

**GOLDEN GRAINS
FROM LIFE'S
HARVEST FIELD**

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Golden Grains from Life's Harvest Field by T. S. Arthur

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T. S. ARTHUR

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BY

T. S. ARTHUR.

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1856.

INTRODUCTION.

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THE title of our book needs but a word of explanation. Golden Grains from Life's Harvest Field, what are they but good and true principles, pure affections and human sympathies, gathered by the mind as it passes through its fields of labor? These are, indeed, golden grains, full of the soul's nutrition. A handful or two have we shaken from the full ears, and now present them to our readers. May the offering bear with it strength to the weak and the tempted, comfort to those who are in affliction, and good impulses to all.

With this brief introduction, we scatter a few "golden grains," gathered on our way through life, over other hearts, believing that many of them will fall upon good ground, and yield fruit in their season.

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GOLDEN GRAINS.

THE NIGHT AND THE MORNING.

EVERY one in passing through life has times of darkness, after which there breaks a dim light upon his mind, followed by the cold gray tints of morning. But to few, very few, does the broad bright day come in its sunny brightness. There is a change from darkness to light, but the light is dim and cold, and the way is not clear before the straining sight. Soon even this poor image of day fades in the mental horizon, and all is dark again. And thus life progresses, from darkness to the feeble dawn; but to few—we repeat it—to very few does this dawn advance until lost in perfect day; nor can it thus advance to any one until he has right views of life, and then, not until these views, becoming active principles in his mind, are brought down into ultimate forms.

At twenty-one Albert Earnest stepped upon the world's broad stage as a man, confident that he would be able to act well his part, even without the aid of a prompter. He had talents, was well educated, and the profession he had chosen was law. A student in the office of an eminent counsellor, and admitted to the bar under his patronage, and with a share of his practice, Albert Earnest might well be pardoned for imagining that there was a plain way before him, and that the most complete success, accompanied by the most perfect satisfaction of mind, would be his in the end.

Our young friend was ambitious. He wished to stand high in the community, so that all eyes could be upon him.

"The world shall hear of me before I die," was a favorite thought with him; and sometimes it even fell into oral expression.

With ardor, activity, and unwearied industry, Earnest commenced his life-struggle. He did well, very well, at every step,—but his best performances fell so far short of what others—longer on the stage, and more perfect in their parts—could do, that he was dissatisfied with himself, and often unhappy. He pressed on, however, the more ardently for these depressing contrasts, and night, ere long, gave place to something resembling the morning, in which he could see the advancement he had made, and