The lighted hopes, the triumphs and trials of the rugged world—its cares and sorrows—move in that one rush of feelings are for joy, the long lost tones of other days—earlier and brighter, like hallowed airs and dying symphonies of harp strings invoke to music by the soft south wind and broken in the wakening high around him. At second spring renew the sighs and the hopes of his spring youth. The sterile desert of life is watered by the dews of reminiscences, pleasant but sorrowful to the soul and the chilled and base heart leaps out again, and the very soul of life, young roses, breathes around him.

Why is this? Why do the scenes of childhood crowd on the memory after the lapse of years and the wear and tear of time? Why is the sun—and the sand—and the toil—The thirst and the painlessness forgot. Because of the mother whose love has hallowed that home. The spirit which he breathed into our budding infancy sheds its fragrance on the faded leaves of age. Distance and time are annihilated—and we are transported back to the green bowers of home. A mother's hand to dwell on that brow where the ashes of former fires and the tombs of former thoughts are mouldering. Home, mother, with these two words what associations are connected by them what feelings are awakened. He who has gained the pinnacle of fame by his sword—his tongue—or his pen—looks back to his mother as the founder of his greatness and his joy and pride. Like Pausilipus of old is that she stands in his song and is proud of her son.

In woman then depends the morality of a nation. The preservation of its liberties. Love is the effort of the most