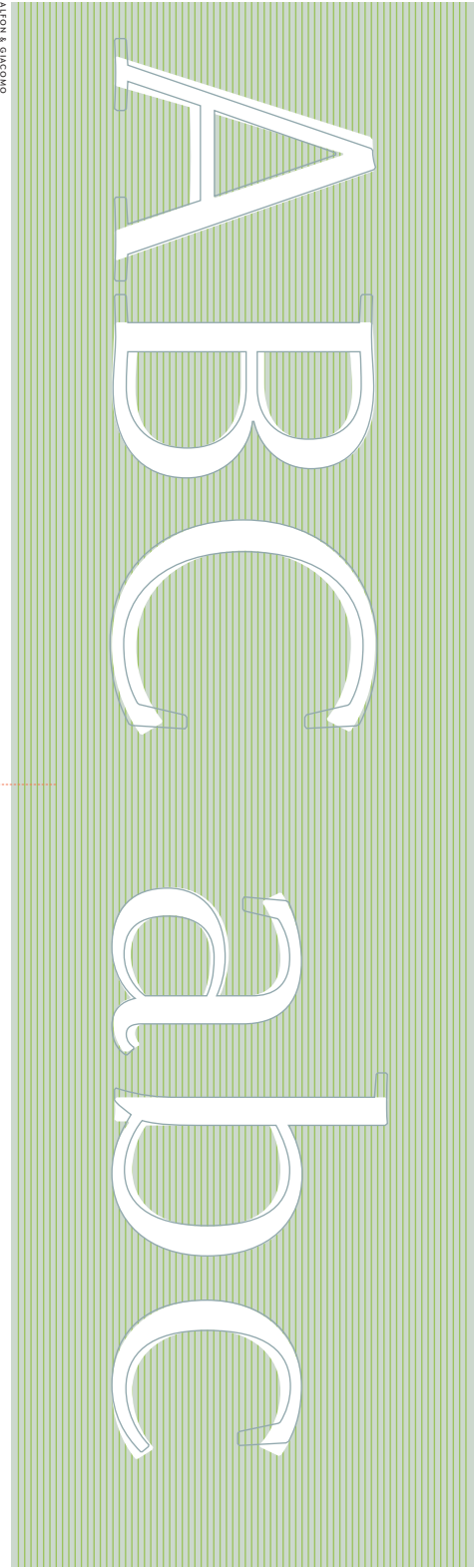


THERE IS A TIME IN EVERY MAN'S EDUCATION WHEN HE ARRIVES AT THE CONVICTION
that envy is ignorance; that imitation is suicide; that he must take himself for better,
for worse, as his portion; that though the wide universe is full of good, no kernel
of nourishing corn can come to him but through his toil bestowed on that plot of ground
which is given to him to till. The power which resides in him is new in nature, and none
but he knows what that is which he can do, nor does he know until he has tried. Not for
nothing one face, one character, one fact, makes much impression on him, and another
none. This sculpture in the memory is not without preëstablished harmony. The eye was
placed where one ray should fall, that it might testify of that particular ray. **We but half
express ourselves, and are ashamed of that divine idea which each of us represents.**
It may be safely trusted as proportionate and of good issues, so it be faithfully imparted,
but God will not have his work made manifest by cowards. A man is relieved and gay when
he has put his heart into his work and done his best; but what he has said or done other-
wise shall give him no peace. It is a deliverance which does not deliver. In the attempt his
genius deserts him; no muse betrays him; no invention, no hope. **Trust thyself: every heart
vibrates to that iron string.** Accept the place the divine providence has found for you,
the society of your contemporaries, the connection of events. Great men have always
done so, and condescended themselves childlike to the genius of their age, betraying their per-
ception that the absolutely trustworthy was seated at their heart, working through their
hands, predominating in all their being. And we are now men, and must accept in the
highest mind the same transcendent destiny; and not minors and invalids in a protected

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