

who has to make his own splints from a description that he finds in a magazine ten years old, is not in the way of stepping in advance of his time. The lawyer who to reach the circuit requires to swim a river and mend one or two bridges, who takes his own grain to the mill, and perhaps assists in the manufacture of the homespun trowsers he wears, probably is a broader shouldered specimen of humanity than his 'learned brother' in an older region; he understands the diseases of cattle and grinds his own razor, but to him law is precisely what it is made to his hand. The preacher, who like one in the adjoining province, is to be found nursing his child, and remarking 'this is my twentieth dear,' may have many fine patriarchal qualities; he can bleed a horse and put new tires on his waggon, he can prepare the skins of foxes and make a muff that comforts the hands of his lady wife; but if he can comprehend Calvin's Institutes, that must be a feat of intelligence on his part. It is not to be looked for that he should dare even to think of striking out new opinions. The politician of this primitive society, considering that he is a ship-builder, a miller, or a fisherman, or possibly a tavern-keeper, performs his part well at the assembly of notables; he takes care that as large a fraction as possible of the monies to be granted should fall to the share of his constituents. He knows well what it will cost to construct a new pole bridge over a creek, or to build an oat mill; none could surpass him in telling by the eye how many rods the new post road will be shorter than the old one, or in computing the expense of putting up a salmon weir; but you cannot expect anything from him in the style of Cicero against Catiline, or Chatham's reply to Sir Robert Walpole.

This century has its story, and one that we should love to decypher; but it is the story of what Carlyle would name brave dumb men, who wrote no books, uttered no eloquent harangues, but maintained as stout a contest with appalling difficulties, as has occurred at any point in the annals of our species. Before we come to Jonathan Edwards, we cannot think of a person whose reputation was much more than local. When we reach that divine, we have found one whose ability was equal to that of his European cotemporaries in the same walk. McIntosh in his history of philosophy, speaks of him as one of the acutest thinkers that ever lived. Chalmers was wont to mention him in terms even less measured, and to name him the greatest of created minds. He that could elicit deep admiration from two writers of such admitted talent, could not have been an ordinary person. His was one of the metaphysical minds that have applied themselves to the elucidation of the Calvinistic system. He had not that inventive disposition that could have increased the domain of theology by adding new topics. Neither was he one of those who accepting what had been already ascertained, rendered it more attractive by the ornaments and illustrations which he drew around it. His forte consisted in arguing up to the tenets admitted in his creed. Perhaps the best example