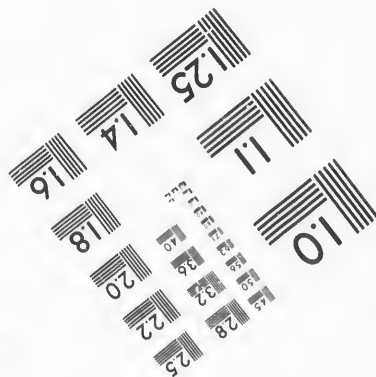
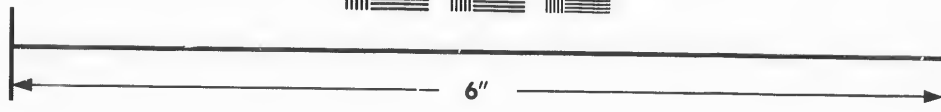
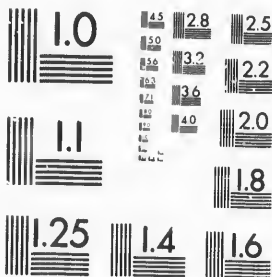


**IMAGE EVALUATION
TEST TARGET (MT-3)**



**Photographic
Sciences
Corporation**

23 WEST MAIN STREET
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580
(716) 872-4503

**CIHM/ICMH
Microfiche
Series.**

**CIHM/ICMH
Collection de
microfiches.**



Canadian Institute for Historical Microreproductions / Institut canadien de microreproductions historiques

© 1987

Technical and Bibliographic Notes/Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Showthrough/
Transparence

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Includes supplementary material/
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire

Only edition available/
Seule édition disponible

Pages wholly or partially obscured by errata slips, tissues, etc., have been refilmed to ensure the best possible image/
Les pages totalement ou partiellement obscurcies par un feuillet d'errata, une pelure, etc., ont été filmées à nouveau de façon à obtenir la meilleure image possible.

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
				<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>							

The copy filmed here has been reproduced thanks to the generosity of:

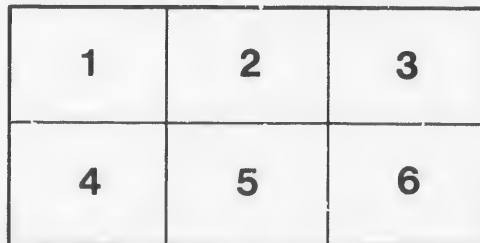
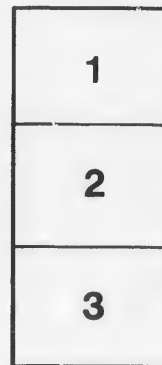
The Nova Scotia
Legislative Library

The images appearing here are the best quality possible considering the condition and legibility of the original copy and in keeping with the filming contract specifications.

Original copies in printed paper covers are filmed beginning with the front cover and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression, or the back cover when appropriate. All other original copies are filmed beginning on the first page with a printed or illustrated impression, and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression.

The last recorded frame on each microfiche shall contain the symbol \rightarrow (meaning "CONTINUED"), or the symbol ∇ (meaning "END"), whichever applies.

Maps, plates, charts, etc., may be filmed at different reduction ratios. Those too large to be entirely included in one exposure are filmed beginning in the upper left hand corner, left to right and top to bottom, as many frames as required. The following diagrams illustrate the method:



L'exemplaire filmé fut reproduit grâce à la générosité de:

The Nova Scotia
Legislative Library

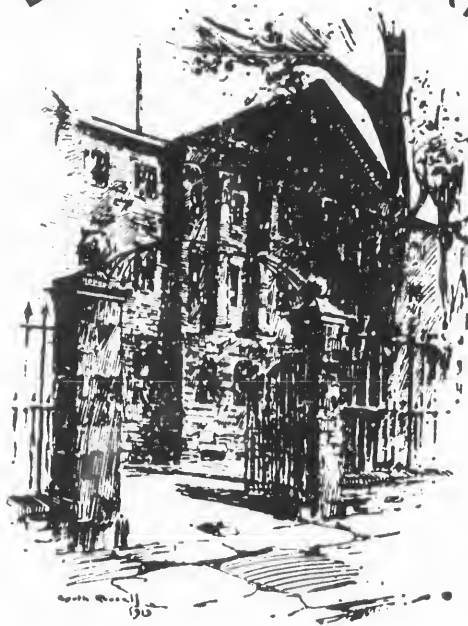
Les images suivantes ont été reproduites avec le plus grand soin, compte tenu de la condition et de la netteté de l'exemplaire filmé, et en conformité avec les conditions du contrat de filmage.

Les exemplaires originaux dont la couverture en papier est imprimée sont filmés en commençant par le premier plat et en terminant soit par la dernière page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration, soit par le second plat, selon le cas. Tous les autres exemplaires originaux sont filmés en commençant par la première page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration et en terminant par la dernière page qui comporte une telle empreinte.

Un des symboles suivants apparaîtra sur la dernière image de chaque microfiche, selon le cas: le symbole \rightarrow signifie "A SUIVRE", le symbole ∇ signifie "FIN".

Les cartes, planches, tableaux, etc., peuvent être filmés à des taux de réduction différents. Lorsque le document est trop grand pour être reproduit en un seul cliché, il est filmé à partir de l'angle supérieur gauche, de gauche à droite, et de haut en bas, en prenant le nombre d'images nécessaire. Les diagrammes suivants illustrent la méthode.

NOVA SCOTIA
LEGISLATIVE LIBRARY



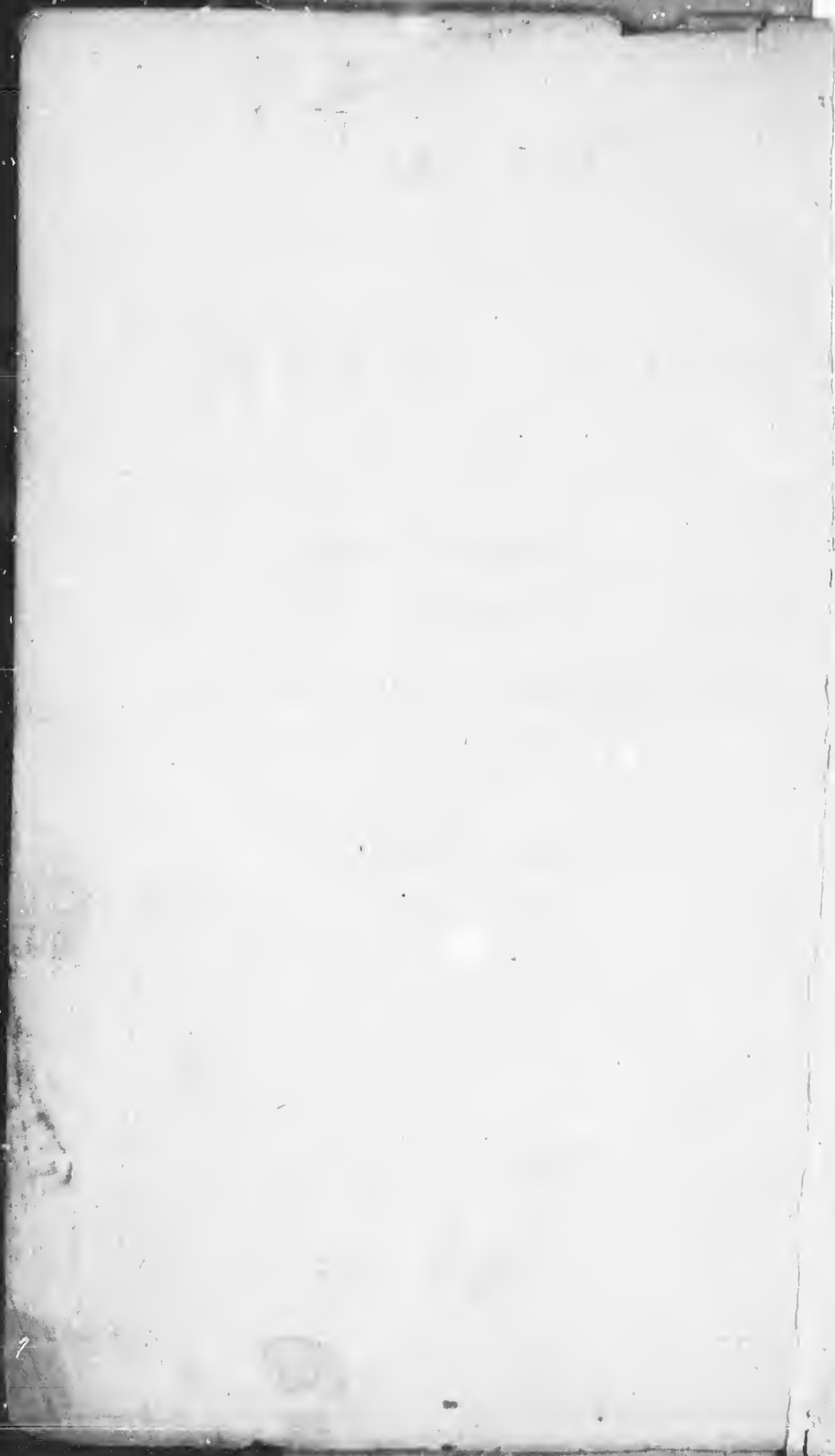
PROVINCE HOUSE

5261

The Men for the Age.

A LECTURE,

BY REV. THOMAS CRISP, A. B.



THE MEN
FOR
THE AGE.

A LECTURE,

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

Halifax Young Men's Christian Association,

ON TUESDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 20, 1859.

BY

REV. THOMAS CRISP, 'A. B.

Halifax, N. S.:

PRINTED AT THE WESLEYAN CONFERENCE STEAM PRESS.

1859.

13

C

263

On
che
its
ye
sel
gr
hu
yo
su
by
us
st
hi
w
th
w
an
v
m

o
r
i
l

THE MEN FOR THE AGE.

"LIFE bears us on like the stream of a mighty river. Our boat at first glides down the narrow channel, through the playful murmuring of the little brook, and the winding of its grassy borders. The trees shed their blossoms over our young heads; the flowers on the brink seem to offer themselves to our young hands; we are happy in hope, and we grasp eagerly at the beauties around us; but the stream hurries on, and still our hands are empty. Our course in youth and manhood is along a wider and deeper flood, amid subjects more striking and magnificent. We are animated by the moving picture of enjoyment and industry passing us; we are excited at some short-lived disappointment. The stream bears us on, and our joys and griefs are alike left behind. We may be shipwrecked; we cannot be delayed; whether rough or smooth, the river hastens to its home, till the roar of the ocean is in our ears, and the tossing of the waves is beneath our feet, and the land lessens from our eyes, and the floods are lifted around us, and we take our further voyage where there is no witness save the Infinite and Eternal."

This is a graphic picture drawn by that attentive observer of men and nature—Bishop Heber. It portrays that onward rush which has ever marked the course of time since time existed. It depicts that swiftly passing scene which opens when life is ushered into being, and closes when the spirit takes its

everlasting flight. It pictures life in every age of the world's history. But I doubt whether there was ever a period when it was so strikingly applicable to man's career upon earth as at the present. The age we live in is a peculiar one, and one chief feature of its peculiarity is its *rapidity*. Everything appears to be in rapid movement. We learn faster, work faster, trade faster, travel faster, and live faster; we see more, know more, do more in the course of our lifetime, than any of those who have trod the earth before us. The average period of our temporal existence is not increased; but there are more events—more changes—more knowledge—more of every thing which constitutes life, crowded into that period now, than at any previous age in the history of our race. Our ancestors before the flood, who counted their years by hundreds, knew far less of life than our modern sage of three score years and ten. The stripling of to-day has lived longer than his great grandfather who died half a century ago at the good old age of eighty.

In days gone by, men travelled all their life-time in the same old lumbering coaches, beheld in youth and gray hairs the same old stunted ships—lived and died in the same old antiquated houses. But now the man that has not measured more than half life's allotted span, has seen change rapidly succeeding change, improvement following improvement, invention giving place to invention, till at length he finds that the old coach, whose rattling wheels and reeking team he and his father before him had admired with all the admiration of a ride-loving boy, has vanished before the untiring strides of the horse of iron, and his gliding, noiseless train; the ancient ships whose heavy prows and clumsy rig he was early taught to consider the wondrous perfection of naval art, now taking the form of the graceful and rapid steamer; and the time-honored family cottage which had sheltered his birth, no longer as it stood, and still stands in his fond memory of early

days, but transformed into the imposing structure of the stately mansion. These and a thousand other changes have taken place within the narrow limits of his half-spent life. These are the products of the present age; and they are not yet completed,—their development may perhaps be but just begun. We know not what marvels even this generation may yet behold. Every thing is rushing onwards. Event follows event, crisis comes crushing on crisis, with such endless succession, that we no sooner begin to wonder at one, than we are surprised by the startling presence of another. Our business, our customs, our arts and sciences, are all borne along on the great tidal wave of progress. *Rapidity* is the characteristic feature of the age.

But here arises the main question for our consideration at present. What of the *Men*?—those who are the intelligent *actors* in this ever moving, shifting scene? *They* are necessarily borne onward too. They cannot stem the rushing tide; they cannot stop its onward progress. Stop its progress! why, whoever attempted it would be just as successful as the Dutchman who lost his hat overboard, and thought to stop the steamer's way to recover it by putting his shoulder to the mast. The Men form a part and parcel of the Age. They cannot arrest its course. Circumstances over which they have no control require that it should advance. A power as irresistible as that which impels the burning comet through boundless space drives it forward. Men cannot hinder it. What then are they to do? Why, there is only one thing which, under the circumstances, they can do. If they cannot accommodate the tendency of the *times* to *themselves*, they must accommodate *themselves* to the tendency of the *times*. If they cannot arrest the onward movement of the Age, they can at least endeavor to keep up with it. They can aim to *regulate*, if not *retard* its progress. They can step aside for a moment, and mark the course of events transpiring around

them,—consider their own position and the path which lies before them. They can reflect and see what traits of disposition need most to be cherished, what points of character need most to be developed, what powers and energies need most to be exercised; in order that they may secure and retain a creditable, influential and useful place in the age in which they live. And this is what I propose to discuss briefly with the young men assembled here to night, under the auspices of this Christian Association.

“What are you good for?” said a gentleman to a knot of young urehins, who were laying down the law to each other in ail the confidence of their boyish pride. “Good for?” answered one of them, drawing himself up to impress the inquisitor with a sense of, at least, his own importance, “Why, we are good to make men of!” The answer was a wise one. The ambitious youth knew that he was not always going to be a youth: and he probably looked forward to the time when he would be as great a man among his fellow *men*, as he now was among his fellow *boys*. I do not put this question to you, my young friends, or doubtless your pride would be as sorely wounded as was that of this youthful aspirant, while perhaps the questioner would not get off so easily. You are good for something, I should be sorry to be thought for one moment to doubt it;—if for nothing else, you are good to make men of—*experienced, useful, influential Men*. Men of some sort, if spared, you must be. In the rapid march of time, you will soon find yourselves in the place of those now before you. A few short years, and you will probably know more of life’s cares and anxieties, as well as joys and comforts, than you do now. That roving, unfettered liberty in which you now rejoice, will be curtailed by more restraining ties. You will have settled down as the steady-going, home-loving, children-petting, family man. But more than that.—You will have taken a station of grave responsibility. You

will have gained a standing point which will give you, either for good or evil, immense influence. You will be the *Men of the Age*—the prime actors on the stage of life. You will be in a position to give a tone and character to your Times—to regulate that mighty moving mass of thought and action which constitutes the living *world*. It is with *this* prospect before you, that I venture to throw out for your consideration a few practical, and according to my judgment, important hints. And if they shall prove effectual in leading you to reflect upon the critical position of a life you now occupy, and in stimulating you to aim amidst all the shifting and hurrying and bustling of the Age, at that noble one which is within your reach, I shall have accomplished my object, and be thankful.

The Age requires Men that start in life with *high aims*. Time was, when men could make their way easily through the world with little labor and no ambition, and the consequence was that there existed a disposition to become careless and indolent. Little was devised, and still less effected for the benefit of mankind. Everything was stagnant; nothing progressed. The world was at a stand. But the times have changed. The world has received an impulse. Everything is in motion. It is an age of *action*:—and whoever will keep pace with its progress, and take part in its great operations, must set out with *high aims*.

“If I might speak as a monitor,” said a recent lecturer before Young Men in England, “my whole exhortation might be comprised in a single word—and that word would be—*ASPIRE*.” And this sentiment, which was uttered in Exeter Hall, London, I would reiterate in Temperance Hall, Halifax. There is a laudable aspiration—you may call it ambition, or what you like—that should possess the breast of every youth that launches forth upon the sea of life. If there is a contemptible being upon earth, it is the man that

sits listlessly on the wave of time, suffering himself to be borne onward, and buffeted about at its pleasure, and merely contenting himself to keep his head above water. One of the few things I remember in connection with that obnoxious book to boys, Lennie's Grammar—and perhaps this was impressed upon my memory by something more potent than words—was being required to parse this sentence: "Man is not such a machine as a clock or a watch, which moves merely as it is moved." Whether I ever managed to parse it correctly I don't remember, and where William Lennie got the sentence I don't know, but it has often struck me as containing a wholesome truth. Man is not an *automaton*, and God never intended that he should be a *mope*. He has been put in possession of marvelous powers, which he is called upon to train and develop for their destined use. He inhabits a body fearfully and wonderfully made, which requires his support, attention, and care. He has been endowed with a noble intellect, which it is alike his duty and his privilege to expand. He has been entrusted with talents, which demand an exercise and improvement. He is gifted with an immortal spirit, which he is solemnly bound to get fitted for a place at the right hand of God. The age we live in, our position, our responsibilities, the very nature of our existence, requires that each one should start upon the journey of life with that noble and illustrious motto—EXCELSIOR ! EXCELSIOR !!

But the Age further requires Men of a *purpose*—men who live for an *object*. No one acts mechanically,—we never move a finger without a reason. Men will never set their whole thoughts and energies in motion, unless there is an end in view worthy of the effort. If we are to aspire we must aspire to something. What is it? Ah! what is it, my young friends, that is worthy of your aspiration? Your powers of body and mind tell you that it is nothing ignoble,

—nothing mean. You would not go to the trouble of furnishing a man with a crowbar to overturn a pebble. Your noble faculties call for something of like quality upon which to work,—they point to something lofty as the end of their creation. What, then, is that end?

And here I must refer to one or two of those prime objects which are frequently adopted. There is a strong, and I fear growing, disposition to regard as the *summum bonum* of our existence the acquisition of *wealth*. It is a tendency of the Age, growing out of the Age's progress and competition. Ward Beecher has well described it: "We say a man is *made*. What do we mean? That he has got the control of his lower instincts, so that they are only fuel to his higher feelings, giving force to his nature? That his affections are like vines, sending out on all sides blossoms and clustering fruits? That his tastes are so cultivated that all beautiful things speak to him, and bring him their delights? That his understanding is opened, so that he walks through every hall of knowledge and gathers its treasures? That his moral feeling is so developed and quickened, that he holds sweet commune with heaven? Oh no! none of these things! He is cold and dead in mind, in heart, and soul. Only his passions are alive; but—*he is worth five hundred thousand dollars!*" "And we say a man is *ruined*. Are his wife and children dead? Oh no! Have they had a quarrel, and are they separated from him? Oh no! Has he lost his reputation through crime? No. Is his reason gone? Oh no, it is as sound as ever. Is he struck through with disease? No;—*he has lost his property, and he is ruined!*" This picture is quaint, but it is true. How debasing to human dignity to pay such worship to that glittering, deceitful goddess, Mammon! Wealth—base, sordid, uncertain wealth; what an object for the adoration of an immortal spirit! Get riches, and in what respect are you a better or a nobler man? Wealth

does not constitute, it is not even an ingredient in, *true greatness*.

Degrading as it is for man to make the great purpose of life the accumulation of wealth, equally degrading is it to make it the attainment of pleasure—sensual, earthly, groveling *pleasure*. The American orator has insinuated the comparative worthlessness of the one; Scotland's greatest poet shall give us the empty nature of the other:

“Pleasures are like poppies spread—
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;
Or like the snow-falls in the river—
A moment white, then melt forever;
Or like the borealis race—
That flit ere you can point their place;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form—
Evanishing amid the storm.”

There is an object which may perhaps be called a branch of pleasure, that has always, among persons of not very lofty minds, claimed and received a large share of attention. I don't exactly know how to describe it, but it develops itself somewhat after this manner: A young man spends a great deal of thought, and not a little money, in endeavoring to keep his habiliments trimmed to the prevailing *fashion*, and fancies he has failed in the great desideratum of existence, if he cannot keep his appearance up to the *newest style*. It has always appeared to me that the only lawful result of this disposition to idolize fashion, is to exalt most highly one particular branch of our industrial population. If a man has obtained the highest object of life when his personal appearance is perfectly in accordance with the popular taste, the only persons who have reason to be proud of his position are those that have placed him there—*his tailors*; while he himself has no more cause for self-satisfaction than would a block of marble or wood if similarly attired. I must, how-

ever, do the young *men* of the present day the credit to say that I don't think that all the time, and thought, and expense lavished upon this foolish, senseless failing, are contributed by *them*. A story is told of an artist in the days of good old Queen Bess, who was engaged to represent in painting the people of all nations in their accustomed apparel. He pictured the different nations accordingly; but when he came to the Englishman he painted him all naked, with a bundle of cloth under his arm, and then wrote under him these words: "This man must make his clothes to his own liking, for his fashion changes so often that I really don't know how to make them." The allusion is made to the habits of the people generally, but it is not stated whether it was intended to apply particularly to the *males* or *females*.

These are objects which men sometimes place before themselves as the most desirable to be attained in life. Need I ask are they worthy ones? Riches, Pleasures, Fashions, are these, or their like, fit subjects to absorb the thoughts and stand as the highest aim of Man? Has he been furnished with that wonderful machinery for thought and action that it should work upon material, and produce results so valueless and mean? No; Young Men, there are objects far higher, more ennobling, than these, that demand the exercise of your manly energies and extensive powers. It is that you may reap that pure enjoyment which a faithful application of your talents, whatever they may be, will assuredly bring you. It is that as long as you live you may be in a position to benefit your fellow man; and that when you die the world may *feel your loss*. It is that every faculty you possess may be called into exercise, to glorify your God upon earth and fitted to enjoy Him forever. These, my friends, are objects worth living for. For *this* end every power of body or mind with which your Creator has endowed you, should be trained to the full extent to which it is susceptible, or your

circumstances permit you to train it. To accomplish *this* end I would have you, in whatever position in life your lot is cast, avail yourselves of every lawful means to acquire *wisdom* and *knowledge*, *advancement*, and even *wealth*. Set *that* end before you as the great purpose of your life, and then let your stimulating watchword ever be,—
ASPIRE.

The Age requires, Men of a *persevering spirit*. Amidst its bustling, varying, shifting movements, there is too much of a feverish desire of change. Novelty is the order of the day—a running here and there for something new; and this begets a feeling of dissatisfaction with everything that is old. A man sets out in life with a fair prospect of success; but before he is gone far he gets tired of his occupation, or is allured by something he fancies to be better, or some difficulty, real or imaginary, presents itself, and he becomes discontented and discouraged. He must try some other business, or seek some other clime. He makes a change; soon, probably, to become more dissatisfied than before, and he must change again: and thus he goes on, and finds himself at the close of life just at the same point from which he started. A party of persons, in good circumstances, took it into their heads the other day to migrate from my native Province of Prince Edward Island. They had heard of the fertile soil, the luscious fruit, the boundless wealth, and, above all, the balmy air to be found in the colony of New Zealand; and all at once they discovered (for it never, I believe, struck one of them before) that the long and severe winters to which they had been accustomed were unbearable, and that, because times were not just then as bright as usual, famine was about to destroy their Island home. They went,—commiserating their hapless friends left behind to be starved to death with hunger, or frozen to death with the cold,—but these have survived to hear that the enegades have discovered their

New Zealand soil to be of little value; fruit rarely to be seen; provisions enormously expensive; employment scarcely to be obtained; none of their expectations realized; and but few prospects to cheer them,—except their warm winter. And such is too frequently the disposition and experience of the Age. Men are too prone to make mountains out of mole-hills when they happen to be in their road, and to see every path strewn with flowers, except that on which they themselves are travelling.

But these are not the Men the Age requires. Such are not the men to make their way through life with credit, and to attain to positions of influence and respectability. We want men of a *patient, untiring, persevering, spirit*; men, that having once entered upon the path of duty, will not be easily allured or frightened out of it; men that will smile at small difficulties, and boldly grapple with great ones. Men that in the strength of God will take up their armor, and whether the contest be with the ills of life, the foes of freedom, or the enemies of the immortal soul, never lay them down again, till they do as victors. This is the spirit that has made our eminent lawyers, our influential mechanics, our wealthy merchants. This is the spirit that has raised up our distinguished warriors, our renowned statesmen, our devoted Christians. This is the spirit that has placed our glorious British nation in the vanguard of the world. This is the spirit that has spread the blessings of our holy, still more glorious Christianity among millions upon millions of benighted men.

Young Man, in whatever you undertake cherish *this* spirit, and you cannot fail. Select your course, get fairly started. *Lay hold of the right*, and then *persevere*. If you should get a tumble get quietly up again, improve by the experience, and go firmly on. If you meet with an obstacle across the king's high-way, walk boldly up to it. And if you do not

frighten it away—as you probably will—by your determined look, make an effort to scale it. If you can't get over it, try to get under it. If you can't do that, then try to pull it down. If you are not able alone, get some of your friends to help you. If after all you are unsuccessful, it is time enough then to go a dozen miles round to avoid it. And if you find yourself walled up on all sides, why, it is time enough then to sit down in despair. The poet has well described the persevering man :

——“If a duty were to be performed,
Straight to the mark, like arrow from a bow
He darted, passing crowds of busy men,
Who turned, and wondered why he went so fast,
And why he went at all. But on he went,
Mountains and rivers never checked his course,
Nothing could daunt him.”

“Ah! but I have seen
The swiftest arrow *blunted* at the point
By the hard rock on which it struck.”

“You have!
And I have seen the blunted arrow *sharpened*,
The metal newly tempered, and the weight
So nicely balanced,—it went whizzing by,
With piercing certainty, and in the *mark*:
It quivered. Yes—give me the dauntless man,
Who flinches not from labor or fatigue,
But moves right on upon the path of duty.
God will stand by the man who boldly stands
By God's command,—will give him energy
And courage *now*; and *after* give success.”

The Age requires Men that *are willing to labor*. There is no greater impediment to a young man's progress in life—nothing more effectual to keep him low in the scale of being, than an aversion to, and shrinking from, active, laborious employment. I have heard of a man who declared that if it had been *called* any thing else he could manage it very well, but he never could get over that intolerable name—Work.

Whether it is the name that frightens people now-a-days I don't know. It is certain, however, that from some cause or other, there prevails a great objection to the thing itself. There is no lack of a love for shifting and scheming and speculating, but there is a lack of love for *honest, healthy, active Work*. I have no desire to depreciate those who can turn their brains to good account in promoting an honest advancement; but I certainly do depreciate those who are unwilling to work at all,—or are desirous, no matter what their position, to make the head do all the labor, and suffer the hands and feet to do none. And I do say that these are not the Men the Age requires: there are enough of them already. We want men that are willing to use *all* their powers; men that in whatever condition of life they are placed, have an eye to *see* what is necessary to be done, and heart to *do* it. Men that will not waste an hour in scheming and contriving how they may get a piece of labor effected, without bending their own backs, ruffling their own clothes, or smarting their own fingers, when at the risk of this little inconvenience, they could easily accomplish it themselves in five minutes. We want men that are neither too *proud* nor too *indolent* to *work*. "Action, action," was the motto of Demosthenes, and by following its principle, he rendered his own name as immortal as the classic land of his birth.

Young Man, the world is before you. You have to make your own place in it. If you wish that place to be an honorable one, don't be afraid of work. There is *dignity* in labor: it is only your shallow-brained upstart that would consider it *mean*. Never be ashamed of healthy, thrifty, honest labor. Don't mind what other people think or say of you for working; they are just as likely to find fault with you if you don't. A gentleman had occasion to require a little piece of manual labor. Thinking it not worth while to employ a man to do it, he set about it himself. His opposite neighbor seeing him,

exclaimed, "Look at so and so, he is so miserably mean that he would rather do that job himself than pay some poor fellow a trifle for doing it." The other heard it, and began to think that perhaps it was, as we used to say at College, *infra dig.*, beneath his dignity to be thus engaged. The next time he required the same work done, he hired a man to perform it. His same observing neighbor was considerate enough to remark—"There is a man that would actually take the trouble to go after a laborer and pay him to do that little job, and then waste his time in watching him at it, when he might have done it all himself in ten minutes. What a despicable thing it is to be lazy!"

Then, my friends, you want to acquire *knowledge*—labor for it. Do not depend upon your natural abilities, however bright they may be. It is only by hard, determined, inflexible application that you can develop the powers of body or of mind. Labor is the only road to wealth, and labor is the only road to wisdom. There is no royal path now-a-days to either. The son of our illustrious sovereign, the Prince of Wales, has to go to Oxford, as well as the son of the poor country parson. Aye, and if he will know as much as his humble compeer, he will have to *study* too.

"There's no royal road to greatness,
Men must ever climb to fame:
All the wealth in misers' coffers
Would not buy a deathless name.
Is a noble goal before you?
Would you great achievements dare?
Brother, then, be up and doing;
Brother, you must 'win and wear!'

'Tis the lesson nature teaches
All throughout her wide domain;
And the text from which she preaches
Is, 'that labor leads to gain.'

Moral worth and honest merit—
 Brighter crowns than monarch's bear—
 These you never can inherit :
 Brother, these you 'win and wear.'”

The Age requires Men of a *self-relying confidence*. The world is now so full of societies, and associations, and companies, that men are in danger of losing sight of their individuality. Let me not be supposed to despise or think lightly of united effort : union is strength ; and when there are great works to be accomplished, nothing can be so effectual as combined exertions ; but I speak of their tendency to lessen the efforts, and weaken the self-confidence of individuals. We get into the habit of supposing that we can do little or nothing, unless we have the co-operation of others. The individual is prone to hide himself in the mass ; and nothing proves a greater drawback to his usefulness and advancement. It is well that we should have props to support us in infancy—that we should have leading strings to walk in, when we are absolutely unable to walk without them. But it is well also, that in due time these props and leading strings should be removed, and we left to our own resources. That beautiful sample of scientific skill, the arch, must be properly supported while it is being turned, but when the key-stone is inserted the form is withdrawn—the arch settles down upon its own strength, and the more weight is placed upon it, the firmer it becomes. Is there a youth that has been raised in luxury and ease, sheltered and protected by his parents or friends ? Is he inclined to lean on them still for support, to avoid personal responsibilities, to live entirely under the guidance of others, and to remain secure from all the difficulties and dangers of active life ? then, let me tell him, that while he does so he will never rise above the level of a helpless, useless, dependant. If he wishes to become anybody, or anything—if he ever expects to attain a

position of manly and creditable independence—he will knock away these supports from himself, even if his friends are not anxious to withdraw them from him. The old eagle drives her young out of the nest, to try their wings and develop their strength, and thus teaches them to cleave the air for themselves, that they may be able to rise above the storm—a wholesome example for indulgent parents, if they would see their offspring prepared to meet the storms and hardships of life. The great majority of those who have made their way to eminence and distinction were early thrown upon their own resources. Daniel Webster and Henry Clay—names of which our American neighbors may well be proud—began their career penniless and friendless, but with an indomitable energy and self-relying spirit. At the age of 17, John Prideaux left his father's humble cottage: his worldly all consisting of a change of linen and a few coins in a leathern bag; some years after he returned, one of the greatest scholars of the day, and Bishop of Worcester. Robert Stephenson commenced life as the son of an obscure day-laborer, working with his father, for a few shillings a day, in a coal-pit. He left behind him at its close, the other day, half a million of money, the noblest achievements of engineering skill in the world, and a deathless fame. Dr. Livingston, who learned the rudiments of Latin over a spinning-jenny, qualified himself, by his own exertions, to become one of the greatest travellers of the age, and to carry the glorious Gospel of Jesus (as he is now doing) to the very *centre* of benighted Africa! But why enumerate? In every rank we find men that were early left to the exercise of their own powers, trained in the rough experience of life to bear its hardships, and to perform its duties; and almost invariably we find them, noted by their life, and esteemed by their fellows, as men of *influence*, *respectability*, and *worth*.

In inculcating *self-reliance*, do not think, my young friends, that I want to cherish that despicable spirit that is sometimes put in its place—*self-conceit*. There is quite enough of that among the young already. Perhaps the present age has the share of other ages and its own besides : certainly no previous one could boast of more. There is your narrow-minded, vain-conceited, youth, who is several inches taller in his own estimation now at 20, than he will be at 35. Friends and relatives may advise and suggest, urge and persuade him for his good ; but he has so much moral buckrum about him that he cannot stoop to listen to their counsel. He thinks it would destroy his manhood forever if he should attend to the voice of experience and age. He has little to do, and spends his time in making himself, in his own eyes, an accomplished *gent*, but in the eyes of every one else a pitiable *fop*. There is your young half-taught mechanic, who thinks he knows as much, if not more, than his master. He breaks away from his restraint, to try the world alone, and comes out a miserable *botch*. And there is your flighty young clerk, who fancies himself an accomplished merchant. He is ready to risk his thousands, even where experienced heads have failed ; and turns out a mortified, and, not unlikely, dishonest *bankrupt*. These characters are plentiful enough. It is not such a spirit as this I wish to encourage, my friends, when I advise you to rely upon your own resources. I don't want any to run away with the idea that he is the wisest man in the world,—that he knows everything, and there is nothing more that he can know. I don't wish you to conceive that you are ready to walk over every body's head before you have a leg to stand upon. I don't want you to *overrate* your powers ; but to have a correct idea of what your powers *are*. I don't want you to scorn to acquire knowledge ; I want you to make the best use of what knowledge you get. I want you to combine *self-confidence*

with *humility*: to have a just sense of the imperfection of your attainments; but, at the same time, of the vast amount which you can, nevertheless, accomplish, if you call these attainments into active use. First—Get your arch erected. Raise the necessary structure of elementary knowledge. Get hold of *right principles*, as the *key-stone*, to unite, complete, and give strength to the whole; and then knock away the props; settle down upon your own bearings; learn to become self-supporting; and you will find, that with your increasing trials will come enlarged experience, accumulated wisdom, and consolidated strength. Bring your own powers to the test; and manly vigor, talent to plan, and energy to execute, will soon be developed. You will become a *successful*, and may become a *useful and influential man*.

The Age requires Men possessing *decision of character*;—men that will heartily say *Yes*, if convinced of the right, but wæen satisfied of the wrong, can as firmly say *No*. Firmness is a most valuable trait. Without it a man is not worth a button, nor ever can be. Without it a man becomes a good natured nobody. The poverty-stricken possessor of but one solitary principle, that of obliging everybody under the sun, merely for the asking. He is like the judge who invariably decided according to the views of the closing speech. Having no mind of his own, such a man is a mere cypher, without weight of character, and utterly destitute of influence. He can never command the respect or esteem of his fellow-men; all that he ever will command is a sort of patronizing pity. The man to be respected and admired, and who will carry multitudes with him, whether right or wrong, is he who plants his foot upon a spot, and keeps it there, no matter what may oppose him;—the very rage of opposition but gives new inspiration to his stability of purpose, and makes him see that that he is so much the more a man. It is said of Washington, that he was never known to desert a cause which he had

once embraced, or change an opinion which, from a full knowledge of facts, he had deliberately formed. In this respect Washington was a model; and his career testifies that there is nothing lost by being firm.

Young Men, if you want to make the most of life, let your character be marked by *decision*. You will effect an immense saving of time, of labor and of trouble by being decided. Why, some people spend half their time in trying to make up their minds on matters that come before them, and after all remain in that pitiable state of uncertainty, the most wearing and unhappy of all states. They continue to vacillate and waver, and one half that they do brings them dissatisfaction and vexation, because it is done without any fixedness of purpose. My friends, learn to act in all your undertakings, whether great or small, with decided firmness. After due consideration, make up your mind about every thing that demands your attention. Let your decisions be like the laws of the Medes and Persians—unalterable: but take care, first, that they have proceeded from a sound head and good heart, —*Be sure that they are right.*

The Young Man for an Age like this, with its many questionable maxims, and still more questionable practices, must learn to take his stand upon the rock of *right*,—must resolve to adhere, rigidly, unswervingly adhere, to the principles of equity and truth. The world will tell you that this cannot be done *always*; that to get on in life, you must not be over-scrupulous; that you must comply with, or at least countenance, many little transactions that will not bear to be too closely scrutinized; that, in fact, you cannot be decidedly correct in everything, and be *safe*. But is there no God who controls the affairs of men? Is not truth stronger than falsehood, right safer than wrong? Do we not see in our limited views of the world, that the good as it struggles with the evil is ever advancing; that like a Hercules, it is strangling one

after another of the serpents that are coiled around it, and trampling them under its feet? Can you stand by the Truth *safely*? To be sure you can. Temporary inconvenience you may have to endure; present loss you may sustain; but in the long run you *are* safe. Right will yet triumph over wrong, good over evil; aye! and the man who has faithfully acted his part in the contest, will have the satisfaction of knowing that he has aided the glorious triumph. And what though you could not do it safely! Better to risk any loss, and make any sacrifice,—far better to risk even life if necessary in standing boldly for the right, than to meet the reproof of a guilty conscience, and the anger of a God, in yielding to the wrong. At the critical moment in the battle of Waterloo when every thing depended upon the steadiness of the British ranks, courier after courier dashed into the presence of the Duke of Wellington, announcing that unless the troops at an important point were immediately relieved or withdrawn, they must soon yield to the impetuous onsets of the French. By each of these the Duke sent back the same stern message, “Stand firm!” “But we shall all perish,” remonstrated the officer. “Stand firm!” was the reply of the iron-hearted chieftan. “You’ll find us there,” answered the other, as he fiercely galloped away. And so he did. Every man of that doomed brigade fell bravely fighting at his post—but Waterloo was *won!* *Safely!* They are only the faint-hearted and craven who speak of inexpediency and danger. He that is truly brave asks only, “Is it right?” You may be threatened with temporal suffering—with the displeasure of your employers—with dismissal from your situation—with the withdrawal of customers—with the alienation of friends,—with all things that are feared by the timid and selfish. Let your answer ever be, “Is it right?” Whatever sacrifices or sufferings it may involve, *stand by the right.* Though the world should assail you; though friends should misunderstand you;

though your firmness be mistaken for obstinacy, and your faithfulness for conceit ; though difficulties should thicken around you ; though clouds should gather over you ;—take your stand upon the rock of right ; plant your foot there, and there remain, despite the tempest and the storm, looking with calm, unfaltering eye on the angry billows, heedless of the thunder's distant murmuring and the lightning's nearer flash—*Stand upon the right, and stand firm.*

Once more, the Age requires Men of *Christian principles*. This, my friends, I adduce in conclusion, perhaps I should have placed it at the very beginning. Doubtless it stands, both in importance and in time, preeminently *first*. I have pointed out a few traits of character which I think your well-being demands to be exercised and strengthened, especially in this rapid and fitful Age ; but think not for one moment that even these if cherished independently and alone, will ensure your welfare. They will leave you short, infinitely short of that high and ennobling place to which I would have you aspire. To attain that place requires more than an adherence to moral principles—more than the cultivation of virtuous sentiments. It requires the development of all that comprises that exalted character—the *Christian*. Well did the poet sing,

“The *Christian* is the highest style of man.”

You will never secure that position which the Almighty has fitted you to occupy, until all your aspirations, all your desires, and all your efforts, are based upon, and influenced by, holy Christian principles. You can never desire to make that high object, the glory of God, your aim ; you can never have the wisdom or ability to carry out that desire, unless you possess that which the world dislikes, but every manly spirit loves, purity and piety of heart. Would you be prepared to

run a noble race, worthy of the name of man? Then you will start with God for your Father, Christ for your Saviour, the Spirit for your Guide, and Heaven for your Eternal Home.

If you would be adapted to the requirements of the Age, you must be a Christian, aye, a *decided, active, zealous Christian*. It is an age when all the powers of darkness are mustering to do battle with the truth, and to crush the good. The emissaries of Satan are active, errors and false doctrines abound, lusts and vices rage. These, my friends, are God's enemies and yours. He has a mighty work to perform here, and He invites you to be His agents to perform it. He calls upon you to be the Regenerators of the World, to go forth in His strength and fearlessly oppose the evil, and support the truth. He requires you to be faithful Witnesses for him in a world of darkness, and to commence a life of holiness now, which will be perfected in glory. Let it be your highest aim to do a Christian's work upon earth. Let it be your noblest aspiration to fit your soul for heaven. Like the eagle in his flight, who, strong in his mountain vigor, heedless of the pelting hail, defying the flashing fire, pierces the thunder cloud and soars still onward and aloft; till he leaves the storm raging far beneath him, and floating in the calm of the upper air, draws light from the fountain of the sun, and basks in his golden rays. So let it be with you. *Be true to your God* as the eagle to his aim; and you will breast successfully every opposing ill, you will pass through the dark clouds of trouble unimpeded and unhurt; until, standing with the storm beneath your feet, you will enjoy the heavenly calm of an approving conscience, and summer in the blissful smile of the God whom you adore.

“ Higher, higher, ever higher—
 Let thy watchword be ‘*Aspire!*’
 Noble Christian youth ;
 Whatsoe’er be God’s behest,
 Try to do that duty best
 In the strength of truth.

“ Let a just ambition fire
 Every motive and desire,
 God and man to serve ;
 Man with zeal and honor due,
 God with gratitude most true,
 And all the spirits nerve !

“ From the perils deep and dire
 Of temptation’s sensual mire,
 Keep thy chastened feet ;
 Dread, and hate, and turn away
 From the lure that leads astray :—
 Satan’s pleasure cheat !

“ And while thus a self-denyer,
 Stand the stalworth self relyer,
 Bravely battling on,
 Though alone,—no soul alive
 Ever stoutly dared to strive,
 But saw the battle won !

“ Higher, then, and always higher ;
 Let man’s motto be ‘*ASPIRE!*’
 Whosoe’er he be :
 Holy liver ! happy dier !
 Earth’s poor best, and heaven’s choir
 Are reserved for *THEE!*”

