

With all possible deference to the abilities of the members of this Club, I do not think it likely that any of us will become Newtons or Washingtons; but I do trust that when we die we may leave behind us the characters of honest, upright, God-fearing men. If so, our haunts and habits will have an interest among those survivors that knew us. The chair in which *he* sat, the book in which *he* delighted to read, and the house where *he* lived, will still be revered by our children. At least, such will be the case, if we teach our children to love their home. Nothing is more destructive to this almost pious feeling, than the custom of making a home a mere display of the wealth of the occupant. To cherish and decorate our home is a noble impulse. To load it with tasteless finery, is a piece of vulgarity. Among the duties of the ancients, were the Lares and Penates, or household gods, the statutes of which stood in the hall surrounded by offerings. We have substituted a different kind of idol—a golden calf, set up above the threshold.

Some years ago, when in Germany, I met with a touching instance of attachment to home. I was shown a small and very ancient dwelling in the Jews' street, at Frankfort. In external appearance, this house had nothing to distinguish it from its neighbors in that poor quarter, except a greater amount of cleanliness and propriety. The blinds were as white as snow, and little sprigs of plants, German fashion, adorned the windows. Taste evidently reigned within. This lowly tenement was inhabited by a very aged lady, the widow of one millionaire, and the mother of three. In that house was she born; from that house no wealth could tear her. In that house, a year after, Madame Rothschild died.

And if we wish to make our homes worth the loving, taste must be there a constant guest. And think not that taste must be necessarily an expensive guest to entertain. The same sun shines on the rich and the poor. The same taste should adorn the palace and the cottage. Had my lot destined me to live in the bush and build my own log hut, even there I would have invoked taste to come and help me. There would not have been much opportunity for a display of that quality it is true. But still I would endeavour to place my log cabin where it should not injure the effect of the surrounding landscape. I would try and coax some creeping plants to trail over my dwelling. My furniture would be rude and rustic; nay, in such a case, good taste would demand that it should be so. The axe and the saw would be in more request than the adze and the plane, but however rough the forms, those forms need not be ugly. When we rent a house in Montreal, it must be owned that it