

of their own nature have persistently sought in something tangible ; with approaching manhood the race having tried and tired in the bootless chase will discern that the happiness so fondly yet fruitlessly delved for is neither in this thing nor that thing, is neither there nor yonder, but within, and simply lies in the consciousness of a right relation to time and its concomitants ; in the consciousness of being fully occupied in harmony with our capacities.

A solution of the question clearly involves that of the ministry of labor. We are all in quest of happiness, and yet how diversified our occupations and how dissimilar our conditions. No two pebbles taken from the resounding shore are mottled and rounded exactly alike, though wrought upon by the touch of the self-same laving ocean, and no two souls have been placed in precisely the same conjunction of mind and things, and the human will—great architect of circumstances—has never the same materials to deal with in different persons. Yet through all the din of City life and from the quietude of rural haunts, rises the self same cry uttered or unexpressed.—“ Kind heaven, Grant us happiness ! ”

Take but one illustration from the daily habits of some present. The interests of the Merchant are commonly supposed or said to be in his money and to be measured by his profits. But every Merchant was a Man before he was a Merchant, and he will be a man still when the ledger and day-book, with all trace of merchandise shall have been dissolved in flame—aye somewhere and somehow when a new heavens shall bend over a world responsive and reflective in its newness. The changes of life, the fluctuations of commerce or the incident of death, may at any moment remove riches from the merchant or the merchant from his riches ; but the relation that has subsisted between them, and the vice or virtue consequent thereon have gone to the moulding of a deathless character. Inside of every Merchant there is a Man. Back of all the distinctions of life and the isms of trade lies essential manhood. Man may not at any time separate himself from what he does or is.

An ancient Philosopher thanked God for his wealth ; and when his property was destroyed by fire and shipwreck, he thanked God (it is recorded), yet more because he had been taught the wisdom which left him as well off as before. The possibility of such a boon being ours may not be wisely disregarded. For the end of our commercial, industrial or professional life is not money—you are with