

In harmony, and the pure passions prove
How sweet the words of truth breathed from the lips
of Love.

What cannot art and industry perform,
When Science plans the progress of their toil !
They smile at penury, disease, and storm ;
And oceans from their mighty mounds recoil.
When tyrants scourge, or demagogues embroil
A land, or when the rabble's headlong rage
Order transforms to anarchy and spoil,
Deep vers'd in man the philosophic sage
Prepares with lenient hand their frenzy to assuage.

'Tis he alone, whose comprehensive mind,
From situation, temper, soil and clime
Explor'd, a nation's various powers can bind
And various orders, in one form sublime
Of polity, that midst the wrecks of time,
Secure shall lift its head on high, nor fear
Th' assault of foreign or domestic crime,
While public faith, and public love sincere,
And Industry and Law maintain their sway severe.
—BEATTIE.

THE TRUE PROVINCE OF SCIENCE.

"What some call the progress of science, and others call its encroachments, is undoubtedly the great facts of modern thought, and it implies a more critical method of inquiry applied to subjects not before dealt with in so strict a manner. The effect has been, that many subjects, formerly widely separated from the recognized sciences, have been brought nearer to them, and have passed more or less completely under the influence of the scientific method of investigation. Whatever subjects involve access-

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