

tion and of genius) "conversation may inform the mind, but solitude is the nurse of genius."

You will observe that my remarks have been chiefly directed to literary education. And with good reason. Language is the great instrument of thought. And besides no one in these days, can pass for a highly educated man, who has not a wide and a solid acquaintance with literature. It is through literature only that you can bring your mind into contact with the world's great masters and teachers. Language is not only the instrument of thought, it is the record of mind. It must not be supposed however that I mean to say that literature is the only means of education. The world is a mighty educator. The responsibilities of life, the demands of our social relations, the requirements of official position, the conduct of affairs—these call out, train, and develope, the faculties and powers, that are within us; and he is not uneducated though he should be an ungrammatical man, who, as he rises in life, rises to the occasion, and discharges with efficiency the duties and obligations to which the Providence of God, and his own exertions, have called him. This then is one great mode of mental cultivation—moral and intellectual—the doing of our duty thoroughly and well in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call us. Upon this head, though, it forms no part of my purpose to enlarge. I have only mentioned it, to show that I have not overlooked it. And I shall now revert to that branch of self-education which is derivable from books.

From what I have already said, you will perceive that, in my judgment, to educate yourself is feasible. Determine to do it, and (I had almost said) the thing is done. Determine to do it—here lies the whole secret. Such an education as will develope your powers, and put you in possession of thoughts upon which your mind can live and thrive, does not need an expensive apparatus of books; but it does need thorough determination, inflexible resolve, and unflinching toil. "Look you now, without labour nothing prospers," was the maxim of the most perfect of the Greek poets; and a maxim that will never die. There is no royal road to learning—or to