

bulent waters, whether life and its toils, in and of themselves, apart from their elicitive character meet man's capacities and harmonise with his being? The indignant protest of humanity will proclaim the negative. There is nothing to be desired in toil for its own sake; Yet it is not for their toil that sympathy is to be given, but for the consequences of their labors, not necessary, but oh! so common, and showing themselves not only in the moral coldness, the intellectual listlessness or the intellect intensified at a point and associated with cynical criticism, but in the darker vices into which so many plunge headlong for the coveted happiness—precipitating themselves into the vortex of licentiousness, the whirl of intemperance and the madness of gambling.

Or grant that the subject of the world's wear and tear is kept back by prudential motives, or blessed prejudices (for there are such), or other spells from these overt acts, these spasmodic tilts with misery and duels with despair, still its fell influences operate and their tendency unrelieved, mark you, is evil and that continually.

No, no; Light and Immortality alone make it possible for all men to be happy here and now. The Cross of Christ uplifted, shall act as the lightning conductor of all time and bury the furies at its feet beneath the affluence of Divine grace.

The professional man, the scholar and the perfunctory divine, if such there be, discover that there is no more healing virtue in what a man thinks than what a man does. The brain regarded as an end in itself is as powerless as the hand to secure happiness. Much study is a weariness to the flesh. Education divorced from Religion is power without corresponding guidance. I may be mistaken, but my conscience would not suffer me to vote for the expulsion of the Bible from the Common school. Knowledge is power, but with bared and trembling hand the sceptre is to be wielded. The Poet Laureate sings wisely—

“ Our little systems have their day,
They have their day and cease to be;
They are but broken lights of Thee
And Thou, O Lord! art more than they.”

Our first parents proved that knowledge and happiness are not necessarily one, but oftentimes far removed. The Professional man is not less than the Trader exposed to belittling conceptions of the dignity of labor; and the sacredness of sorrow and the mission of life.