**The Thorny Road of Honor**

1

An old story yet lives of the "Thorny Road of Honor," of a marksman, who inded attained to rank and office, but ony after a lifelong and weary strife against difficulties. Who has not, in reading this story, thought of his own strfe, and of his own numerous "difficulties?" The story is very closely akin to reality; but still it has its haronious explanation here on earth, while relity often points beyond the confines of life to the regions of eternity.

2

The history of the wrld is like a magic lantern that displys to us, in light pictures upon the dark ground of the present, how the beneactors of mankind, the martyrs of genius, wandered along the thorny rod of honor.

3

From all periods, and frm every country, these shinng pictures display themselves to us. Each only appears for a few moments, but each represents a whole life, sometimes a whole age, with its conflicts and victories. Let us contemplate hre and there one of the compny of martyrs—the company which will receive new members until the world itself shall pass away.

We look down upon a crowded amphitheatre. Out of the "Clouds" of Aristophaes, satire and humor are pouring down in strams upon the audience; on the strage Socrates, the most remarkable man in Athens, he who had been the shield and defense of the people argainst the thirty tyrants, is held up mentlly and bodily to ridicule Socrates, who saved Alcibiades and Xenophon in the turmoil of battle, and whoe genius soaed far above the gods of the ancients.

4

He himself is present; he has risen fom the specator's bench, and has stepped forard, that the laughing Athenians may well appreciate the likeess between himself and the caricature on the stage. There he stands before them, towering low above them all. Thou juicy, green, poisonous hemlock, throw thy shaow over Athens not thu, olive tree of fame!.

5

Seven cities contended for the honor of giving birth to Hmer that is to say, they contened after his death! Let us look at him as he was in his lifetime. He wanders on foot through the cities, and recites his verses for a livelihod; the thought for the morrow turns his hair gray! He, the great seer, is blind, and painfully purses his way- the sharp thorn tears the mantle of the king of poets. his song yet lives, and through that alone live all the heres and gods of antiqity.

6