

and leaves an impression upon the mind, not to be effaced, that by such revelation its stature has been raised.

But you may say, "This is an exceptional case. I do not pretend to have the genius of Hugh Miller, and therefore it does not follow, that what he did I can do, under similar circumstances." Perhaps not (but let me observe in passing that strength of will and capacity for work are the best parts of genius.) You may not attain to the scientific and literary eminence of Hugh Miller; but this I can promise you, that if you will go through the same course that he went—with the same steadfastness—the same thoroughness—you will come out of it with right and title to call yourself an educated man. Further examples I shall not adduce. The case I have cited is at once a proof of the fact that self-education is possible, and an illustration of the manner in which it may be accomplished. That this is a desirable consummation, I need not maintain. The worth of education is fully recognised. It is not however so much for its practical commercial value, (though that is by no means to be overlooked) that I urge self-culture upon you. I urge it for its own sake. It is its own exceeding great reward. It makes you more of a man.

There is a saying of Lord Bacon's, in one of his Essays, to the effect that studies serve for use, for ornament, and for delight. Now, that ignorance is ungraceful—that a cultivated mind is an ornament to the person—few, I suppose, will be inclined to deny. I need not stop to argue that point. Equally unnecessary would it be for me to dwell, at any length, upon the pleasures attendant upon mental culture. Since, however, the allurements of pleasure exercise an influence so powerful, so constant, and at times so far from beneficial; I would gladly linger for a few moments, upon those which are pre-eminently the pleasures of a man. "Man" we are told, "is a being of large discourse, looking before and after"—a being, that is, who remembers, imagines and reasons. The pleasures of the imagination I can very well leave to the care of the poets,

'The blood of Douglas can protect itself.'