

tend to the circle of our *sel.* We are less yielding, and less fitted for the forms, the courtesies and the throng of fashion, and prefer the quiet and intellectual converse enjoyed with friendly and kindred minds. How few are the hours of each day that can be thus devoted, and to what resources can we turn if we have not books and their store of pleasant reflections.—How miserable—how querulous—how painful to itself is an ignorant old age, wasted in impotent repinings or in worthless trifles—what an inglorious termination to a manhood of useful activity. And yet how bright and cheerful and Godlike may an intelligent and reverend old age be made. None of Cicero's productions display so much the philosophy of his mind—the purity of his religion and his intentions, as his treatise, '*De Senectute.*' In it he has recorded the hopes which inspired him. '*Quod si in hoc erro, quid animos hominum immortales esse credam, libenter erro, nec mihi hunc errorem, quo delector, dum vivo, extorqueri volo*'—a proof he had passed beyond the mythology of his era. What a charm has he thrown around the occupations of venerable age, and how eloquently does he recommend the pursuits of philosophy and the study of the Grecian letters. Cumano in his Essay upon Temperance has illustrated the same subject with a captivating, because practical eloquence. It is a thesis alike instructive in this, as in the Augustan or any previous age. To read, to learn, to lay up the treasures of knowledge is as useful a duty with a view to the happy close of this life as to the enjoyment of the next. The soul dies not. Some believe its powers, its capacities, its aptitude in acquiring and in contemplation will pass with itself to immortality, and if we are to mingle in the society of superior natures, will we not enjoy in these regions of bliss and of enlarged contemplation, when the glory of the Universe will have burst upon us in its sublimer mysteries, and the pleasures of sense are at an end, a more exquisite enjoyment according to the intellectual grasp with which we can measure, comprehend, and admire them. This idea is curiously illustrated in the life of Crabbe, by his Son. 'He had a notion, perhaps somewhat whimsical, that we shall be gainers in a future state by the cultivation of the intellect, and always affixed a sense of this nature, also, to the more important meaning of the word 'talents' in the parable; and this stimulus doubtless increased his avidity for knowledge, at a period when such study was of little use besides the amusement of the present hour.' p. 297.

In a personal and worldly point of view, there is this marked distinction between the acquisition of wealth and the pursuits of learning.—The one sharpens our worldly knowledge, the tact, the cunning and hypocrisy of our souls.—We learn to deal better with other men, to speculate with more sagacity, to sell, and buy,

and barter upon more favourable terms. But while this sharpens, it also hardens the mind, contracts and deadens its nobler sympathies, and puts the heart under the tightest reins of a calculating judgment. Men may sometimes acquire a fortune by an adventitious chance and lucky speculation—but this is the exception, not the rule. In the larger majority of cases, wealth is amassed by a rigorous attention to petty details, to little savings, to an unceasing purveying about trifles, nothings apparently in themselves, but which add insensibly to the common heap. It requires attention as unbroken as it is selfish. Money becomes the alpha and omega, the altar and god of the soul. There may be no abandonment of principle, no dereliction of honesty, all the gains may be fair and honourable, but there are few seasons of yielding to the confiding, generous, and charitable tendencies. In this engrossing and exclusive pursuit comes the habits which accumulated it. Men cannot change their natures as they may wish. The old heaven clings to them, it cannot be cast off. Gold in such men's estimation becomes the standard of worth.—They value other men, not by their temper, their character, their talent, but by their thousands, and capability of acquisition. And yet how many examples do we see of men who have earned an honourable competence, with unblemished name, and who now are looked up to in our community as the first in every charitable enterprise, as kind and amiable in private life, and respected for their intellectual attainments, for their sagacity, good faith and honor. To many of them, as a younger man, I look up with respect and attachment. I argue not against wealth, for unless men accumulated it, science and literature would become torpid, and want the 'countenance of patrons,' and the leisure they require. I protest only against its being made the 'grand end' for which we live and die. I speak not so much from experience, or what I have seen, as from abstract views of human nature, and the monitions I have gathered from books.

The tendency of education is just the opposite. It improves, it expands, it ennobles the mind. An intelligent man may be equally industrious in acquiring wealth, but it is with a different view, and for a different end. He feels he has a consequence in society, he can command and ensure respect, by his powers of conversation, by his intellectual standing, independent of his income or balance at the bank, which, according to Bulwer, is now the true standard of English respectability. He has another empire than the stock exchange. He has not the heaps of gold, but he has that diviner and nobler wealth of mind, which, although intangible, is inseparable; and which only wastes and perishes with the decay and darkness of the mind itself.