

# STORM LAKE PILOT.

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Vestiges of a long-forgotten tale that, somehow, just does not die....?

## Heroism.

"Oh, dear," said Willie Grey, as he sat down on the saw-horse, and looked at the kindling-wood which he ought to have been splitting up for his mother. "I do wish I could do something for the world. Some great action that every one could admire, and that would make the country and the whole world better and happier. I wish I could be a hero like Washington, or a famous missionary like Judson, but I can't do anything nor be anything."

"Why do you want to be a hero?" asked his cousin, John Maynard, who, coming up just then, happened to over hear his soliloquy.

"Oh," said Willie, coloring, "every one admires a hero, and talks about him, and praises him after he is dead."

"That's the idea, is it?" said John. "You want to be heroic for the sake of being talked about."

Willie did not exactly like this way of putting it.

"Not only that, but I want to do good to people—convert the heathen—or—or save a sinking ship, or save the country, or something like that."

"That sounds better, but believe me, Willie, the greatest heroes have been men who have thought the least about themselves, and the most about their work. And so far as I can recol-

lect now, the greatest—I mean according to the Christian standard—have always begun by doing the nearest duty, however small," and here John took up the axe and began to split the kindling-wood.

Willie jumped off the saw-horse, and began to pick up the sticks without a word, but though he said nothing, thought the more.

"I've wasted a lot of time in thinking what great things I might do, if I only had the chance," he thought, "and I've neglected the things I could and ought to do, and made lots of trouble for mother. I guess I'd better begin my heroism by fighting my own laziness."

Will any boy adopt Willie's resolution, and carry it out in daily life?—*Child's World.*