

tained in what is termed "light reading," if these moments were employed in gaining some knowledge of those works of nature immediately around him, we can scarcely estimate the result. Happily there are some noble examples of men, who have devoted their hours of relaxation from severe manual labor to the acquisition of natural science, and, in many cases, their attainments would do honor to the closest student. In this way, many valuable collections have been gathered, in the various departments of natural science, as Geology, Mineralogy, and Botany; and many a cabinet of dried insects and stuffed animals in the poor man's home, attests the practicability of prosecuting these studies, under similar circumstances.

It is, however, generally true, that unless there be a strong natural bias in that direction, the uneducated working-man will not voluntarily seek his recreation here. He must be encouraged to do so. The man of cultivated mind and refined feelings walks forth under the canopy of the starry sky and moonlit firmament. As he looks up to the shining vault, his heart thrills with emotions of sublimity. On the same evening, perhaps in the same neighborhood, a weary laborer returning from his daily toil looks up to the same sky, but no emotion of sublimity or beauty swells in his bosom. If he thinks of the moon and stars at all, it is only as lighting him home from his toil. Why this difference? We must ascribe much, perhaps most of it, to their different circumstances in life. In the one, the original tendency of the mind to admire what is beautiful and wonderful in nature has been strengthened; in the other, repressed. But there are thousands above the reach of want, who are under no necessity of working for their daily bread, who can see nothing to admire in nature. They cannot understand the zest with which the naturalist pursues his favorite study. They call it the merest folly to spend so much time in examining "bits of rocks," or in studying the structure and habits of quadrupeds, birds, and insects. To their obtuse minds, it seems as child's play to be so charmed with the delicate organization and brilliant hue of a simple flower, blossoming on the highway, which the first careless foot may crush. *They* are more *nobly* engaged in collecting heaps of shining dust, which too soon the "rust will corrupt." They are bending all the energies of their immortal minds to gain a treasure, which, even if gained, will perish with the using. So fully have