

Whilst all labor is worthy of respect, literary pursuits have a dignity possessed by no other. One reason for this distinction lies in the fact that the mind is in its nature and functions nobler than the body. He who swings a hammer or drives a plane does an honorable thing; but he who by dint of tireless energy and unwearied concentration of thought, multiplies human power and adds to the world's knowledge achieves something grander and more enduring. He who sets a golden thought rolling down the ages is the source of truer benefits to the race and wins a nobler triumph than he who heads the illustrious peerage of human muscle. He who communes daily with the master spirits of the past and present, and whose intellect is trained by sound discipline, enlarged by careful study, and enriched from the exhaustless treasuries of Literature, lives on a higher level, and breathes a purer, more invigorating atmosphere than the denizen of commercial retreats. Beneath and all around he sees the busy haunts of men, the strife for power, the flash and glare of gold; on his awakened ear like gentle waves at sunset breaks the distant murmur. The scene paints on the retina of the spirit lessons, sage though sad and mournful. Above and over him stretch God's beauteous heavens speaking in a known but unwritten language. It is his to climb the towering mount of contemplation when sleep sheds grateful repose upon limbs weary of the work of counting-room and shop, and whilst the cool night breezes of inspiration fan his brow, to commune with silence and with self. He may see, but he heeds not the phantom forms that glide with bewitching mystery before the restless eye, and lure many into shades whence they never return. He gazes into the depths of things. The gaudy trappings of exterior show have for him no fascination. The revelings of gay society seem to his cultured task little better than the meaningless antics of idiocy. Never does he sip the poisoned waters that flow on every hand, for he quaffs from a fount supplied by perennial streams of crystal purity. True intellect and lofty refinement do not always dwell together. The most sinister motives may rule in a breast where glows the fire of genius. A capacious well-filled brain may be under the debasing

sway of a corrupt heart. How often do we see lofty mental endowments conjoined with low moral aims. Byron was a man of brilliant parts and a groveling sensualist. The vast height to which he rose only revealed the awful depth to to which he sank. The pursuit of sound learning is the highest employment known to man. Wisdom is priceless. It and it alone can confer lasting dignity. A fine establishment may surround a man with a dazzling glitter that makes him respectable in the opinion of the vulgar herd but which cannot win the esteem of the truly cultured. Never was knowledge at such a premium as at the present. The shades of night are fleeing away. A million long-worn fetters are breaking from human minds and leaving them free to engage untrammelled in the ennobling pursuit of truth. The channels of general thought are widening and deepening. Hearts beat more intelligently and so more feelingly. Complete national isolation is no longer possible. "The hands of human brotherhood are clasped beneath the sea." Prodigious strides in many departments are the order of this grand epoch. The mighty enginery of the press is shooting the light of secular knowledge around the globe. Intellect and not brute force is now recognized as the highest type of power. The natural outgrowth of all this is a marvellous increase in the demands of the age. A liberal education is to-day as valuable to a young man as a fortune, and aside from all mere pecuniary interests it is an imperishable crown. The study of Science, Philosophy and Art not only elevates and ennobles, but develops. It has a hand that moulds the rough features of the untutored and into forms chaste and beautiful. It leads into the noblest walks of life, and points with a radiant finger to prospects boundless in expanse, grand in their sublimity, exhaustless in wealth.

The youth whose settled object is to master the broad questions that thrust themselves upon his notice has a task that will severely test every energy of his three-fold being. It is his to weigh conflicting arguments, to analyze almost hopeless complications, to lay bare hidden fallacies. He who investigates truth in any of its varied forms digs in a mine of richest vein, but blows on blows with giant force alone can break the pre-