

mother is more sublime, more deeply felt, than that of the most courting and courted politician.

IV. But still we have not reached, except by way of chance allusions, the first and last condition, the key to all the other conditions, of a happy home. It is not shelter, it is not comfort, it is not prosperity, it is not knowledge, taste, refinement, which can make a happy home. It is not fortune, it is not education, which hold the keys to that kingdom of heaven. There is a greater than the merchant, the artist, or the scholar. The idea of necessity produces dulness. The idea of enterprise or of worldly success does not much more. The idea of self-improvement or refinement, if merely intellectual, creates more wants than it satisfies. Besides, neither of these ideas furnishes motive enough to keep the whole in action. Neither of these principles is so high, that all the faculties of the mind, all the plans and purposes of life, can serve it, and work harmoniously under it. We need Principle, in the broad sense of the term, which admits no plural number. We need the idea of Moral Perfection, of Right, of Duty, of God. Home must be not only a retreat, not only a school, but a temple. The worship of the Perfect Essence of Love, Truth, and Holiness, must pervade the economy and all the intercourse of home. The family must remember that they are God's children, and must look for light from above, for peace in obedience to the perfect rule of right, for society and union with one another in the love of that Being whom all can love, and yet feel nearer one another.

"Out of the heart are the issues of life." The currents of life flow into all our faculties, and revive all our drooping sensibilities and aspirations, only from the Source of Life, to which we have access only through the Moral. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." Light from above must bathe our senses to keep them fresh and vigorous and cheerful. Knowledge and Science pall, and we dismiss them as empty things, unless they be inspired by Piety. Religion alone can exercise a genial fostering influence over mind and heart and imagination. She only can keep thought free and clear, imagination healthy; she alone can warm the feelings and nerve the will. She only can put us in possession of ourselves.

She only can make frank intercourse possible between us and our nearest friends. Our plan of life must be disinterested, or it will somewhere soon begin to thwart itself. Our highest interest must be beyond and above ourselves, or we cannot trust its leadings. The thought of moral perfection alone can give consistency and peace to our manifold strivings and feelings, — can bind up in beauty the petty or contradictory details of daily experience. It requires a love of something more than the world, to make us at home in the world.

D.

LISTEN TO THE WIND.

OFT do I pause amid this various life,
 And ask me whence and to what end I be,
 And how this world is, with its busy strife,
 Till all seems new and marvellous to me.
 The faces and the forms, which long had grown
 Tedious and common to my wearied sense,
 Seem in a moment changed to things unknown,
 And I gaze at them with awe intense;
 But none do stop to wonder with me too,
 So I pass on and mingle with the rest,
 And quite forget the far and wondrous view
 In glimpses shown, when mystery was my guest.
 Yet, when I sit and prate of idle things
 With idle men, the night wind's howl I hear,
 And straight come back those dim, wild questionings,
 Like ghosts who wander through a sense-bound sphere.

THE WIND AGAIN.

So wistfully the wind doth moan, —
 What does it want of me?
 It sweeps round the house with mournful tone,
 As if it fain would flee
 From its wide wanderings sad and lone; —
 Come, woful wind — I will love thee!

Swiftly, swiftly the wind is blowing,
 Wild wandering wind, where art thou going?
 I know not where,
 I go on forever,
 I've no toil or care,
 Yet rest I never.
 Ah woful wind! thou art like me,
 Dost thou not strive from thyself to flee?