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AN ADDRESS

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

AMERICAN WHIG AND PHILOSOPHIC SOCIETIES

OF THE

COLLEGE OF NEW JERSEY,

SEPTEMBER 29, 1840.

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BY THE REV. JOHN JOHNS, D.D.

OF BALTIMORE.  
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PRINCETON:

PRINTED BY JOHN BOGART.

1840.

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EXTRACT FROM THE MINUTES OF THE AMERICAN WHIG SOCIETY AT THE ANNUAL MEETING, SEPT. 30, 1840.

RESOLVED, That a Committee be appointed to tender to the Rev. JOHN JOHNS, D. D. the respectful acknowledgements of this Society for the eloquent and appropriate address delivered by him on the 29th instant, and to request that he will furnish a copy of the same for publication.

RICHARD S. FIELD, Esq.  
WM. C. ALEXANDER, Esq. } Committee.  
MR. JOHN T. NIXON. }

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EXTRACT FROM THE MINUTES OF THE CLIOSOPHIC SOCIETY AT THE ANNUAL MEETING, SEPT. 30, 1840.

RESOLVED, That the thanks of the Cliosophic Society be presented to the Rev. Dr. JOHN JOHNS, of Baltimore, for the eloquent address delivered by him, on the 29th instant, before the American Whig and Cliosophic Societies, and that a Committee be appointed to request him to furnish a copy thereof for publication.

Prof. JOHN MACLEAN, }  
Prof. A. B. DOD, } Committee.  
D. N. BOGART, Esq. }



## A D D R E S S .

PERHAPS there are few scenes more deeply and vividly impressed on the mind and heart than those which are connected with a college course. In all the preparatory stages of education, this period is fondly anticipated as a season of interesting and distinguished advancement; as a transition from the humbler and more puerile occupations of the academy, to the higher pursuits and more dignified intercourse of the student's life; as a release from the leading strings, and a cessation of the supervision required by early youth and entire inexperience, and as the commencement of personal responsibility and greater independence. It is not surprising, therefore, that it should be anticipated with ardent aspirations, and entered upon with no small degree of self-complacency. It marks the close of one, and the beginning of another and a very important stage of life. And whilst it lasts, there is a susceptibility and readiness to impression on the part of those who pass it; a novelty and manliness in the intercourse maintained, and an excitement connected with the duties prescribed, which ensure to the occurrences of this spring-time of life, a place and a permanency of possession in the heart, not easily disputed by the events of later years; and after

this season has closed, and those who passed it in company have separated and engaged in the services of their respective professions, there is no period to which they revert with livelier pleasure; there are no incidents which they relate with more zest and hilarity, than those which marked the college course. Meet where they may, in after life, the recollection of their early association forms a bond of sympathy which few fail to feel, and to feel with peculiar satisfaction, whilst the remembered facts and forms and friendships furnish materials for conversation, in which they seem to annihilate the interval which separates them from those scenes, and which almost enables them to renew their youth. The college roll comes to mind, and is run over in friendly inquisitiveness, with as much ease and accuracy as if they had not ceased to answer to its regular calls. The entries which they had often walked are traversed in their order, and the rooms are named by number, and their occupants are talked of with a familiarity which would seem to imply that the speakers and their companions still lived there. All these things, and a thousand other similar illustrations which will readily occur to every true-hearted alumnus, discover the depth and the durability of the impressions produced by a college course, and prove that their obliteration is very tardy, if not impossible. In conversing occasionally with those who had long since graduated, I have been amused to hear them say that even their very dreams have continued to borrow from the scenes and incidents to which I allude, renewing for them the fellowships and the interests, the embarrassments and the successes of a student's



life, perpetuating by the spontaneous action of the mind, during the hours of repose, thoughts and feelings which the pressure of daily duties seemed to have smothered and destroyed. A diploma may become illegible—its broad seal may crumble into indistinctness, but a college feeling truly imbibed is indestructible. I verily believe that could the class with which the speaker graduated be assembled on this ground, we should still almost fancy ourselves the proprietors of those rooms, and regard you, my young friends, as intruders.

Were I to consult my own inclinations on the present occasion, they would determine me to dwell upon the pleasing recollections of the few years which it was my privilege to spend in these halls of science—to bear my testimony to the worth of those excellent men who presided over our pursuits, and to sketch the subsequent history of some of those companions with whom I had the happiness to be here associated. But as such reminiscences would scarcely meet your views, in the exercise which you have assigned me, I proceed to submit for your consideration a subject of more general interest:—THE ATTRACTIVENESS OF TRUTH, AND THE PLEASURE AFFORDED BY ITS PURSUIT AND ATTAINMENT, AS INCENTIVES TO INTELLECTUAL ACTION.

Between truth and the human mind there is certainly a real and very important affinity. Bring them fairly within range, and it requires some strong disturbing force to prevent their union. This union once consummated, and the experience which it produces will awaken an intellectual appetite, which,

unless it becomes diseased and perverted, will continue to crave the enjoyment which the pursuit and attainment of truth afford. If this were not the case, it would be an anomaly in man, out of keeping entirely with every thing else pertaining to ourselves of which we are conscious. When we analyze the human constitution as far as our investigation reaches, we find every power and every faculty affording enjoyment by its suitable exercise in reference to its appropriate objects. It would therefore be strange indeed, if *truth*, the peculiar object of the nobler part of man, possessed no attraction for the mind; or even if its power, when the mind is in a healthy state, were not paramount. I know that in the absence of those circumstances which are requisite to rouse the desire of which I speak, it may remain dormant. I know that other propensities, early and inordinately indulged, may prevent its excitement, or leave it to a feebleness of action in which its existence is scarcely felt; and that from the same causes it may be so vitiated that its design, as an element of our nature, will be defeated. But the susceptibility is there: and by proper and timely arrangement and cultivation, it can be brought into action; and when thus rightly and duly exercised, it will attain a strength and yield an enjoyment which will make it a master passion of the man.

The engaging and engrossing character of such exercises, even when they are associated with, and in some measure dependant on the functions of our animal nature, cannot have escaped your notice. The truth of harmony in sounds possesses a most captivating power over the soul which has been roused by

their influence. Idle and irksome as some would regard the employment of the musical amateur, it affords him a most delightful excitement, and ministers to him a luxury most absorbing. It is not the manual dexterity which he acquires in execution, or the admiration which the display of his skill secures, that engage and reward him, but the genuine sympathy of his soul with the truths of the science which he cultivates. In the perception, developement and application of these, there is an enjoyment which passes expression. His earnestness, his revery, his changing countenance, his, at times, suspended respiration, show the reality and intensity of the influence of harmony over his spirit, the power which the passion possesses, the delight which its indulgence imparts.

We find a similar instance in the case of the artist, to whose peculiar pleasures the eye has become the industrious and animated instrument; who has been brought under the influence of the attractions of symmetry and colours in their various forms and combinations. To those who are strangers to his passion, his quiet position with palette in hand, and a few feet of canvass on the easel before him, would scarcely be less intolerable than the forced steppings of a treadmill; and yet the painter's studio is his earthly paradise. The visions of his imagination, as they come and go in succession, courting the creative action of his pencil, realize to him a vivid variety of scenery which no ordinary travel could furnish, and a choice companionship which the circles of common life could not afford. And when in a time of happy musing, the truth of nature, in some of her captivating forms and

shadowings, is fairly caught and faithfully transferred to the canvass, the successful sketch reflects a pleasure which no sensual indulgence could yield. It is not the applause which his production may obtain, or the price which it may command, that form his remuneration for the time and attention he has bestowed. He has had his enjoyment, in part, in the free excursions of his fancy in pursuit of the truth of nature; and in contemplating her as caught and detained in the simple frame which his art has animated with her presence, his delight is prolonged.

The precocity which this taste sometimes exhibits, and the lively pleasure which its indulgence imparts, are strikingly illustrated by the simple incidents in the early life of Sir Benjamin West. The attractions of this art, we are informed, won him when he had scarcely completed his sixth year; won him, not by the influence of example, for he had never heard of a painter or even seen a picture. It was the response of his own sympathies to this peculiar aspect of the truths of nature, and that under circumstances which furnished not the slightest facility for their developement. His instruments and materials for gratifying the desire which stirred within him, were inappropriate and meager indeed. Pen and ink were all he possessed, till some Indians who chanced to see his sketches instructed him in the use of the red and yellow ochres, which they were accustomed to employ, and his own ingenuity constructed a brush from the hair which he plundered from a domestic animal. A friend on a visit to the family was so much pleased with his rude paintings that he promised to send him the means of

indulging his taste ; the promised present soon arrived and was eagerly examined. It comprised the usual assortment of colours, oils and brushes, accompanied by prepared canvass and a few engravings. His biographer relates that during the remainder of the day the young artist scarcely removed his eyes from his box and its contents. Sometimes he almost doubted his being master of so precious a treasure, and would take it up, merely to assure himself that it was real. During the night he woke more than once, and anxiously reached out his little hands to feel for the box which he had placed by his bed-side, half afraid that it was all a dream. Early dawn found him with his treasures in the garret, diligently at work. Every thing was now abandoned for the indulgence of his favourite pursuit. A truant from school, a recluse from his family, he literally lived in the uncomfortable story to which he had stolen away, and there luxuriated in a world of his own. At last his teacher called to enquire for the absentee, and this visit led to the discovery of his secret occupation. His mother sought him out in the place of his concealment, but so much was she delighted by the creation of his pencil which met her view on entering the apartment, that instead of a reprimand, she could only take him in her arms and embrace him with transports of affection. So early, so intense, so delightfully engrossing was this passion in the bosom of young West. We need not be surprised to find that under its governance, the Chester County child became the President of the Royal Academy, and the Quaker boy won his way to the rank of English knighthood.

Let it not for a moment be supposed that those forms and relations of truth which address themselves peculiarly to the understanding, have less power to rouse and gratify this passion of the soul. The Arcana of the natural world in its organization and processes, the propositions of the abstract sciences in their endless variety, appeal to the inquisitiveness of the mind with as much power, afford as much pleasurable excitement in pursuit, and certainly yield fuller and more elevated satisfaction in success. The familiar illustrations of this statement will readily occur to you. When the philosopher of Syracuse was requested by his learned friend and patron to devise some method for detecting the adulteration which he suspected in the precious metal which had been entrusted to an artisan to form into a crown, so completely did the problem take possession of the philosopher's mind, that it occupied his thoughts even during the moments of most pleasurable recreation. As he lay with relaxed frame, laving his limbs in a delicious bath, his mind was eagerly intent on the grateful pursuit. And when the water displaced by his body suggested the solution, the luxury of the bath was lost in the delight of the discovery. No voluptuary, in his highest revels, ever realized such pleasure as then thrilled his soul. No burst of Bacchanalian glee could compare with his enraptured *Ευρηκα! Ευρηκα!*

When the distinguished sage of Samos completed his demonstration of the equality of the square of the hypotenuse and the sum of the squares of the other sides of a right angled triangle, there were no bounds to his joy. No explorer for hid treasures ever opened

a mine with the ecstasy he felt. A Hecatomb could not adequately express his gratitude and exultation.

The experience of the great Newton, in connexion with his discovery of the secret mechanism of the heavens, will not be forgotten. The law of gravitation was indeed understood before his day, but the extent of its application no one had imagined. The simple incident which, in the musings of his philosophical mind, started the train of thought which led to his sublime hypothesis, is known to every one. His was not a mind to rest in hypothesis. He immediately proceeded to subject his views to the test of careful calculation in reference to the nearest heavenly body. The result approximated what truth required, and the little discrepancy might have been explained away. But with the ingenuousness of a true philosopher, he abandoned his hypothesis as inadmissible, and submitted to the disappointment. I need not remind you that the discrepancy was occasioned by the assumption that the earth's then admitted magnitude was correct. This false assumption vitiated his calculation and delayed his success. A few years afterwards, when the dimensions of the earth were accurately ascertained, he renewed the trial, and found the result in perfect accordance with his former expectations. We are told that such was his agitation, as he proceeded and perceived every figure bringing him nearer to the object of his hopes, that he was at last actually incapable of continuing the operation, and was obliged to request a friend to conclude it for him. The excitement of pursuit was too intense for endurance, the ecstasy of success must have been unspeak-

able. To mention in this connexion the pleasures of sense, or those which arise from mere pride or ambition, would be signal injustice to the joy of which we speak. No sensualist, no millenarian, no hero reeking with the blood of his vanquished foes and bending under the trophies of victory, felt as Newton did, when approaching the veil which the imperfection of human knowledge left over the great works of nature, and lifting its folds, he looked in upon the magnificent mechanism of God's glorious universe.

Our own Franklin too, with a devotion to science which the varied and pressing engagements of public life could not extinguish, continued to indulge himself in his favourite pursuit, and enjoyed the excitement of investigation and the satisfaction of success. When he conceived the idea of the identity of electricity and the material of lightning, his mind started on an inquiry delightfully animating in its progress, and most gratifying in the issue. When his own ingenuity had devised the simple expedient which was to form the test of his conjecture, when he stood out upon the common with his kite floating in the air, and his eye anxiously traversing the line which detained it, and by which the truth or falsity of his views was to be determined, he must have realized the liveliest pleasure of intellectual excitement, and when the bristling strands gave proof of the success of his experiment, the brilliant truth which he had discovered must have electrified his spirit with delight. A conqueror of kingdoms would make a gainful barter, could he traffic all his triumphs for the victory which signalized that moment, a victory not over worms of the dust, but



over the wildest element of the skies, achieved not by might or multitude, but by the simple appliance of a childish toy in the hand of a philosopher.

I am perfectly aware that the instances to which we have adverted involve the peculiar zest which is imparted by the consciousness of being an original discoverer. But then it has been properly remarked that to the uninstructed all the truths of science are yet virtually undiscovered truths, and unfold themselves to every successive explorer with as much freshness and force as they exhibited to the first adventurer. The eyes of Columbus and his crew robbed the western world of none of the beauty of its bays, or grandeur of its forests and mountains. The same scenery, in all its attraction of novelty and sublimity, still courts the attention and repays the toil of the modern tourist. The early Indian, whose ear was first stunned by the noise, and whose eye first gazed in wonder on the foaming waters of the great cataract of the north, exhausted none of its impressiveness. It still commands its annual and increasing crowd of strangers, as impressed and delighted as if no others had ever trodden its wild and awful precipice, and trembled at the roar of its mighty waters. Thus the pioneer in any particular region of science cannot so appropriate its beauties and its fruits as to leave it plundered, profitless, and uninviting. It preserves its novelty and exuberance for each ardent adventurer, as if none had before viewed its richness or dwelt amidst its delights. Other pleasures there are, which do become antiquated and obsolete—which are adulterated and exhausted by participation; and

hence their comparative worthlessness. But truth parts with none of its power by age, and knowledge loses none of its attractiveness by distribution. No one who has ever experienced their spell, will complain that his enjoyment is curtailed by those who may have preceded him, or admit that by long familiarity they have ceased to charm. When they once truly please, they captivate for life, and he who has been won cordially to enter their enclosures will covet to spend and be spent in their fascinating service.

Nor let it be supposed that this appetite for truth, this thirst for knowledge, is a feeble and inefficient passion. Judge it my young friends as you estimate the force of other feelings, by its indisputable effects, and it must be pronounced a paramount power of the soul. In innumerable instances it has proved itself capable of coping successfully with opposition and embarrassments, against which, prior to experience, we should have considered it vain to contend. It has been found to live and flourish amidst difficulties and discouragements by which the strongest propensities of our nature have been subdued. It has kindled in the lowliest and most obscure conditions of society, and burned unquenchably in despite of the extinguishing influence of worldly penury. It has fired the bosom of the slave, and sundering his ignoble bonds, raised him to the most honourable ranks of philosophy. It has lifted its subjects from the loom, the last, and the anvil, to the most distinguished seats of literature and science. Epictetus, we are told, passed many years in cruel servitude, and when his freedom was obtained, he pursued his studies in a comfortless cabin without

a door ; with no furniture but a small table, a narrow bedstead, and a paltry coverlet. Cleanthes indulged his favourite passion whilst he maintained himself as a common porter. The oboli with which he paid his preceptor's fee were earned by the most menial employments. I draw water, said he, and do any other sort of work that offers, that I may give myself up to philosophy without being a burden to any one. Erasmus, when a student at Paris, was almost in rags ; but it was not his tattered garments that distressed him, he was most sensible to his want of the means for literary gratification. When I get money, said he, I will buy *first* Greek books, and then clothes—and many is the student who has cheerfully acquiesced in the scantiest raiment and the coarsest fare, for the privilege of indulging his love of learning.

You will readily recollect cases in which this passion has discovered a most amazing and ingenious force in surmounting the disadvantage of physical defects which seemed to forbid its indulgence. If we were required to name a bereavement which would seem to close the avenues of knowledge, and imprison the mind, we should, perhaps, specify the affliction of blindness. And yet, not only have persons, deprived of vision from their childhood, managed to make respectable attainments in learning, some have risen to such eminence in literature and science as to become distinguished teachers. The well known case of Sanderson is in point. In his sixth year, we are informed, he was visited with a disease which not only destroyed his sight, but extirpated the organ. Yet at the free school in his vicinity, he contrived, it is hard

to conceive how, to familiarize himself with the languages. From the friends by whom he was surrounded he quickly gained all the instruction they could impart in the elements of arithmetic and geometry. His avidity was not satisfied, but only stimulated by these attainments. Employing others to read for him, he made himself master of the Greek mathematicians. His eminent success is fully attested by the fact of his appointment to the professorship at Cambridge, which had been filled by Sir Isaac Newton, and also by the learned works which he has left on different branches of the exact sciences. This passion of his soul produced an ingenuity and thrift—an industry and perseverance in catering for its indulgence, which seemed almost supernatural, and brought into subserviency to its purposes extraordinary ways and means, which appeared more than compensation for the appalling loss of vision.

In view of these imperfect statements, then, we may conclude, that the appetite, the play of which is so pleasant as to determine one to seek its gratification at the expense of the other strong propensities of our nature—which, when once fairly excited, triumphs over the hinderances occasioned by lowliness of birth and extremity of penury—aye, even over physical defects and infirmities, training the powers and faculties which remain, to unusual and almost incredible instrumentality in supplying the place of those which are lacking, must be a master feeling of the man. And although in every individual it is not productive of the same amount of pleasure, or capable of the same measure of force, yet secure in any one the develop-

ment of which it is susceptible, and you secure it a dominion which God and nature designed it to have.

If these things are so, then we discover, as I conceive, the great business of the responsible process of education. This susceptibility of the intellectual nature is to be reached and roused; this appetite is to be awakened, stimulated, nourished and rightly guided. To this, the appeal is to be made early and directly. By the presentation and contact of appropriate truth the mind is to be put in action, and so made conscious of the satisfaction which such action and its effects produce. Here is the beginning. Till this is accomplished, nothing is done. All else is little better than the workings of an automaton, or the spasmodic motion of galvanic experiment. The life of education is latent till the genuine love of learning is evolved. I say, therefore, the appeal for this purpose should be made early. If parents, instead of pampering the fleshly appetites of their offspring, and habituating them to seek their pleasure in ministering to their animal propensities—as if the intellectual principle were not imparted in childhood, but implanted only when the abundant and rife growth of carnal desires must dwarf and deform it—if they would faithfully address themselves to this principle in the first hours of its susceptibility, and present to it the grateful incentive of simple truth, and so acquaint it with its resources of pleasure, in its own proper action and acquirements, we might expect that what is now regarded as rare precocity, would become ordinary developement; and, instead of the inferior appetites so almost invariably getting the ascendancy, we might

hope to find them kept in becoming subordination by a noble love of knowledge, and zest for truth; but then the labour of exploring for this vital part, of studying out and selecting and applying the material by which this appetite is to be provoked—yes—here is the difficulty. To coax or scourge the child, to dose and burden the mind with, to it, unmeaning and worse than useless phrases, is so much easier and more rapid than to condescend to the weakness of its faculties and ascertain and furnish just what they can appropriate and enjoy, that in most instances the bribe or the rod is preferred. The child is tasked, an odious word in this connexion, that the parent may be spared; the pursuit of knowledge is associated with pains and penalties, and regarded as an irksome employment to which nothing can reconcile one but the hope of escaping punishment, or the prospect of getting gain.

And is it surprising that when youth, thus misguided and prejudiced, are transferred to other instructors for advancement, it should be found almost necessary to maintain, in some degree, the mischievous features of this unnatural system? That instead of the honourable relation as helpers of their pupils' joy, they should be constrained to serve as police officers to detect and remedy habits of irregularity formed and fostered at home? That instead of the pleasing occupation of training the healthful mind in its boundings, from strength to strength, from one degree of knowledge to another, gladdened by conscious growth and rejoicing in increasing acquirements, they should be compelled to drive by the dread of public disgrace, or tempt by

the influence of rivalry, or lure by the prospect of some pitiful outward distinction, thus stirring up to greater force the lower and degrading passions, ministering nourishment to pride, envy and ambition? And what is the legitimate result of this whole miserable process? It may occasion genuine scholarship. In the midst and in despite of it all, intellectual regeneration may occur. The pure appetite for knowledge, on its own account, may spring up, we know not how or why, and work out its proper effects. But the natural tendency of this process is to produce a morbid mental action, not a genuine love of truth; an action which will remit when the extraneous stimulants are removed, or court their continuance under new forms on emerging into the world, making its subjects, not sincere seekers for science, but wranglers for distinction, not candid, frank, generous citizens, but bigoted and bitter partizans, reckless combatants for political ascendancy and personal aggrandizement; not calm, though firm supporters of right, but selfish intriguers for rule, knowing no patriotism but such as secures their personal pre-eminence, no public spirit but such as promotes their private interest. Would that this were all fancy! but it is not so; it is a melancholy fact, such a generation abounds throughout our land, and meet them where you may, in civil or ecclesiastical connexion, they are the country's curse. If the crying and increasing corruption, the loud complaints of which come up in all directions, is to be checked and corrected, we must have men of a different spirit to do the work, and to have them they must first receive a different training. Instead of being incited to mental action by an ap-

peal to the sensual, sordid, selfish principles of our nature, they must be taught to feel the excellency and power of truth, and rendered sensible of the real pleasure which results from its pursuit and attainment. Instead of coveting it for the worldly wealth which it may qualify one to gain, it must be coveted as itself the treasure. Instead of being desired for the distinction which it may secure, it must be desired for its own lustre and the illumination which its presence produces. Its pursuit, instead of being submitted to as a tedious toil, to be remunerated by acquiring the command of means of gratification in other ways, must be regarded as itself a present positive pleasure. This may be, this should be, and I trust this will become more than ever the spirit of our literary institutions. Its prevalence would do more to maintain the necessary order and propriety contemplated by college laws, than all the pledges which inconsiderate youths could utter, or all the surveillance which the most vigilant faculty could exercise. For decency by restraint, there would be decorum of free will; for labour from irksome discipline, there would be diligence from delight. And what a transformation would thus be effected, so far as the student is concerned, in the usages and habits of a college course! One of this spirit, would never regard the recurrence of study hours as an interruption, but greet them as a renewal of his gratification. He would not consider his room as a place of durance, he would seek it as the scene of his richest delight. And his experience then, during the moments of most intense application, would authorize him to adopt the seeming paradox, "Labor ipse voluptas." In his as-



sociation with others in the same pursuits, he would proportionably escape the disturbing and painful stirrings of envy and mortified pride. The satisfaction which his own proficiency would afford, would be augmented by the progress of his companions in study, and the generous sympathy thus generated would form an alliance which no future separation would break, nor advancing years impair. In withdrawing from these halls of science, he would not present the pitiable spectacle too often witnessed, of collapsed faculties, mental torpor, total abandonment of intellectual pursuits, the consequence of unnatural excitement by inappropriate means. The healthful appetite and salutary habits here cherished would be perpetuated. Even if his secular avocations should be of a nature not absolutely requiring the continued pursuit of literature and science, they would be resorted to for recreation ; and whilst they yielded him a pleasure which would preserve him from the vitiating amusements of the world, they would shed a refinement over his ordinary business, and give to his character that elevation and attractiveness which are so lovely in the intercourse of life. A mind thus imbued and thus trained is its own treasure. Those vicissitudes by which others are bereft in a moment of the portions which they prize, cannot effect its resources—they are inalienable, indefeisible. No circumstances in which he may be placed, can deprive him of their use and enjoyment. Alone or in society—at home or abroad—in health or in sickness—in a palace, a cottage, or a dungeon, his sources of enjoyment are at command. Unjust power may plunder one of his outward possessions. Calumny may

rob him of his reputation. The fickleness of popular feeling may displace him from the station of honour which he had attained. But his mind in its capacities and acquirements is beyond and above these influences. They are emphatically and independently his own.

Such are the men we want in these times of wild speculation, pernicious excitement, and unprincipled dissension. We need men who have learned to love the truth with an affection which will determine them to follow it through evil as well as good report, and to stand by it at every hazard. Who will neither desert, deny, nor obscure it for friend or foe. Who will appreciate, pursue and countenance sound learning and genuine science—men whose minds have become well balanced by their solid acquirements, and whose hearts have been liberalized by the generous influence of useful learning. These are the men we need to aid in resisting the intellectual licentiousness, the phrenzied fanaticism, the rank intolerance, and the exclusive selfish partizanship which are withering and weakening us as a people. To our seminaries we look, anxiously and prayerfully look, for the supply, and just as they succeed in bringing the youthful mind under the influence of wholesome truth, and wakening and feeding its healthful desires, accustoming it to feel the delight of pursuing and possessing its appropriate treasures, will our public institutions furnish what the best friends of our country crave and justly claim.

In speaking of truth and science and knowledge, you will not misunderstand me. No one will for a moment suppose that the views of the speaker are restric-

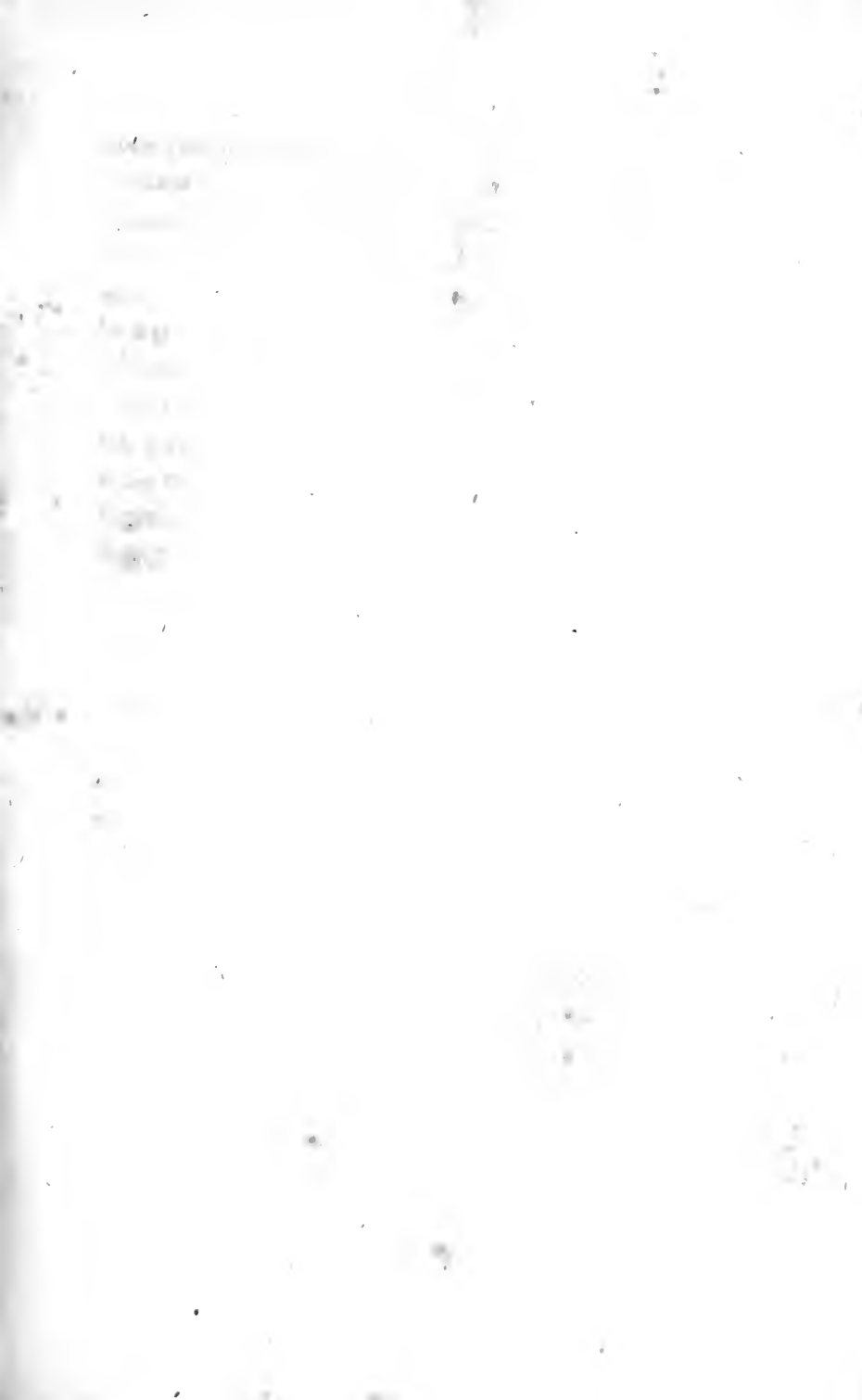
ted to mere secular learning. This would indeed be to surrender the precious principles on which our venerated college was founded, on which chiefly its patrons rely for its prosperity and usefulness, and, apart from which, its influence might as well make us tremble, as hope. Mere secular learning is of doubtful utility. The history of the world shows its equivocal nature. It may prove a blessing—it may become a curse. It is truth—but it is imperfect, partial truth; and to prevent its perversion, the complement which revelation affords is demanded; and worthy of all honour is the institution which, in its system of training, openly and avowedly employs this—studiously uses the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

It is in this view of our Alma Mater, that I find her peculiar and commanding claims to my unfeigned confidence and affection. I love to think of her in this, her true posture and employment. Displaying in one hand the scrolls of sound science, in the other spiritedly poising high the record of inspiration. I love to think of her, tracing with distinctness the interesting processes of the natural world, and pointing with clearness and skill to every star in the firmament, but carefully showing all in connection with the great Sun of Righteousness—the one grand centre and source of all influence—of light, life and glory.

So long as this is done, her sons can through no delinquency on her part fail to answer the expectations of kindred and country, or come short of the great end of education. Some, it may be, may not long survive to adorn and bless the land of their birth. Blasted in

the freshness of their bloom, parental anguish may soon pour its bitter tears over their early grave, and nothing remain of them on earth, but the sad recollection of the rich promise they here gave, and the solemn tomb under which they sleep. The asterisked columns of our Catalogue affectingly remind us that genius and worth furnish no immunity from the assaults of disease, or the stroke of death; that the physical delicacy and intellectual sensitiveness which form the usual accompaniments of extraordinary developements of youthful excellence, are the causes of permanent decay, and often serve but to brighten the mark, and invite and direct the earlier aim of the destroyer. If it were not so, many whose sun has gone down before noon, would be still shining in their strength, and shedding their salutary influence over the spheres which have been darkened by their disappearance.

Sorrowful as the contemplation of such instances may render us, yet we find solace in the assurance that if the principles and spirit for which this college was established are truly imbibed, such early release is but early rest; the gloom is for survivors, the glory is theirs; and at each anniversary their requiem may be chaunted, not in strains of sorrow, but in tones of triumph.



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