

the world—you note the bearing of climate and soil and position, of religion and government and laws upon the public and private life of mankind, upon the progress of arts and science, of moral truth, of rational freedom and of general happiness. You stand in reverence and delight, awe-struck observers of the wonders wrought on earth for six thousand years. All your mental powers, and many of your moral faculties are called into vigorous action; and an inexpressible pleasure is afforded you while you yield yourselves to the enchantment of "Philosophy teaching by example."

The various departments of Physical science are thrown open at your approach; and you inspect the laws which govern matter whether in motion or at rest—the mighty forces continually in play throughout the Kingdoms of Nature, from the impalpable fragrance that exhalates from the perfumed flower to the distant star, the mighty centre of some vast system of clustering worlds.

How different the feelings with which you gaze upon the glorious works of God, to those with which the untutored soul walks forth amid the grandeur and beauty of Creation, upon which he looks with stupid wonder or from which he turns away with stolid indifference. It is not so much that to your more cultivated taste the wavy outline of blue hills, the musical oscillations of the restless deep, the blending and shaded tints of incense-breathing flowers, the deepened verdure of the hill-side sward, or the tremulous foliage of the breeze-shaken trees convey to your minds sensations of beauty to which his mind is a stranger—I insist not upon this difference, though to the sum of human happiness insensibility to the beauty which the Perfect Mind has lavished upon all his works is no trivial loss. But I refer to that unveiling of the mysteries of nature which takes place in presence of intellectual cultivation—that partial unfolding of the secret springs of the terrestrial mechanism at the pressure of the finger of science—that ennobling consciousness of dwelling in the laboratory of the Universe, and of being privileged to witness the marvellous and unceasing transmutations of the alchemy of God. Every Creator hath impressed upon matter are visible signs, which, as you behold their operations far away in the fathomless depths of the imponderable ether through which the celestial worlds sweep their circling way as they measure the epochs of eternity—you note them in the globe-girdling atmosphere, in the ever-changing clouds, the falling showers, the ascending vapour, the mobile waters, the growth and decay of vegetable and animal life, and in all the diversified phenomena that bespeak the omnipresent energy of the Supreme Intelligence.

Nor do you contemplate with intelligent appreciation alone the contemporary evolutions of Nature's laws. Where the uninitiated see blank and meaningless rock, you perceive the inhumations of immeasurably distant fossil creations—where the common eye discovers nought save fantastic heaps of dislocated stones, tumbled and piled in wanton confusion by the purposeless hand of chance, you gaze with admiration on the splendid museums of buried worlds—the monuments of dateless eras in the shadowy past. Upon the broad fields of ancient strata, upheaved by internal violence, or swept of former coverings by rushing floods, you trace with delight and reverence the majestic footprints of the Divine Creator, or with exulting gratitude drink in the magic chronicles sculptured on the tablets of venerable formations.

The pleasures which knowledge rightly used bestows upon the cultivated mind are as immortal as the intellect—the mutations of fortune, the vicissitudes of time and place and age affect them not. In this period of adventurous unrest, and of self-expatriation you may be borne onward by the current of change to the uttermost parts of the earth—you may change your climate, your country, your friends, your pursuits,—may pass from beneath the Northern Bear to wonder at the courtesans of the Southern Cross; but your minds trained to thought and reason, and stored with knowledge, will be elevated beyond the reach of temporal loss, and will always prove an available source of pleasure and joy. The exigencies of your position may compel you to sweating toil and anxious care, may harden your hands, and furrow your brow, may embrown your features through long exposure, and bend your frame, now youthful and erect, beneath heavy burdens; but no wearisome manual labour, no plodding care, no early decrepitude will incapacitate you for communion with Nature, unfit you for mental recreation, or shut you out from the fellowship of the gladsome minds that minister at the altars of Literature and Science.

Poverty may envelop you in its sombrous shadow, and press you down with its stern, unbending necessities—it may be your lot ill-clad and meanly housed, to recruit your wasted strength at tables poorly and sparingly spread—the rich and the gay may move in circles remote from your humble fireside—you may be strangers to mansions where affluence revels in luxury, yet

"The dead but sceptred sovereigns who still rule
Our spirits from their urns,"

will visit you in your lowly cottage, gladden the hour of your evening meals, regale your jaded spirits with ennobling converse, and pour around you and for you the glory of their riches and power and bathing you in intellectual splendour will enrapture you with thrilling thoughts, with blissful visions and with glowing hopes. Avoid the accidents and diseases of human life it may happen to you that the senses which the Benevolent Creator designed to be inlets to knowledge, and channels of communication with the outer world shall be closed or obliterated. The sense of hearing may fail away, and to you universal nature become silent, the voices of the tuneful winds, the gentle ministry of brooks, the solemn bass of the ocean, the whisperings of the murmuring leaves, the song of birds, the buzz of insects on the wing, the innocent prattle of childhood, the expressive intonations of passion, and the melting accents of fond and faithful love, may fall in vain upon the insensible ear; yet though ever conscious of your loss, how largely will that loss be compensated by the companionship of the lofty spirits of science and of song that will cluster around you and penetrate your heart with eternal harmonies of truth? In the Poet's flowing verse you will again catch the echo of "the liquid lapse of unmuting streams"—to the ear of the soul all nature will again become vocal, and a profound gratitude will overpower you for the gifts of mental culture which thus ameliorates your condition. A still sadder deprivation may await you in the loss of sight, consigning you to "everlasting dark," in which are swallowed up the beauty of hill and dale, of river and sea, of forest and field, of the mid-day effulgence and the midnight marshalling of heavenly hosts, of the morning sunbeam sparkling in the dew-diamond, or begemming the vapour-veil from the mountain's brow, and the eventide fleets of phantom ships with stercor sails and banners of crimson, purple and gold sweeping over the bosom of the cerulean depths. And what then you will more poignantly regret than the darkness that will rest upon the inanimate world will be the enshrouding from your view of faces of loved and loving friends—soft eyes will beam kindly upon you, smiles will bedeck the soul-mirroring countenance or turn to you—you will mark them not. Yet even in this calamity you will be privileged to adopt the language of that blind but immortal bard who

— "as the wretched bird
Sings dashing, and in shadowed covert hid
Tunes her nocturnal note!"

who taught by the heavenly muse sang,

"Yet not the mere
Cease I to wander where the Muses haunt
Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,
Smite with the love of sacred song."

Yours, too, may be the felicity with him to add,

— "But chief
Thee Zion and the flowing brooks beneath,
That washed thy hallowed feet, and warbling flow,
Nightly I visit."

Debarred from access to ordinary sources of knowledge and happiness, you will retire within the storehouse of intellect, where feasting on the hoarded memories of other times, your soul will be solaced in her privations with the delicious consolations of which a highly cultivated, well-balanced mind can never be divested.

But irrespective of the stores of exalted enjoyment which education renders accessible to you in the spacious realms of knowledge, there is exquisite pleasure connected with the exercise of the intellectual powers—pleasure of which those are wholly deprived whose mental faculties lie dormant and untrained. Life is motion; and healthful life is itself a happiness whether it reveal itself in the throbbing heart with its crimson undulations, in the convulsions of the mind-servicing brain, in the linked processes of ratiocination, in the re-creative energies of the vivid imagination, in the penetrating vision of the keen perception, or in the unsleeping recollections of the faithful memory.

A greater contrast scarcely exists between the helplessness of infancy and the vigorous elasticity of active manhood, than between a state of mental torpidity and inanition and that of highly trained mental action.

But intellectual cultivation not only affords most exhilarating gratification—it invests with power. For not only is the celebrated aphorism of the Prince of the inductive Philosophy true that "Knowledge is power," it is equally true that mental discipline is power. Thought rules mankind. Thought moulds the character of nations, and sways the destiny of empires. The profound and original thinker is the true monarch among men—the sublimest productions in Literature, the master-pieces of Art in Music and Painting, in Sculpture and Architecture—the most comprehensive Legislative efforts—the wonderful applications of science—the most adventurous discoveries, and the multitudinous achievements of the handicrafts of every day life are but the embodiments of his thoughts. That mind, therefore, that is trained to think most clearly and deeply upon those great subjects which stand