

agitation of the storms without. Then on every hand the productions of Nature and of Art, which we have so lately viewed, invite attention, and suggest inquiries and reflections without limit. Here, are the treasures which have been rifled from the mine, or drawn from their deep recesses in the earth; there, are the varied objects which grew beneath the waters. On this side, the rewards of skilful culture of the soil, the grains, and roots, and fruits and flowers which sustain the life, and delight the senses of man;—on the other, the inventions of art and the wonders of mechanical construction. A thousand things, from all the various workshops of nature in her several kingdoms, and a thousand more from the plastic hand of industry, attract the eye, and offer themselves to curious speculation. But to deal with their physical character, and relations, and uses, if I were able to do it, would require a book for each; and instead of the half-hour for which I bespeak your patience, would be the labor of half a life.

Instead, then, of considering these objects with reference to what they are as material things, I would fain derive from them, and not from them alone, but also from the great mustering of nations to which they point, a teaching of the past and present, and something of that which is to come. As there are tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, which utter to the heart things of high import; so also in these evidences of human intelligence and labor, is there a language not to be mistaken. They are the enduring records of progress from barbarism to civilization; the heralds of future growth and excellence; the