

Out of an unseen quarry, evermore
Furnished with tile, the fierce artificer
Curves his white bastions with projected roof
Round every windward stake, or tree, or door;
Speeding, the myriad-handed, his wild work
So fanciful, so savage; naught cares he
For number or proportion. Mockingly,
On coop or kennel he hangs Parian wreaths;
A swan-like form invests the hidden thorn;
Fills up the farmer's lane from wall to wall.
Maugre the farmer's sighs; and at the gate
A tapering turret overtops the work.
And when his hours are numbered, and the world
Is all his own, retiring as he were not,
Leaves, when the sun appears, astonished Art
To mimic in slow structures, stone by stone,
Built in an age, the mad wind's night-work,
The frolic architecture of the snow.

Ladies and Gentlemen,—I have tried to tell you something this evening about one of the most profound and venerated thinkers of our age. It is difficult to treat a subject so vast as this one is, in a popular way, without to a certain extent largely weakening it. Emerson is a man whose power for good or evil is very great. He is a thinker who every year gains ground and loses none. He is growing into men's minds. He is enlisting, with no apparent effort of his own, new converts, day by day. He is doing his work silently but with terrible earnestness and skill. The vast acres of the universe open before him, and men in every quarter of the globe, sit in wonder and admiration, over the pages of the serene thinker, who never utters an uncertain sound. He has struck a blow at popular prejudice which has dissolved like the dew upon the grass, opinions which the records of centuries made strong and adamant. For years he has lived in advance of his time. But his day has come now. The centuries have caught up with him at last. I am not advocating Transcendentalism, Idealism, Pantheism, Optimism, or the two score and more isms, of the day, but I cannot shut my eyes to the fact that through