

piness. And Nature's kind voice to her child is—"My brave one, go work—all the world is thine to conquer." There are precious pearls, but thou must dive for them in "the dark unfathomed caves of ocean;" there are rich minerals, but they are hid deep in the bowels of the earth, and thou must sink the mine and with strenuous labour drag them up to the sunlight. The earth is barren and waste, but thy tool-bearing hand can render her fertile. Go work, my hero! The sun is up. Clear away the jungle, strike down the thicket. All is disorder and out of it thou art to make cosmos and beauty arise. Girdle the globe with roads of earth and iron, and jewel it with stately cities. Dost thou ask for assistants in thy toil? Lo! here they stand waiting. Make these winds thine apprentices, yoke the steam, and then thou mayest fearlessly lay thine hand on ocean's main, and make it thy carrier. The rivers will turn thy wheels and grind thy corn, and roll thy iron, and become the manufacturers. Call in the lightnings from their play-ground, and say to them "go," and they are gone. "do this," and they will do it. Nay more, my brave son of toil! there is moral disorder around thee in a thousand forms, sin in ten thousand shapes,—falsehood, wrong, injustice, folly, madness, brute selfishness—above all strike at these. Root out the wrong, annihilate the lie, maintain perpetual warfare against folly, sin, ignorance, stupidity, in all their forms. Think not that thy lot is hard. In conflict thy noble powers shall gather strength and thou shalt find true happiness. Out of a waste mud-ball thou shalt create a paradise; out of a moral desert thou shalt form a heaven full of white-robed saints and quiring cherubim; and, if faithful, the hero's noble death, the victory and the fire-chariot, to^s carry thee aloft to the immortals, shall all be thine.

Let us clearly understand, then, that all this wonderful power of man over nature is the reward of labour, and comes only as the result of honest toil of mind and body. The Paradise that lies behind us was not a land of idleness, for Adam had "to dress and keep it;" and if this earth is to become "Paradise Regained," it can only be through toil of head and hand, and sweat of brow and brain. But the beautiful law is, that such toil brings with it opportunity for the use and development and enjoyment of every power of the body, every faculty of the mind. Apart from honest work, there is no charm by which a noble end can be gained. Before science was born, when men looked upon the forces of nature with superstitious awe, they pictured witches careering through the air on a broom-stick, the moving power being of diabolic origin. But this was a poor, lame performance in comparison with what is done now every day, when a thought is whisked from San Francisco to Calcutta on the lightning's pinions, and New York is reading the news of a battle on the Rhine, almost before the smoke has cleared away from the field where it was fought. A man sits in a darkened recess at Heart's Content, watching the waving backwards and forwards of a little spot of light, which is reflected on a mirror with a graduated scale, and that little bright speck, in its movements, is writing messages from the Old world to the New. What are the su-