

graduated, that which has left the most lasting and beneficial influence upon their minds and hearts, was the college of a Christian home. These men, to-day, are scattered far and wide, and they belong—some to the medical, some to the legal, and some to the theological profession, but they look back with fond recollection to the days, when with father and mother, brothers and sisters, they reverently knelt in prayer on the rude floor of the little log cabin. How tender the memory of that last home-leaving, when the boy was going far away to enter college, or engage in business, or to learn a trade. For weeks past, kind hands have been preparing such little articles of clothing as might be useful to him when away from mother and sisters: and now the little trunk is packed and the morning of separation has come. There are but few words spoken, and feeling is wonderfully suppressed, but

“Kneeling down to heaven’s eternal King,  
The saint, the father and the husband prays:  
Hope springs exulting on triumphant wings,  
That thus they all shall meet in future days.”

Many years have since passed by, bringing with them many and varied experiences, but the influence of that solemn hour is with us still, and will abide with us while memory lasts.

Ours is a day of competition, hurry, excitement, when business is war and anything is fair. Home life is largely broken up, and the conditions are not favorable to the cultivation of kindness, quietness, and a tender regard for the happiness of others. Some men are nowhere greater strangers than in their own homes, and they know but little of the beautiful domestic life of our fathers. Looking at our ancestors in this country, there seems to me to be at least one lesson that stands out bright and clear, viz: that it matters little how trivial or commonplace our work may be in itself, the spirit in which we do the work is everything. As Carlyle says, speaking of his peasant father, “Be his work that of palace-building