lehigh or Schuylkill Coal," will be received by the undersigned at the office of the Board of Public Education. S. E. corner SIXTH and ADELPHI Streets, from shippers and miners only (pursuant to an ordinance of Councils), until SATURDAY, June 24, 1871, till 12 o'clock M.

The proposals, which will include the storage of

the coal, must be for separate districts, as fol-First dist., comprising 1, 2, 3, 4, and 26th wards. 5, 7, 8, and 9th 6, 11, 12, and 18th Third

10, 14, 15, 20, and 29th 16, 17, 18, 19, and 28th Sixth Eighth 24 and 27th Tenth There will be two sizes required, egg and stove There will be two sizes required, egg and stove, and the ton 2440 pounds. Each and every ton of said coal shall be weighed at the place of delivery, in the presence of a proper person to be deputed by each sectional board as weigher (suoject to the approval of the Committee on Supplies), who shall keep an accurate account of each load of coal delivered, its exact weight as ascertained by correct scales; and no bill shall be approved for such coal unless an affidavit of the weigher shall accompany such bill setting forth by what contractor the coal such bill, setting forth by what contractor the coa was delivered, the date of delivery of each load, the

number of tons and the quality of coal delivered, and whether weighed at the place of delivery.

Proposals will be received at the same time for Kindling Wood and Charcoal that may be required. By order Committee on Supplies. H. W. HALLIWELL,

QUARTERMASTER'S OFFICE, U. S. ARMY. PHILADELPHIA, Pa., June 14, 1871.

SEALED FROPOSALS, in triplicate, will be received at this office until 12 o'clock noon, SATUR.

DAY, July 15, 1871, for building a One and One Half
(1½) Story Stone Lodge, at the Culpeper Court
House (Va.) National Cemetery.

Separate bids for building this Lodge of brick are
slice invited.

Sealed Proposa's will also be received at this office

at the same time, for building a Stone or Brick Wall and Iron Railings, with one double and one single iron gate, around the Fredericksburg (Va.) National emetery. Bidders for the Stone or Brick Wall, and Iron Railings, will be required to specify the price per linear foet, and no bid will be received that does not conform to this requirement.

The rubbish resulting from the excavation for the walls and foundation for the lodge to be removed from the ground of each cemetery at the expense of the successful bidder.

Plans, specifications, and blank forms for bids will be furnished upon application to the under-HENRY C. HODGES

Major and Quartermaster U. S. A. ENGINES, MACHINERY, ETO.

PENN STEAM ENGINE AND BOILER WORKS.—NEAFIE & LEVY, PRACTICAL AND THEORETICAL ENGINEERS, MACHINISTS, BOILER-MAKERS, BLACKSMITHS, and FOUNDERS, having for many years been in successful operation, and been exclusively engaged in building and repairing Marine and River Engines, high and low pressure, Iron Bollers, Water Tanks, Propellers, etc. etc., respectfully offer their services to the public as being fully prepared to contract for engines of all sizess, Marine, River, and Stationary; having sets of patterns of different sizes, are prepared to execute orders with quick despatch. Every description of pattern-making made at the shortest notice. High and Low Pressure Fine Tubular and Cylinder Bollers of the best Pennsylvan's Charcoal Iron. Forgings of all size and kinds. Iron and Brass Castings of all descriptions. Roll Turning, screw Cutting, and all other work connected with the above business.

Drawings and specifications for all work done the sustablishment free of charge, and work gua

Drawings and specifications for all work done ne establishment free of charge, and work gua

ranteed.

The subscribers have ample wharf dock-room for repairs of boats, where they can lie in perfect safety, and are provided with shears, blocks, falls, etc. etc., for ratsing heavy or light weights.

JACOB C. NEAFIR,

JOHN P. LEVY. BRACH and PALMER Stroots.

CHRARD TUBE WORKS AND IRON OO. PHILADELPHIA, PA.,

Manufacture Plain and Galvanised
WROUGHT-IRON PIPE
and Sundries for Gas and Steam Fitters, Flumbers
Machinists. Railing Makers, Oil Respers, etc.
WORKS, TWENTY-THIRD AND FILBERT STREETS. OFF-UE AND WAREHOUSE, No. 48 N. FIFTH STREET.

LAW AND PATENT OFFICES, No. 418 WALNUT STREET.

Francis D. Pastorius, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Patents procured for Inventions.