

is an image of that of his species. Knowledge has had its age of infancy, credulity and scepticism. The light, which was to the philosophers of old like a star, feebly flickering through the thick darkness of ignorance and superstition, no less worshipped and fondly cherished, has now broadened to a sun. So rapid and steady is the diffusion of knowledge in our days, that the boldest imagination dare not venture to assign it a limit.

It is not so with man's physical nature. The arm of a Roman gladiator was brawny as that of a British pugilist, and female beauty has never displayed such matchless power as when it trembled in the eyes, or danced in the step of Cleopatra. The shape we have received, moulded by the hands of God, we cannot transform; and to keep this mansion of the mind pure and uncontaminated, is a sufficient and easy duty. Leave it to fools and fops—those painted flies that dance in the sunbeam of fashion, to trick out the form in artificial graces, and study a posture and the adjustment of their external frippery with all the serious attention with which a philosopher would regard the belts of Jupiter, and think it more noble and exalting to develop the god-like element we possess, to extend its capacity, and awaken and direct its powers; to find in it treasures the world cannot take from us, and joys which leave no string; and conscious of its glorious destiny, strive to make it more and more resemble that intelligence, of which it is the faint and faded image.

Knowledge, in the earlier ages, was confined to a few, and being scanty, was deemed the more precious. Whether hoarded by the priests of Isis, in hieroglyphics which none but themselves could interpret; or prisoned in letters of gold in the illumined pages of monkish records by the priests of Rome; it was alike used as a means to ensure power and veneration; for the vulgar are ever prone to regard with superstitious awe that which is beyond their comprehension.

It was pursued by some, whose minds were colossal, and loom yet large and lofty through the distance of three thousand years, with a zeal which grew into a passion, and shutting themselves out from the world, they sacrificed the pleasures of friendship and the softer delights of love, and neither from the lust of fame nor the hope of wealth, devoted themselves to "scorn delights, and live laborious days," laying the trophies of their toil silently on the altar of science.

Some, again, more visionary and enthusiastic, wasted many a midnight lamp in the search for the philosopher's stone, and the elixir vitae, and in the mad pursuit after the impossible, stumbled upon many useful discoveries, and revealed many wonderful secrets which otherwise might have rested unnoticed and unknown. But whatever the motives which influenced those pioneers of knowledge, they have bequeathed to us an imperishable legacy, for which we owe them lasting praise and gratitude, more than will ever again be claimed from us, for none will ever again labour amid such doubts, and darkness, and difficulty. Every step they took was on ground where never human foot trod before, and not a landmark appeared to guide their way. The circle of science is now so extended that no one ever need fret that it has limits, or stand on its border like another Alexander, and sigh for new territories to conquer. The time has been when knowledge was forbidden fruit, and the sword of civil tyranny, or the darker horrors of religious bigotry were quick to avenge any infraction of their blind mandates; but that is past, and whoever refuses to receive its proffered benefits, his alone is the fault and the folly.

And what are these vaunted benefits, is demanded?

The end and aim of our being, it has been said, is happiness; and if any one will reflect for a moment to what the energies and aspirations of his own mind are directed, or turn his regards to the enduring struggle of life that is going on around him, and endeavour to penetrate the objects of the thousands that fret their busy hour on this earthly stage, he will not fail to assent to the truth of this maxim. Whatever, then, shall yield a pure and lasting pleasure, is justly an object of human hopes and human toils; and the reason why knowledge is not more eagerly pursued, is not that its powers of conferring pleasure are doubted, but that men, impelled hither by the strength of their untamed passions, or blinded by that very ignorance which the light of truth and intelligence can alone dispel; snatch the present, though fleeting joy, in preference to that which is evolved from slow and unceasing labour, forgetting that labour is itself a blessing, and ultimately so deemed.

Under the influence of that high and ennobling enthusiasm which fires the soul of the devotee of science, the mind expands, and, like the devices painted on a Chinese fan, the ideas which in the narrow soul lie distorted and obscure, gather form and truth as its faculties extend.

The material world around, arrays itself in new and more charming hues. The beautiful and harmonious laws stamped upon it by its Creator, are recognised. Things which to the ear of apathy are voiceless, preach to the student no less eloquently because mute. He finds "books in the running brooks," and "sermons in stones." The associations of poetry and history are ever ready to clothe the objects of his regard with a beauty which is not their own. The rose is to him not only the odorous flower which scents a corner of his garden, but it is the rose which poets in all time have sung, and to which they

have loved to liken that hue which on the maiden's cheek is the index of modesty, innocence, and youth; it is the rose which bloomed on the banners of Englishmen, met to slay each other in unholy civil strife, when blood was shed sufficient to incarnadine all the white roses that ever grew on her soil. The field whereon a nation's doom was decided—where a few stern sons of liberty made the banded legions of tyranny recoil, is not merely to him as Blenheim was to hold Caspar "a glorious victory." He can summon to his mind's eye the very scene, in the very hues of the time wherein it was enacted. Here was ranged the plumed pride of the invader, there the bold few resolute to conquer or die. Here charged the horseman, and were hurled back broken and dispirited from that dark front, there they took their craven flight. The glories of the heavens, which, to the eye of ignorance are but a confused multitude of lights are spread before him like an intelligible scroll—not to exalt in his eyes the vastness of his own comprehension, though it can pierce the unimaginable extent of space, but to call forth love, awe, and admiration for the God whose power pervades the infinite maze of worlds. A thousand sources of delight are thus opened to him among the objects of his daily contemplation, and he feels himself gradually rising to his true position as lord of the earth which he inhabits.

There is another enjoyment which is peculiarly his own. He can ransack the domains of literature, and make the wisdom of all the greatest and best that ever adorned the earth, tributary to his own intelligence. A good book, says Milton, is the precious lifeblood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life; and it is certainly a glorious privilege to make a closet companion of the sage, whose words are mottoes of wisdom, or walk abroad with the poet, and view nature through the coloured glass of genius. In such society the soul gradually dilates; for it is ever apt to assimilate itself to surrounding circumstances, and take the hue and form of the spirits of which it makes companions. If he have visions which should not pass away like cloud-shadows on the sea, leaving no trace of their existence, and the generous glow of emulation kindle in his breast, then he may freely commit to the world the written record of his musings, and have some time the consolation to know that his visions were not wholly vain, that some stray thought has been powerful to lighten a sorrow, strengthen a flagging resolution, or avert a crime. If he seek to climb the path of honourable fame, he will find himself possessing the indispensable requisite to every responsible position. No amount of honesty or devotion to duty would atone for a faulty education. The honesty had yet to be tested, and the industry might be misdirected.

If such appeals to the most susceptible side of human nature—self do not avail, it would be vain to point to the moral obligation under which every one lies to fit himself for fulfilling best his duties to society as a man and a citizen; or to urge that, however humble his position, he still sheds a sensible influence round him and is responsible for the effect of that influence. These are truths, to which, in Byron's words, every one assents, but no one believes; and there is no virtue whose yoke sits more uneasy than that of forbearance, or exertion for the good of our neighbour.

It is not too much to believe that these feelings shall yield before the steady advance of knowledge. The condition of man is daily being bettered. There are narrow-minded cavillers, who look with evil eye on the diffusion of truth and intelligence among the masses, and assert that the best way to lead the people is to blind them, and then they cannot quarrel with their guides. As if a people were to be always in leading strings, as if it were a light thing to throw back in the face of heaven its best gift! As if twenty million palpitating hearts and restless brains were likely long to remain chained to the will of a few selfish politicians. The advance of knowledge is as resistless and as independent of king or kaiser, as the impetuous tide which would not obey the voice of Conute. Like those twin pillars that heralded the march of the Israelites through the desert, the lights of Christianity and knowledge shall lead us on to that time when the slave and the tyrant shall be things that were, and mankind be brethren.—*The Literarium.*

#### THE EDUCATOR versus THE TEACHER.

The educator draws out latent powers.—The teacher puts in a given task.

The educator considers, the worse the material, the greater skill in working it.—The teacher does his task, and charges the material with the result.

The educator knows his subject to be infinite, and is always learning himself to put old things in a new form.—The teacher thinks he knows his subject, and that the pupil ought to know it too.

The educator loves his work, and every day finds fresh reason to love it.—The teacher goes through his work, and finds it more irksome every day.

The educator thinks nothing done till the food he gives his pupils is digested and craved for.—The teacher thinks everything done when he has poured out something before them.