

you the ultimate source of appeal; its decision will determine your action. To suppose any of you insensible to the motives by which the obligation to do good has been urged upon you, would be an unworthy, and perhaps an unjust imputation; yet we should not forget that a consistent character cannot be formed independent of religious principles; neither can we obtain a correct idea of moral obligation apart from a due consideration of our relationship to God. He is the *Author*, and He should be the *End* of our being. The most glorious consecrations of genius are those laid upon His altar—the most powerful motives to improvement in time are drawn from eternity; destitute of the plastic and guiding influences of religion, your characters cannot be perfect, your minds will shrivel, and your hearts will deprave; and when you have spent your brief day on earth, your legacy to posterity will be a dishonoured name, and a worthless example. To expect to be merely good without the religion of the Bible is to hope for the end apart from the means of its attainment—a false expectation, a vain, and fruitless effort—and how melancholy at the close of a protracted life, the reflection that we have lived in vain—that all the high and noble aspirations of our youthful hopes, have vanished like the morning cloud. This, however, need not be. The path of honourable distinction is before us; a well merited crown is within the reach of all. Help from on high is offered to every sincere well-doer; and although life has its trials, and nothing good or great is accomplished without effort and sacrifice—it also has its joys, and its triumphs will surely follow; if they consist not in the applause of the multitude, they will at least be realized in the abiding assurance of an approving conscience, a richer possession than millions of gold and silver.

Go forth then, my young friends, upon your errands of mercy. Scatter the beams of intelligence far and wide. Prove to the world that your education has not only irradiated your intellect, but that it has also expanded your hearts. The world—the wide world, is to be the scene of your endeavours—your fellow men the objects of your solicitude. Your primary consideration, your calling in life—but this, to be only the means of a more glorious end—a higher vocation to do good, to bless the world!

### National Greatness.

An Essay, with Valedictory Addresses, delivered at the close of the Annual Examination at the Wesleyan Academy, by Master ALBERT D. McLEON, June, 1853.

CASTING our eyes abroad on the world at large, we find that the time in which we live is truly a striking one. Though the nineteenth century, since its commencement, has been noted for many signal achievements, both Moral and Religious, yet how rife with contention, how stained with sin, how sunken in pollution, how blind to their own faults, how loth to excuse the failure of others, are the respective nations of the earth! True greatness then being so rare, it cannot but please and instruct the mind, to seek whether any people now existing be really perfect, and if so, to discover to which nation may be awarded the glorious title, "great." Look we at Britain;—what *there* meets our gaze! Does perfection set an indelible stamp on everything! Pamed as is the British Empire for the ubiquity of its commerce, the wisdom of its councils, and the glory of its arms, the people, as a general statement, turn more affectionately to things of earth than to those which are heavenly; methinks they glory rather in being descendants of those who marred the pride of the Armada; sent terror through the enemies' hearts on Trafalgar's dread coast; and stopped the exultant march of the conqueror on Waterloo's blood-stained plains, than as "sons of sires" who exposed life, fame, fortune—all,—in right's sacred cause.

On turning to France we may inquire, whether she be perfect or not? What! Pause we for a single instant to consider if perfection exists in that perfjured land, drenched with the blood of Huguenots slain on St. Bartholomew's accursed day!—that country whose name is proverbial throughout the civilized world for scenes of violence and acts of injustice.

Coming nearer home, and still seeking "true National Greatness," we behold the United States, which, though its banner studded with brilliant stars, as an emblem of unviolated Liberty, triumphantly waves over a fertile, populous region, is yet by no means to be esteemed a just—a pure country. There Africa's sons still groan in bondage, oppressed by heavy galling chains, which, crushing down to earth, unerringly designate them as "Slaves."

If we reviewed successively the other nations of the earth we would seek in vain for one which, in strict accordance with Truth's requirements, may be pronounced Great. Holland's children may boast of their industrious habits; and Hungary's sons, with the noble Kossuth as their leader,

glory in their recently manifested bravery; Russia's despotic Sovereign and cruel Nobles may rejoice over their immense possessions, and China's proud inhabitants joy on account of excelling all others in number,—but no people possess truly perfect greatness. Sin has swept, as the lesson of destruction, through all parts of the globe, blighting everything that was fair or lovely. Error has coursed its way in innumerable streams incandescing through every region of this "terrestrial ball." And after many dark ages, Truth rejoicing in the fact that

"The eternal years of God are hers,"

has risen from her long incumbent posture, and now boldly contends with the tyrant Error for her lawful dominion over this fair earth. True, then, was the statement before made, that these are stirring times, and such being the case, action—renewed, decided, right action—is demanded from all. Some may say there is no need for warfare now, but be assured were Demosthenes alive, and were he standing here, as in the day of his glory he stood on the *brun* at Athens, his cry,—"*to arms! to arms!*"—would be as appropriately uttered as it was when the impostor's sword reeked in the blood of his slaughtered countrymen.

If each one belonging to the British Provinces would carefully review the transactions of the past, and zealously study the changes which have taken place since the creation of the world, he could not fail to perceive that there rests upon him a solemn obligation which duty requires him to fulfil—obligation to assist with all his powers in rendering his country *Great*. We refer not to the paltry *greatness* derived from superiority in arms, or from extent of possessions. We mean not that it is our duty to aid the Canadas, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Newfoundland, and Prince Edward's Island, to become famed for warlike expeditions—for renowned victories obtained by shedding the blood of man—the noblest work of an Almighty Creator. If *greatness* could be attained by no other method than by thus wading through "seas of crimson gore," truly would our land be enveloped in darkness worse than cimmerian—we would be wrapped in gloom more fearfully profound than that of the Tartarean regions.

But experience clearly shows that *true Greatness* depends on something beyond mere *physical* superiority, else why fell forever Rome, the "Eternal City"—"Mistress of Earth!" There is another,—and in fact the *only true Greatness*—that which is derived from mental, moral excellence. But it may be asked how *this* excellence itself is to be acquired. List, ye questioner! There rises a voice from beneath the ruined Cities and States of the Ancient World, and lo, echoed and re-echoed as it speeds along the "dim aisles of the shadowy past;" it rings through and through our Modern Earth, announcing to all people, in tones louder than the thunder's roar, that Education and Religion are the requisites for intellectual, moral superiority, and consequently, the requisites for "True Greatness." This being so, let the inhabitants of the British Provinces, a component part of the British Empire, become an illustrious people. Though there are at present no Persian Myriads to hurl from our rock-bound coasts—no boastful Armadas to keep from our devoted shores, yet there is an opportunity open for us to eclipse the fame of all others. The Empires, Kingdoms, and Republics of the world have hitherto laid their foundations upon "body," let us base on "mind," on "soul," a power superior to every other!

However, each must remember that upon himself depends, in a measure, his country's prosperity. If success is to be ours, all must be vigilant; all, fired with a pure, holy ambition, must battle in the cause of Truth. "Excellentior" must ever be the watchword; "nil desperandum," the battle cry. The youth must be animated by that noble courage which transforms the mere boy of love and pleasure into the stern, unyielding warrior,—literally rendering "infant sinews strong as steel." The aged must be fired with that sublime Patriotism which urges even the long-sojourner in this "abode of sorrow," to grasp anew the sword, and engage with redoubled ardour in the ever-continuing "battle of life."

\* \* \* But the moment is at hand in which our association is to be broken up; the individuals composing this company must soon separate, bearing with them into the wide world influence proportioned to their respective talents and acquirements. \* \* \* Hero in a building eminently devoted to the advancement of Education—at a time in the regular course more exciting, probably, than any other, have been sitting together, for a short period, persons of various stamps, of different ages, and with multiplied avocations. The farmer and the mechanic, the merchant and the minister, the young and the old, have to-day left their commonly-occupied posts, and have come up to witness the attainments of Students connected with this noble Academy. But ere many moments shall have passed, where will be this multitudinous assembly? Where will be the many now remaining within the venerable walls of this honoured institution? Gone! gone! perchance to meet not again till "circling sun shall set to rise no more." At the close of these exercises, friends present will return to their