well through his life of change and chance. Without it, we are as ripples. Those lines of Byron in a translation of an ode of Horace, should ever be before our eyes:

The man of forms and fixed resolve
No factions' clamors can control
No Tyrant, by his threatening rod
Can proceed here from his first intent.

As the cope shows discretion in selecting the object of joy, so ought we to use discretion in choosing the best pursuits in life, and especially in the training of our moral and intellectual faculties, pursuing the good and cultivating the good. When we are about to enter upon life we stand at the intersection of four wide roads; the one leading to ruin and misery, another to earthly happiness, another to earthly glory, and the fourth to glory and happiness, in heaven and on earth, combined. We need discretion here to select one of the four; we must not catch a fly. Again, life is a garden of various flowers, all equally beautiful, but some contain the poison of those meaner passions which corrupt means least. We need discretion here lest, like the fool bird that falls beneath the fowler's tree, we entangle some of these vicious odors, or we are aware.

Our world also teaches us to have high aspirations. The noble bird does not catch flies, neither ought we to catch nothing things. We are created with a loftier status than the rest of the animals, and all our thoughts and actions should be lofty also. High aspirations have made all our great and good mean, have raised many from the lowest depths of poverty and ignorance. At the sound of the arrow sharply breaking at first the earth's crust, and ascending, as it were, to reach the