

Has the dust of the journey already settled on your garments? Is your ideal less lofty than of old time,—your standard of excellence lowered? Do the clarion notes of duty sound less distinctly? With experience are you losing the rich dower of youthful emotions? Hold on to the bright vision! On peril of your happiness let it not go. Joy is on the wing. It may not come again for any tears. The intangible, if suffered to depart, may refuse at last to be bought with a price, or wooed with a prayer. Seize the hour and say, "I will not let thee go except thou bless me—even me."

Has it not been so in the life-drama of more than one? Have not we revived the old story of the Sibyl, and books of Ancient Rome, and also discovered that the valuable thing is dearer each time it is offered, though there be less and less bounteous store of it? And when the season of visitation has come and been suffered to depart, with its cloud of dewy mercies undropped, has there not followed or come at the hour of awakening to contemplate the toil and chart of a wasted life, a dull aching void; and we have been tempted to give up the battle for dead nothingness, and have said, mayhap, there's nothing for it but to bid the fair and entrancing dream adieu for ever, and go bac' wearily to the aimless and unhappy existence of the many around us. I say with consideration, that if I had nothing to do but pour the power of my endless life into these surroundings, be they books, pictures, or goods of whatsoever kind, life would indeed become a tangled skein; it would be a huge farce were it not that the very grandeur of our capacities made it a tragedy. Activity alone is not blessed. But that laborer who goes forth at the time of the singing of birds, and at twilight wends his way home to minister to the wants of wife and child, or to beatify the relation of parent and child, brother and sister;—ah! affection gilds that life, be it ever so humble; the beaded sweat becomes a hero's gem, and the lines ploughed over the wrinkled brow mark the victor's march. He has his opportunity,—it is the opportunity of being *poor*,—honestly, grandly, nobly poor, and by his thankful happiness he preaches the kingdom of Heaven within us indeed. Verily in the breaking of bread he sees God. And that other man, moving in more exalted sphere, whence the secret of his tranquility? His labor is carried on with the calmness and dignity of one whose happiness is not bound up in the bales of merchandise, he gathers and scatters at will. He accomplishes so much because he has discovered the secret of repose; the repose which