

rest satisfied with nothing short of a positive grant of them, and you will get them. The history of the American assertion and successful maintenance of their liberties is yet fresh in the memory of Her Majesty and Her House of Lords, and rather than lose "the fairest jewel of her crown"—as the American colonies have been styled,—she will yield all that you demand in the name of justice and humanity.

The heart of humanity is beating with the hopes of a brighter day. All the high instincts of our nature foretells its approach.—"Thoughts of freedom, duty, benevolence, equality, and human brotherhood, agitate the nations," and neither England with her thousand iron war-steamers, nor the Czar with his Cossacks can repress them. "Were these thoughts imprisoned in the centre of the earth, they would burst its granite folds, speed onward in their career and fulfil their destiny. They are imbued with a deathless vigor." As sure as the river runs to the sea, they must prevail. Here, then is opened, my young friends, a noble career for ambition.

The condition of any country, depends much upon the social and moral condition of its young men. Honesty, industry, and temperance are cardinal virtues for the young of any clime or country. History is filled with names worthy of emulation. The apron of an industrious mechanic is more honorable than the brightest trappings of colonels and captains; and the drops of sweat upon the brow of the hardy lumber-man, are a fairer coronet than the most precious stones. I would sooner wear the laurels of George Fox, tending the flocks upon the hills of Nottingham, and dreaming schemes for the betterment of the race, which resulted in founding a state of brotherly love, which now contains two millions of souls, than those of the longest line of kings that ever lived.

Every young man has a duty to perform, a work to accomplish.—If he shrinks from the responsibility, and says, "aye, this evil will last my day," and puts it from him for the follies and crimes of society, woe! to his memory when the historian goes up and down the generation, touching this and that head with the torch of immortality. He has not done his work. His life has been spent, and its golden hours, crowded thick with stern responsibilities, have been wasted and lost. No young man is so lowly but he can do something for himself, and thereby help on the "good time coming,"