

tally, he was a giant; morally, a dwarf. In the study, he was great, familiar with the whole circle of the sciences, profoundly versed in almost every branch of human knowledge; but when he emerged from his study, and went forth into the world of men and things, he was a dupe, and seemed powerless to resist its temptations and to battle with its sins. He stands as a beacon-light on the shore of time, not only to enlighten, but to warn. From a study of his life, we learn what philosophy can do, and what it cannot, we see alike its glory and its shame. Philosophy may sharpen the intellect, enlarge the mind, and open up before it the wide domain of knowledge. With it you may unlock the hidden treasures of the earth, fathom the depth of the sea, weigh the sun in scales, count the stars of heaven and learn the laws by which their motions are governed; it may teach you to mollify the fierceness of the storm, to rob the thunderbolt of its power to harm, and to make the wild forces of nature subservient to your purpose; but with all this, it may leave you a moral dwarf, unable to conquer your own spirit, powerless to resist life's temptations, to endure its trials, or vanquish its sins.

"Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell;
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before.

Who loves not knowledge? Who shall rail
Against her beauty? May she mix
With men and prosper! Who shall fix
Her pillars? Let her work prevail.

But on her forehead sits a fire:
She sets her forward countenance
And leaps into the future chance,
Submitting all things to desire.

Half-grown as yet, a child, and vain,
She cannot fight the fear of death,
What is she, cut from love and faith,
But some wild Pallas from the brain

Of Demons, fiery-hot to burst
All barriers in her onward race

For power? Let her know her place;
She is the second, not the first.

A higher hand must make her mild,
If all be not in vain; and guide
Her footsteps, moving side by side
With wisdom, like the younger child."

But we hasten on to consider the glory of Bacon's life, the work which has immortalized his name, and justly entitles him to the grateful remembrance of all generations. He was an intellectual reformer. He continued and, it may be said, completed the glorious work which was carried on by Roger Bacon, Copernicus and others before him, and stands forth, as the boldest champion of his age for that intellectual liberty and progress for which they toiled and suffered and died. He threw off the last remaining shackle with which liberty was bound, opened wide the door and led her forth to breathe a fresher air, and to bask in a brighter sunshine. He proclaimed with no uncertain sound that Nature is our grand field for investigation, that her ample page is open to every eye, that within her is contained our whole store of knowledge, and that he who would discover truth and bless mankind, must do so by a faithful investigation of her laws. He had long felt convinced that the Schoolmen, acute and profound as many of them were, had mistaken the road to knowledge; that they had been beating the air and spending their strength for naught; that the questions about which they had been employing their faculties were questions which could not be solved, which produced no fruit, and led to no practical result. He saw that after a thousand years of mental toil and effort, of airy speculation and intellectual hair-splitting, no discovery had been made, no stone had been up-turned, no knot untied. There was not a lack of toil or industry, of ploughing or sowing, but somehow no blossom appeared, no fruit was brought forth, no harvest