

rest. But dishonesty it is some-
y to foster
but foolish
society as
between the
ntly made,
nseparably
an imper-
tion in the
ofusion and
o order and
as although
s no right-
But the real
st promoted
ndiced and
ady seen, to
those many
; and when
opics are to
y, or left to
sitate for a
cept?
ch it is the
calculated
actical life,
human life
the studies
abundantly
l from the
on, and to
subjects by
those who
are natur-
ally divided into three classes—natural science, philosophy and philology. Very little need be said in regard to the importance of physical science. However much so-called "practical" men may be disposed to undervalue other departments of knowledge, here at least the immense advantages are too palpable to be overlooked. Without the apparatus which science has placed at our disposal—our ships, railroads, machinery, telegraphs—civilization would have stopped centuries ago. What a wide interval is there between the feeble powers of reckoning of primeval man and the intricate demonstrations of Euclid! From Euclid and Archimedes to our own times—nay, from Kepler and Newton to Herschel and Faraday—what brilliant discoveries have testified to the nobility of the human intellect, and opened up worlds of beauty and grandeur, beside which the first vague imaginations of an earlier time are flimsy and superficial! A contemplation of the gradual but steady progress made from the first crude notions of the untutored man, who cowered in fear and trembling before the unintelligible moods of Nature, to the calm, reverential knowledge now possessed of the inner necessities which regulate her aspects, cannot fail to afford a perennial source of wonder and delight. We are sometimes called upon to bow before the sublimity of the universe as shown in the countless worlds that lie on the bosom of illimitable space; but, awe-inspiring as this spectacle is, do not the changeless laws by which those mighty orbs are indissolubly linked together and move in ordered harmony and majesty, teach a lesson nobler still? Can any consideration of the mere number of the stars awaken such an exalted feeling as the perception that the tiniest globule of dew that glitters in the sunlight is the centre of a circumference of forces too vast to be limited or imagined? Although science turns away from the infinite variety of form and colour, and the beautiful play of light and shade, which nature presents to the eye of sense, it reveals a beauty of another and higher kind—the stern beauty of thought, of order and law, of harmony and system amidst seeming disorder and incoherence. And, as the