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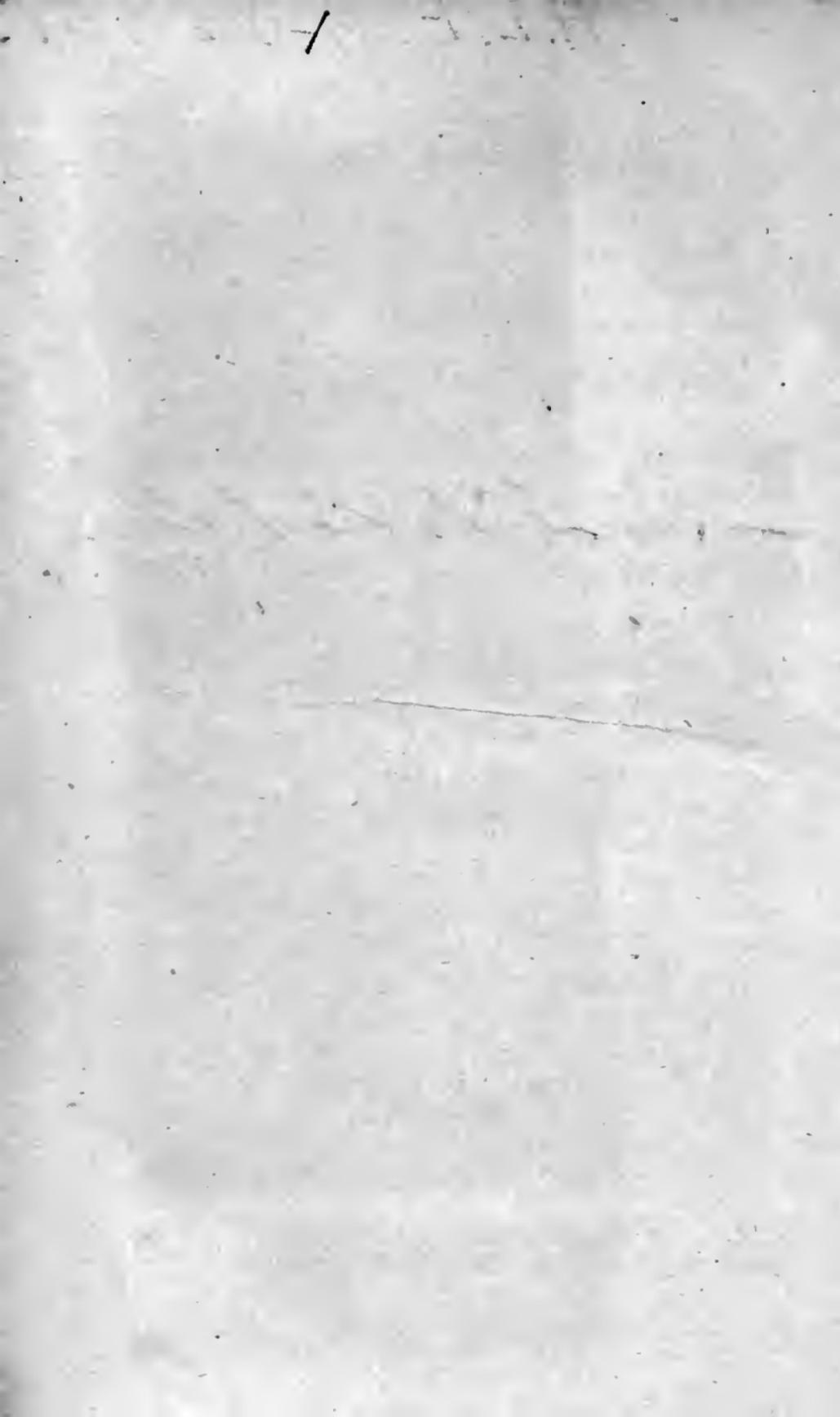
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EDUCATIONAL ESSAYS.

BY

Edward (First President, Ohio Wesleyan)
E. THOMSON, D. D., LL. D.
(See p. 187) - M. D. 1842-1860.
Born in England, 1810
Came to America with family, 1819
Father became a Baptist minister, O.

NEW EDITION, REVISED AND ENLARGED

*There follows a general academic education, under
select teachers, and then at one school
a term of medical training in Philadelphia,
and a short period of practice"*

EDITED BY

REV. D. W. CLARK, D. D.

*Filled pupils in Kentucky, Indiana,
Ohio, and Cincinnati. At Cincinnati
he renewed his interest in medicine,
later receiving his M. D.
degree "in part through the
kindness and assistance of Dr. [?]
1843.*

Cincinnati:

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Preface.

DURING the half century just past, no writers, as a class, have occupied a higher position in our English literature, or exerted a wider influence upon the literary mind than the essayist and reviewer. Theirs has become a distinct vocation, occupying the profoundest thinkers, the keenest logicians, and the most gifted writers. Among these, the names of Coleridge, Jeffrey, Wilson, Macintosh, De Quincey, Carlyle, Macaulay, Brougham, Lamb, D'Israeli, Campbell, Hazlitt, Sydney Smith, Talfourd, Rogers, Everett, Giles, Sumner, and Whipple—successors of “the old British essayists”—shine as a brilliant galaxy. Wherever the English language goes forth in its progress over the earth, there will their influence be felt; and, indeed, we can hardly conceive of a period in the coming future when they will cease to charm by the beauty of their imagery and the brilliancy of their wit, or to instruct by the calm dignity of their diction and the lucid expositions of literature and philosophy which gleam along their pages.

With unhesitating confidence, we claim for the author of these “Educational Essays” a place in the brotherhood of the essayists of the age. The naturalness of his method, the transparent clearness and

purity of his style, the aptness and beauty of his illustrations, must challenge commendation from the most critical and exacting. Then, too, impregnating the whole, is the moral and religious element—where too many other essayists have sadly failed. The education developed in these pages is not one that displays a mock morality and a false faith; but one in which the religion of the Bible is made to assume its true place as the foundation-stone. Every-where does the author recognize the importance of combining religious culture with general education, in order that the world may be saved from the curse of unsanctified knowledge.

The author of these essays is said to be of the same family stock as James Thomson, the poet of the "Seasons." What Lord Littleton said of the poet, we believe may be said with equal propriety of the essayist—that his writings contain

"No line which, dying, he could wish to blot."

D. W. CLARK.

Cincinnati, May, 1856.

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Educational Essays.



EDUCATIONAL ESSAYS.

Close Thought.

THOUGHT is the foundation of all intellectual excellence. What is it that constitutes darkness in the individual or the age? The absence of thought—strong thought. What is it that has handed down innumerable errors from generation to generation? The want of thought. What was it that entombed the world's mind for ages? The world's fearful experiment to dispense with thought.

What was it that burst the chains of religious bondage, and gave to Europe moral freedom? What is it that has spread before our vision so many natural truths—that has opened so wide the path of discovery—has crowded it with so many anxious inquirers, and is preparing the way for the general education of the human race? *Thought.*

And yet it may be doubted whether men, even in the most enlightened portions of the world, do not act more from authority than from reason. Man's natural indolence induces him to adopt the opinions of others, rather than to form opinions for himself. He would rather read or write, look or hear, talk or laugh, than think. Perhaps no one has ever acquired a habit of reasoning without having tried a variety of expedients to dispense with it; while thousands forego the pleasure of original

thought, because they will not pay the price. Like sheep, they follow a leader, and have no other reason for being gregarious, than "*ipse dixit—ita est.*"

May I not hope, therefore, gentle readers, that an hour of your time may not be unprofitably spent in pondering a few remarks on *close thought!*

As the theme is a term, and not a proposition, it will be necessary to prescribe some limits, in order to avoid discursive remarks. I propose, therefore, to inquire, *first*, what close thought implies; and, *second*, what are some of the subterfuges of those who avoid it.

1. It implies *unity* of thought. I do not suppose that a man should have but one thought, or one favorite thought, or one particular series of thoughts. There is a man of one idea. He seems fitted to revolve but one notion. In silence and in uproar, in sunshine and in shade—whether he sings or prays, laughs or cries, reads or writes, flies or triumphs—at morn, at noon, at dewy eve, and "even in visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon man," his favorite conception occupies all his faculties. He hears it in running brooks, reads it in beauteous vales, sees it in every thing. He treats men, books, and things, as did Lord Peter, in the "Tale of a Tub," his father's will, who, determined to find the word "shoulder-knots," picked it out letter by letter, and at last substituted C for K in the orthography. His mind, like the touch of the fabled Midas, which turned every thing into gold, transmutes all the thoughts with which it meets into the one golden idea. Such a mind may have variety, but that variety must consist of the various phases which the favorite thought assumes in pursuing its endless revolutions.

Perhaps most of you may be acquainted with *living* examples. As it would be manifestly improper for me to allude to such, I will advert to the well-authenticated

story of an ecclesiastic of a former age, whose mind was so thoroughly preoccupied with certain doctrines, that he often preached election, reprobation, and foreordination from the text, "Parthians, Medes, and Elamites."

It is a beautiful hypothesis of a school of philosophy, that there is a regular gradation among created beings, from the tallest archangel to the minutest particle of inanimate matter. As the polypus serves to connect the world animated with the world inanimate, so this mind may be serviceable as a connecting link between soul irrational and spirit rational.

Such a mind is like the polypus in more than one respect. It is said of that parasite, that, deriving nourishment from the moisture of the atmosphere, it flourishes as well on the sea-washed rock, as on the verdant vale—having no organism, but living by absorption, it may be turned inside out, without suffering injury or inconvenience; and being *unique*, it may be cut into sections, and each part retain its beauty and perfection. So with such a mind—it is the same in the most barren as in the most fertile region of conception; and all its delicate and complicated machinery being drawn into a simple hollow, intellectual canal—increasing by no elaborate processes of moral secretion and digestion, but by simple absorption from the inner and outer surfaces—it might be indefinitely divided, if mind were divisible, and each part possess all the loveliness and perfection of the primordial being.

I say not that such a mind must necessarily be weak—it may be strong, but it can not be healthy—its condition is that of monomania. It is as pitiable an anomaly in the moral world, as an animal with one muscle and capable only of flexion and extension, would be in the natural world.

By unity of thought I mean that a man should have

but one thought at a time. Unity of effort is essential to vigorous action. The human mind, in its best estate, is limited. The triumphs of the proudest human soul are few and humble. Physiologists have said that no two general specific diseases can occupy the same system at the same time. If a stronger malady assail the body, preoccupied by a weaker, the besieged may retire from its fortress, and give place to the besieger; the latter having run its course may retire, and the former may return and finish its career. Upon this principle the dreaded practice of exciting pyalism, in febrile affections, is founded—the physician expecting that, by inducing the mercurial fever, he will overcome the more dreaded intermittent or remittent. We leave to others the settlement of the physiological principle and the practice founded upon it. Our purpose is to illustrate the psychological law that the mind can not be occupied with two important thoughts at the same moment. By attempting to grasp many thoughts at once, we grasp no one firmly. The story told—if I mistake not—by Dr. Franklin, of the child who, while he held an apple in each hand firmly, sought to bear off a third and lost all of them—a story originally employed to exhibit the folly of avarice—will serve to illustrate the futility of the attempt to seize a dozen thoughts together. The mind, confused by a thousand ideas at once, can no more reason than could a shepherd discourse with his friend amid the din of a thousand forge hammers.

I would not be understood that in examining one thought we may not examine others collaterally. In tracing one thought we shall meet with many; for no one is isolated. As in sailing down a stream we find ourselves in a swelling channel, constantly enlarging by the accession of tributaries; so, in pursuing a thought, we shall find it enlarging and multiplying its relations.

Only let us take care to sail down the main channel instead of trying to sail up each tributary.

It may be thought that by limiting the mind we contract it. It is true that there is a mighty intellect, capable of far-sweeping thought, which seems crippled when confined. It spurns all common restraints, and stationing itself on an eminence, which others may never hope to gain, and placing to the eye a telescope of greatest power, sees far beyond the vision of ordinary minds, and reveals wonders before unconceived. But generally the man who always makes the wide world, or the wide universe, the theater of observation, will see no more than any other eye can perceive; whereas, if he limited the field of observation, and applied a microscope to it, he would discover a thousand beauties, not less new, not less wonderful, though less magnificent, than those which the telescope discloses to the observer, on the eminence which, to all common footsteps, is unapproached and unapproachable. Allow your mind to range freely, direct your attention to nothing in particular, and you may have variety, but it will be barren, common, tasteless—nothing new, nothing original, nothing striking.

Take a single thought and trace its connections—if it belong not to the exact sciences, in which the relations are those of degree and proportion, or to the ethical, in which they are those of conformity to established rules, you will find a thousand beautiful relations. Let us specify a few:

(1.) Relations of connection. Every thought is connected with a family of extensive ramifications. To be thoroughly acquainted with it, we must *not* be content to view it alone. Like the ingenious suitor, we must allow it to introduce us to its relatives, watch its movements in the family circle, observe it under the play of domestic affinities, compare it with the other branches of its

beloved sisterhood, and question, frequently and ingeniously, its most intimate companions. It is only in this way that we can obtain a knowledge of its occult characteristics. These, like the skillful coquette, it will hide from all but the close and practiced observer.

(2.) There are relations of correspondence. Every thought may be regarded as having an extensive partnership—co-operating with others in manufacturing certain moral fabrics. It is amusing and edifying to trace out, in any given case, the members of the firm—to examine the bond which binds them—to mark the stock which each has in trade—to ascertain the part which each performs in the common business, and see their mutual communications and operations.

(3.) Relations of dependence. Every thought, unless it be a first truth, has a basis on which it reposes, and in its turn affords foundation to others. To see how far it is dependent, and how far independent—to mark where it receives, and where it furnishes support, is an exciting and gratifying task.

(4.) Relations of analogy. The endless variety observable in the natural world is no less noticeable in the moral world. It is, at once, an exercise of attention, of memory, of judgment, and of imagination, to group together analogous thoughts, and to mark differences and resemblances. And this exercise confers the power of nice discrimination.

(5.) Relations of composition. The unlearned man may wonder why one single mass of ore, not larger than a nutshell, should furnish matter of experiment to a chemist for a whole day—should induce him to call into requisition so many tests—to employ so much curious apparatus—to blow up his fires and fill his retorts; while he could plow over ten acres of the soil, or shovel up twenty cart-loads of it with less time and trouble. Many

a thought which a coarse mind would deem too small to be picked up, if subjected to a discerning intellect, may be deemed a worthy subject of long hours of experiment under the most complicated mental processes. Do you doubt? then take some thought, subject it to rigid analysis, and see if you do not find matter for all your attention, and power, and furniture of mind; and if you do not receive, as the result of your decomposition, some element, which, if inflamed, may illuminate the darkest chamber, or fuse the hardest moral metal.

You will perceive, therefore, that the steady direction of the mind to one thought, so far from causing paucity of ideas, is productive of a rich variety. So intimately connected are sciences, that no man can obtain a perfect knowledge of any one, without acquiring a knowledge of many others. So it is with single facts. The Portuguese, in returning from Cape Bajadore, discovered the island of Madeira. In their voyages to more southern capes of the then unknown parts of Africa, they met with Cape Verde islands and the Azores. In their search after a new way from the Tagus to India, they discovered the rich country of Brazil. In their glorious career of geographical discovery, they enlarged their commerce—in increasing their commerce, they enlarged their manufactures.

Send out the mind upon the ocean of truth, and, even though in pursuit of a single thought, it will meet, in its voyage, with others of which it does not dream.

2. Close thought implies *fixedness of attention and concentration of mental energy*. Washington Irving has remarked, that this habit is rarely possessed by Americans. They are more accustomed to observe than to reason—they rely more upon facts than upon arguments. If this be so, it is the more important to call attention to the subject; for it is the stern decree of Heaven that

concentration of mind is essential to powerful conception. The *poet's* soul, like the maniac's eye, may roll in pleasing frenzy. To the *student* or the *philosopher*, whose object is the discipline of the mind, or the investigation of truth, steadiness of gaze is indispensable. The light of the sun possesses no power, when radiating freely, to fire the softest piece of timber. Is there a mind so glorious as to challenge the orb of day as a fit emblem of itself, it must converge its rays to a focus before it can become a burning light. There must be a fixing of attention, a combination of the faculties, a gathering of the soul's energies, a narrow limitation of the field of exertion, in order to effect any thing important in the region of thought. Small triumphs may be gained by scattered companies, but troops must be marshaled upon the same plain, obey the same commander, fight the same foe, to effect a glorious achievement. Do you wish to be capable of triumphant mental exertion? Subdue all your faculties, teach them to obey your commands with promptitude—to move with automatic precision—to act in concert—to rush to headquarters at a moment's warning—to seize a subject with vigor, pursue it with perseverance, and a determination never to leave it till *thoroughly mastered*. This is what phrenologists call concentrativeness—without it the most powerful organs are weak.

3. Close thought implies *patient, laborious research*. The curse which dooms man to perpetual toil as the price of his subsistence, penetrates his soul, and sheds the dews of perspiration upon his brow, before it allows the spirit to feel a consciousness of health and vigor, or permits it to thrust the sickle into a rich and abundant harvest of thought. Fancy may take flights in paroxysms, but reason receives truth as the reward of only patient, persevering toil. God has equalized his gifts in

the moral world more than is generally supposed. Excellences of mind are less the gift of nature than the rewards of industry. I say not that there are no original differences of mind; but that these are not such as to prevent the ordinary peasant, by a slow, steady, upward movement of mind, from leaving, at a sightless distance in his rear, the brightest genius that ever the globe rocked—if that genius allow his thoughts to range unconcentrated, untrained.

The eagle, fitted by God to sail aloft, directing a steady gaze at the orb of day, can neither attain nor maintain a lofty elevation without an active pinion. The ancients represented, in fable, that Minerva, goddess of wisdom and liberal arts, sprang mature, perfect, full-armed, from the head of Jupiter; but if you, like the fabled father of men, and king of gods, nourish beneath the membranes of your brain a full-armed, perfect goddess, you will find that you shall suffer throes within the cranium—as he is represented to have done—and need the skill and the ax of Vulcan to open your skull, before that virgin shall spring and dance the Pyrrhic dance, and strike her shield, and brandish her spear, and show her blue eye, and breathe her martial fury, and enrapture ancient proficients in virtue and wisdom with the depth of her counsels.

Many a noble mind has failed to accomplish aught because it would not labor. Much as men are indisposed to physical, they are still more disinclined to mental toil. Let a man sit down to cogitation—he feels it to be burdensome—he thinks his stock of thoughts must soon be exhausted—he grows discouraged. Imagination now appears in robes of light—she offers a lovely bower—she spreads a mossy couch—she promises to fan with gentle zephyrs, to delight with lovely landscapes, and lull to repose with murmuring rivulets and gently-flowing tor-

rents. Without resolution who will not yield to the charmer? Sometimes, in the midst of our first efforts at original and continuous thought, works of taste open their fascinating pages, and offer to introduce us into a world of unmarred loveliness. Often, when enduring the toil of research, we find a path at hand ready turn-piked, leading to the truth of which we are in pursuit. The temptation is too great—we abandon our own path, pass easily along the beaten track, with common minds, and although we arrive at the object, lose mental strength and confidence, and the sweet consciousness of original discovery. Occasionally we excuse our minds from labor by sliding from investigation to some other duty, promising a return under more favorable circumstances. Felix dismissed St. Paul, promising to send for him when he had a convenient season—that season Felix never found.

No one will ever prosecute a connected train of thought without holding an iron scepter, with a steady hand, over the powers of his mind. Never did warrior, scaling snow-clad Alps, need more decision, and perseverance, and steadiness, than he who ascends elevated summits of thought, bearing upward his reluctant faculties against ten thousand persuasive arguments and gravitating influences. Rugged cliffs, threatening eminences, terrific glaciers are not more opposing obstacles to the traveler than are those which present themselves to the undisciplined mind in its attempt at rigorous investigation.

Second. Let us consider the excuses of those who avoid close thought.

1. It is frequently asked, *Is not thought spontaneous—*suggested by laws of association beyond the control of reason? If so, whence the necessity of mental exertion? This query is frequently the subterfuge of indolence. The agriculturist might say, is not vegetable nutrition

dependent on laws beyond human regulation? why, then, need we plow, or sow, or disturb the earth with harrows? What though thought be not at the bidding of arbitrary will—is there no necessity for the employment of intellect? The existence of mental faculties, the rewards which sweeten intellectual toil, the curses which pursue the conscience-smitten sluggard, constitute a burning reply to the question.

Two ways may be pointed out in which reason may influence thought. First, it has the power of election and reprobation among suggested ideas. It can detain a thought which otherwise might pass on unnoticed, or it may dismiss a thought which seems fitted to occupy the attention. The detention of an idea gives rise to a *series*, which might never have been introduced had not its precursor been *fixed*. So also when a conception is expelled, its associates are banished with it. The exertion of this power is of incalculable importance. It needs no inspiration to discern within the soul a tendency to evil, which gives to pernicious thought an aptitude to engage. To raise a crop of weeds or brambles we need neither sow nor plow. Simply to *neglect* the soul is to abandon it to the possession of all that is unlovely. We are naturally indolent; but useful ideas, like useful plants, require cultivation—if, therefore, wholesome thought springs up in the uncultured mind, it wilts, and withers, and dies. What greater privilege does the gardener need than that of *selecting* from the thousand productions which prolific nature pours around him? Let him but eradicate every weed within his little inclosure, and dig around the roots of his shrubs, his pinks, and his lilies, and he will soon reap his reward in the beauties and fragrance of his beds and bowers.

What but this has transformed a rude spot into that "garden of tears" which enraptures every wanderer on

“sweet Mondego’s ever-verdant vale?” Nature is no less bountiful to the world invisible than to that which is physical. Does any one complain of barrenness or brambles, let him examine whether the abundance of his neighbors be owing to any superiority in soil. Go, thou sluggard, go—fence thy grounds, plow thy soil, pluck thy weeds, cultivate thy vines and flowers; and scarce wilt thou be able to say, “Awake, O north wind, and come thou south—blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out,” before thou shalt see the grape blush upon the vine, the carnation breathe its fragrance, the rose disclose its beauty.

A second way by which the reason may influence conception, consists in putting the mind in approximation to desired thought. We are all conscious that we are able to exert the mind arbitrarily in the recollection of forgotten facts and personages. A friend in the street inquires for a mutual acquaintance—we are aware that we know him, but are unable to remember him. We pause a moment and endeavor to bring him to recollection—instantly he flashes upon the mind. Here we are conscious of voluntarily placing the soul upon a track which we knew would lead to the person whose image we wished to recall. This is called intentional memory. In some cases we can distinctly trace the progress; in others, though the footsteps are undiscernible, we are conscious of the movement. This is bearing the soul backward through familiar truths to truths forgotten; but it serves to illustrate what I have in view, by the voluntary placing of the soul in relation to undiscovered truth. When we seek to discover a truth, we may bear the mind onward toward the point whence it may be seen. Though we may not be able to map our course, we may, nevertheless, be apprised of our journey. Though we may not *reach* our point, we may travel *toward* it, and can not fail of as-

ending to elevated points and opening our eyes on fields of unwonted light. Do we desire to discover new laws of matter or of mind, or to observe new correspondences in the inner and the outer, the physical and the intellectual worlds? Let us ascend to the tract of thought, where such laws are discovered, such correspondences observed, and dwell where the patient eye can not long gaze upon the scenes spread before it without perceiving new and transporting forms. It is by calm and persevering observation alone that unknown truth is made known. It may come unexpectedly but not unsought. The eye may have no more difficulty in opening upon it than upon any other truth; but the steps to the ascent whence it was discoverable may be numerous and steep.

This capability of putting the mind in such relations as are fruitful in rich and new ideas, is a great advantage which the cultivator of the mind possesses over the tiller of the soil. It is as though the gardener had the power of removing his garden at pleasure to any climate he wished, and allowing it to remain there till it experienced its characteristic effects, and unbosomed its peculiar fruits and flowers.

2. It has often been remarked that *original discovery—original thought, is generally accidental*. It may be so *apparently*, but not *really*. Two facts may satisfy us of this. Ignorant men are not discoverers. New truths are revealed only to patient observers, and bold and persevering inquirers. Who discovered the circulation of the blood? Not the ignorant, thoughtless butcher; but the scientific, reflecting anatomist. Who discovered the asteroids? They who by years of reflection and observation were led to suspect their existence. Who revealed the laws of the heavens? He who, for a lifetime, had laid his head in intense and untiring thought about them. The least exertion may be sufficient to make a

fortunate discovery, when the mind is filled with the rich results of long reflection; whereas the same reflection on the part of an unfurnished mind may be utterly unproductive—as the weight of a grain may turn the scale-beam against a tun, after nearly twenty hundred weight have been put into the opposite dish.

It frequently happens that discoveries are made simultaneously in different parts of the world; but rarely is a discovery made in advance of the age. Roger Bacon is the only remarkable example of a mind outstripping the race by ages; and the Pope excommunicated him, and imprisoned him ten years for supposed dealings with the devil. The human mind during the dark ages scarce ever shot a spark into the regions of science; but when the intellectual night receded, the beams of a thousand stars mingled their light for the illumination of Europe, and each nation had her constellation. Simultaneous discoveries are the legitimate offspring of the times. The discoveries do not illustrate the age, but the age develops the discoveries. They are the necessary, and we might say the inevitable results of the accumulations of generations of excitement, and ages of progressive thought.

3. It may be objected that some of the happiest productions in the department of *taste* were *the sudden effusions of moments of inspiration*. Granting that an extraordinary genius may take happy flights in unprepared moments, is that any reason why ordinary minds should wait for poetic breathing? In judging of the labor expended upon any given production, an unpracticed composer may be deceived. That which smells most of the lamp is not really the most elaborate. A celebrated critic pronounced the finest writing to be such as a reader would imagine exceedingly easy to equal, and yet such, that whoever should attempt to imitate it, would perspire over

his task. It is the half-finished production which leaves the marks of labor.

A distinguished clergyman of my acquaintance, whenever he preached a long, and learned, and involved sermon, generally apologized by saying that he had not time to prepare a short and simple one. A celebrated barrister of one of our eastern cities is said to employ a style which is the personification of simplicity, and yet he is perhaps more studious and laborious in his preparations for the bar than all his competitors. A little tract sometimes costs more labor than a volume. The perfected composition, like the finished edifice, is the result of double toil, labor in erecting, and labor in removing the scaffolding, and scraping away the traces of the tools. It is said of Pericles, "who lightened, thundered, and astonished Greece," that he never spoke *extempore*, nor even ventured to deliver an opinion without ample preparation. Virgil occupied ten years in writing six books of the *Æneid*. Not a single page of fine writing was ever produced without much intellectual effort; a solitary sentence may express the result of years of thought. The harvest may be gathered in a day, but plowing, and planting, and growth require time. If inspiration may be relied on, why does it not operate upon the indolent as well as the active, the fool as well as the wise man? He who, too idle to think, sits and sighs, and invokes the muses, will drink the *Lethean* sooner than the Pierian spring.

4. *The privileges of the university will not supply the want of thought; but strong, continuous thought, will atone for the want of them.* I hope that this remark will neither be misunderstood nor misrepresented. I trust I am as deeply impressed with the value of classical studies as any man ought to be; though I regard them not as education itself, but as its instruments. Their chief value results from the mental discipline

which they afford. How sadly mistaken, then, is he who relies upon his literary privileges merely for future greatness! He selects the best university, matriculates regularly, carelessly eons his lessons, but slurs over every difficult passage; relies much upon the aid of his superior classmates, and places his head upon the recitation bench in the vain hope that the intellects of others operating upon his passive soul, will mold him into a genius, as the hammer of the blacksmith shapes the iron upon his anvil into a horseshoe. Verily such a one has his reward—a sheepskin. But can the drone *thus* purchase mental power with his father's gold? No. Nature spurns the insulting proposition, and says, "Thy money perish with thee." Better for such a one that he had never opened a page of Virgil or of Homer—that the temple of science had forever closed its gates against him. At the termination of his collegiate course, the university clothes him with its honors; the world expects him to stand "a man;" the father fondly looks to him for a realization of the delusive dream he had indulged concerning his cherished idol. He enters upon the duties of active life; but, lo! perhaps in the very first collision with the vigorous mind of the self-taught woodsman, he is demonstrated to be a learned fool. He deserves the sting of scorpions; but his mortification is keener than the lash of an exterminating angel. This is no fancy sketch. It has many prototypes in real life. Nor is it much to be wondered at; but it is strange, passing strange, that so many of the modern "*improvements*" in the plan of education should be based upon a similar delusion. I refer to interpretations, interlinear translations, etc., by which thought is superseded, and the very purpose for which the classics ought to be valued is frustrated. When the ancient poet, Æschylus, drew a picture of a great man—a picture, which, presented

in the theater, caused all the audience to turn to Aristides, as he whom it precisely suited—he painted a field deeply plowed, and, therefore richly productive.

Βαθείαν ἀλοκα διὰ φρενός καρπούμενος.

The following is a literal translation of this part of the description :

“Reaping in mind the produce of the deep furrow.”

It is because the precious mental fruit springs from the deep furrow, that the classics are so valuable—they are the plowshare. To render them easy, by injudicious aids, is to grind your plowshare into dust, and scatter it over moral turf. The mere information they communicate is of little consequence.

There have been men who have risen to eminence without classical attainments; but they acquired by other means that habit of thought which the classics are so peculiarly calculated to confer. As examples, take Franklin and Cobbett, the one an American philosopher, the other a British statesman; one was the glory of a former age, the other the glory of the present. What was the secret of their eminence?

“I learned grammar [says Cobbett] when I was a private soldier, on the pay of sixpence a day. The edge of my berth, or that of my guard-bed, was my seat to study in; my knapsack was my bookcase, and a bit of board lying on my lap was my writing-table. In winter time it was rarely that I could get any evening light but that of the fire, and only my turn even of that. To buy a pen, or a sheet of paper, I was compelled to forego some portion of food, though in a state of half starvation. I had no moment of time that I could call my own; and I had to read and write amidst the talking, laughing, singing, whistling, and bawling of at least half a score of the most thoughtless of men, and that, too, in the hours of freedom from all control.” Here was discipline. Here

was the habit of self-control, of close, patient, vigorous thought.

5. There are some who have fallen into the sad mistake, that *reading is a substitute for thinking*. This has been the curse of thousands. The age is emphatically a reading one. We read in infancy, in childhood, in manhood, and old age; literally, we read ourselves from the cradle to the tomb. Scarce has an infant time to open its eyes upon the world, before it is tied to a stool to learn its book; and a man is considered an ignoramus unless he has read a line of pages large enough to reach from the earth to the moon. It often happens that a father congratulates himself upon the genius of his son, and the sure omens of his future eminence, simply because *he is fond of reading*. He seems to think the mind a repository, and that the process of making a great man consists in filling it up with books, and then putting it into some important situation in life to give occasion to its operations; as though the soul were a tea-kettle, and you could fill it up, and set it over the fire, and produce the breathings of genius *ad libitum*. To such a father I would say, beware, lest thy son prove an intellectual epicure—a dreaming fool. Such a caution is more necessary at this period, because much of our reading matter is worthless. It must be admitted that literature is increased, but is it not also diluted? Authors are multiplied, but is genius advanced? Every thing now is done by steam. Books are written and read in a hurry. There is evidently a degeneracy in the *producing* mind. Books seem to make up in size what they lack in sense, and often a grain of the solid gold of an old author is hammered into a flimsy octavo, to be called a “new book.” The eccentric John Randolph once remarked in Congress, that he wished there were but two books in the world, “the Bible and Will Shakspeare.” Although I

demur, in part, to the selection of that erratic genius, I acknowledge the wisdom on which the suggestion is founded.

Books are needed to convey information, and to stimulate the mind. When used for these purposes, they are legitimately employed; but when they are used for amusement instead of instruction, or to *relieve* the mind instead of *assist* it in cogitation, their tendency is pernicious. Equally so, when they fill up all the attention, and leave no time or motive for thought. The mind always flowing in the track of borrowed ideas is weak, inactive, dependent. It has no tendency to observe, no curiosity to inquire, no capacity to produce. It is destitute of original conceptions, of lofty thought, of elevated purpose.

To excite the mind and supply it with ideas, go rather to *nature* than to books. The heavens and the earth offer food to the soul. Would you have pure and original thoughts? Go to the only pure and original fountain of ideas—nature. There lie on all her pages the beautiful and the sublime. Go send your soul to pillow herself upon the green earth, or enthrone herself upon the heavens; bid her sail upon the whirlwind, step into the terrific tempest; place her ear to the thunder, and open her eye upon the lightning's path. She shall meet with ideas of beauty and of grandeur, and hold fellowship with Him who maketh the earth his footstool, the heavens his throne, the thunder his voice, the clouds his chariot, and whose footsteps are on the wings of the wind. What is the secret of success in medicine, in law, in divinity, in oratory? Thought. Who is the distinguished doctor? lawyer? divine? He who is given to patient observation and reflection. Show me the philosopher who was more fond of books than of nature. Was it Aristotle, who gave laws to Europe for more than thir-

teen centuries? Was it Bacon, who poured such a flood of light upon the fields of philosophy? Was it Newton, who unraveled the laws of the universe? Was it Locke, who applied the principles of the inductive philosophy to mind? Was it Bichat, who carried the same principles into the physiological sciences? No, no.

How did the ancient poet do? Homer had no books; and yet, for his image, the temple of Fame opens her "holy of holies," and sends up the sweetest incense that ever exhaled from her altars. His soul kept house in the universe. The scenery of his native land supplied him with ideas, and like the widow's cruse of oil, was never exhausted or diminished by the using. The naked rocks of the Ægean fired his mind. His heart, like the Eolian harp, was responsive to the passing breeze. "Sublimity covered him all the day long, and dwelt beneath his shoulders." He was blessed for the precious things of heaven, for the dew, and for the deep that coucheth beneath, and for the precious things brought forth by the sun, and for the precious things put forth by the moon, and for the chief things of the ancient mountains, and for the precious things of the lasting hills. The mind can scarcely fail to bring good tidings when its feet are upon the mountains. It is not, however, by an idle ramble that nature's beauties can be perceived. These are hidden from every eye that hath not been taught to dwell upon them. It was a beautiful idea of the ancients, that the heavens and the earth are an allegorical representation, under the external form of which are couched ideas which the wise only can read. The soul formed to contemplation sees a thousand charms never revealed to the untutored mind. Before it the wilderness breaks forth into singing, and the solitary place buds and blossoms as the rose. To such a mind the universe is like Anacreon's lyre, which, whatever was

the poet's theme, or however he swept its chords, sounded out *love* only from its strings.

O let me listen to the ravished mind that has been musing on the fields! "Her lips drop as the honeycomb; honey and milk are under her tongue, and the smell of her garments is like the smell of Lebanon."

Whence does the metaphysician draw his ideas? By turning his mind's eye inward, surveying the faculties, and their operations, tracing the thought through its stages—studying the laws of memory, imagination, judgment—making the soul the theme of its own observations. Thus was Locke, Reid, Brown, Stewart, Cousin, taught.

Who is the successful minister? The book-worm? Nay—the diligent student of his own heart. It was from his own bosom, next to the Bible, that Massilon drew his eloquence, Whitefield his power, Wesley his charm. Here, in the mysterious workings of the bosom, as in a mirror, you may behold the secret springs of human action, the various phases of human character, the deformity, and hideousness, and devilishness of depraved humanity. Here you may examine the excuses of the sinner, and his refuges of lies; here see his fears and forebodings, his hopes and doubts; here trace the silent, melting, mellowing energies of the Divine Spirit, and the hellish suggestions of the invisible foe. O there are wells of inspiration in each human bosom, whence angel souls might draw! Here is the true Castalian fountain. Drink, drink deep, and then trust your pen, or tongue, for vivid delineations of burning thought. Inspired by communion with his own heart, the minister can not *but* be eloquent. He comes forth on vantage-ground. He has obtained a perfect knowledge of the inmost workings of his hearers' hearts: "As face answereth to face in water, so the heart of man to man."

The audience sit in mute astonishment. The stillness—like that of death—is interrupted only by the falling tear, or the half-suppressed sigh. No wonder. An unseen hand goes forth from the preacher into each bosom, and searches it; every one is conscious that, for the time, he is a prisoner chained by the heart. It is almost as though one rose from the grave.

What gave to Shakspeare his power? Surely he knew little of books. He read scarce any thing but human nature. *Hence* he drew whatever of sublimity, of fire, of elegance, of sweetness, inspired his song; and hence he derived that indescribable charm which is spread over all his pages. O that it had been sanctified!

But you inquire, if poets and orators have gone to nature for ideas, may we not go to them? Go rather to the *substance* than the *shadow*. Go to the pure *fountain*, not the polluted *stream*. Think not so meanly of your soul as to suppose it unworthy, or incompetent, to receive a thought fresh from its source. To you the universe opens its rich and abundant fields of thought. If you would know their native fragrance and sweetness, you must gather them with your own hand. But if ideas could be derived from books, fresh and green as we receive them from nature, there would yet be a reason why we should rely upon our own efforts. The strength, and health, and happiness of the soul, is dependent upon the proper exercise of its faculties.

6. Rhetoric and logic have been supposed by some to be *substitutes* for thought. I quarrel not with these sciences. They have a beneficial influence on the mind, and are to be ranked high among elevated studies. But so far from being substitutes for thought, thought is a substitute for them. They may be *serviceable*, but they are not *essential* to the poet or orator. They did not go before to dig the channel in which the stream of genius

should flow forth; they merely followed to observe its direction, and map the tributaries which swell the sweeping tide.

With all the logic and rhetoric of Aristotle, a man could never produce an original thought, any more than a surveyor, with his compass, could call into existence the mountain he surveys.

Think, if you would be eloquent; think, and the brain will send down its influence upon the heart, and the heart will pour up its heated, reddened current to the brain; and the brain will radiate afresh its exciting influence upon the heart; and then the tongue can not *avoid* eloquence. She *will* come down, and seat herself upon the lips.

Does the excited heart need direction as to the manner of its pulsations? As well teach the earth how to move in her orbit. You *can not*, if you *would*, direct. As well attempt to give laws to the earthquake, or the volcano, or learn the exploding magazine *how* it shall expand. The excited heart scorns to think of rhetoric or logic. They *dare* not speak to her; but sit mute and enraptured spectators of her motions. They cease to be *teachers*, and become silent and humble, but enchanted *worshippers*. What was the eloquence of Demosthenes? The outbursting of an overflowing soul. What the eloquence of Logan? The plaints of a wounded heart. What the eloquence of Tecumseh? The eruptions of pent-up revenge and indignation. There is no rhetoric like that of the stimulated spirit. Who would lecture on the arrangements of arguments to the prisoner pleading for his life? Who would teach the inflexions of the voice, which are suitable for command, to the pilot, with his eye on the headland, the breakers, the midnight ocean storm, while his whole soul is roused to a struggle with the maddened elements? Would you preach on the

tones appropriate for supplication to Dives putting his head out from the flames of perdition, to call on Abraham for a drop of water to cool his tongue?

Rhetoric and logic have their uses; they do not *precede*, they *follow* thought. They may be concerned to criticise, to subdue, and chasten. But even in this office, let them be watched with suspicion. If you have written a line with a throbbing bosom, beware, then, beware how you put the rude hand of cold criticism upon it. Nature is nature's best interpreter.

These sciences find their occasions of service in the outset of the mind; but they only attend it in its groveling walks. They are earthly instruments, and fitted only for terrestrial valleys. Once wrap the soul in a chariot of flames, and like Elijah ascending the heavens, it will fling away its staff and mantle.

General Education.

THE history of education may be divided into four periods. The first, commencing with the fall of man and extending to the Deluge, comprehends a term of two thousand years, and may be denominated the patriarchal. It is probable that, in this period, the whole race was in a semi-barbarous condition; they wandered in deserts and forests, depending upon fishing and the chase for subsistence, and consuming all their time and expending all their energies in procuring the necessaries of life. They had no agriculture, commerce, navigation, arts, or science worthy of the name. Their wars were collisions of brute force; their governments were of the simplest kind, growing, in most instances, out of the influence of aged patriarchs or veteran chiefs; their arts were few and rude; their sciences consisted of a few phenomena, perverted to superstitious purposes; their religion, though based upon important revelations, was obscured, if not obliterated, by vain imaginations. The little knowledge which they possessed was transmitted only by tradition, as they had no written language. Their wealth was poverty, their courage ferocity, their wisdom superstition, their religion idolatry. God was the only teacher, and it was but now and then that he opened heaven and let down a truth upon them. Their wickedness hung an impenetrable cloud over them, and the few beams that darted through it from the skies were soon absorbed and lost in prevailing

errors. There was, however, at all times, one luminous spot on earth, though often bound by a circle a few feet in diameter. Enoch, Nimrod, Noah, and kindred worthies, manifested vigorous intellect. The history of antediluvian ages is nearly lost; nor need we deplore the obscurity which rests over that distant period, since we know that it had no influence upon postdiluvian times, and that, if the veil could be removed, we could obtain no valuable information.

II. After the Deluge, the human mind manifested increased activity. Less than two hundred years subsequent to that event, Nimrod, or Belus, laid the foundations of Babylon, and Ashur built Nineveh, which became the capital of the Assyrian empire. Not long posterior, the Egyptian empire was founded by Menes, or Mizraim.

A period of energy, and effort, and light ensued, comprehending the history of the palmy days of Egypt, Greece, and Rome, and embracing a period of more than two thousand years. The first and perhaps the greatest development of human intellect, was in the valley of the Nile. Egypt attained an elevation in science, arts, and song, to which the world must look up for ages to come. The pyramids, temples, obelisks, columns, and colossal statues at Thebes, still remain—having resisted the desolations of time for many successive centuries—and attest the power, the perseverance, and the skill of Egyptian artisans. The shriveled mummy, torn from the emboweled catacomb, and transported to a distant shore, to gratify the eye of vain and eager curiosity, reminds us that arts, of which we are ignorant, were known in early ages to Egypt. Pompey's Pillar, Cleopatra's Needles, and the forests of columns, and piles of ruins that are scattered all along the "city of the Dead," bear ample attestation to the ancient glory of Alexandria.

It is reasonable to suppose that when mankind passed from the migratory to the settled condition, the adjustment of the boundaries of their possessions would be an object of attention. Accordingly, we find that geometry is an ancient science; and although its methods, in early ages, were coarse, it nevertheless subserved the most valuable purposes.

To what extent the natural sciences were cultivated we are at a loss to conceive; but we have sufficient ground to conjecture, that the external character of fossils, the structure of the earth, the nature of vegetables, and the history of animals, were by no means overlooked by the philosophers of Egypt.

The more important phenomena of the heavens were observed in a very early age; and although no satisfactory manner of accounting for them was devised till a later period, yet the astronomical knowledge of antiquity was as accurate, if not as extensive, as widely diffused, though not as philosophical, as that of the nineteenth century of the Christian era. The phases of the moon, the precession of the equinoxes, the differences between solar and sidereal time were all familiarly known to ancient Egypt. The zodiac was divided into signs by a process simple and ingenious, and requiring a perseverance worthy of the highest reward. So common was astronomical knowledge in those early ages, that we have reason to suppose almost every distinguished individual had a horoscope, and that the zodiacs found in the ruins of Estne and Dendara are specimens of that instrument. The true system of astronomy, supposed by many to be the achievement of modern science, was taught by Pythagoras five hundred and ninety years prior to the Christian era, and was probably derived by him from Æunophis, an Egyptian priest of On.

The healing art attained considerable maturity at a

very early age. Facts were observed and classified, and deductions drawn, remedies were multiplied, experiments made, and temples dedicated to Æsculapius. Knowledge was accumulated and transmitted, and much that is useful in medicine was known before the days of Hippocrates or Galen.

In the fine arts no modern nation has ever been equal to Egypt. Music, painting, and sculpture were cultivated among the Egyptians with a success to which no subsequent age has ever yet *approached*. Greece received light from Egypt, and traced her footsteps. In government, war, philosophy, poetry, and refinement, she has never been surpassed. Do you ask for her law-givers? History points to her Solon and Lycurgus. For her orators? She pronounces the name of Demosthenes. For her warriors? She mentions Leonidas and Xenophon. For her philosophers? She directs to Pythagoras and Socrates. For her arts? She points to the Coliseum and Parthenon, still rearing their summits in the sunbeams. For her poets? She names Homer, and proudly challenges the present or the past to mention his equal.

The human mind, though amply developed both in Egypt and Greece, did not take the same direction in both. Egypt cultivated the perceptive, Greece the reflective faculties. Egypt surpassed in arts, Greece in science. Egypt observed facts, Greece drew deductions. The former studied external nature, the latter the internal microcosm. The one cultivated the arts that adorn, the other those that ennoble mankind. Egypt threw her wand upon the pencil and the chisel, and bade the marble breathe, and made the canvas speak. Greece threw her charm upon the heart, and hushed the passions into calm, or whirled them into storm. The one *imitated* nature, the other *vanquished* her. The former arrested the current of life in silent admiration, by her combinations

of color, form, and sound; the other held the heart pulseless by her vivid delineations of intense conception.

Rome followed Greece, but stopped far short of her. The impulse which the human mind had received appeared to have been in some degree spent before it reached the imperial city. Nevertheless, the works of ancient Rome are among the noblest triumphs of man, and her language is the repository of some of the richest treasures of human thought. Long as literature and science are cultivated, or the earth is the abode of man, the works of Tribonian, Virgil, Cicero, and cotemporaneous writers, will be subjects of the highest admiration. We need no other proof of Roman greatness than Roman language. It is precisely adapted to convey strong thought and intense feeling. We may form a very good idea of a nation's intellect by its language. That of France is just such as a versatile, volatile people, like themselves, would desire—formed for colloquial purposes. That of modern Italy seems designed for love songs, the only effort for which the emaciated mind of its inhabitants appears to be adapted. The language of old Rome is fitted for the most majestic movements of mind.

Under the influence of luxury and vice, Rome gradually declined, till at length she was overrun by successive hordes of barbarians, by whom the most valuable productions of her art were despoiled, and her land, which was as the garden of Eden, became converted into a desolate wilderness.

It is melancholy to behold the empress of the world, who had crushed beneath her iron footsteps Carthage, Pontus, and Judea, and whose chains, at one time, every nation, from Gaul to India, were proud to wear, trampled beneath the brutal tread of Huns, Goths, and Vandals. The reason was apparent. She neglected the education of her sons. It was not because she had no gunpowder

that she fell. She would have fallen with an armory in every village, and a magazine in every house. Had she possessed the spirit of her Cæsars, or her Catos, she would have buckled on her shield, and her legions would have rolled back the tide of invasion, and planted the Roman eagle on the invader's soil.

III. This brings us to the third period, comprehending those times to which posterity has assigned the appellation of dark ages. During the long period of nearly ten centuries, the human mind appeared to have lost nearly all its power; and the trophies which it had before won were buried in oblivion. Universal darkness prevailed.

The monks were the only individuals who paid attention to literature and science; nor did *they all* devote themselves to these pursuits—it was only here and there that a monk became learned. The mass of civilized mind was stereotyped, and appeared incapable of giving any other impression than that which the "Holy Mother" delineated. The priests spent their time in attending to the ceremonies of the Church, and the Pope and cardinals were engrossed in managing affairs of state. The whole earth appeared to be wrapped in a pall of death, and the human race to proceed in one great funeral procession of age after age to eternity. The prevalence of Popery accounts for the condition of the public mind during the dark ages. The grand principle on which the Church of Rome stands, is that the general intellect shall not be developed. Popery and general education are as incompatible as light and darkness.

IV. The last period commences with the revival of letters, and extends to the present time. The Reformation and the revival of letters may be regarded as intimately connected, if not in the relation of cause and effect. It is

certain that no general revival of learning could have taken place without the influence of the Reformation.

The grand question between the reformers and the Pope was this, Shall there be but one or many minds? There were many minor points, but this was the *grand* one. The Pope could easily have adjusted the numerous inferior matters in dispute between Luther and the Chair of St. Peter; but he could not yield his pretended right to control the world's intellect. He said, "There shall be but one mind on earth; namely, my own." Here Luther joined issue, and maintained that there should be as many minds as there are men.

Since the Reformation the progress and diffusion of knowledge have been both rapid and uninterrupted.

The discovery of the art of printing and the mariner's compass, the introduction of the Baconian philosophy, and the application of steam to the mechanic arts, have done much to prepare the way for general education. Several important political events have contributed largely to the same end. I refer to the American Revolution, the French Revolution, and the wars of Napoleon—the first resulting in the establishment of free government on our own shores, and the two latter in the breaking up of long-settled forms of tyranny and ecclesiastical usurpation, and all contributing to extend the belief that mankind ought to think for themselves.

We can but mourn when we contemplate the bloodshed of revolutionary France; but may we not conceive that even that disastrous event had a powerful influence in undermining the foundations of venerable superstition, extending liberal principles, and promoting general knowledge?

If we turn our attention to Europe, we shall find that a day of general knowledge has already begun. The parochial schools of Scotland have long been admirable.

The subject of general education receives much attention in England; and although ecclesiastical and political institutions present an insuperable barrier to the establishment of any efficient system of common schools adequate to the wants of the British nation, yet legislative and private munificence are sufficient to secure the blessings of education to the humblest walks of life.

The common school system is acquiring daily efficiency and extension in France. The Citizen King is acquiring enduring popularity by elevating the general mind of the great nation which he rules, and which has so often been fertile in wars and wickedness. There is much to commend in the spirit which has long prevailed on the subject of the diffusion of knowledge in Switzerland, and much to admire in the public and private institutions of that independent people. In Sweden the most liberal views have long been entertained in relation to education. She has a common school, supported at the public expense, in every considerable town. The University of Upsal has an enviable reputation; and the general education is a prominent object of consideration with the Swedish government. The parochial schools of Denmark are equal to those of Scotland; and her metropolis, Copenhagen, is one of the great centers whence radiate the rays of science and civilization over the world. Even Catholic Spain and Italy are awake on the subject of education. In Russia and Austria common schools and seminaries are erected, teachers are educated, and an ample course of instruction is pointed out by law. Moreover, the children are not only provided for, but compelled to avail themselves of the legal provisions for their advantage.

Of the system of Prussia we need scarcely speak. It is the best that was ever devised, and will long be the model for all the enlightened nations of earth. Nearly

all the German states have imitated the Prussian system, and several of them have brought it to the same perfection as Prussia herself. If we cast our eyes toward Turkey and Egypt, we shall see that even the Sublime Porte has caught the general spirit, and transferred it to the Pacha, to spread over the land of Sesostris and the Pharaohs.

In our own country education is becoming general. To New England belongs the honor of first providing, by law, for popular education. Her noble example has been followed with various degrees of spirit and of wisdom by most of the other states of the Union.

The General Government has not been an idle spectator of these movements of the sisters of the confederacy. She has assigned to the new states—beside occasional donations—the thirty-sixth part of all the lands within their chartered limits for the purposes of general education. Indeed, to our country we must look for the origin of all those plans of general education which have been brought to such perfection in Europe. We believe that when the wisest of modern monarchs, Frederick William III, ascended the throne of Prussia, New England had a common school system matured by many successive years of reflection and experience. He saw America free; he believed her institutions would prove permanent; he knew that freedom was contagious, and that the example of America would be followed by the other nations of the world unless monarchies were rendered popular. To accomplish this object he devised an admirable expedient, namely, the education of his people, thus making the crown the source of the highest blessings that can descend from human governments, and endearing the monarch to his subjects. Many crowned heads have already perceived his wisdom and imitated his example. The throne of an enlightened people is a dangerous seat,

yet such is the only kind of people that Europe will soon contain; and the question among monarchs is, whether thrones shall be abolished or made obedient to the popular will.

It is enough to make America blush to observe what despotic governments have accomplished with a system borrowed from ourselves. If republics, standing alone, can not endure without popular education, how can they stand in the light of monarchies which outstrip them in virtue and intelligence?

Although education is rapidly extending, much remains to be done before its universal diffusion. Millions are in total ignorance. It was the opinion of a late monarch, that out of ten millions of the adult population of a civilized nation, scarce one thousand were well informed. If we limit our view to our own country, we shall find much to be done. In some of the states the systems are partial, and in others radically defective. The necessity of universal education is obvious to all. There are *peculiar* reasons why education should be general in our *own country*. We need intelligence to bring out the treasures of our land—a land which, extending from the lakes to the gulf, and from ocean to ocean, and embracing almost every variety of soil and climate, offers unnumbered valleys and mountains to the hand of culture—exhaustless mines and numerous plants and animals to the scrutiny of science, and inestimable resources to the industry of freemen. We require education to discharge our duties as American citizens. All the machinery of government is moved by the hand of the people. The duties of juror, of soldier, and of statesman fall upon the ordinary citizen; nay, the highest functions in the cabinet, the forum, and the field *must* be performed by the common citizen, because Columbia knows no other.

Penn, in his *préface* to the "Frame of Government," remarks, "that which *makes* a good constitution must keep it; namely, wisdom and virtue—qualities which, because they descend not with worldly inheritance, must be carefully propagated by a virtuous education." There is a doctrine which teaches that general tranquillity can only be obtained by general ignorance, and that therefore education should be confined to the few, while the many are consigned to degradation and gloom. If there is any one that asks a reply to this argument, let him go to the history of the past, to the dark regions of barbarism, or the bright pages of revelation, to the indignant hearts of freemen pulsating around him, to reason, or to that voice within him which, though *still* and *small*, nevertheless speaks as the voice of God.

Education should be what its name imports. It is derived from two words—*e* and *duco*, which signify to lead out; and it means development. There is "a very great error" prevalent on this subject. Were we to consult the general opinion of parents, tutors, and pupils, we should suppose that education is the very reverse of development. When a parent directs his teacher in the education of his children, he informs him that he wishes them to have so much knowledge communicated, say of grammar, arithmetic, Latin, etc. He sends his child to *school* as he does to the merchant, to get so much, as though *knowledge*, like *cloth*, could be measured by yardsticks. The schoolmaster generally provides himself with a stock of the salable branches of education, and prepares to supply all orders in his line. He regards his scholars as the druggist does his phials. He takes their minds one by one, and pours in, pours in, from his larger vessel, of the required material, as though it were oil, and carefully corks it up, fearing lest the least motion should spill the precious article. The parent upon

receiving his child acts upon the same principle, and examines the child's head to see if it be *full*. The poor child, too, always thinks of education as of a process of filling up. He goes into the school-room as he would go into prison, expecting to have his mind confined, and handled, and filled up, and shaken down. Now the truth is, that education is following out nature, instead of confining and crossing her. It consists in leading out the mind. The school-room should be an enchanted spot, and the child should enter it as the candidate for the prize entered into the Olympic games, or as the Indian engages in the gigantic pastimes of the wilderness. It is the arena for mental sport and mental struggle, with a view to mental development. An ancient teacher, Leucippus, understood the principle, when he directed the pictures of joy and gladness to be hung around his school-room. I am aware that much useful knowledge is communicated in the halls of science. There is no branch of science which does not contribute its share of valuable facts. The *ordinary* branches of *English education* derive their chief value from being available to the practical purposes of life; but in reference to most branches of knowledge the primary object is the development, discipline, and strength of the intellectual powers. This principle will enable us to determine the question so much agitated in our own day in relation to the necessity of the classics and mathematics. I know that the demand of the age is for practical knowledge. We are becoming exclusively utilitarian. We cultivate a contempt for every thing which has not a practical application. The writings of several eminent men in this country and in Europe have contributed largely to give this direction to public sentiment. The general inquiry among parents is, what will enable my son to make money? Under the influence of a Carthaginian

avarice the process of reasoning seems to be getting out of vogue. There is scarce any promiscuous assembly that can listen, for an hour, to a connected chain of thought. The only mental operations for which our age seems to be fitted, are arithmetical calculations and the memory of facts. It is not surprising that the ^(a)classics and mathematics are sinking into neglect. (c)
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(d)

There are reasons why they should be studied independent of their power to train the mind. The latter are indispensable to the investigation of important problems in the natural sciences; and the former are serviceable by explaining the general principles of grammar, enabling the student to drink the waters of the purest fountains of classic literature, uncorrupted by translation, and giving him clearness and copiousness of language; but the great advantage consists in the exercise of abstraction, attention, and memory. If we overlook all minor advantages, and regard the classics and mathematics as instruments of mental training merely, and if we insist that practical benefits alone should be regarded in the education of the young, *yet* may we show that they are important. When the physician bids his dyspeptic patient to go to some distant spring, whose waters are *falsely* supposed to be medicated, does he act unwisely? What though the invalid obtains no medicine by his journey, may he not be benefited? The change of habits, of air, of scenery, of thought, of diet, and the healthful exercise of body, may co-operate to produce a cure of his loathsome malady, and confer upon him the highest blessings; namely, a *cheerful mind*, and a sound and vigorous body. Is it affirmed that a man derives no valuable fact from the study of the classics and mathematics? For the sake of argument we grant it; but then we declare that he derives blessings incomparably superior to a world of facts; namely, a strong, active, and vigorous mind.

In the ablest argument to which I ever listened against these branches of study, the principal reliance was placed upon the alleged fact, that students generally forget their classical and mathematical acquisitions soon after they leave the halls of science. I know that men rarely think of Euclid or Virgil when they are engaged in the ordinary avocations of life, unless they are engaged in professions which require an application of them. But what of that? Has the youth derived no benefit from his books and diagrams? Shall the man who has safely crossed the ocean dry shod, affirm, when he has landed, and has no more need of transportation over the waves, that ships are of no consequence? The chief advantage of books consists in their bearing the soul across the gulf which separates ignorance from knowledge.

It is impossible for an individual, however negligent he may be in relation to his collegiate studies, to deprive himself of their advantages. When a man has climbed the ladder whose foot is on the ground, and whose summit is in the sky, though every round beneath him should crumble into dust, he remains in his lofty elevation. Learning raises a man into the region of imagination, taste, and reason; and though her paths may be forgotten, her votary remains the enraptured spectator of a world of loveliness.

Besides the instruction to which we have referred, the natural sciences should receive a large share of attention, particularly philosophy, chemistry, botany, physiology, geology. These sciences are of especial importance to western Americans.

The modern languages are too much neglected in our literary institutions of every grade. They are worthy to be studied for various reasons, but chiefly because they contain much valuable information in every department

of science. It must be a source of the highest satisfaction to the physician to read the works of Bichat, Magendie, or Duchadela, in his own tongue, or to the divine to peruse the works of the renowned Genevese pastor or the amiable and elegant Fenelon, undiluted by translation.

It appears to me that special attention should be given to the arts of speaking and writing. In this land, where every man is liable to be called to take an active part in the political discussions which agitate the country, and even to represent freemen in the halls of legislation, it is highly important that the student be early taught to deliver his sentiments fluently and with effect. When this art shall be more generally taught, the counsels of wisdom will be less often overwhelmed by the declamations of imbecility. Writing is no less important than speaking. How often has the venerable minister, whose heart was holy and whose mind was rich, perished from the earth without leaving any thing by which the world might be improved after his decease! I have known the physician, whose fame extended from sea to sea, ridiculed and pitied, because his composition was so slovenly and ungrammatical that it scarcely conveyed the thoughts he wished to communicate. Some of the ablest practitioners that ever attended the bedside of the sick have lived and died in the western country. Had a Hines or Goforth written the results of his enlarged experience and valuable reflections, the record would have blessed the world long after the tracing hand "had forgotten its cunning." The situation of our western fathers in their youth precluded the acquisition of the necessary preliminary education, and hence their valuable knowledge was limited to a small circle within the generation in which they lived, and their names will be forgotten in the generation which shall succeed. *They* may be excused—

peace to their ashes!—but if their sons do not bless the world with the pen, on *them* and on *their* teachers must rest an onerous responsibility.

(g) I will not detail all the sciences which ought to enter into a course of instruction; but before I leave the subject I will drop a remark in relation to the study of political philosophy. Our own Constitution should be studied in all colleges, seminaries, and common schools. By the study of our Constitution I do not mean the bare reading or committing of its articles, but the comprehending of them by tracing them to their origin through their development in the history of our country, and in the legislation of the government. I am happy to say that we have text-books prepared to our hand on this subject, and adapted to every class of scholars. The extensive dissemination among the youth of our country of sound and ample views of this great instrument would do more to save our institutions from destruction than any thing that can be devised.

It is not, however, by a knowledge of books merely that a mind can be properly educated. The mere book-worm is a useless animal, and, for aught that he does, might as well have never lived. He who would have a mind properly trained, must acquire a knowledge of men and things. He must learn wisdom from books and vales, mountains and cataracts. The earth and seas must be questioned, and the sun, moon, and stars made to yield their share of instruction. The child should cultivate acquaintance with nature, and be taught to woo her as his mistress; and, that he may acquire the indispensable element of round-about common sense, should be allowed to have free collision with his fellows.

Moreover, the youth should be made to emerge from the little circle of self, and to feel that he is an inhabitant of a deep and beautiful universe, which it is alike

his duty and his privilege to explore; and he should be brought *up, up* from the little domicile of his father, and made to realize that he is a member of the great family of God, and that it is his duty to prepare himself to bless the world and all the future generations of mankind.

Education should be more than the development of the intellect. Man is a compound being, and every element of his complex structure requires to be evolved. It has been the fatal error of mankind, ever since the revival of letters, to regard the youth as a mere intellectual machine. The wants of the body have been overlooked. One of these four results have generally followed: Either the individual has become disgusted with the paths that lead to fame, and retired before his frame sank beneath his toil; or he has become diseased and his life has been embittered with pain and anguish; or, third, he has descended to a premature grave; or, lastly, he has become an idiot. A truant, or a dunce, or one whose constitution is as brass, may live under college discipline; but woe to the respectful genius who submits to college commons and collegiate restraints. (L.)

Go read the history of Genius. It is a history of infirmities which no eye can trace without being moistened with tears. Is it reasonable to destroy our usefulness in cultivating our minds? Is it right to disregard the laws which God has written legibly in the liver and the lungs? As well blot out the decalogue as treat with contempt the handwriting of God on the visible temple in which his image dwells. Moreover, if man be disposed to run the hazard of meeting the frowns of God for the violation of his physical laws, and be willing to perish a martyr to fame, is it the surest way to attain the enviable summit for which ambition pants?

How often do we see the man of giant powers and

sanctified feelings, cultivated in the highest degree, sinking into the grave before he has been enabled to turn his noble powers to good account by the performance of a single important action! There is scarce a cemetery that does not read unheeded lessons to mankind on the folly of such a course. Many a name that is found only on the humble headstone of a new-mown grave might have been transmitted to posterity embalmed in undecaying glory, had its possessor regarded the fiat of Jehovah inscribed in the constitution of his earthly tabernacle.

Again: from a neglect of the body there often results a worse consequence than death itself. The mind is influenced by the body. This was known to the ancients, and passed into a proverb—*mens sana in corpore sano*. It was known before Rome was founded by one who said that much study is a weariness of the flesh. I have seen the mighty intellect gradually weakened by unremitting toil, till second childishness and mere oblivion succeeded Ulyssian wisdom and Homeric sublimity, long ere the golden bowl was broken or the silver cord was loosed.

(i.) It is not enough to develop the intellect and the body. There are other faculties besides the merely corporeal and mental. The moral faculties, above all others, are in need of training. The physical organs are the servants of the intellectual powers, but both are subjected to the moral and higher faculties. In consequence of the fall the latter have lost much of their power, while the mere animal propensities have acquired preternatural momentum. Hence, the highest object of education is to develop the conscience and the affections—those elements of man's nature by which he bears the image of his Creator, and which, if properly cultivated, will qualify him for a participation in the happiness of heaven.

It is astonishing that in this day of reform it should

be thought a strange doctrine, that education should embrace the culture of the heart. Long since was the question settled. It has been so regarded by the greatest lights in every age, from the last to that of Aristotle, Locke, the most distinguished of modern metaphysicians, says: "I place virtue as the first and most necessary of these endowments which belong to a man," etc. Lord Kames says, "It appears unaccountable that our teachers generally have directed their instructions to the head with so little attention to the heart." "The end of learning," according to the immortal Milton, "is to repair the ruin of our first parents, by regaining to know God aright, and out of that knowledge to love him, to imitate him, to be like him, as we may be the nearest by possessing ourselves of true virtũe, which, united to the heavenly grace of faith, makes up the highest perfection."

Many other illustrious authorities of modern times might be cited, but I pass to cite one or two ancient authorities. Xenophon tells us with approbation that the Persians, rather than make their children learned, taught them to be virtuous, and instead of filling their heads with fine speculations, taught them honesty, and sincerity, and resolution, and endeavored to make them wise and valiant, just and temperate. Lycurgus, in the Constitution of the Lacædemonian Commonwealth, took less care about the learning than the *lives* and *manners* of the children. Aristotle surveyed man thoroughly. He was a great mind, perhaps the greatest the world has ever produced. It delights us to think of him. It makes us feel that we belong to a noble race, and that man can hold up his head, even when introduced into the presence of supernal beings. The name of Aristotle will be pronounced with reverence long as the noblest associations of genius, virtue, and morality can reach the human heart. Philip

of Macedon, upon the birth of Alexander, wrote to Aristotle, saying that he thanked the gods not so much that they had given him a son as that they had given him at a time when Aristotle might be his instructor. Such was the veneration in which he was held by the greatest minds of his age. He ruled the empire of mind with undisputed sway for nearly fourteen centuries, and even now the chief acquisitions of the Spanish scholar consist of the logic and philosophy of Aristotle. This giant mind lifted the veil which hides eternity from mortal vision, and beheld, though dimly, its realities—he saw an immortal nature in man, and sought to frame his education so as to suit it.

Who does not feel that there is within him more than thought and sensation? Who does not permit his mind to go forth to the world to come, and inquire within him, how shall I travel up through the unwasting ages before me?

The world will soon be educated. It has been said that a similar progress may be traced in the general mind to what we observe in the individual. The world was once an infant, tossed upon the nurse's arms—it was hushed with a lullaby, "pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw," and next she sallied forth to gather flowers on the lawn, and gambol over the mead, and next she could be seen creeping like a snail unwillingly to school; but now the nations of the earth give signs that the human mind has passed the periods of infancy and juvenescence; that upon it are coming the marks of sobriety and maturity, the spirit of inquiry, of thought, of action. The croaker cries that the world is degenerating. Is it pride, or ambition, or vanity, or ignorance which induces me to say that he knows not whereof he affirms; that the world, take it altogether, has more of majesty in her form, of grace in her mien, of vigor in

her footsteps, of fire in her eye, of passion in her heart, of energy in her mind, than she ever had before? True, her old garments may cling to her, but she has outgrown them; and if she wear them it is because of her poverty. Her old nurse may compel her to rattle her childish playthings, but when she does so she feels ashamed—she is no longer charmed with the empty sound.

A spirit has gone forth among the nations which demands universal education. It comes upon the earth like the atmosphere we breathe, enveloping land and sea. It binds like the principle that wheels the planets in their orbits. Tyrants tremble, thrones bow, armies stand still before it. Man will be educated. On this point the extremities of the world meet—antipodes feel in unison—one hemisphere speaks and the other answers. Man may rise against it—avarice may utter its maledictions—superstition may rail—selfishness may exclaim, interested nobility condemn; but it comes. The decree has gone forth that man shall be enlightened. It will not be revoked. It is the voice of nature—it is the voice of God. Vain is resistance—vain the arm of law—vain the scepter of sovereignty—vain the barriers of caste. They will be swept like the dike before the tide when a nation is engulfed, or the rampart before the whirlwind that has uprooted the forest.

If man is to be educated he is to be free. Freedom has always kept pace with the progress of education. Egypt was once free, at least so far as she was educated. She had, even then, many slaves, and so many untutored sons. Greece was once free; and why? Was it because her soil was fertile, and her valleys and her streams lovely, or because the fresh breezes of the Ægean or Ionian seas fanned her? No! Her scenes are as charming now as they were then. Greece was once free, but it was when the powers of her body and mind were cultivated—

when imagination, memory, taste, and feeling—all that was bright or beautiful, foul or terrific, and magnificent or lovely in wondrous, heaven-born, exiled man, enjoyed an ample development and a vigorous life. Fix your eye upon that colossal power issuing from the east, threatening to tame the spirit of Greece and reduce her to slavery, by inflicting upon her sons a summary and awful vengeance for an insult offered to the scepter of Darius. It reaches to the heavens, and casts a shadow upon a hemisphere. It rocks the earth beneath its tread, and threatens to crush a nation at every footfall. How can a few free cities in Greece resist? Will they not tamely submit without a struggle? Nay. The husband collects his family around him, bids his little ones prove worthy of their father after he shall have died for his country, directs his wife, after the battle, to marry a man who shall not dishonor her first husband, and marches to meet the foe. The mother calls her son from the field, and, suppressing her emotions, sternly says, "Take this shield and go forth to battle. Bring it back, or be brought back upon it." Now turn your eye to the pass of Thermopylæ. See that little band of three hundred Spartans resisting, for three successive days, the Persian host of five millions; and when at last, attacked *rear* and *front*, they proceed to glorious death, see how they cut down the ranks of the enemy as reapers in harvest mow the golden grain!

Now direct your attention to Salamis—mark the immense fleet of Xerxes blocking up a few Grecian vessels in that beautiful bay, determined to crush them at a blow. One thousand Persian vessels float upon the waves, and cast a bright reflection upon the waters from their glittering prows. Mark those few Grecian ships sailing gracefully down the bay; see! they station themselves prow to prow against the barbarians—they commence the

battle—they plunge into the sides of the veering foe; they seize, they board, they grapple with the enemy body to body. And now the fight is over—the armament of Xerxes is routed and scattered—the maritime power of Persia is broken, and Greece is free. Why this indomitable spirit—this deathless love of freedom? Greece was then educated. That was the period when the song of her bard was as the song of the nightingale—when the voice of her orator was as the voice of thunder, and the whole mind of the nation breathed an atmosphere of freshness and fragrance.

Rome was once free—once mistress of the world. From Gaul and Britain to Asia's remotest plains, she pushed her conquering march, and chained the subjugated nations, but she herself was free. Why? Her mind was developed and active. Wisdom sat in her councils, eloquence lingered on her lips. Her legislation was for the race—her literature for all time. Her poetry fell upon the soul soft and sweet as kisses from the lips of love. Her oratory vibrated upon the breeze as the notes of the harp, swept by an angel's hand.

Trace the history of modern Europe, and you will perceive that rational liberty has generally kept pace with the progress of general education.

Look at your own free country—the admiration of all lands, the glory of the earth.

Who were those, that, fleeing from persecution in the old world, sought an asylum in the wilderness of the new? They were the reading, thinking Puritans, who, on their landing, laid the broad foundations of colleges, academies, and schools. Who first rose against British oppression on our own shores? Who first raised the standard of liberty? whose swords first leaped from their scabbards for its defense? whose hearts first poured forth their blood around the soil in which it was planted?

Plains of Concord and Lexington, tell us! Hights of Bunker, speak! Who first kindled the spirit of the Revolution all over the land, and kept the flames of public indignation burning till the Revolution was consummated? The people who had been reared in temples of science, and who devised and put into execution the first system of general education the world ever saw.

The angel of Liberty presses close upon the heels of the angel of Light—and no sooner does the latter blow his trumpet than the blast of the former breaks upon the breeze. The education of the world will as surely be accompanied by its freedom as daylight accompanies the sun. Let a man know and feel what are his rights and capacities, and he is no longer to be a slave. He will govern himself. A still small voice speaks to every bosom in the rational creation, bidding it be free—telling it to enjoy the rights which Heaven has conferred, and to acknowledge no distinctions but such as God has ordained.

I do not say that monarchical governments are unnecessary when the public mind is ignorant. I think the world's history shows that efforts to place freedom in advance of intelligence have proved utter failures. When a nation is untutored, a visible and imposing embodiment of law, before which the multitude can tremble and bow, may be a useful auxiliary to government; a Church Establishment may be proper to raise up advocates of truth; a nobility may be requisite to secure an intelligent legislature; a standing army may be necessary for the national defense: but once let a people be educated, and they are themselves competent to all these purposes. The child needs not the toy when the season of manhood arrives; the youth escaped from his minority will dispense with the services of his guardian.

It is said that in proportion as a nation becomes en-

lightened her distrust in her government will diminish—that she will perceive the beneficial tendencies of governmental regulations—that the monarch will become wise with his people, and will correct abuses and study public prosperity and peace—that crowns, and scepters, and nobles may be made instruments of blessing to community. To all this there is one answer: The wise man will not commit to another hand rights which he can as well exercise himself; or trust to another a duty which he can as well perform without extraneous aid.

The spread of knowledge will but extend evil if it be not accompanied with religion. Knowledge is power. It is so to the saint and so to the sinner; it is to the devil what it is to the angel. In itself it is neither good nor evil—a blessing nor a curse; but like the sword, it derives its character from the direction which its possessor gives it. A sword in the hands of a demon, infernal or incarnate, would be an unmitigated curse; in the hands of an angel of light, it would be an undeviating blessing. The one would employ it to destroy, the other to save.

Increase the power of any rational being before he is able wisely to employ it, and you increase his sin, and, by consequence, his misery. He is active; he will employ whatever of capacity he possesses. The more his capacity to do, if he do evil, the more his transgression; the greater his sin, the greater his misery. A poor German declared he would not educate his family, because as soon as his eldest son learned to write he counterfeited his father's name. He was resolved that if his children were inclined to do evil, their ability should be limited—they should be rascals upon a small scale. Experiments upon an extensive field in some of the nations of Europe have demonstrated that crime, instead of diminishing, actually increases with the extension of education, unless that education be accompanied with religious training.

This is precisely what might be expected. The evils which deluge the world are not to be traced to the intellect—their fountains are in the bosom. “A greater than Solomon has said,” from within, out of the heart, proceed “evil thoughts, adulteries, fornications, thefts, false witness, blasphemies.” This is the philosophy of truth—the philosophy to which every hour of the world’s experience adds confirmation—the philosophy of God.

The heart is the seat of the moving powers. It is to the man what the pilot is to the vessel—it gives him his direction; the intellectual powers are the mere machinery. How vain is the hope of the world’s perfection by means of its education! Let knowledge diffuse its rays to the ends of the earth—will sensuality, and avarice, and ambition, and jealousy, and vanity, and pride, and unbelief be destroyed, or even reduced? Nay, they will live and act; and act, too, in a broader field, with a keener eye, with a deeper wisdom, with a more refined art, and work out with more terrific enginery their desolating effects. Am I summoned to the ancient sages for proofs that education has a controlling influence over the passions? To ancient sages let us go. I am willing to search their caves, and groves, and public ways, and private walks, as with a lighted candle. I know that the closer the examination the more multiplied the evidences that my opinion is well founded. They taught what they did not practice. Their wisdom served but to refine their depravity and conceal its workings. The fountains of iniquity were calmer but more profound—the streams flowed in *narrower* but *deeper* channels.

There is one apparent exception—the son of Sophroniscus. There is no difficulty, however, in accounting for his superiority in goodness as well as wisdom, by considering that the true light enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world. A ray from the eternal throne

fell upon his eyeball—he pursued it—and shall we deny that it led him to that Fountain where sin is washed away?

Am I referred to modern examples of distinguished greatness unaccompanied with religious feeling? I attend to the reference, prefacing, however, that we must be careful to distinguish between the effects of other influences and those of purely intellectual education. Lord Bacon will furnish us with an example of splendid endowments, united with varied learning. What was the influence of his peerless intellect upon his corrupt heart? Only to make its workings more refined and more destructive. Lord Byron is an example of surpassing greatness in another department of intellectual exertion. And what effect did his education have upon his character and happiness? The poet has expressed it. He “was a weary, worn, and wretched thing—a scorched, and desolate, and blasted soul—a gloomy wilderness of dying thought.” It is admitted that literature has a tendency to refine the taste, to open purer fountains of enjoyment than the senses, to exert a favorable influence upon the habits, to humanize and soften the character. But let not these tendencies be trusted too far; it may be doubted whether it is not the surrounding influence of Christianity, and not the intellectual habits of the educated, or the rank they hold in society, that lifts them above the brutal criminalities of the lower classes. It is the philosophy of the Bible, that each situation in life has its peculiar temptations. “Give me neither poverty nor riches, lest I grow poor and steal, and take the name of my God in vain; or lest I grow rich, and deny thee, and say, who is the Lord.” Theft and blasphemy are the crimes of poverty, and pride and infidelity those of riches. Who shall say that the heart of Byron or of Bacon is less abhorrent in the eyes of

God, or less destructive in its influences upon man, than that of the poor sensualist, whose excesses are within the narrow circle of a few feet? The latter destroys himself; the former works the eternal undoing of millions besides himself.

You may educate your soul without religion, but you will only refine your misery. You may polish your speech without grace, but you will only sweeten the food of the undying worm. You may render brilliant the flames that burn within your bosom, but it will be only to add brilliancy to the conflagrations of earth and hell. Am I challenged to a comparison of educated and uneducated states? I accept the challenge. Admitting, for argument's sake, that some cities of antiquity, where refinement was found, were free from grosser vices, it may be asked, was not their superiority in moral character owing to their religion? For though paganism is false, it has a substratum of truth, and its influences in restraining the multitude are potent. But we challenge Athens, or Corinth, or Rome, in her attenuated refinement, to escape from the charge of criminality, as brutal as disgraced the darkest barbarism that ever found a place on earth.

Does more recent history present greater difficulties to our hypothesis? No; we rest the question on an appeal to the vices of the higher walks of life, and to the history of revolutionary France. Let the world tremble when she reflects, that education will enact the scenes of such a revolution all over the earth, unless religion accompany it.

Look around you. The world is arming; nations inert for ages are arousing their latent energies, bursting their bonds, enlisting under gallant leaders, and preparing for a struggle such as has never before been witnessed on the globe. She is calling the powers of nature to her aid. That army must either enter into the service of the

prince of darkness, or enlist under the banner of the King of kings.

The Church must determine the world's course. She may, by purifying the fountains of instruction, give a righteous direction to enlightened intellect; or by neglecting them, leave infidelity to poison them all, and lead out perverted powers to the shock of battle with the Lord of hosts.

Uses of Chemistry.

THIS is properly styled a utilitarian age; for the inquiry, "What profit?" meets us every-where. It has even entered the temples of learning, and attempted to thrust out important studies, because their immediate connection with *hard money* profits can not be demonstrated. There is one spot, however, into which it has not so generally intruded itself—the female academy—the last refuge of the fine arts and the fine follies. Thither young ladies are too frequently sent merely to learn how to dress tastefully, walk gracefully, play upon the piano, write French, and make waxen plums and silken spiders—all pretty, surely; but why not inquire, What profit? But I take my pen in hand, not to utter a dissertation on female education, but to insist that young ladies be taught chemistry. They will be thereby better qualified to superintend domestic affairs, guard against many accidents to which households are subject, and, perhaps, be instrumental in saving life. We illustrate the last remark by reference merely to toxicology.

The strong acids, such as the nitric, muriatic, and sulphuric, are virulent poisons, yet frequently used in medicine and the mechanic arts. Suppose a child, in his rambles among the neighbors, enter a cabinet-shop and find a saucer of *aqua fortis*—nitric acid—upon the work-bench, and in his sport suddenly seize and drink a portion of it. He is conveyed home in great agony. The physician is sent for; but ere he arrives the child is a

corpse. Now, as the mother presses the cold clay to her breast and lips for the last time, how will her anguish be aggravated to know that in her medicine-chest, or drawer, was some calcined magnesia,* which, if timely administered, would have surely saved her lovely, perchance her first and only boy. O, what are all the bouquets and fine dresses in the world to her, compared with such knowledge!

Take another case. A husband returning home one summer afternoon, desires some acidulous drink. Opening a cupboard, he sees a small box labeled "salts of lemon," and making a solution of this, he drinks it freely. Presently he feels distress, sends for his wife, and ascertains that he has drunk a solution of oxalic acid, which she has procured to take stains from linen. The physician is sent for; but the unavoidable delay attending his arrival is fatal. When he arrives, perhaps he sees upon the very table on which the weeping widow bows her head, a piece of chalk,† which, if given in time, would have certainly prevented any mischief from the poison.

Corrosive sublimate is the article generally used by domestics to destroy the vermin which sometimes infest our couches. A solution of it is left upon the chamber floor in the teacup, when the domestics go down to dine, leaving the children up stairs at play: the infant crawls to the teacup and drinks. Now, what think you would be the mother's joy, if, having studied chemistry, she instantly called to recollection the well-ascertained fact,

*This is the antidote for all the acids named. It forms with them innocent neutral salts. Calcined magnesia is better than the carbonate, because the carbonate might occasion an unpleasant distension of the stomach. If magnesia is not at hand, some other alkali will answer.

†Chalk is carbonate of lime. Oxalic acid will unite with the lime, and make oxalate of lime, an insoluble, and, therefore, inert compound.

that there is in the hen's nest* an antidote to this poison? She sends for some eggs, and breaking them, administers the whites—albumen. Her child recovers, and she weeps for joy. Talk not to her of novels. One little book of natural science has been worth to her more than all the novels in the world.

Physicians in the country rarely carry scales with them to weigh their prescriptions. They administer medicine by guess, from a teaspoon or the point of a knife. Suppose a common case. A physician in a hurry leaves an overdose of tartar emetic—generally the first prescription used in cases of bilious fever—and pursues his way to see another patient ten miles distant. The medicine is duly administered, and the man is poisoned. When the case becomes alarming, one messenger is dispatched for the doctor, and another to call in the neighbors to see the sufferer die. Now, there is in a canister in the kitchen cupboard, and on a tree that grows by the door, a sure means of saving the sick man from the threatened death. A strong decoction of young hyson tea, oak bark, or any other astringent vegetable, will change tartar emetic into an innocuous compound.

Vessels of copper often give rise to poisoning. Though this metal undergoes but little change in a dry atmosphere, it is rusted if moisture be present, and its surface becomes lined with a green substance—carbonate of the peroxyd of copper—a poisonous compound.

It has sometimes happened that a mother has, for want of this knowledge, poisoned her family. Sourcroust that had been permitted to stand some time in a copper vessel, has produced death in a few hours. Cooks some-

*Corrosive sublimate is a deuto chlorid of mercury. Albumen attracts one portion of its chlorine, and reduces it to the proto chlorid, which is calomel.

times permit pickles to remain in copper vessels, that they may acquire a rich green color, which they do by absorbing poison.* Families have often been thrown into disease by eating such dainties, and may have died, in some instances, without suspecting the cause. That lady has certainly some reason to congratulate herself upon her education, if, under such circumstances, she knows that pickles, rendered green by verdigris, are poisonous, and that Orfila has proved albumen to be the proper antidote to them.

Lead—often used for drinking vessels and conduits— if, when in contact with water, it is exposed to the air, yields carbonate of lead—the white lead of the shops. It is surprising that the neutral salts in water retard this process, and that some salts seem to prevent it entirely: hence, the water of Edinburgh may be safely used, though kept in leaden cisterns; and the water of the Ohio is conveyed to the inhabitants of this city with impunity in leaden pipes. Nevertheless, salts of lead may be formed under circumstances not unlikely to occur. Moreover, the acetate of lead is often used to sweeten wine; and the lady acquainted with the affinities of the metal, and the properties and antidotes of its compounds, may have occasion for her information. She will be able by means of articles always at hand, such as epsom salts or glauber salts, to render the poisonous salts of lead inert. For the soluble sulphates brought in contact with them, will always give rise to the formation of the sulphate of lead, which is insoluble, and without any pernicious properties.

Illustrations might be very readily multiplied; but our space forbids. We conclude by saying, that poisons always produce secondary effects, which antidotes, how-

* Acetic acid, with oxyd of copper, constitutes verdigris.

ever perfect, do not prevent. In all cases of poisoning, therefore, the administration of antidotes should not prevent the calling of a doctor.

P o i s o n i n g .

WE did not intend to give a dissertation on toxicology when we penned our article, "Uses of Chemistry," but merely to give illustrations of the importance of chemical science. We omitted arsenic, because the antidote is not so generally at hand as in the cases we mentioned. For a long time no antidote was known; but, within a few years, an excellent one has been announced by some chemists of Gottingen. It is the hydrated peroxyd of iron, an article which ought to be kept in the drug-shops every-where. The process for making it may be found in any of the recent works on pharmacy, or materia medica.* If copperas—sulphate of iron—which has become red by exposure to the air—that is, has become a persulphate by absorbing oxygen from the atmosphere—can be obtained, the process is easy; namely, add water of ammonia and decant; the ammonia will unite with the sulphuric acid, and precipitate the peroxyd, which should be kept in a moist state. It is amazing that we do not hear of more instances of accidental death from this virulent poison. Indeed, when we consider that it is often used for killing rats, dogs, etc.; that it is not unfrequently employed in medicine—the "fowler's solution" of the physician, and the "tasteless ague drop" of the quack, are solutions of arsenic—that the preparations used by cancer doctors generally owe

* See Harrison's *Materia Medica*, vol i, p. 356.

their efficacy to this mineral; that it may be mistaken, in the form in which it is generally found—that of acid—for flour or hair powder, and that its taste is not unpleasant, we can scarce refrain from believing, that many instances of death, from this article, have occurred which have been traced to other causes. The material of the drug-shops, improperly labeled “cobalt,” is a crude arsenic—probably an oxyd. It resembles very closely the sulphureted or crude antimony, frequently given to horses to make their coats sleek, and has been sold for it by mistake to the destruction of many fine horses. The same article is sold as “German Fly Powder,” to destroy the troublesome insects that infest our houses in summer. When so used, it is generally dissolved in sweetened water, and placed in some accessible position as if to tempt children to destroy themselves. Perhaps, if the article were called by its right name, the dangerous and useless practice would be abandoned.

We might have alluded to a certain aerial poison which has caused much destruction to human life, especially in this region, where the earth, in many places, seems to be saturated with it. We refer to carbonic acid, which, owing to its greater specific gravity, is generally found in excavations, caves, and the lower stratum of the atmosphere. There are many points in which, if a deep excavation be made, it is filled with this gas in less than twenty-four hours: hence, it is proper, before descending into deep wells, or shafts, to let down a lighted candle, which will be extinguished if the gas be present. The question arises, how are we to displace this gas after having ascertained its presence? There are two ways of doing this—absorption and agitation. The first may be effected by throwing down water; the second by mechanical means, such as letting down and drawing up bundles of straw, or throwing down burning straw, which, though

it will not consume the gas, will heat it so as to create an upward current.

Carbonic acid is produced by combustion, respiration, and fermentation, processes every-where going on; and it is astonishing that it was not discovered till within a few years. The celebrated metaphysician, John Locke, when, on a visit to France, he, for the first time, saw a bottle of champagne uncorked, immediately started the question whether the air emitted was the same as the atmosphere. Had he not been devoted to metaphysical researches, he would probably have soon discovered the difference. It is no less astonishing that, notwithstanding its wide diffusion, people in general are not even now acquainted with its sources and properties. We once called upon an intelligent gentleman, who was confined on account of an accident, and who complained of symptoms to him altogether unaccountable. He was lying in a small, confined chamber, in which his amiable landlady had placed, from the best motives, a chafing-dish of burning coals, from which his room had become almost insupportably surcharged with poisonous gas. Had he continued in the room till morning, and had the combustion continued, he would probably have been a corpse. Indeed, this is said to be a fashionable mode of committing suicide in France. Our readers have heard of the infamous "Black Hole," of Calcutta, and the famous Grotto del Cana, of Italy; and yet, from some cause or other, there seems to be an invincible disposition among some to scorn instruction, or disregard danger. In many parts of our country the bedrooms are small apartments, without chimneys, on the ground floor, and with but a single small window or door. Around these dormitories you will find a quantity of flourishing vegetation, sufficient, even when the window is opened, almost to exclude fresh air. Circumstances better calculated to accumulate car-

bonic acid could scarce be conceived—a small room, confined air, growing vegetables; for although, during the day, vegetation absorbs carbonic acid and emits oxygen, during the night the process is reversed.

It is surprising that the elements of the atmosphere, when not confined, retain the same proportions in all situations. The chemist can not detect the difference between the foul air of the city lane and the pure atmosphere of the distant hill-top. Differences there are, inappreciable by our methods of analysis, but not in the proportion of the principal elements. God has provided for consuming, under ordinary circumstances, the surplus carbonic acid as fast as it is generated, and so admirable are his adjustments for this purpose, that the hundred thousand fires, and the unnumbered fermentations, and the millions of lungs that are constantly at work in the crowded city, are unable to render its atmosphere irrespirable, or even to charge it with any more than a due proportion of carbonic acid. To our minds there is no more beautiful and convincing proof of Divine providence.

But what is to be done in case of suffocation from carbonic acid? Dash cold water upon the patient, and send for some person who knows better than I.

The Conflicts of Life.

YOU will scarce have placed your feet upon the threshold of this busy world, before a troop of difficulties will encompass you. Enter upon any pursuit whatever, you may expect enemies, and competitors, and misfortunes; and as many of you will go forth without wealth, or friends, or experience, your first efforts may be failures. Judging by the light of experience, we are induced to fear that some of you will abandon your pursuits, and take refuge in the hut of obscurity, the works of fancy, or the haunts of dissipation. With a view to guard you against such a course, I invite your attention to the following propositions, namely:

Difficulties do not justify us in surceasing from the prosecution of a rational, benevolent, and feasible undertaking.

1. We can not escape difficulty. The air is tainted, the soil churlish, the ocean tempest-tossed. Whether we are in the field or in the wilderness, on Persian plains or Alpine heights, amid equatorial heats, or temperate climes, or polar solitudes, we are met by a thousand obstacles. Earth is cursed, and every-where she puts forth her thorn in obedience to her Maker's withering word. True, the curse is tempered with the mercy which yields unnumbered blessings to the hand of toil; nevertheless, it cleaves to all earth's surface, and turns the key upon her hidden treasures. We read of cloudless skies, and sunny climes, and fields which need naught but the

sickle; but who finds them? Paradise is always ahead of the emigrant.

Man is born to trouble, as the sparks fly upward; that is, by a general law of nature. Hence we find it in want and abundance, in toil and indolence, in indulgence and restraint, in infancy, in manhood, and in age. It waits on every pleasure, and every path, and every pursuit—it dwells within. We can no more escape it than we can fly existence. Take a few illustrations. A young man resolves to be eminent. Entering the academy, he finds many difficulties in algebra, and becoming discouraged he gives it up; but has he liberated himself? No, he has plunged from great to greater difficulties. How can he unlock the vaults of mathematics without algebra, their only key? Does he abandon mathematics, another difficulty seizes him. How can he become educated without a knowledge of the exact sciences? Does he relinquish his aim at scholarship? How, then, can he carry out his resolution to become eminent? Will he rescind his resolution? Then challenge him to tame the restless passions by which it was prompted. Like the fabled ships of the ancients, "*Incidit in Scyllam qui vult vitare Charybdim*"—he who endeavors to avoid Charybdis is drawn into the jaws of Scylla. How many, because of difficulties in their pursuits, become idlers? But who on earth has more troubles than the idler? A man becomes religious, and enters the path to life; but he soon finds that the world opposes, that his passions demur, that his secular plans come in conflict with his religious efforts, that an invisible adversary stands in the path to contend every inch of ground with him. He retreats. But now his difficulties are ten thousand fold greater. He finds that an unseen footstep treads upon his wandering heels, that an All-seeing eye surveys his inmost soul, that an invisible hand writes his guilt in

characters indelible on all the objects around him. He must encounter the stings of conscience, the upbraidings of reason, the admonitions of the altar, the prayers of Zion, the cross of his dying Christ, the intercession of his risen Jesus, the moving, mellowing, subduing influences of the divine Spirit, the ten thousand warnings of a merciful Providence, the unnumbered monitions of living, decaying, dying, reviving nature, the very sympathies of heaven, yea, even the moving entreaties of her compassionate King. The apostate deliberately contends with conscience, reason, Providence, truth, Zion, men, angels, God; and in addition to all these the enemies he had before, and without a single auxiliary in earth, hell, or heaven! Verily, he has gained.

Take another illustration. The Providence of God opens a missionary field, and a certain department of Zion resolves to occupy it. The missionary departs with bounding heart. He lands, surveys the ground, pitches his tent, plants his standard, reconnoiters, lays his plans, and, under favorable circumstances, commences an attack upon the citadel of darkness. Meanwhile, in consequence of a simoom that sweeps over the commerce of the country whence he issued, the Church, being plunged into pecuniary embarrassments, finds it exceedingly difficult to sustain her new missionary. Now, suppose she recall him—I proceed upon the supposition that it was manifestly her duty to send him—can she cut the cord which binds upon her the obligation to disciple all nations? or can she escape the curses of transgression? or will she find the difficulties of disobedience less than those of obedience? Let the trials of duty be as great as possible, what are they in comparison with those of rebellion? This has already riven heaven, blasted earth, and kindled the eternal furnaces of hell. Should a planet break away from its orbit, a system

would be unsettled, and the universe, from center to circumference, might feel the shock. How much superior is the moral to the material world! How far more important its laws! How infinitely more terrific the consequences of their violation!

2. Difficulties invigorate the soul. I do not mean the difficulties of indolence and disobedience, these are withering curses, but the difficulties of industry, of obedience.

They are conditions essential to strength. What gives power to the arm of the smith? The weight of his hammer. What gives swiftness to the Indian foot? The fleetness of his game. Thus it is with the senses. What confers exquisite sensibility upon the blind man's ear? The curtain which, by hiding the visible universe from his sight, compels him to give intense regard to the most delicate vibrations that play upon his tympanum. Thus it is with the intellect. Who is the greatest reasoner? He who habitually struggles with the worst difficulties that can be mastered by reason. Do you complain of a feeble intellect? It may be your misfortune, but it is more likely to be your fault. Before you charge the Almighty with an unequal distribution of gifts, try your mind upon some appropriate difficulties. Bear it into the field of mathematics, or metaphysics, or logic. Bid it struggle, and faint if necessary, and struggle again. If disposed to retreat, urge it, goad it. Let it rest when weary, bid it walk when it can not run, but teach it that it must *conquer*. If, after this discipline, your mind be feeble, you may call your weakness an infirmity, and not a fault. Some men have fruitless imaginations; but who are they? Those who have never led their fancies out. The genial oak planted in a dismal cellar, shut out from the light and air of heaven, would not grow up and lift its branches to the

skies. Plant your imagination in the heavens, and let it be subject to the high and holy influences of its pure ether, and its silent lights, and it shall manifest vitality, and vigor, and upward aspirations.

The memory, too, is strong, if subjected to proper exercise. It will yield no revenue to the soul that does not tax it; and just in proportion as it is taxed, will it be found to have capacity of production. I will add that it is thus with the moral powers. Envy, jealousy, anger, those bitter fountains which so often tincture the streams of private and domestic joy, deepen in proportion to the obstacles through which they flow. Avarice and ambition, those demons that have desolated the globe with war, derive their overwhelming power from the difficulties which impede their progress. The daring lover testifies that love becomes more wild and resistless as great and romantic difficulties rise around him. What makes the good Christian? Perpetual trial. He who has experienced the severest storms, and has most frequently thrown out the Christian's anchor, has the strongest hope. Where shall we expect the firmest faith? At the gate of St. Peter's? or at the martyr's stake? Who is compared to purified silver or gold? That Christian around whose soul God hath kindled the fires of his furnace, and kept them glowing till it reflected his own image.

Difficulties give a healthy tone and tendency to the powers. As a body in a state of inaction becomes lethargic and diseased, so the intellect, if not kept in vigorous exercise, becomes enfeebled, and gradually sinks under the sway of the passions. Energetic action is indispensable to preserve both the body from disease, and the soul from the dominion of sense.

3. Difficulties develop resources. To prove this it is only necessary to cite the aphorism—necessity is the

mother of invention. She levels forests, she rears cities, she builds bridges, she prostrates mountains, she lays her iron pathway from river to river, and from sea to sea, she baffles the raging elements, and extends her dominion from earth to air and ocean, she ascends the heavens, and with fearless foot treads round the zodiac.

Transport the savage from his woods to yon island in the sea; show him her crowded harbors, and her metropolis of thousand spires; point him to her proud trophies, and her glorious triumphs in earth and sky; bid him mark how she brings the fruits of all the earth to her table, and weaves the chain of her authority over every latitude. Then, would you describe the secret of all that his eye beholds, and his ear hears, tell him that Britain resolved to meet the difficulties that lay in her path from barbarism to civilization and refinement. From this simple resolution sprung her arms and her arts, her science and-her song.

I have said that difficulties call forth resources. How multiplied might be the illustrations! The Revolution created the continental army and the continental Congress, and made dissevered, discordant, and dependent states a united and powerful republic. An inventive nation, unless she plan important enterprises, will find her arts and powers of but little use. Why does China exert so feeble an influence among the nations? Not because her population is small—it is one-third the population of the globe; not because they are idle—no men are more industrious; not because she has no arts—her manufactures are unsurpassed; not because she is infertile in expedients—she walls her territory to shut out invaders, she unites her rivers with artificial channels, she raises cities upon her waters, she divides her rocks into terraces, and makes them smile from base to summit with fairest fruits and flowers, she bridges her valleys with

chains, and, as if disdaining the aid of nature, she rears her temples on mountains of her own construction. Is the answer found in Providence? Nay. Is learning neglected? Not a nation in which it is so much encouraged. Yet should an earthquake sink her beneath the waves, what ocean would miss her sails? what land her treasures? what science her contributions? The great instruments to which we usually attribute the march of civilization, namely, gunpowder, the mariner's compass, and the art of printing, have all been known to China from remote ages. Although she flashed powder from her "fire-pan in the face of Genghis Khan and Tamerlane, yet, never plotting extensive conquests, she made no important use of the terrific instrument of war. Content with navigating along her coasts and inland waters, she kept her compass upon the land, and never daring to impress the world's mind, she confined her types to the stamping of almanacs."

As with the nation so with the individual. The fierce armies of Gaul and Britain gave Cæsar his martial skill. The snow-clad Alps made Hannibal fertile in expedients, resistless in command. Would you be illustrious? Plunge into difficulty—cross the Rubicon—bind your soul with strong cords of obligation—put on band after band—the greater the difficulties, provided they do not paralyze, the greater the man.

4. There is scarce any difficulty that can not be overcome by perseverance. Trace any great mind to its culmination, and you will find that its ascent was slow, and by natural laws, and that its difficulties were such only as ordinary minds can surmount. Great results, whether physical or moral, are not often the offspring of giant powers. Genius is more frequently a curse than a blessing. Its possessor, relying upon his extraordinary gifts, generally falls into habits of indolence, and fails to col-

lect the materials which are requisite to useful and magnificent effort. But there is a something which is sure of success; it is the determination which, having entered upon a career with full conviction that it is right, pursues it in calm defiance of all opposition. With such a feeling a man can not but be mighty. Toil does not weary, pain does not arrest him. Carrying a compass in his heart, which always points to one bright star, he allows no footstep to be taken which does not tend in that direction. Neither the heaving earthquake, nor the yawning gulf, nor the burning mountain can terrify him from his course; and if the heavens should fall, the shattered ruins would strike him on his way to his object. Show me the man who has this principle, and I care not to measure his blood, nor brains. I ask not his name nor his nation—I pronounce that his hand will be felt upon his generation, and his mind enstamped upon succeeding ages.

This attribute is God-like. It may be traced throughout the universe. It has descended from the skies—it is the great charm of angelic natures. It is hardly to be contemplated, even in the demon, without admiration. It is this which gives to the warrior his crown, and encircles his brow with a halo that, in the estimation of a misjudging world, neither darkness, nor lust, nor blasphemy, nor blood can obscure. The bard of Mantua, to whose tomb genius in all ages makes its willing pilgrimage, never presents his hero in a more attractive light, than when he represents him, "*tot volvere casus*," rolling his misfortunes forward, as a river bearing all opposition before it.

I am well satisfied that it is a sure passport to mental excellence. Science has no summit too lofty for its ascent—literature has no gate too strong for its entrance. The graces collect around it, and the laurel comes at its

bidding. Talk not of circumstances. Repudiate forever that doctrine so paralyzing, so degrading, and yet so general, "Man is the creature of circumstances." Rather adopt that other sentiment, more inspiring to yourselves, more honorable to your nature, more consonant with truth, Man the architect of his own fortune. I grant that circumstances have their influence, and that often this is not small; but there are impulses within, to which things external are as lava to the volcano. Circumstances are as tools to the artist. Zeuxis would have been a painter without canvas; Michael Angelo would have been a sculptor without marble; Herschell would have been a philosopher without a telescope, and Newton would have ascended the skies though no apple had ever descended upon his head. One of the most distinguished surgeons of modern times performed nearly all the operations of surgery with a razor. West commenced painting in a garret, and plundered the family cat for bristles to make his brushes. When Paganini once rose to amuse a crowded auditory with his music, he found that his violin had been removed, and a coarse instrument had been substituted for it. Explaining the trick, he said to the audience, "Now I will show you that the music is *not in my violin*, but *in me*." Then drawing his bow, he sent forth sounds sweet as ever entranced delighted mortals. Be assured, the world is a coarse instrument at best, and if you would send forth sweet sounds from its strings, there must be music in your fingers. Fortune may favor, but do not rely upon her—do not fear her. Act upon the doctrine of the Grecian poet,

"I seek what's to be sought—
I learn what's to be taught—
I beg the rest of Heav'n."

Talk not of genius. I grant there are differences in

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mind, originally, but there is mind enough in every ordinary human skull, if its energies are properly directed, to accomplish mighty results. Fear not obstacles. What are your difficulties? Poverty? ignorance? obscurity? Have they not all been overcome by a host well known to fame? But perchance you climb untrodden heights. Nevertheless, fear to set down any obstacle as insuperable. Look at the achievements of man in the natural and moral worlds, and then say whether you dare set down any difficulty as insurmountable, or whether you are ready to prescribe boundaries to the operations of human power.

Are you destined to maintain the worship of the true God amid the darkness of infidelity? Daniel in the den of lions, Shadrach, Meshech, and Abednego, in the flames of the furnace, and a long line of illustrious martyrs, shouting hosannas from the flames, put forth their hands from the stake to beckon you onward. Are you destined to plant the Gospel in heathen lands—an enterprise the most daring and glorious in which mortals can engage? Do you imagine that you can meet a difficulty which the apostle Paul did not vanquish? But he was an apostle, yea, and the most successful of all the apostles. And what was the secret of his success? Was it his learning? The gift of tongues made the other apostles his equals in this respect. Was it his eloquence? Doubtless he was eloquent; but Apollos, too, was eloquent and mighty in the Scriptures. Was it his inspiration? But were not others inspired, also? It was his firmness and perseverance. When he preached Christ Jesus and him crucified, nothing could drive, or divert, or daunt him: "This one thing I do," etc.

Are you called to meet bigotry and superstition, armed with learning, power, and wealth? See Luther braving the thunders of the Vatican, and hear him say, "I would

go to Worms were there as many devils there as there are tiles on the houses," and then affirm, if you dare, that it is your duty, to succumb to your difficulties. Are you destined, which Heaven forbid, to lead an army to resist invaders, or advance to conquest? Ask Cæsar, Hannibal, Pyrrhus, Alexander, what kind of difficulties may be overcome by decision of character. Have you undertaken to ascend from poverty and obscurity to eminence and wealth? Ask the field or the cabinet, any profession whatever, or either house of Congress, whether there are any difficulties which will not yield to firmness and perseverance, and ten thousand voices shall respond, in animating accents, No.

5. Difficulties are more easily overcome than is generally imagined. The simple resolution to surmount an obstacle reduces it one half. It concentrates the powers of the soul. There is much exertion in a retreating army; but it is of little avail, for it makes no impression upon the foe. It is spent in taking care of the baggage and the wounded, gathering up the slain, destroying property, lest it should fall into the hands of the enemy, preparing the way for escape, and protecting the rear from attack. Let that army, however, resolve to stand its ground, and, though there may be no more energy expended than there was in retreating, how different is the result! Its powers are collected; every hand is placed upon a gun; every bayonet is directed against the foe; and every moment works important issues. So a defeated, staggering soul may make effort to escape from the disgrace of defeat—effort to rise from beneath the pressure of its own humbling reproaches—effort at planning some new enterprise, but it is effort wasted.

Resolution brings every power to the same point, and moves the whole soul forward, like the Grecian phalanx, each part supported and supporting, and every step mak-

ing an opening before it. It dissipates imaginary terrors. Imagination is a very busy but very humble servant of the soul; she obsequiously consults predominant inclination, and paints to suit its taste; she is never more active than when fear—which is generally a usurper in a state of irresolution—sways the scepter over the inner man: hence, difficulties are always magnified when viewed in the distance. The inner as well as the outer optics are subject to illusions. When, upon some unknown coast, we view, through the morning fog, the distant cottage, we deem it a castle. Thus the sluggard, standing at his door, sees a lion in his way. Though the enemy be a hundred miles off, the coward sees him on the next hill-top. He only who says, “I can and I will,” sees difficulties in their true dimensions. How the terrors of the wilderness retreat before the advancing steps of the fearless emigrant! O, how I like those words, “I can and I will!” They are words of magic; they put to flight the hosts of phantoms and hobgoblins which fear conjures up around us in moments of hesitation; they reduce giant enemies to ordinary foes; they level the mountains, fill the valleys, and make straight paths for the feet. Would you be victors, write them upon your banners, and, like the vision of Minerva, which made Achilles tremble, they will shake the knees of all your enemies.

Ye mothers, at your cradles teach them to your children, and bid the first pulsations of their little hearts beat music to them. These words, “I will not let thee go till thou bless me,” inspired mortal to struggle with immortal powers. Fathers, breathe resolution into your sons; then, though you put them unarmed, unfriended, and unshod into this wide world, they will see their way to wealth and honor. Launch them upon the stormy ocean, they will exact a rich revenue from its billows;

exile them to the wilderness, and they will press milk and honey from its rocks.

Resolution inspires self-confidence. Before the declaration of independence, the Continental Congress acted with fear and trembling; but so soon as that instrument was adopted, a noble self-confidence inspired that gallant band of patriots. They found that they had emerged from that dependence in which they had been reared; and this perception spread a might and majesty over all their thoughts and actions.

The resolution to pursue the path of duty, regardless of enemies or obstacles, begets the conviction that we can place reliance on our own souls. Under this conviction, whatever is done is done firmly. Next to a sense of the Divine presence, there is nothing so invigorating to the spirit as the consciousness of independence. In some respects it is not proper that we should be independent. It is wisely ordained that our persons, our tongues, our property, should be, to some extent, under the control of human law; but there is one little territory over which God designs that man should sway an exclusive scepter—that territory is his own soul. On this no tyrant dare rattle his chains; into this no monarch can push his bayonets. It is a holy inheritance; it is a celestial soil.

Unhappy wretch that does not rule in the councils of his own mind! He opens the gates of his paradise; he becomes a vassal where he should be a king; instead of heading an army he can scarce control a finger. Piti-able being he who asks his fellow-mortals to legislate for him! What do they know of the soul! Were they by, in the laboratory of heaven, when God struck it off? or can they measure its apprehensions or its anguish? Can they see it cling to the cross, or attach itself to the throne, or cast anchor within the veil? Can they lift the

curtain that hides eternity, and travel up with it to see what will be its wants in unwasting ages? Poor ruined soul art thou that embarkest upon the shipwrecked reason of the world—*perplexed soul*, who must obtain consent of his fellow-worms before he acts! To whom shall he go? This world is a great Babel, where chaos umpire sits,

“And, by deciding, worse embroils the fray.”

Such a man resembles a boatman on a mighty river, where it divides into a thousand branches. A points to one and B to another of the diverging streams, and obey whom one pleases, the overwhelming majority is against him. Perplexed by the confused cries, every stroke of his paddle is feeble. He is a degraded mortal, whomsoever he be, that stoops to ask man, or winds, or waves, or mountains, or storms, or lightning whether he may do his duty, and weak as he is degraded. Would you be unembarrassed? Have but one will; namely, the will of God. Inquire what is duty, then do it; and, though storms may rage around you, all will be calm within. From the counsels of your own soul you will come forth, as Gabriel, from the light, doing nothing rashly, nothing doubtfully, nothing feebly, and before you difficulties will sink.

Under manly resistance difficulties progressively diminish. If, when we set out in life, we fail, we shall be likely to do so throughout our career; but if we conquer in the first onset, we shall probably vanquish in the next, and, after a few triumphs, our march will be as that of the conqueror. The forty-fourth British regiment, having lost their colors by a dastardly delay in bringing up the fascines at the battle of New Orleans, and being sent to India to regain them, instead of accomplishing their object were annihilated by the Affghans. The hero who led the American lines to that memorable field, com-

menced his career by a fortunate battle, and terminated in a blaze of glory a series of brilliant victories. Summon all your energies to the first conflict. As, under reiterated failures, the bold heart sinks, under repeated triumphs the timid one rises. Success gives strength to the hand, and energy to the head, and courage to the heart, and produces the habit of perseverance to successful issue. Its subject goes to the battle as did the Greek, who, being reminded that he was lame, replied, "I propose to fight, not to run." When Bonaparte heard that his old guards had surrendered, he said it was impossible, because they did not know how.

Manly resistance subdues the opposition of the world. This world is a wicked one; it loves to crush the oppressed; I know not *how* it is, but I do know that *so* it is. When a man gives signs of failing his friends forsake him, and his enemies come up; and even they who before were indifferent to his affairs, take an interest in his downfall. Woe to the man who can not conceal his inadequacy to meet his exigences! Clearchus, in that memorable retreat of the ten thousand from Persia, though in an enemy's land, and surrounded with millions of armed foes, delivered to the king's messengers, inviting him to sue for peace, that truly Spartan reply, "Go tell the king that it is rather necessary to fight, as we have nothing on which to dine." While such was his bearing, he marched unhurt through dangerous passes, and over unfordable rivers, and was abundantly supplied with Persian dainties; but when he went to parley with Tissaphernes, he and the brave men around him fell.

Whether unfortunate or prosperous, you may expect to be opposed. Had you the wisdom of Ulysses, the patriotism of Washington, the purity of an angel of light, you would be opposed. God incarnate, on an errand of redeeming mercy, fought his way to the cross,

which he stained with his atoning blood. You may expect opposition as long as selfishness and envy rankle in the human heart. Sometimes your motives will be misunderstood, sometimes maliciously misconstrued. You will have opposition from honest motives, and opposition from hostile feelings. It will, perchance, come from the hand that has gathered your bounty, and issue from that heart that should love and bless you. No matter, stand firm. If you weep over the ingratitude of those who have basely injured you, let no one see your tears. If you receive into your bosom the poisoned dagger of a false friend, let no murmur escape your lips. Be sure, this course will be best. Preserve a steady footstep, and march toward your object, and your foes will slink away ashamed. Under such a course the very feelings which lead to opposition will suggest its withdrawal. When a designing enemy sees that a man is not arrested by difficulty; that obstacles only develop superior energies, he will take care not to put any in his way. The very men that oppose, when they see you marching onward with accelerated footstep, will soon not only surcease their opposition, but come around you with obsequious smile, and bow and beg to do you homage.

Your friends will come to your assistance. It is an old adage that "fortune helps those who help themselves." Certain it is that friends are most inclined to help us when they see we least care about their assistance. They wish to be assured that their means will be well invested before they part with them. The individual of sagacity will be glad of an opportunity of aiding a vigorous, manly youth, because he will be sure of an ample interest for his capital; but he who has an estate to bequeath, will not be quick to believe that it is his duty to leave it to a slothful relative; he will seek to intrust it to some hand which will make it tell upon the interest of the world.

The multitude delight to crowd around the man who can use them to good advantage. It is said of an ancient general that, in consequence of his severity, in time of peace, all who could forsook him, but, when danger arose, they rushed back again to his standard. His fearless step in the hour of trial congregated the multitudes around him. The steady determination to encounter difficulty without alarm, is, in moments of danger, like the trumpet of Gideon, on the mountains of Palestine, which instantly gathered Abiezer around him.

Difficulty is associated with happiness. The curse which doomed man to toil, though in itself a curse, is, relatively to fallen man, a perpetual, universal, unmixed mercy. Though the seraph, soaring on his wings of fire, and triumphing in immortal powers, *regards* it as a curse; though man in Paradise *felt* it to be such, yet to man depraved, it is a kind angel which saves him from himself, his greatest foe. Were it repealed, earth would be a thousand fold cursed. Matter and mind would rot; the field would be a wilderness; man would be armed against himself, and against his fellow; passion would obliterate reason; iniquity would spring out of all the earth; unmitigated wrath would look down from heaven; hell itself would be anticipated. Wisely has God locked up every blessing, and thrown a curtain over every truth, that, in turning the key, and lifting the vail, man's physical and moral powers might be diverted from *their* downward tendency.

But exercise not only preserves us, in some degree, from wickedness and woe, it brings us positive pleasure. The exercise of any of the faculties, within prescribed limits, affords enjoyment. As we survey, with the microscope, the fantastic motions of the animalcula that float in the dew-drop, we exclaim, How happy! As we take our evening walk in the meadow, and survey the sportive

lambs, we cry out, instinctively, What pleasure these little creatures enjoy! We never contrast the slow pace of the dam with the buoyant footsteps of the colt, without drawing an inference in favor of the happiness of the latter. And why! We form our estimate of the happiness of inferior animals by their motions. But where did we obtain this measure? From our superior natures. The activity of our faculties is the measure of enjoyment, all other things being equal. We may add that joy is the richer and the purer, in proportion to the excellence of the faculty called into exercise. Does not the peasant enjoy more than the brute? the philosopher than the peasant? the Christian than the philosopher?

Go to your congress of nations. See those two champion statesmen meet in fierce and final struggle! A nation's arguments, a nation's feelings, a nation's interests crowd upon each aching head, and press each throbbing heart. The world's wit and wisdom crowd the halls, and beauty, in the glittering gallery, watches the approaching conflict; the multitudes besiege the doors, and aisles, and windows, anxious to witness the scene, and herald the issue; the champions rise upon the tempest of human passions; they raise storm after storm, and throw thunderbolt on thunderbolt at each other; they soar, wing to wing, into the loftiest regions; they grapple with each other, soul to soul. Then is the purest, deepest, sweetest rapture, save that which comes from heaven! It were cheap to buy one draught with the crown of empire!

Difficulties, when overcome, insure honor. What laurels can be gathered from the field of sham-battle? No enemy, no glory. The brave man scorns the feeble adversary; the greater the foe, the more noble the victory. Rome gave her best honors to Scipio, because he prostrated Hannibal; America honors Washington, because

he drove the giant forces of Britain; England awards to Wellington her highest praises, because he struck down Napoleon, her mightiest foe. Mark the aged Christian pilgrim as he rises from some fearful conflict in holy triumph. Hark! Methinks I hear him say, "O, glorious Gospel of the blessed God! Because thou dost task all my powers; because thou dost lead me to the arena; because thou dost bring me to the mightiest foes—to principalities and powers, leagued for our destruction; to rulers of darkness, and wicked spirits, panting for our everlasting death; to the world and the flesh; to earth and to hell, thus making me a spectacle to infernal and heavenly worlds; to God the Spirit, God the Son, and God the Father; therefore will I glory in thee." Go ask the blood-washed throng if they would erase one trial from their history. Ask David, on yon mount of glory, why the angels fold their wings, and drop their harps to listen to his story. Would you have an honored life, an honored memory, a blessed immortality, shrink not from conflict.

We measure a man's intellect by his achievements; we estimate his achievements by their difficulties. Think you that honor can come without difficulty? Try it. Go build baby-houses, join mice to a little wagon, play at even and odd, and ride on a long pole, and see what laurels the world will award you.

We will give you the crown of empire. Now go, like Sardanapalus, wrapping yourself in petticoats, dress wool among a flock of women, and see if Honor would not stamp his angry foot, and shake his hoary locks, and spurn you from his presence.

Difficulties give courage. Look at the raw recruit. How timid, how fearful of the foe, how willing to avoid an engagement! See him on the eve of strife; his imagination pictures the smoke and din of battle from afar;

the plain crimsoned with blood; the piercing cries and gaping wounds of the dying and the dead. He longs for the home of his childhood, the embrace of his mother, the quiet of peace. But mark the hardy veteran by his side, who carries in his body the bullets of the foe, and bears upon his face the marks of their sabers. He stands firm; he thinks only of the image of his country, the punishment of the invader, and the laurels of the conqueror, and lies down to rest, longing for the reveille that shall wake him to the strife. Behold yon timid, delicate female! She trembles at the spider; she shudders at the unexpected rap; she faints at the firing of the pistol. War breaks out; her husband draws his sword, and leads his platoon to the cannon's mouth. The savages surround her dwelling; the sound of the warwhoop wakes the slumbers of midnight, and the blood of her first-born flows over her threshold. That female is the timid virgin *no longer*. Guarding the cradle of her weeping babes, she learns to fire the rifle, and plunge into warrior hearts the sharpened dagger. The heart of a Hannibal throbs in her bosom.

Finally. God knew the difficulties of duty from the beginning. Did difficulty justify a surreasing from duty, God would have qualified his commands. When, amid thunders and lightning, he delivered on the mount that trembled the command, "Thou shalt have none other gods before me," did he not see that lion's den, and hear that sad decree? Did he not cast his eyes to the plains of Durah? Did he not see that golden image rising threescore cubits? Did he not see that gathering host of captains, judges, treasurers, counselors, sheriffs, and all the rulers of the provinces, meeting for the dedication of the image? Did he not see those three Hebrews, and that furious monarch, and that furnace heated with seven-fold flame to the temperature of a tyrant's

wrath? And yet he did not qualify the high command.

When Jesus, rising from the tomb, paused on his ascent to heaven, and gave his great commission, "Go ye," etc., did he not know that Peter would die? that Paul would be beheaded? that emperor after emperor would kindle his fires, and lead out his Christian victims to the flames, or feed them to the beasts? Did he not well know that rivers of blood would flow over his sanctuary, and that every age to the millennium would witness its persecutions? Who says that difficulty should arrest us in the work of evangelizing the world? and yet there may be duties as clear as that.

I would not encourage rash enterprises; I would not set will in the place of conscience, or desire in the room of reason. I would take into consideration opposing tendencies and probable results in forming my views of duty. But there may be duties as clearly marked out by the Divine providence as by the Divine word. Reason, guided by the light of revelation, may satisfy us of duty as clearly as if God were to speak audibly from heaven.

I have pointed out the path to success. I can not leave you without directing attention to the motives which should influence you in determining your pursuit. I can not imagine that any of you think so meanly of your souls as to enter upon life with the question, What shall we eat? or what shall we drink? or wherewithal shall we be clothed? This would be to regard yourselves as mere brutes. Some may ask, What will be most congenial to my taste, or is most favorable to improvement, or renown, or power, or wealth? I know not how to express my profound contempt for worldly honor or riches. The world can not often estimate true worth. Homer receives honor, but it comes too late even for the sepulcher. Milton deserved a temple, but scarce re-

ceived a tomb. But honor, what is it? A name upon the scroll, and which Time, with one dash of his sponge, shall soon wipe out. Crucify soul and body for the world, and she may mock you in your expiring agonies; and will you offer incense at her shrine, and seek her favor? Let her honors be sought when her heart is purified. Who would seek the applause of hell? Why, then, seek the honors of a world kindred to it? You are dying, immortal men. What will a world's applause be to you in your last agonies? in the resurrection morning? in the eternal world? There are unfading laurels; there are eternal histories, but not on earth. In what terms shall I express the fathomless degradation of that man who merely heaps up the glittering dust of the mine—who prostitutes energies that might bless a world to the accumulation of dollars and cents? He sinks to the level of the ants a soul that might take rank among the angels. I am soon to die. I tell you—remember what I say—that there is no service which is not infinitely beneath your immortal powers but the service of the living God; there is no honor worthy to be sought but that which comes from heaven; there is no object sufficiently great to develop the energies that slumber in your bosom, except that for which the Almighty designed you.

I want to see you men; I pant to see you mighty men. Fain would I have you move through earth with a tempest's force; but better harden into marble upon those seats, than move with any other object than the good of man—the glory of God.

Pleasure and glory pursue those who least seek them. Serve God with a pure heart, and happiness and honor shall follow you. Pant you for a foe? You shall have one. There is an enemy to all your species, who hangs the earth in black, and fills it with mourning, lamenta-

tion, and woe, and plunges his hatchet in unnumbered souls, and kindles around them eternal burnings. Enter the field against him.

At the close of the first punic war, as Hamilcar, about to cross his army into Spain, stood upon the shores of Carthage, he was reflecting upon the triumphs of the Romans, the rivals of his country. He thought of Sicily yielded by a premature despair, of Sardinia intercepted by fraud, of the stipends maliciously imposed, and, above all, of the laurels won from his native shores, and his great spirit was stirred within him. In the midst of his meditations his little son, nine years old, approached him, and, fawning in a childish manner, entreated his father to lead him with the troops into Spain. The great parent breathed upon the martial spirit of his son, and, leading him to the altar, bade him touch the sacrifices, and then swear that, when he became a man, he would be the enemy of Rome. That son was Hannibal. Ye sons of Christendom, come to the altar of our God, touch the sacrifices of our Jesus, and swear eternal hostility to Satan.

Do you ask for exemplars? I point you to Daniel, to Paul, to Luther. Others have provoked the acclamations of earth—they have called forth the shouts of heaven. Do you demand a magnificent object? The world is before you. Balboa, the discoverer of the South Sea, in crossing the isthmus which separates the Atlantic from the Pacific, ascended a mountain, from which he beheld the unknown ocean rolling in all its majesty. Overwhelmed by the sight, he fell upon his knees to thank God for conducting him to so important a discovery. When he reached the margin of the sea, he plunged up to his middle in its waves, and, with sword and buckler, took possession of it in the name of his sovereign, Ferdinand, of Spain. Lay the map of the world before

you, plant your foot on Asiatic highlands, or on some lofty peak of the Andes. Survey continents, and seas, and islands in darkness and captivity, and fall down to thank God that you stand on an eminence from which you see this great sight; then, rising in the majesty of faith, and girding on sword and buckler, advance to the conquest of the nations in the name of Zion's King. There are energies slumbering in the smallest bosom among you sufficient to shake the world.

The Path to Success.*

THERE are three great commencement days of human existence—the day of birth, when we begin to be children; the day of graduation, when we begin to be men; and the day of death, when we begin to be devils or angels. Each gives rise in the breasts of our relatives to conflicting emotions; but on the first joy generally predominates, on the second anxiety, on the third hope. The period you have just reached is decidedly the most critical of life's eras. Although we know nothing of you that is unfavorable, we can not divest ourselves of solicitude for your welfare. We know men who, though they set out in life learned, talented, virtuous as you, are outcasts and vagabonds. Your knowledge, your wisdom, your virtue, abide a fiery trial—may they pass it unscathed!

That your *knowledge* may endure the test, it should be reviewed and extended. Reviews are necessary to *preserve* knowledge. Impressions made upon memory, unless frequently repeated, must be deep indeed if they be not soon effaced. But mere knowledge, as it does not warm the soul, by inflaming the passions, rarely makes deep impressions.

Reviews are necessary to *perfect* your knowledge. It is but an outline, like the sketch of the artist, which has but little charm, but which warms into lifelike beauty

* Address to the graduating class of the Ohio Wesleyan University.

under the magic retouching of the pencil. It is not only an outline, but a rude one. Exceptions must you be among students, if you have not slurred over many important propositions, while you have given to none an attention too earnest to allow a profitable reconsideration. Reviews are necessary to render knowledge available. Imperfect science, like broken instruments, does but incumber and confuse. Knowledge affords more pleasure as well as profit, in the review than in the original survey. The first examination fixes upon the obvious and anticipated truths; the subsequent ones disclose those occult connections, correspondences and dependencies, which, because unsuspected, possess in a high degree the charm of novelty. As nature broadens before the footsteps of advancing knowledge, till every bush becomes a universe burning with the living God; so language opens new mysteries to the improving mind, till the very alphabet suggests the wisdom of the Eternal and the music of the spheres. Moreover, as nature has counteracted the propensity to indolence, by planting in our breast a strong desire of completing our undertakings, the perfecting of our knowledge must afford relief, as well as gratification. The path of the student, therefore, if he would be happy, must, like that of the just, shine brighter and brighter to the perfect day. But a review of sciences already acquired is not sufficient—your field of knowledge must be *extended*. You have been brought to the *gates* only of learning, the paths to its glorious *summits* are yet before you; through the avenues of classics and metaphysics you may push on to the recesses of the human heart; through mathematics to profound philosophy; through the rudiments of natural science to an acquaintance with nature; through ethics to a knowledge of God. Up! up! then, and onward *ever* to the heights. Indeed you must, if you would not lose ground;

the highway of science has no inns, and bears up no footsteps but those of ascending and descending travelers.

The propriety of persevering, perfecting, and extending our knowledge may not be questioned—perhaps the feasibility of it may. When you turn your attention to the study of a profession, you will doubtless find the time allotted you to prepare for the discharge of its duties sufficiently short, and when you shall have commenced your practice you will find business and company to claim all your time; nevertheless, you may continue your literary pursuits. Take no more time for any object than is necessary for its accomplishment. Let the time for a given labor be fully consumed therein, while the full energies of your souls are brought to bear upon it with all the requisite advantages—such as silence, books, physical comfort. Do every thing by system; divide the day, and assign to each duty its metes and bounds. In a life thus regulated the whole community of sciences may dwell in harmony, and derive mutual advantages from their very neighborhood. As, however, the customs of society will not allow you to make such a division with exactness, it is necessary that you acquire the habit of using fragments of time. Fortunes have been made from the shavings of horn. Time is money, and who shall duly estimate the value of its clippings? Cultivate the habit of gathering and coining them, and carry about with you the facilities for so doing.

Your *wisdom*, too, will pass an ordeal. Wisdom is that attribute which directs to right words and actions. Our *expressions* afford us an excellent opportunity for exhibiting its negative part, prudence.

God having designed us for society, has given us a strong desire to communicate our thoughts, desires, and purposes; has ordained speech as our chief solace, enjoyment, and civilizer; and rendered it so important

to our mental organization, that its suspension for any considerable period is a cause of imbecility, when it is not a consequence of derangement. Important as it may be, however, it needs—like all propensions of our fallen nature—continual restraint: in the due exertion of which we see one of the plainest distinctions between the wise and the silly. The fool keeps his mouth, like that of the Mississippi, always open, and sometimes not content with *one* outlet for his thoughts, “He winketh with his eyes, he speaketh with his feet, he teacheth with his fingers.” Many of his thoughts may be good, but they are swallowed up in the flood of his foolishness. The wise man keeps the door of his lips, and allows no thought to pass out which is not fit for the public eye; although he may have much folly, as he does not *exhibit* it, he is not *condemned* for it. The fool does not gain a reputation for folly only, but often for wickedness also; as the stream will be like the fountain, he, so long as he carries in his bosom a heart deceitful and desperately wicked, will fill his mouth with a conversation of the same description. Moreover, as every man is prone to speak too well of his friends and too ill of his foes, he must utter flattery, evil-speaking, and slander; thus involving himself and all around him in continual difficulties. // St. James says the tongue is a fire, and it is only when we consider how great a matter a little fire kindleth, that we can account for the eternal burnings with which society is consuming. The wise man uttering only what “is good to the use of edifying, meet to minister grace to the hearers,” is considered better, as well as wiser, than he is; and as he keeps his thoughts concerning his neighbors, he gives no offense, while, by the mere absence of unkind expressions from his tongue, he secures general favor. Nor am I sure that the government of the tongue does not exert a desirable reflex

ive influence; thoughts which are not uttered rarely make a deep impression; subjects are not wont to recur to the mind that deems them contraband; and passions deprived of tongues, and limited to inward ravings, prove guests so troublesome as to provoke the heart, by its own *vis conservatrix*, to expel them. I know that Joab smote Abner *quietly*, and Judas betrayed his Lord with a *kiss*, but I believe such crocodiles rarely appear in human shape. Hence, as a general rule, he who can bridle his tongue, can as easily govern his whole body, as the helmsman can turn the ship driven by the wind. I would not be thought to recommend an unsocial exclusiveness, a uniform gravity, or a forbidding taciturnity, nor, were I capable, without the aid of a false religion, of leading you into extremes so unnatural. I would merely guard against the opposites, from which we can not be preserved but by positive and persevering effort. Under that sportive play of fancy and genial excitement of generous feeling called forth by the social circle, and designed at once to recruit the energies of exhausted intellect, and strengthen the ties which bind men to each other, the *wisest* are apt to relax too much the reins of the tongue; and it is remarkable how small a dead fly of folly will defile the precious ointment of a reputation for wisdom. The world never forms her opinion of a man by striking a balance between his wise and silly sayings; the former may constitute a *large* aggregate and the latter a *small* one; yet the good shall not only be made to cancel the evil, but to leave a large surplus. Nor does folly destroy friendship with less difficulty than it does reputation; how often do we gain a jest but to lose a friend, point a pun but to pierce a bleeding heart, or sow to the wind but to reap the whirlwind!

Loquacity is not to be condemned indiscriminately. When a man is incapable of any business of his own, he

may regulate the business of every body else; if he has no faults or troubles at *home*, he may turn his attention to those of his *neighbors*, and if he can receive no further information, he may as well nail up his ears with the ceaseless hammering of his tongue. Habit is second nature, and I would not lightly censure the unruly member, that having run for fifty years, can only be stopped by a surgical operation or the hand of Omnipotence. If a man have but few ideas, and those very small, he may, like the huckster-woman with her paltry pennies, lay them all out every night, and turn them every morning; and although he will find that in the world of mind the laws of trade are reversed, yet we can forgive him. Loquacity is less injurious to some than others. There is a man who like the spider having crept into an unfrequented corner, hath no higher ambition than to catch enough of time's flies to supply his organs of digestion; *he* may explain the whole web of his plan, for who cares to brush it away; but if one undertake enterprises of great moment, he had better tie the little traitor that plies between his lips. Silence is the great auxiliary of ambition; it is said that geese can cross mountains if they carry stones in their mouths, and if a man would gain in safety the summits of fame, he must not cackle as he passes the nests of her eagles.

Loquacity disqualifies for solemn duties; from lips that utter nonsense we do not patiently hear the praises of God; the tattler is not wanted at the pillow of the dying; the prater is shut out from the council chambers of rulers. Well might the pious monarch of Israel resolve to keep his tongue while the wicked were before him. Nor does prating merely bring impotence of good; one idle sentence may recast amiss a fellow-mortal's mind. One vain word may start a fiery train of thought that shall flow forever. Hence, in the multitude of words

there wanteth not sin that may inflame Him, who, in certain relations, is consuming fire. I do not say that there are no occasions when we may speak of the faults or sins of others. I would have the innocent protected and public justice enforced. But why need we utter the silly, the needless, or the evil—blasphemy and slander I leave to the lashes of the sheriff and the devil. The excellences and virtues of men, the triumphs of science and art, the wonders of creation and providence, the glories of God and of grace, are enough to afford relaxation without sin, joy without jesting, and excitement without foolishness or malice. How is it in heaven? So it may be on earth! 'Tis slander even upon depraved human nature to say that its mouth must necessarily be like that of the volcano, filled with smoke or flame, or nothing. Unbaptized philosophy were sufficient to restrain the tongue—and what of Christian? Who would tune his tongue to discord, when he may harmonize it to heavenly harps? who fill his mouth with poison, when he may sweeten it with honey? who darken his sayings with the smoke of the pit, when he may render them luminous with the light of glory?

↳ Since of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh, if we keep the door of the lips we must keep the door of the mind; we must therefore make a judicious selection of company and books. The serious, the wise, and the honorable must be on their guard against the trifling, the silly, and the slanderer. The uncorrupted must not trust to their present abhorrence of corrupters; since the latter like the siren can sing sweetly, the former like Ulysses must have wax for the ears. A bad choice of company is generally the first step to ruin, and the young man of genius and learning is peculiarly exposed; he is generally courted by the gay and the vain; and is often induced by the feeling which led Cæsar to

say that he would rather be first in the Alpine village than second in the imperial city, to squat in the center of the noisy pool and become himself a croaker. ✓

Books are indispensable, for instruction, amusement, the formation of style, and the supply of mental stimulus; they must, however, be selected with caution. The press by the power of steam is wheeling off cart-loads every moment, yet the world, like the grave in a pestilence, stands with its mouth wide open, and cries not it is enough. That this mass is all to be rejected t'were madness to affirm; much of the periodical literature of the day, and many of its books, are rich and instructive; but the precious must be separated from the vile, and the greater the preponderance of the latter over the former, the more difficult the task. A few hints only will be given. Old works are better than new. To this remark there are exceptions, confined however almost exclusively to the department of instructive books, nor extending equally through this, but limited chiefly to the bureau of natural science, in which the career of discovery being rapid and brilliant, the presumption is in favor of the latest author. For most of the legitimate purposes of reading give me old writers, such as, for amusement, Addison; for mental stimulus, Milton; and for models of manly style, the ancient classics. Old authors have a great negative advantage. Men like monkeys are fond of pranks, and every age has its bewildering fancies and Utopian schemes; the present abounds with model reformers, and "poor man's plasters." That change is not the law of our being, and progress our high destiny, I by no means assert, but I do aver that the former is frequently from bad to worse, and that the latter is not to be secured by new social plans, and novel moral principles, but by a steady improvement of old organizations, through a faithful application of old principles

The laws of nature and of the decalogue are eternal; but so bewitching are the reasonings of that enthusiast who takes the universe under his management, that they are pretty sure to take the careless reader captive, and even make him hug his chains, till liberated by a destructive upshot. The works which contained the follies of former ages have nearly all gone down to oblivion. True, those which survive, like all things human, bear marks of weakness; but these fancies are not like the *ignis fatuus*, near enough to mislead our feet, but like the aurora borealis, distant enough to be contemplated with wonder and philosophical delight. Old writers, like the bottles of old doctors, generally contain *multum in parvo*; but many of the mental quacks of our day compose according to the following receipt:

Take of words one hogshead,
Of understanding one drop,
Of human depravity and coloring matter a sufficient quantity,
Mix and filter through green or yellow paper.

And although they often get certificates of the clergy, on whom they practice gratuitously, it is perfectly safe to let their "eye waters" alone. The contempt I have for the novels of the times is not indiscriminate. The pages of Sir Walter I doubt not are enchanting, although I have never felt their power; but I have yet to learn who has become wiser or better by their perusal, while I suppose that their tendency is the reverse of mental discipline; to relax the energies, intoxicate the reason, and fill the fancy with dreams of rapture or of anguish. It may be asked how I know their effects, never having felt them? just as I know the properties of arsenic without ever having tasted it. What need we of the literature of a superficial and hurried age, when we have at command the works which Greece, Rome, and England, elaborated respectively, in the Homeric, the Augustan,

and Elizabethan periods—above all, the oldest of all writings, which blending philosophy and poetry in union, and affording mingled instruction and delight in forms ever varying with ever-increasing charms, gleams at every reperusal with new glimpses of the mind of God. But your experience, I suppose, enables you to say in reference to this subject, “No man having drunk old wine straightway desireth new; for he saith the old is better.”

Books of instruction are preferable to those of mere amusement. The latter have their use; but as in general our natural indolence prevents us from overtaking the mind, and our necessary intercourse with society, and attention to passing events, afford enough of useful mirth, as well as salutary woe, they are rarely indispensable; and as they tend to form a habit of careless reading, create a distaste for more important productions, and a disinclination for protracted thought, unless they are needed for relaxation, they are generally injurious.

Books of nature are preferable to books of men. The latter are *important*, not to say *indispensable*. They are the key to the former, which are closed by a lock that none but transcendent genius can *pick*; but to confine ourselves to their study is to spend life in a childish turning of a shining instrument. The mineralogist must take his hammer to the rock, the botanist must walk afield, the anatomist must bend over the cadaver, the metaphysician over the soul, the painter and the poet that would be original must muse upon nature's green, and *feel* her freshness.

Reflection is more important than reading; as in the physical so in the moral world, industry must be incorporated with our treasures to give them value. Reflection is the mint which selects, refines, classifies, appropriates, and stamps our knowledge, and fills the mouth with golden

words—without it knowledge is rubbish, and study a weariness of the flesh.

If the padlock is placed upon the mind by a proper selection of books and company, the lips will be easily regulated. But wisdom must be developed in *action* as well as words. The walking encyclopedia may be a vagabond, the orator a drunkard, and the poet, who soars into heaven with his melody, may be a curse to earth by his crimes. Wise conduct requires deliberation. This is opposed to three errors—inconsideration, contempt of advice, and partial views of our relations.

1. Inconsideration. Some men act from impulse rather than reason. They *think* indeed, but their thoughts are limited to narrow bounds, and they seize without hesitancy, to enjoy without limit, the present pleasure, forgetful alike of the future and the past; they are worse off than the brutes, who, to a certain extent, are guided and restrained by instinct. The swine when satiated lies down to rest, not so the glutton; the dog turns from that which is hurtful, not so the drunkard; the ant provideth her meat in summer, but the idler folds his arms in slumber till want, like an armed man, overtakes him; the ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib, but the rake, having no instinct and using no reason, knoweth neither; he eats to loathing, and drinks to dregs, enjoys to idiocy, and laughs to madness; he lulls his desires but wakes his remorse, and chars his body but to light up a furnace in his soul. He has godlike intellect, but he sells it for a fool's laugh; perchance he has high and generous impulses, and would rise at midnight to divide his last loaf with the beggar; but because he will not *consider*, he followeth flattering lips as an ox goeth to the slaughter, and drinks wine with the hostess who lays her guest in the depths of hell; when admonished he confesses perchance, but soothes himself with

the supposition that he injures no one but himself. Alas! in the great day he will find that he had no *right* to sell his brains for a mess of pottage, or to turn his heart into a goblet, and no power to fall into the pit without dragging tormentors with him.

2. Contempt of counsel. There is a man who, with a comfortable state of consciousness, says within himself,

“I am sir Oracle,
When I ope my lips let no dog bark.”

He forgets that there is a diversity among the gifts of God, and safety in the multitude of counselors—that Newton could learn from a goat-herd, and Cæsar from a raw recruit. Should one like Themistocles offer him counsel, he, like Eurybiades, would present a club. Though Wisdom build her house, and hew her pillars, and kill her beasts, and mingle her wine, and furnish her table, and send forth her maidens, he turns not to her temple. But though his ears are like those of adders, and his eyes like those of moles, his tongue is *loose*, and thinking that wisdom will die with him, he is impatient to utter oracles—imagining that he is born like the queen bee, to be obeyed by drudges and courted by drones, he is unwilling that men should either think or act till he gives the signal. His fault is not that he does not consider—he *generally* considers, *sometimes* long and well—but that he aims at what transcendent genius can not reach, independence of counsel: he will find that the laws of nature, of Providence, of man, are not framed for unadvised action; that “pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall.”

3. Partial views. Before we enter upon important action we must consider the bearing it may have upon the interests of our fellow-men. God having intimately interwoven our interests with those of society, no act can be deemed wise that is dictated by selfishness. Some

men seek their own welfare in violation of the rights of others; these may be left to the law; the greater number seek their interest in disregard of the claims of others. There is one who determines to be rich; he considers the things of others only with a view to get them. He is a prudent man; he reflects, takes counsel; he is kind, wishing others no harm, merely desiring to profit by their necessities. The robber, like the lion, goes to destroy; he, like the vulture, follows only to feed upon the carcasses. He may have so great cunning and sagacity that his name may suggest the passage of Scripture, "go tell that fox," and if he belonged to a community of brutes he might rank high. Yet such are the laws of *human* society, that although a miser succeed for awhile, he will find that for a lifetime, or any considerable portion thereof, he will miss his object by too hot a pursuit, and verify the declaration, that "there is that withholdeth more than is meet, and it tendeth to poverty;" or that he will shipwreck character or happiness in his success, and prove that "they that will be rich fall into temptation and a *snare*." The love of money for its own sake, or our own sake, so far from being a fountain of all good, is the root of all evil. Voltaire said, "The English people are like their butts of beer, froth at the top, dregs at the bottom, and in the middle excellent," a remark not limited in its application to Britannia—and though an infidel, yet a pertinent commentary on Agur's prayer.

The ambitious warrior seeks for fame; he is very cautious and circumspect, willing to hear and ready to communicate. He assembles around him the most judicious advisers, submits his plans for their examination, listens to every suggestion, is willing to review the ground of all his opinions, and abandons every untenable position; but his deliberations respect his own success *only*. In his march he desolates fields, burns villages, tears down tem-

ples, and fires through crowded streets; he sees, without compunction, the blood upon his garments, and hears, without remorse, the wild wail of widows, and loud cries of orphans, looking for their blood-stained dead. Yet may be he is kind, forgiving, tender-hearted, desiring to do no body harm; he only determines to do himself good, with the cannon. He may receive his reward—the plaudits of fools, the contempt of wise men, the admiration of the noisy present, the scorn of the calm future, the honors and emoluments of office, the reproaches of reason and of conscience; but is he wise?

Yonder is a statesman, thinking only on his own elevation—ready to praise a friend in the morning, or curse him in the evening; to shout for democracy in the street, or wheedle for federalism in the cabinet, to hurra for universal emancipation at the north, and vote perpetual slavery at the south; to allay local prejudices by unconstitutional largesses, or inflame national passions by the torch of war. He lays all his plans regardless of every body but himself. What cares he, if he empty a land of peace, and purity, and blessedness, and fill it with confusion, and blasphemy, and woe—so he sway the scepter. And yet he pretends to be a philanthropist; he can deliver temperance speeches, and subscribe for clergymen, and preside at Sabbath conventions, and even “visit the fatherless and widows in their afflictions.” Out, you villain; despite your cries of “O, the dear people!” the crowd you despise can see behind your night-cap.

Would man be wise, he must be benevolent; in persecution, like the tree which when wounded pours out balm; in prosperity, like the sea, which throws its arms around all lands; and in the hour of our country's extremity, like the world's Redeemer, ready to bleed. Thus only can you secure your own interests—'tis the law written in the heavens—inscribed upon the earth.

True wisdom implies still more comprehensive views. We must deliberate upon all the interests of the soul. You subordinate the appetites to self-love—'tis well. You subject self-love to social feeling—'tis better; weighing the claims of each impulse in the balance of reason, you will subject all to conscience. We must weigh the concerns of the future world, as well as of the present. If he is a fool who barter the interests of a life for the pleasures of a moment, infinitely more so he who jeopard the interests of eternity for the enjoyments of time. We must deliberate upon the obligations arising from all our *relations*, giving to each its due importance. 'Tis not enough to live continently, do justice, and love mercy. There is a being whose claims absorb those of every other, and that man has not learned the alphabet of wisdom who does not walk humbly with God. Nor is this duty in the least incompatible with others. You may be like the earth, which, though she turns upon her center, and feeds her own family, moves steadily through the heavens, bearing all her children upon her breast.

But your *VIRTUE* will be tried as well as your *wisdom*. Men may be wise in their own estimation, and in that of the world, and yet not virtuous. Virtue is of the intention, and is best secured by correct views of God, and a sense of his constant presence. Who would sin while looking in the eye of the whole heavenly hierarchy? But there is one in whose sight the heavens are not clean, and who chargeth his angels with folly, and he is not far from every one of us. Educate your mind up to the idea of the revealed God. This is the mountain thought in the universe of mind within whose shade all virtue dwells. True, if viewed from the basis of Sinai it is a mountain of fire, smoking, shaking, thundering, consuming; yet, when surveyed from Calvary it is arrayed in attractive glories, awing, mellowing, subduing, sanctifying.

It is time I relieved your patience. In conclusion. To you it is given to *know*. Enjoy the privilege; that you may, be humble, accompany truth whatever be her course—be firm, not fearful, when she bears you through the storm. It is a beautiful fiction of the ancients, that Hercules, when he went to unbind Prometheus, sailed the length of the great ocean in an earthen pitcher. Thus truth may ride the waves of the world in a frail bark; but that bark carries a divinity.

To you it is given to *think*. Exercise the power patiently, strongly. And let us not suppose that because the world is full of books, we can attain no original thought. Every man has peculiar genius, and the universe is perpetually unfolding new lessons. As infinite power energizes in infinite space, its demonstrations will fill eternity with fresh and glorious wonders, so that the oldest, tallest son of light will ever find an unpierced nebula of thought before his strong-winged soul. But think with awe, as in the presence of Him to whom the darkened alike with the illuminated universe is a mirror, catching and recording the faintest breathings of the soul, to be daguerretyped in the light of earth's final fires.

To you it is given to *speak*—stupendous power. You are amazed at the “force and flexibility of the elephant's trunk, which can pick up a pin, or rend an oak;” but what is this to the tongue which can talk to the passing moments, or lift up a voice to eternity! You stand aghast at the roar of the lion, which makes the beasts of the forest tremble like timorous men—nothing to the tongue, which, summoning the mob, can turn timorous men into infuriated tigers. You shudder at the earthquake spreading its jaws for a nation—nothing to the tongue, which can open hell by its blasphemy, or cleave the heavens by its prayer. And this dreadful responsi-

bility is committed to you, with the condition that its simplest as well as its sublimest movements shall be telegraphed by the electricity of God's omnipotence on the docket of the last judgment.

To you it is given to *act*. Should a giant, able, like Hercules, to rid earth of its monsters, ascending a mountain, and raising his calm head above the forest, rest his elbows on the tops of some of its tall oaks, to spend his time in gazing upon the sun, when he should be crushing the lions that roar and the hydras that hiss at his feet, with what indignation should we regard him? More worthy of scorn the giant mind that spends life in musing, when a world invites and a God commands to action. But you *will* act, and that too under strong incentives. The age is one of activity; pushing forward the arts and sciences, carrying knowledge down to lower levels, and scattering the seeds of civilization and religion beside all waters, sending out on voyages of discovery to remotest points in every direction, and at once rousing the mind of the world into ominous agitation and nerving its arm for deeds of daring. You will catch its spirit.

The age is one of change. An all-comprehensive moral whirlwind is moving upon the earth, and shaking all her powers—its louder and louder bellowings will pierce your ears and make you run to and fro.

'Tis a critical period. The foot-marks of God are upon the sea, and the voice of God is in the storm. You may trace the one and hear the other, and cry "here am I."

'Tis an age of unprecedented facilities—of thunder and lightning powers. 'Tis not absolutely necessary that you go to Africa, stretching her chained and bloody hands to you, or to Asia, groaning from beneath her hideous idols, or to the islands of the sea, consuming in their sinful shades. Providence hath planted magazines under every prison door, and under every Juggernaut, and under

every burning forest of iniquity, and hath brought the train almost to our very doors. We have only to light a match to move a mountain. Martyrs, and prophets, and patriarchs, and apostles, methinks, would gladly leave their mansions of rest to take your places upon these planks.

You will act with fearful energies—which I would have you tax to the utmost. Let others sing the couplet,

“Let me be little and unknown,
Loved and prized by God alone.”

The lines are incongruous. Did God ever love the soul that wished to be “little and unknown?” He is infinitely lovely, and must love his creatures in proportion as they resemble himself, the boundless ocean of love ever flowing in the channels of infinite power and wisdom over the universe. Think ye, does the angel hide beneath Jehovah’s footstool? Rather does he flap an impatient wing of fire, as he cries in waiting before the throne, “I delight to do thy will, O God!” Is he ashamed of his message or his Maker? No. He blows his halleluiah through a trumpet, and whether he fly through the earth with the everlasting Gospel, or stand one foot on sea and one on land, to swear that time shall be no longer, he makes himself known and felt.

But why exhort you to put forth your energies? They can not slumber. As you go through the earth you will smite the friends or the foes of God and man, and every stroke will react upon yourselves, and urging you on to the world of spirits, make you fiercer devils or stronger angels, world without end.

Look out—there is an enemy; sin, which has filled the earth with groans, and hell with flames. He is abroad still, and in the forms of ignorance, intemperance, infidelity, and slavery, is crushing human hearts by thousands at a footfall. On him turn your arms. Fain would

I call you this day to God's altar, and make you swear, as the child Hannibal to Hamilcar, that you would be the eternal foe of this enemy of mine and yours.

But who is sufficient for these things? On the borders of this world there is a place which no eye seeth but that of God. Seek that place, and, on the knee of faith, become "strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might." Then, though you have to adopt the language of Christ, and say, "The foxes have holes and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head," you will live useful and happy, and though you die on a cross, you will wake to joy when the heavens be no more.

I have spoken as though you were to live long. Alas! while I am addressing you, Death may receive his commission to cut you down, ere the ink shall have become dry upon your diplomas. I have so often wiped the damp of death from the brow of youth, that I look even upon blooming manhood as little better than the corpse.

Well may I say to you what the prophet said on Carmel—"Choose you this day whom ye will serve," or if you have made your choice, what Jesus said to Judas—"What thou doest, do quickly."

We must part. Soon the wheels of the mail-coach will separate us. Soon the night of the grave will hide us from mortal sight till the last day. Living, I will cherish pleasing recollections of you, and dying, hope to meet you at the right hand of the Judge.

Mental Symmetry.

GREAT is the diversity among human minds; so great that it can not be fully accounted for by education, association, example—any thing, except original differences of mental constitution. These differences are owing, not to the introduction of new elements, but to new combinations; such combinations, too, are as endless as those of articulate sounds in human language. You will rarely meet with a man in whom there is not a tendency to excessive, or defective, or perverted action in some faculty or class of faculties. When an uncultivated mind is neither of great strength nor marked peculiarities, the ordinary intercourse of society and the common duties of life may be sufficient checks to its wanderings; but when a great genius is permitted to educate himself he usually becomes a moral monster. Such a one may have great learning, merit, success, but is rarely capable of just views, of safe and sober judgment. We might show the evils of ill-balanced mind, by tracing its influences either upon our usefulness, our happiness, or our salvation. That I be not tedious, I must limit myself to one of these three. Since the last is the most important, I select that. Let us trace the connection between mental and religious faith.

I. The want of mental balance is most frequently seen in the following faculties; namely, faith, attention, abstraction, and imagination.

1. Belief is one of the original powers of the mind,

and, like all others, may be conferred in various degrees; *generally*, however, it is strong in early life, so much so that we rarely find a child not disposed to indiscriminate faith. Not till frequently deceived do men learn to doubt. As their minds mature, however, they find it necessary to examine the grounds of their opinions, and this process is *then* a duty; but when they commence it while the intellect is still immature, especially if under the bias of depravity, without the light of experience, and under the influence of infidel or sensual associates, they are very likely to form a *habit of doubting*, which finally ends in contempt of sacred things, if not universal skepticism. Young men should be on their guard against this habit, and especially in these republics, where a feeling of independence is considered so becoming in youth. Very few, perhaps, are aware to how great an extent the power of belief is under the control of habit; they may learn something of it from analogy. What capability is not strengthened by use, and weakened by disuse? That power which can make the conscience either as sensitive as the apple of the eye, or as senseless as the cinder, can paralyze or galvanize the faculty of faith.

2. This faculty may be impaired also by an *exclusive* attention to the exact sciences, which accomplishes the sad result in various ways. It narrows the field of mental vision. How feeble the eye of him who spends life in a dark room, striking at minute points, compared with that of the sailor, accustomed to survey the broad ocean from the mast-head! so powerless is that mental eye which is trained to accurate discriminations and nice definition, in comparison with one which takes comprehensive views. The *great* mathematician, when he takes wide surveys of life and character, much more when he approaches that subject which fills both immensity and eternity, may be a

little reasoner. The immortal author of Celestial Mechanism—La Place—is an impressive illustration. Illustrious beyond comparison as a *professor of mathematics*, he was perfectly contemptible as a *statesman*. In less than six weeks, by his mistakes, as Minister of the Home Department, under the consulship, he forfeited his place. In the language of Napoleon, “His mind was occupied with subtilities, his notions were all problematic, his views were never right, and he carried the spirit of the *infinitely little* into the administration.” No wonder that he had not sufficient breadth of view to scan the Christian evidences. Moreover, mathematical studies weaken faith by familiarizing the mind to indubitable evidence. This inclines us to be dissatisfied with every thing less. Demonstration proceeds by regular steps, inseparably connected, accurately delineated, and leading to conclusions the contradictories of which are absurd. Moral reasoning advances through devious ways, by steps irregular, independent, and expressed only in ambiguous forms, to propositions the opposites of which imply no absurdity; hence, he who has long and steadily looked only at abstract ideas and their relations, will be unable to appreciate moral proof, however strong, as he who should spend years gazing upon the glowing fires of Stromboli would have an eye insensible to the soft charms of earth and skies.

3. Faith may be impaired by the habit of disputation. This is neither uncommon nor difficult to be acquired. That energetic exercise of the mind which is provoked by an antagonist is pleasurable, the applause awarded to superior information or intellectual prowess is very agreeable, and the shout of victory is most refreshing to depraved human nature. Moreover, some men are prone to battle as the sparks fly upward. When such have weak muscles and strong minds they fight, like certain ani-

mals, head foremost, and, like the ram of prophetic vision, they often push their moral horns with equal facility in opposite points of compass. Imagine a boy of good parts and pugnacious spirit among inferior minds in the district school. He overcomes in debate, one after another, all around him, till, flushed with success, and intoxicated with praise, he is carried by his comrades from school-house to school-house, as a game-cock with gaffles is conveyed to the neighboring roosts. At length he is brought to college, and placed in a society which assigns its members, without reference to their convictions, the propositions they are to establish. It is easy to predict the character of mind with which he will go forth into the world. There are facts and arguments on *both* sides of every moral question. Such a question can only be determined by the mental balance. To use this properly there must be patient observation, careful discrimination, and a steady suspension of the scales; but for these operations a mind under the influence of controversial training is incompetent. The only two questions which any subject admits of are, 1. What is the truth? 2. Is this proposition true? The former is that of the philosopher—it leaves the mind free from improper bias, and trains it to honest inference; the latter is the question of the disputant—it stimulates the pride of the speaker, and fits his mind to run athwart its most solemn convictions, in the eager search for middle terms. I will not say that the office of the disputant is never useful, nor that it may not be safely discharged when it succeeds a process of investigation; but I do affirm that a controversial spirit, leading the mind, as occasion may require, to undervalue *perfect* evidence and overrate *imperfect*; to blend things of different species; to take advantage of the ambiguities of language; to overlook facts important to the issues, and bring in facts irrelevant; to confound

the incidental with the essential, the important with the trivial, the accidental with the uniform; to invert the order of sequences; or to rush rashly to general conclusions, has a tendency not only to mingle truth and error, but to unsettle, in the disputant's own mind, the very *foundation* of the power of belief. Talk as we may about the irresistible force of evidence, we all know that feeling warps the judgment, both directly moving the will to put the intellect in a wrong relation to the subject, and withhold or distort the proof which bears upon it, and indirectly, by influencing the train of association and giving tone to the mind. To have a perfect impression, we need both a perfect seal and a wax of proper consistence. If we at once mar the seal and harden the wax, what can we expect? The youth who leaves school a practiced debater will, in all probability, not only become a moral porcupine, the annoyance of every company into which he enters, but, by degrees, a thorough-paced infidel. He will be strongly tempted to assail the religion of his fathers, for the sake of always having an opportunity to gratify his propensity for combat and fondness for display; and, by repeatedly distorting the Christian evidences, and assuming a hostile attitude to the Gospel, he will finally become an *earnest* enemy of the faith.

The case of Chillingworth is an illustration. He would often walk in the college grove, and dispute with any scholar he met, on purpose to facilitate and make the way of wrangling common with him. While yet a youth, he produced, by his perpetual disputation on religious subjects, such a skeptical state of mind that he conceived it impossible to arrive at just views of religion. First he is vindicator of the Reformation, and the assailant of the Pope; presently he enters the Catholic Church, and becomes the defender of her faith; again

he returns to Oxford, and becomes the champion of Protestantism. He dwelt on the borders of absolute skepticism, if we may believe Lord Clarendon, who says Mr. Chillingworth had spent all his younger days in disputation, and had arrived at so great a mastery that he was inferior to no man in these skirmishes, but had, with his notable perfection in these exercises, contracted such an irresolution and habit of doubting, that, by degrees, he grew confident of nothing. He was a great disputing engine without an engineer. He had reason enough, as Wood said, to convert the devil, yet not enough to convert himself. This spirit may exist in the Church; foolish questions, and genealogies, and strivings about the law, and doting about questions, and strifes about words, whereof cometh envy, strife, railing, etc.—these are indications of moral cholera.

But skepticism often results from a too great *facility* of faith. There is a man who always holds the creed of the preacher he last heard. Such were some of old “driven about by every wind of doctrine; by the sleight of men and cunning craftiness, whereby they lie in wait to deceive.” As you ride through the interior, perchance you see behind you a portly, well-dressed, elderly gentleman, mounted on a bay steed, riding rapidly, as if to overtake you. He is soon at your side, making your acquaintance. You perceive by his portmanteau that he is a country doctor, by his countenance that he is a sincere, good-natured old man, and by his conversation that he is a vain, garrulous, bookish, self-made, but not half-made philosopher. He measures, with his quick, black eye, your nose and chin, and describes your character according to Lavater; he surveys your cranium, and pronounces you a singer according to Gall. He inquires your residence, parentage, and pursuit; but finding it more blessed to *give* than to *receive* information, he tells

you the names and history of the settlers as you ride along, and, when the village comes to view, he points out who is its richest and who is its poorest inhabitant; who keeps the best carriage and who the best piano. He quotes Cicero, Aristotle, Darwin, Hume, Mohammed, and St. Paul; he would that he was worth ten thousand dollars! and anon he is glad he is not, for he fears the devil would set him at work. Presently he tells you he does not believe there is any devil, and, finally, that he devotes his leisure moments to fighting the devil and the orthodox clergy. As he turns the corner of the street, he presses you to call. Being delayed a day or two in the village, you inquire into the doctor's history, and learn that at eighteen he was a blacksmith, at twenty a parson, at thirty a millwright, at forty a doctor, at fifty a strolling lecturer on the quadruple subject of temperance and geography, mnemonics and phrenology; that he has, however, seldom had but one occupation at a time, finding almost every year some new path to wealth. In the year 1825 he could be seen, with radiant countenance, at the head of a company of merry youth, in the valley of the Cuyahoga, planting yellow tobacco; in 1835 he was seen, with face beaming with joy, laying off a city in some swamp near the banks of the Maumee; in 1838 he is on the borders of Lake Erie, with golden hopes, planting *morus multicaulis* and hatching silk worms; in 1840 he is manufacturing beet-sugar in the oak-openings of Michigan; in 1847 he is volunteering for the Mexican war; and in 1849 off for California. In religion he has tried all things, without, however, holding fast to any. In youth he is a Methodist exhorter, thundering, flashing, denouncing, and pounding the pulpit without mercy. Another decade of years, and he stands, with long black robe, on the green banks of some crystal Jordan, with head bathed in rich sun-

light, and knees trembling with emotion, while he addresses the multitude that have gathered upon the bridge, and the boys that hang like bunches of grapes from the surrounding trees. When a few gray hairs have found their way to his temple—a Presbyterian elder, he is leading his children up the aisle to be dedicated to the Father of mercies. The next half decade finds him, with broad-brimmed hat and drab coat, sitting in silent meeting, till the proffered hand gives token of departure. He soon becomes a Mormon, and then a Millerite; but, ere the decade is half out, he is a boisterous and defiant infidel, madly challenging, in the streets and in the papers, all and sundry, the parsons to debate with him.

Your curiosity prompts you to call upon him, and you find him in a long room, lined with drugs, books, and apparatus—books rare and ill-assorted; drugs botanical and mineral, in doses spoonful and infinitesimal; and apparatus to cure you either by wind-power, steam-power, or water-power. On his table lies the Koran, a copy of which he has just procured, and is now reading. He talks so as to give you no opportunity to reply; and to give you a proof of his boldness and skill, he assures you that the last time he was at Church he challenged the successor of the apostles to test his commission, by taking a dose of arsenic. You leave him with mingled pity and disgust, fearing that he is a *hopeless* case; but a year subsequent—inquiring after him—you learn that he was put into a state of clairvoyance and heard unutterable words, and since that has been a devoted Christian. Here is a man of several mental vices, the chief of which is a tendency to believe on insufficient evidence. Nor is he *raris avis*. In classic story we read of one whose body was so light that he was obliged to put lead in his shoes to prevent the wind from blowing him over—fit

emblem he of many minds; and such minds, unless very favorably situated, are pretty sure to become skeptical.

II. The want of mental balance is found, in some cases, in the faculty of attention. Our ideas come in troops, and their character depends on fixed laws beyond our control. They gain admittance without asking consent, but depend for entertainment upon the will. Our power over them is twofold. We can place the mind in a region populated with good thoughts; we can dismiss intruders by neglect, and detain desired guests by civility. Attention is an effort to detain a perception in exclusion of others which solicit notice. This faculty is possessed by different persons in various degrees of strength, and in many is so weak as to be unable to direct the mind steadily to any object. Such a one passes life as in a pleasant dream. His mind is on the sofa to receive calls the year round; as the thoughts come and go it seeks neither information nor profit from them, and, its effort being entertainment, its recollections are like images drawn on the bosom of the wave. If all subjects are viewed carelessly, it is impossible that any but the most superficial should be understood. Conviction requires not only *proof*, but *perception*. The proof, even of religion, is not so obvious as to *force* itself upon a mind which gives it but a momentary notice. Though inattentive men may give revelation their *assent*, they have no basis of *conviction* to sustain them in the hour of temptation. Some men of this class blaspheme, others "care for none of these things;" others say they try to think, but can not. When they would meditate upon divine things, even on the day of rest in the holy place, or at the hour of stillness, in the retreat of secret prayer, other thoughts rush on them, and they find their minds like the fool's eyes. Many of these persons, being pos-

sessed of some good mental powers, when they can be brought to fix their attention, form correct judgments; and, since common topics and temporal interests press upon them constantly, they may be wise in little *matters* and judicious in *worldly concerns*, while they are *fools* in all that is *sublime*, and neglectful of *eternal* realities.

This class is numerous. Go into the streets and stores, and you find multitudes who pay attention to things only as they are *forced* upon them. Because politics, fashion, and trade press themselves on the senses, and mix themselves with the passions, they are politicians, or dandies, or tradesmen; and because religion does *not* obtrude itself on them, they know but little about it; they go to meeting because custom or weariness leads them; they hear of redemption, and grace, and regeneration, and they suppose, because they have *heard* these terms so often, that they *understand* them; but when asked to define, they find themselves in the situation of St. Austin defining time, who said, "I understood all about it before I was asked, but now I know nothing of it." They, perhaps, have no objection to religion, and can hear the preacher without offense, or, may be, as one who has a pleasant voice, and plays well on an instrument; but since they are *unmindful* of his words they are *unmoved* by them. They are infidels, as the modern Aristophanes was. Mr. Boswell asked Dr. Johnson if Foote was an infidel. "He is," said the Doctor, "as a *dog* is; he never thinks on the subject." This species of infidel may be found at all elevations of society, but particularly at the higher, and especially in that portion of it which has been raised suddenly. Of such it may often be said, "Their houses are safe from fear, neither is the rod of God upon them; they send forth their little ones like a flock, and their children dance; they take the timbrel

and harp, and rejoice at the sound of the organ. . . . Therefore they say depart from us; for we desire not the knowledge of thy ways. What is the Almighty, that we should serve him? or what profit should we have if we pray unto him!" Well may the Psalmist reason with such: "Understand, ye brutish and ye fools, when will ye be wise? He that planted the ear, shall he not hear? he that formed the eye, shall he not see? he that chastiseth the heathen, shall not he correct? he that teacheth man knowledge, shall not he know?" We could forgive the beast were he to receive his food without gratitude, and regard his master without attention; but "the ox knoweth his master, and the ass his master's crib." We might pardon the brute should he murmur in the midst of abundance; but, while "the wild ass brays not in the midst of his grass, and the ox lows not over his fodder," the thoughtless sinner, forgetful of his almighty Benefactor, often utters blasphemies over his table. We can forgive the bird that sinks to roost at evening shade, and rises up at morning light, regardless of every thing but present pleasure and present pain—that gives no attention to its origin, interest, or destiny; but, alas! "the stork knoweth his appointed time, and the turtle, and the crane, and the swallow the time of their coming," while men, endued with reason, and moral sense, and an apprehension of God, and a revelation of his will, can spend a long life absorbed in the petty interests of life, and give no attention to any thing which does not gratify sense, or appetite, or animal passion.

III. Sometimes the want of mental balance is found in the faculty, or process, if you please, of *abstraction*. By this we resolve a complex idea, and separately consider one or more of its elements. This process can scarce be overrated. Without it neither the poet nor the artist could form his beautiful creations. His power

of combination were useless without materials. Whence can he obtain materials, but by abstracting from complex ideas? Without it we could have no philosophy; for what is philosophy but generalization? and this implies abstraction. Without it we could have no reasoning, at least of the demonstrative kind. Without it, indeed, what better were mankind than the brute? Deprive them of abstraction, and you rob them of language; deprive them of language, and you set them with the beasts of the field. Though all human minds possess it, yet some have it in so small a degree that they rarely attain to comprehensive views or general truths. They survey the fields that encompass their native village without ever reaching the ideas of vegetation or germination; they amuse themselves with the cat that purs at their feet, and the dog that bears them company, without thinking of the classes and orders of animated nature; they shiver in winter, and perspire in summer, without any notions of zones and latitudes; they whistle with their shopmates, and sing songs with their merry wives, without ever reaching the great idea of man; they look up to the heavens without seeing God. Whether they mark the moon walking in brightness, or the stars that glitter in her train; whether they hail the rising sun, or repose in the evening beams; whether they survey the well-poised central orb, or the planets wheeling in their spheres, they see naught but sights charming to sense—no goodness, nor order, nor might, nor design; these are all abstractions. Nor, hence, the glorious concrete which they imply—the great I AM. They walk the earth, or plow and plant it, or mold some of its productions into useful or beautiful forms, without perceiving the distinction between the instrument and the agent, the muscle and the mind. They think and feel, without thinking themselves up to the idea of soul; they seem lost in the

visible, the tangible, the temporal. Of such the poet speaks in these words:

“Fools never raise their thoughts so high:
Like brutes they live, like brutes they die,
Like brutes they flourish, till thy breath
Blasts them in everlasting death.”

What can such a one think of worship in spirit and in truth? Would you have him adore? You must give him something *visible*. Would you have him worship? You must put an *emblem* in his hands. How different the Christian philosopher! He garners truth—abstract truth—wherever he turns; he emerges from the limited circle of home and friends to survey humanity, and sympathize with its wants and sorrows; he distinguishes, not only between the vegetable and the animal, but the animal and the rational, the rational and the spiritual. By abstracting evidences of design from the face of nature, he obtains an impressive idea of an intelligent First Cause. By the same means he traces the wisdom, power, and goodness of the Creator; and, adding to them the idea of infinity and eternity suggested within him, he lives, and moves, and has his being in God. It was by a series of abstractions, for example, that Newton climbed to the top of the universe, and caught that glimpse of God which made him adore for the rest of life. By the same process he learned to see, like Moses, Him that is invisible through the smoke of Sinai, and, like Paul, Him that is eternal through the flesh of Jesus. Thus, too, an ancient, but not less worthy sage, who looked through the heavens to the glory, through the firmament to the hand, through the sun to Him that set his tabernacle; who, all through the spheres, heard a voice, and all through the earth saw a line; who, when he sought to cover himself with darkness, found the night turned to light about him, and, when he would

hide within his own breast, found the candle of the Lord tracing his thought afar off. Do not misunderstand me. Men do not become Christians by *abstraction*, but by faith; but I would have you mark how abstraction and its attendant processes aid faith, and how the absence or imperfection of them may *predispose* to infidelity or *intrench* it. The best gifts may be perverted. There is a devilish abstraction often associated with great genius, which can go through all the works of God forgetful of his hand; can carry its lamp through all science without seeing him; can wing its way to all worlds, and sing its song under the gate of heaven, without thinking of him. Hellish metaphysics, that can abstract, for its contemplation, the earth—God's footstool—from his feet; the heaven—God's throne—from his majesty; the clouds—God's chariot—from his presence; the thunder—God's voice—from its teachings; the wings of the wind, on which he walketh, from the impress of his footsteps; that can even abstract the human soul from the universal spirit in which it breathes, and the universe from the arms which bear it up.

The Almighty has mercifully regarded human infirmities. In Paradise he walked visibly in the garden; in the patriarchal dispensation he conversed with men by his angels, and gave them altars and sacrifices for his worship. When he led his chosen people out of bondage, he put a cloud before them by day, and a pillar of fire by night. When he gave them a law, he did it in the midst of thunder, and lightning, and smoke, and an audible and mysterious voice. All this was adapted to a low state of intellectual cultivation, in which the mind was taken up with the outer world, having only reached the borders of the region of abstract thought. In the fullness of time, Christ came to preach peace, through his blood, in accents of mercy. Even under the present

dispensation we are not entirely without aids for the mind in its ascent to spiritual things. We have churches, Sabbaths, ministers, and a few simple but significant symbols. He who *neglects* them is criminal; so he who *rests* in them. God is a spirit. The case of the heathen we are not called on to judge; but, surely, we, who harness the lightning for horses, may ascend the heavens to worship. The world is hastening to another dispensation, in which, perhaps, there need be no sanctuary, built by hands; for no one shall say to another, "Know ye the Lord?" We are called on to prepare for this state of things, or for one analogous; for in the world where men are as the angels of God they need no candle, neither light of the sun, for the Lord God giveth them light.

IV. The want of mental balance is often found in the imagination—that faculty which, electing, with a nice perception, from the train of associated thought, the beautiful or the sublime, combines them, with a delicate appreciation of relations, in enchanting forms. This is the artist of the mind, and it decorates all her chambers with pictures and statuary, and perfumes them with precious odors. It may unbalance the mind either by its *excessive* or *defective* action. The former will carry it from the outer world to wander through Eden or through hell; the latter will make the real world one of mere blood and bones, of granite and grass. It is not my purpose to treat of imagination any further than it is related to the reasoning power; nor this, only so far as to show its influence on faith. For imagination is not only a soother of human sorrows, a builder of joyous homes, an enchantress leading the soul up the steps of lofty conception to bright and boundless visions, but, in its sober moods, is the handmaid of reason, the friend of God: hence, skepticism generally denounces and affects to despise it.

Imagination aids faith by aiding its indispensable con-

dition—apprehension. Every description is an outline merely, which imagination must fill up, to give it resemblance to reality, and make us feel the force of analogy in favor of its truth. It is needed in the interpretation of prophecy. The prophets speak in figurative language, and their words can not be properly appreciated by one whose imagination is torpid. It is requisite that we may feel the force of the evidences of revelation. The external evidences being adapted to the mass of mankind, in whom the imagination is generally strong, he who represses this power, to the same degree puts himself out of a proper relation to these evidences. The internal evidences are founded in the value of revelation; and since it is adapted to the *wants* of man, how can any one fully appreciate it who is unable to feel the great *heart* of humanity? and how shall one do this without the faculty which enables us to rejoice with them that rejoice, and weep with them that weep? The Bible points to scenes on high, and fancy helps faith to feel the powers of the world to come.

There is a large section of skeptical minds who, by an exclusive attention to natural science, extinguish all that is warming and expansive in the soul. These men would raise children as they do hogs, by placing them in favorable circumstances to fatten, and, when they are grown, would measure them with a three-foot rule, and weigh them in the hay-scales; would estimate their hearts by the pulsations at their wrists, and their brains by an electrometer. They would test the Bible by the rule of three, and estimate piety by the laws of physiology. They live in a world of exclusive matter, where all utilities are measured by inches, and all profit and loss denoted by dollars and cents. Surely, this is philosophy falsely so called.

Equally injurious is an excessive imagination. By

presenting every thing in distorted proportions, it prevents a correct apprehension of any thing; divorcing the heart from the conduct, it unfits us for a right estimate of morality; shunning the real world, it destroys our sympathy with man, and our interests in what concerns him—happy if it do not press us to the borders of derangement. There are many skeptics of this class, of whom Rousseau may be taken as a type. Geneva, in the early part of the last century, gave birth to this remarkable man. His mother dying young, and his father being engaged in the humble duties of an artisan, his mind was permitted to grow as a vegetable in the wilderness, deriving nourishment from the soil in which it was accidentally placed, and sending forth its branches without direction or repression from human skill. At the age of seven he was an eager devourer of romances; at eight he committed Plutarch's Lives to heart; at nine he read Tacitus and Grotius; at ten he was placed in the care of a country clergyman; and at fourteen he was apprenticed to an engraver. Running away from his master, he wandered upon the mountains of Savoy, till the prospect of starvation induced him to renounce the Protestant faith for the sake of a support from the mother Church; placed in a monastery, he soon made his escape, and, after many adventures, at length found a patroness in Madame de Warens, of Annecy, with whom he remained till he was twenty. He then went to France as music teacher, in which capacity he maintained himself with various fortune till 1742, when he was appointed secretary to the French ambassador of Venice; quarrelling with his employer, he returned to France to resume his former occupation, and devote attention to natural science. In 1750 he commenced author, and at different but not distant periods he composed numerous works; the last of which excited so much opposition,

that he found it difficult to procure a resting-place for his feet, either in France or Switzerland. In a miserable and misanthropic old age, and after a fruitless, aimless, and romantic, though gloomy life, he found a grave in the Isle of Poplars. Though possessed of a mind of peerless power, a heart of exquisite tenderness, a style of surpassing beauty, an accurate knowledge of the human breast, and an extensive acquaintance with the world, his powers, because ill-balanced, were always questionably, often perniciously, employed.

His works evince knowledge that would honor Bacon, with ignorance that would disgrace a school-boy; principles worthy of Socrates, with sentiments that should shame a rake; imaginings gorgeous as Plato's, mingled with ravings like those of madness. But, to be more specific, the want of mental balance in Rousseau is evident both from his opinions and conduct.

1. His opinions are characterized by extravagance. His first essay, which drew the prize of the Academy, was written to prove that the re-establishment of the arts and sciences has been unfavorable to morality, which was evidently a hasty induction. In his essay on the inequalities among mankind, he maintains that savage life is superior to civilized—a notion which, being contrary to the sober judgment of the enlightened world, no well-informed, well-balanced head could adopt. In his Emelius, treating of education, he lays down, as his fundamental principle, that every thing should be left to nature—a principle which needs but to be stated to be refuted.

2. His works evince inconsistency. In the one last noticed he draws a lively and affecting picture of Jesus. But in the same work in which he records this beautiful vindication of the blessed Jesus and his Gospel, he attempts to stab both to the heart, by representing Christ

as an impostor, and his Gospel as founded on false pretensions.

3. Absurdity. Though he courted flattery and relished favor, he was accustomed, late in life, to insult those who offered him the incense of their praise, and to interpret the world's approbation of him as a persecution instituted against him by literary men.

His conduct bears no less evident marks of ill-disciplined mind. It is characterized by extravagance. His demeanor in youth provoked his father to drive him from home; early in his apprenticeship he steals from his master, and runs away to avoid the consequences; next we hear of him as a footman, in which situation he repeats the crime of theft, adding to it that of perjury; escaping from service again, he is an outcast and a vagabond; soon we see him seeking shelter and food in a monastery, and anon breaking away to go through a series of adventures, till necessity brought him again to the door of the Church. But these are his years of boyhood. Let us trace his manhood. Dissatisfied with an occupation of his own choosing, he aspires to political favor; receiving it at the hands of Montague, he quarrels with his patron, and quits in disgust a post he had sought with avidity. Becoming an author, he attracts the popular praise by an opera, and then turns it into a storm of wrath by a letter on French music. By his work on education he draws from Parliament upon his favorite pages a condemnation to the flames, and upon his person a sentence of imprisonment; he provokes his native city, as he seeks an asylum within her walls, to close her gates against him, and send her hangman to burn his writings; he rouses the populace of Neufchatel, the city of his refuge, to compel him to flee at peril of his life; causes Berne to drive him from Peter's Island in the most inclement season of the year; and induces

England, who opened a peaceful bosom for his weary head, to look upon his retreating footsteps with the indignation due to a flying ingrate. Persecution, in itself, is no proof of a want of duly-regulated mind, but when it comes from all parties it is, *prima facie*. Rousseau was persecuted alike by Catholic France and Protestant Geneva; by fickle Paris and steady London; by pious bishops and infidel philosophers; by the unthinking crowd and the meditative Hume. We can understand how a man of good sense may, in this wicked world, in defense of some high and holy principle, provoke the opposition of all parties, but not how such a one can do so in endeavoring to *upset* all righteous principle.

Rousseau's conduct also is stamped with inconsistency. He writes a pastoral for the stage, and then inveighs bitterly against theatrical corruption. He praises integrity, yet changes his religion twice—once for bread, and once for protection. He writes a treatise on education, and commits his own children to the foundling hospital. While an infidel at heart, he professes the Christian religion. Advocating the purest morality, he is, by his own confession, a thief, a liar, and a debauchee. It was at an advanced age that he said, "I have been a rogue, and am still so for trifles which I had rather take than ask for." In reference to his licentiousness, his perfidy, and his want of natural affection, nothing need be said to those who know his history.

His conduct, in many particulars, is absurd. While with a stubborn infidelity he rejects the Christian religion, though his mind perceives its evidence, and his heart feels its purity, he receives with an easy faith the baseless systems of French philosophy, which teach that animal vigor is the perfection of man, and animal pleasure the acme of human happiness. He maintains the sufficiency of reason to discover a complete and comforta-

ble scheme of natural religion, yet confesses himself agitated and distressed with his doubts. Professing love for men, he employs his matchless arts to infuse into their minds the poison which corrupts his own. Pretending to teach the science of happiness, he curses his own birth as a misfortune. Priding himself upon the inductive philosophy, he amuses himself with fanciful hypotheses. Strange compound of vice and virtue, ignorance and wisdom, prayer and blasphemy, faith and skepticism! It is easy to see in his mind the preponderating influence of imagination. Says Madame de Stael, "I believe that imagination was the strongest of his faculties, and that it had almost absorbed all the rest. He dreamed rather than existed; and the events of his life might be said more properly to have passed in his mind than without him—'a mode of being' which did not hinder him from observing, but rendered his observations erroneous. His imagination sometimes interposed between his reason and his affections, and destroyed their influence."

A few questions and inferences, and I have done. Have not those who have impaired their power of belief some excuse for skepticism? No more than the drunkard, who, by his intemperance, has disqualified himself for the practice of virtue. Are they not, however, deserving of peculiar sympathy? No more than the Christian, who professes Christ in prospect of the stake; the difficulty of belief in the one case is not greater than the difficulty of obedience in the other. Is not the case of such a one hopeless? Nay; because the will has power over belief. General Taylor, when asked the secret of his success at Buena Vista, said, "During all that bloody and unequal conflict, I never allowed myself for one moment *to doubt* that I should be victor;" and he expressed in these words a truth which every man feels. More-

over, the skeptic acts in common affairs on doubtful evidence. He can not demonstrate that he will succeed in business; that his money will pass; that his food will nourish him. If he has faith enough to preserve his natural life and secure his temporal welfare, he has enough to secure his spiritual life and provide for his eternal welfare.

If the want of proper mental balance disqualifies for correct judgment, does it not exonerate us from all blame for our errors? Nay; because the balancing of the mind is as much in our power as the subjugation of the affections, or the regulation of the life. I close with a few inferences:

1. Though a mind may be incapable of arriving at a correct judgment, it may, nevertheless, by reason of the charms of eloquence, or other advantages which it may possess, be the means of misleading others. Rousseau's essays upon the effect of the sciences, and the origin and progress of society, were among the fruitful seeds whence sprung the French Revolution of 1789—seeds which have reproduced themselves in the Revolutions of 1830 and 1848; mere logical sequences of that of 1789, and which are now leavening the whole mind of Europe, not with the principles of rational liberty, but with the various forms of socialism, radicalism, and red revolutionism.

2. The friend of man should aim not merely at the diffusion of knowledge, but at the proper training of mind. Schools, presses, books, lyceums, lectures are not enough. We must have institutions with courses of instruction so arranged as to produce well-proportioned and well-regulated intellect.

3. Nor is the regulation of the intellect all that is necessary. The sensibilities and the will must be developed and trained. The intellect itself is often well balanced.

How rarely does the world produce a well-developed man! Look into the Bible, and you may easily find a person distinguished in one or more particulars. A Peter, for example, gifted both in intellect and sensibilities, but deficient in will; a Solomon, mighty in intellect and will, but wanting in sensibilities. Rarely do you meet with a Moses or a Paul, equally able to reach a conclusion, feel an obligation, or execute a purpose. Look into profane history, and you meet the same difficulty. There are Aristotles who reason; Sapphos who can sing you almost into delirium with their utterances of intense emotion; and Alexanders who put forth will, till you tremble as in the presence of the Almighty; but not often do we meet with a Socrates, presenting, in fair and beautiful proportions, all the capacities and susceptibilities of exalted manhood. Nor have modern nations, with all their boasted advancements, been more fortunate than ancient. Here are the Bacons, with peerless reason; there the Napoleons, with matchless will; and there the Byrons, with morbid passions; but where are the Luthers—good, sound, symmetrical men?

4. The tendencies of the age seem to oppose the full development of humanity. Let me be understood. I refer not now to the proposed improvements in education, which have a direct tendency to make monsters instead of men; but to the progressive division of labor. It is separating society into castes as distinct as those of India. There is one class running into brain, another into tongue, another into eye, another into foot, and another into hand, so that it will soon take the whole human race to make one great human animal. The different classes are like so many wheels in some great complicated machine, each one worthless without the rest, and each individual, instead of being the world in epitome, is like a cog in a cog-wheel. I grant that this division of labor

secures wealth, art, and civilization; and if the great object of God in creating man was to beautify the world, I would have no objection; but if not? God does not create man for the world, but the world for man.

The Inner World.

AY, there is an inner world, and into it I would invite you. I would not depreciate the outer; it is worthy to be occupied—worthy to be studied, even by angels—worthy, though cursed, of its almighty Maker; its paths—so full of melody, and fragrance, and beauty—are fitted to lead to heaven, and the starry vault which overhangs them is a suitable portico to God's eternal temple. Praised be God for the world of matter, and all its accompaniments!—for the air, which not only fans the lungs and purifies the stream of life, but, at our bidding, wafts our most secret thoughts and feelings to our beloved fellow-minds; for the waters, which not only fertilize and refresh the earth, but bind its continents and islands into one brotherhood; for the light, whose vibrations enable us to touch the most distant planet, and whose rich beams overspread both earth and sky with charms!

“My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky;
So was it when my life began,
So is it now I am a man;
So let it be when I grow old,
Or let me die.”

WORDSWORTH.

Praised be God for the body of mysterious senses and capacities—worthy to be the servant of a rational soul during its earthly pilgrimage, and, after having been purified in the tomb, to become a partaker of her everlasting life!

But there is another world—a world which the “vulture’s eye hath not seen and the lion’s whelps have not trodden”—a world whence float all those thoughts that flow over the universe and make it a volume of truth—a world in which, scorning the present, we range at will the future or the past, and, heedless of place, we share infinity with God.

When shall we enter into it? Not prematurely: “tarry at Jericho till your beard be grown.” Nature designs that the early years of life should be devoted chiefly to the development of the body; hence she entices her newborn man to the green bosom of the earth, and the warm embraces of the sun, and the full baptism of the fresh and fragrant air; hence, too, she fires him with irresistible longings to see, to taste, to feel, to leap exulting in his new-made powers. Thus she nourishes, and cherishes, and molds him into man; thus she gives him

“A spirit to her rocks akin,
The eye of the hawk and the fire therein.”

At the same time she fences up the borders of the inner world. Meanwhile the goodly land of thought is germinating; and about the time of its first ripe grapes, when the outer world loses some of its charms, let the inner open its gates. This opening, however, requires patience, perseverance, retirement. Perceptions being more vivid than conceptions, we can not without effort attend to the latter in exclusion of the former. When we turn the mind’s eye inward, we must either resign ourselves to the train of suggested thought from which we awake as from a dream, or we must fix our attention upon some one of the series, in which case we soon become weary, as one listening to the same frequently-repeated note. If we attempt to analyze our mental state we become perplexed; for although in the outer world we are familiar with the succession of events, in the inner we find all at

first in confusion. No wonder we usually remain in the wilderness of external things till some strong passion, or sense of duty, or accidental circumstance, impels us inward. Alas! how many pass through life without scarce feeling that there is a world within!

Vaucanson, the celebrated mechanician, had his taste for mechanics excited accidentally. In his boyhood he was frequently shut up in a room where there was nothing but a clock; to amuse himself he studied its construction, till, at length, he became acquainted with its parts and their relations and uses. Ever afterward he found his delight in mechanics.

Happy for many a man would it be if he could be shut up where there was not even a clock, so that he might be forced to examine the wonderful machinery of the spiritual time-piece—the immortal soul—till he understood its parts, relations, and uses! How much more likely would he be to set it by the Sun of Righteousness, that its pendulum might swing in symphony with the spheres, and its hands go round the circle of duty in harmony with the heavens! Habitual inattention to the outer world greatly promotes attention to the inner. The more we live the life of sensation the less we do the life of reflection. “For the flesh lusteth against the spirit, and the spirit against the flesh, for they are contrary to each other.” It is said of Democritus that he put out his eyes in order that he might study philosophy. The story is probably untrue; but it is certain that Poesy put out the eyes of Homer and of Milton before she lifted the vail from their glorious spirits. I pity you not, blind old bard of Scio’s rocky isle, as you roll in vain your quenched eyeballs to find a ray of light, for so much the more melodious was the epic that you warbled through the listening cities of your native seas! Nor thee, thou second Homer, but greater than the first, do I pity, as

you sweep from your well-tuned lyre those plaintive pentameters:

“Thus with the year
Seasons return; but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom or summer’s rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud instead and ever-during dark
Surrounds me.”

No; I pity you not, because so much the more didst thou wander “where the Muses haunt”—so much the more did “celestial light shine inward,” and raise up things invisible to mortal sight.

The patience, study, and retirement requisite that we may look inward will be well rewarded; for,

1. The inner world is a new one. The youth usually knows as little of it as of foreign land. He has, it is true, vague ideas of it, as he has of orange groves and palm-trees of which he has read but never seen. It were glorious to discover even an unknown island. Columbus, as he was approaching the New World, was accustomed to close each day, in the midst of his assembled sailors, on deck, with a solemn meditation and a hymn of praise to God. On the evening before he saw the land, and while he was gazing at the indications of its near presence, he sat musing at the stern, and as he inquired, “What is the world upon which I am entering? who are its inhabitants? how will they receive me? and what will be the consequences of my landing to myself, to Spain, to the world?” his feelings became overwhelming. But within your breast, immortal man, there is a still more glorious world. Columbus could take possession of America in the name of his sovereign only; he was to leave it almost as soon as he touched it; he could not give so much as his own name to its shores. The undiscovered continents of thought that lie within your breast you

may name, and hold, and occupy at will and forever. That country which Columbus discovered was seen by millions of eyes before he saw it, and has been by millions since; but the world within you is unlike all others, and no eye but yours can behold its scenes or trace its revolutions, except the all-seeing One.

2. This world is one of *beauty*. Lovely as is the outer world, it has no beauty in comparison with the exceeding beauty of the inner. The beauty of material things is but one; that of the mind is threefold—the beauty of the present, of the past, and of the future. I know that not *all* within is beautiful. There are marks even in the soul of dislocation and disorder; there are chasms, and storms, and deserts, often more awful than those of the external world; yet over the whole a grandeur, like to that of archangel ruined, reigns. The heavens and the earth are drawn within us in those forms in which the soul has most delight; the past, too, is there, according to the affinities of our minds. It is prevailing disposition that paints the panorama of remembered thought, and cherished joys that display the figures of the foreground; and as the canvas of memory stretches, the more charming scenes of the foreground acquire greater relative prominence, so that remembrance gives us, with ever-increasing vividness, the scenes of our earlier and happier hours, when Nature presented itself with all the freshness, and beauty, and purity of youth to our light and loving hearts. The village green of our boyish gambols, and the oak which first shaded our heads, and the bower where we first told our love, are the first objects on which the inner eye rests when it turns to the past. And then the persons—who are they? Those whom we first loved—and how? in their happiest moods and their sweetest expression. Do they now slumber in the narrow house? We see them not writhing in the

agonies of the death-bed, or cold and motionless in the shroud. Memory can say, "O, Death, where is thy sting! O, Grave, where is thy victory!" for she gives us back the dead even in the loveliest forms they wore. The poor, bereaved Irish emigrant, when he forgets the desolation of the present, and looks into the past, sees not the darkness of the tomb. Hark!

"I am sitting on the stile, Mary,
Where we sat side by side."

What does he see? Hark!

"And the springing corn, and the bright May morn,
When first you were my bride."

Even though the specters of past sins and the shadows of departed sorrows arise, they come before us with softened and solacing tints, and melt the soul into a salutary tenderness, which is often felt to be luxurious. The future, too, is within. Hope—the busy artist of the mind—runs forward and paints the approaching scenes in light; and though the picture perpetually vanishes or darkens behind him, the mental limner never tires, but rushes onward, ever busy and ever brightening the future. The beauties of nature are *fixed*; not so the beauties of the mind—they are changeable at will. As the genius pores over his mental treasures,

"Anon ten thousand shapes,
Like specters trooping to the wizard's call,
Flit swift before him. From the womb of earth,
From ocean's bed they come; the eternal heavens
Disclose their splendors, and the dark abyss
Pours out her births unknown. With fixed gaze
He marks the rising phantoms: now compares
Their different forms, now blends them, now divides,
Enlarges, and extenuates by turns,
Opposes, ranges in fantastic bands,
And infinitely varies."

The beauties of nature are attended with deformities.
The mind can present us with thornless roses and un-

mingled fragrance. Milton's Eden blooms with beauties that can be combined only in the soul.

The beauty of the inner world is an *independent* one. It is only poetically that matter can be said to have beauty at all; philosophically, beauty, like color and fragrance, belongs exclusively to spirit—

“Mind alone. Bear witness earth and heaven,
The living fountain in itself contains
Of beauteous and sublime! Here, hand in hand,
Sit paramount the graces. Here enthroned
Celestial Venus, with divinest airs,
Invites the soul to never-fading joys.”

The outward world, I know, wakes up the beauty slumbering within; but, in return for the favor, the soul throws its own charms over its senseless forms. He who would see a paradise without must first make a paradise within; then as his soul passes out through the senses, she will make ever new discoveries of beauty from the reflected hues of her own fancy, and will give every hill and promontory a new name, and derive from it a new joy, from its resemblance to some picture which the inner eye alone has seen. Hyperides once pleaded for a guilty woman; but finding that his eloquence was vain, he drew the veil from the beautiful bosom of his client, and won his cause. O could I but expose the beauties of your own breasts, I need not add,

3. That the inner world is a *sublime* one. Great extent is sublime. Hence, in part, the sublimity of the sky, the expanded seas. He who is confined within the boundaries of sense dwells in a narrow house; he who abides within occupies a large space. Deprived of all his senses, he may walk abroad, and, even on his couch of straw, enjoy a liberty that tyrants might envy, and a range that sensualists can never know. Is depth sublime? Who has stood upon the verge of the precipice, and looked from cliff to cliff? did not his eyes grow dim

and his brain reel? God has said, "The heart is deep." Plummets may fathom ocean; but who hath sounded the depths of human passion, or human reason, or human will? In thy breast is the whole history of man, past and to come, in epitome; for in it are the fountains whence all human actions flow. Look into the deep well of thy heart, and thou shalt see down into the heart of Adam. From the depths of thy reason thou canst draw up the ladder that raised Newton to the skies. Untutored slave though you may be, within thee are all the elementary principles of that philosopher's immortal demonstrations. Although thou canst not take the dimensions of the rice-field that limits thy labors, thou hast within thy mind the mathematics that can measure and weigh the most distant planet in space. Is swiftness sublime? Ask the lightning. But thought mocks its lazy foot. It touches all things with a celerity that is nearly equivalent to ubiquity; for it oversteps a space that, for its distance, can scarce be measured, in a time that, for its shortness, can scarce be noted. Is mystery sublime? How mysterious are the faculties of the mind! Imagination is the image of omnipresence. It soars backward, or upward, or downward, as on wings of light; or rushing onward, with the mien and the majesty of an angel, it may cross the boundaries of creation, and having perched on the limits of possibility, may spread its triumphant wing, and proudly perform its gyrations on the clouds beyond. Memory is the image of omniscience. It unrolls a canvas on which earth and skies are outspread; so that though the eye may be closed, the soul, within its little tenement, can examine all the hues and forms of sensible things in its impressions of the past. It sends its telegraphic wires back to the green of our earliest gambols, and, pushing its magnetic lines through the tomb, it brings us messages from eternity—the thou-

sand joys, and kindnesses, and loves of the lost and redeemed ones. Reason is the image of divine wisdom. It gives us a knowledge of relations—in proportion to which our views expand. With nothing but perception, conception, and consciousness, we are fettered in mind as one bound to a stake would be in body. By tracing relations, we break our chains, and extend our walks farther and farther through the universe. Reason often, like the architect, looks along the chain of causes and effects, and sees results of which the agents that are to produce them have no conception. How little progress would men make without its speculations! Say that speculation is a shadow; yet by a shadow Thales learned to measure a pyramid. Say, with Aristophanes, that philosophy is in the clouds; if some one had not been there, who would have calculated eclipses? Say, if you will, that the lines of scientific light are intangible and imaginary; so are the solstices and ecliptic; but the sun observes them, and the heavens are taught by them, and the year is divided by them, and commerce, and history, and law, and love fall into order by their guidance. Say, if you will, that the speculative reason wheels in air; and what shall we say of the earth which spins on nothing, yet bears you safely? You rejoice in maps, and dial-plates, and steam-engines, and railways, and telegraphs; but all, all, were first drafted in the reasoning soul, as the universe was drafted in the mind of God before it uprose from chaos. Even when the labors of enlightened reason do not result in any material benefit, still they are always improving, always desirable, always grand. How superhuman appears Pythagoras pointing out that system of the universe which it required twenty centuries of subsequent observation and study to demonstrate! How grand Seneca, when in remote antiquity he predicts the discovery of a new world upon our planet! How angelic

Roger Bacon, projecting his mind so far forward of his age that his cotemporaries deemed him an infernal being, and subsequent times, whose discoveries he had anticipated, looked back upon him as a supernal one!

How grand a movement of mind is generalization! What a wonderful pregnancy does it give to words! Each general term is a swarming city of thoughts—a word may describe a weight which the planet Jupiter could not carry on his bosom, and a few figures, that we play with as a child with its toys, may be made to lift the screen from the immensities of Jehovah's works.

And what shall we say of the will? which says to the wilderness, bloom, and it is as the garden of Eden; which says to the mountain, be open, and the bowels of the rock are blasted out; which makes a path through the sea, and a pillar of cloud and fire, on an iron pathway, through the desert; which tameth the tiger, and maketh a plaything of the lion; which grasps the impending thunderbolt, and hides its powerless flash in the bosom of the earth? And O what awful power does the will sometimes exert within the dominions of the soul! See that martyr laid upon the rack! Every limb is stretched, and every nerve thrills with agony. A single word, and the prisoner will be relieved and restored to his friends. How shall he avoid uttering it? Will not his *intellect* rebel? Will not his *heart* cry out? Will not his *tongue*, for an instant, break loose? Wait and see. Hark! the heavy instrument falls, and a bone is broken, and the sharp fragments pierce through the quivering flesh. An interval follows—a dreadful interval—and, in the midst of the agony, the executioner demands the word of recantation; but that tongue, which utters forth groans that make a city shudder, lisps not a syllable. Slowly the instrument descends again, and another bone is broken, and another, till every limb is in fragments,

and the whole body lies lacerated and bleeding; and now the executioner approaches, and the dews of death are upon the martyr's brow, and though the tongue speaks sweetly and freely of Jesus, and of the land where the weary rest, it is mute as the grave as to recantation. Zeno, on the rack, lest his tongue should betray him, bit it off, and spit it out in the face of his judge. The human will is, perhaps, the most sublime of all things. That Power which wields the lightning and moves the storm, which scatters worlds through space as the husbandman casts seed into the furrow, which by a look of terror could blast the universe, suffers the will of man to rise up against itself. How terrible looks the fabled Atreus, glutted with his banquet of revenge, when the justice of the gods comes down upon the feast! Bolt after bolt falls on every side, yet the untamed will of the rebel, as if in triumph, looks up from the sea of fire, and cries, "Thunder, ye powerless gods; I am avenged." And such a scene—yea, and more dreadful—do we see every day enacted in the sinner's breast, where the will sits, amid the ruins of the soul, an outcast from God, and, though on earth, like Satan in the pit, saying, in its desolation, as it approaches the tomb,

"Hail, horrors! hail,
Infernal-world! and thou, profoundest hell,
Receive thy new possessor."

There is a power behind the will as awful as the will itself—the heart. This is the image of creative energy. To a great extent it shapes the character, molds the words, and directs the actions of men. Give me a perfect knowledge of a man's heart, and I can give you his character and course in general results. The judgment, I know, is the informer of the heart, and the memory, and the fancy, and the will, and the conscience, and the providence of God, are its checks and modifiers; but

upon all of these, except the last, it has a reflex and most potent influence: sometimes blinding the judgment, giving tone to the fancy, forcing the will, and perverting the conscience. Hence, it is that part of our nature upon which chiefly the fires of depravity burn, and upon which, too, the dews of grace distill.

We are accustomed to give too much credit to intellect in the works of creative genius. Poetry, eloquence, etc., are the spontaneous results of influences little heeded and little understood. Genius, in its happiest moods, when throwing the hues of sensible things over the regions of the spirit, or the coloring of the soul over the scenery of the earth, is but sweetly yielding to the laws that shape the thoughts of the infant on his hobby. While the poet may think that he is steering his heart, his heart may be directing him, telling him where to stop in his spiritual journey, compelling him to survey the scenery around him, and even pointing him to the very colors in which he should dip his brush. The philosopher who is indignant at the prejudices of others may have his own intellect tinged with unperceived prejudices, expressed in the very words in which he declaims against the errors that he exposes. The revolt of the common mind at what seems artificial, and the great law of criticism which condemns every thing that does not seem natural, shows how little of the achievements of a genius are due to his volition. To give the mind such a tone that its spontaneous suggestions shall be worthy to be uttered—this is the labor of the heart.

The heart is the index to the faculty of association. Every hill, and river, and blossom which presents itself to us opens a department of thought, and lets loose a crowd of images, grand or mean, useful or pernicious, according to our previous trains of thought; and these trains of thought depend chiefly upon the heart. To

the holy, for example, every scene brings the animating revelations of Scripture, and awakens the transporting hopes and exalting charities of the child of God; his mind always moves on consecrated ground, and his march is in a triumphal procession of sanctified saints to glory and to God; he communes with the white-robed and pure, and lives rather in the tranquil past or the jubilant future than in the dull and sinful present. For him roses are roses of Sharon, and lilies are fragrant with incense. For him Christ stands and teaches amid his apostolic band, or even in the desert; and angels leave their heavenly bowers to gather round his new-born soul in the hour of sorrow and of trial.

And who does not know the influence of the heart on the judgment? Why do poets sing better and oftener of a lost than a recovered Paradise? Why is it that genius planted in the soil of righteousness and the air of worship produces only a few fading leaves, while in the ashes of sin and the atmosphere of moral death it breaks out into gorgeous luxuriance? Why is it that the Hebrew melodies are sought after by the few, while the Don Juan is craved by millions? Why is it that the works of wickedness are often as impressive as the tempest, while the melting beams of holiness are unheeded as the sun? It is because of the power of the heart to warp the judgment.

The heart is the source of inventive genius. Will can not bring up a single thought; the heart is the wizard that evokes, shapes, and directs them all. I know it does not make thought any more than the mountains make the springs that gush from their grassy sides; but, like the volcano, it heaves up mountains within the mind, and makes a channel which gathers up and whirls the spiritual waters as they fall, and rolls them in deeper and deeper currents to the sea. It does more: it disturbs

the electricity of the mental clouds, and opens the sluices of the inner skies. Let the heart be excited, and the mind needs no schoolmaster in order to express itself. What one man feels he can make another feel. I would not despise criticism or rhetoric, but we had Homer and Pericles before either. Love can pour music from its throat without a gamut; can ascend the sky, like the prophet, in its own chariot of fire; can thunder and lighten like unto him that walketh upon the wings of the wind. Don't undertake to instruct it. The eagle in his eyrie needs no anatomy in order to fold his wings around his triumphant heart, no physiology to direct his course to the morning sun. The excited soul thinks of no rules, and requires none; it seizes its figures and arguments without a consciousness of its movements, and hurls them with an energy that is like to supernatural. Sometimes it seizes and drops, builds up and destroys, engages and terrifies, with a confusion that abides no criticism, and *heeds* none; for it is the confusion of inspiration—an inspiration to which, however wild, common sense and philosophy alike respond in the hour of its triumphant action. Would you see one of the grandest images of God? See the heart of Milton brooding over the chaos of his mind, and shaping and animating a universe beneath its wings, and filling the heights, the depths, the paradise, with upper, nether, or surrounding fires. Would you bring out *fully* the power of the mind, you must light up a consuming fire in the breast.

Now, in order that I be not thought transcendental, consider that although thought flows on according to the general laws of association—contrast, resemblance, contiguity, and cause and effect—these are modified by co-existent emotion, frequency of renewal, peculiarities of mental constitution, etc., and that these chiefly depend upon the heart; finally, that the stimulus imparted to

the mind by intense emotion both determines its affinities and gives the tendency to suggestion by analogy, in which principally consists the charm of genius.

4. The inner world is sublime, because of its influences. These extend indefinitely, but immensely, both through space and time: each moral world is related with many others. You see that star high up in the skies; should it leave its orbit, this earth would be shaken—all worlds would feel its erratic movements. Look at your soul. Its movements may be felt in hell, in heaven, raising a new wail in one or a new song in the other. The wandering of a planet affects only matter; the wandering of a soul affects rational and immortal mind. So in *time* the soul is felt afar off; it may pass from earth, yet still live beneath the sun: the oak dies, but the acorn lives. Truth springs from truth as seed from seed; though with this difference, that the crop, while of the same nature as the seed, and much more abundant, is not always its exact copy. The acorn will produce an oak to the end of time; but the *Illiad* may produce an *Æneid* in this age and a *Paradise Lost* in that; while it is bringing forth an epic in one mind, it may be producing an ode in another, a tragedy in a third, and a philosophical oration in a fourth. The history of Thucydides produced the orations of Demosthenes, and the novels of Sir Walter Scott the historical works of Guizot and *Theirs*.

Action is no less prolific than words. He who has no children may, nevertheless, have a numerous and illustrious progeny. His character, like Newton's, or Wesley's, or Washington's, may be a fruitful parent. Marathon was the mother of Thermopylæ, Thermopylæ of Salamis, Salamis of Plateæ; the battle-fields of Greece begat those of Rome, as Cannæ and Philippi did those of Gaul and Britain; Bunker Hill and Yorktown have descended

lineally from the first mountains and fields of martial glory. The tomb of Leonidas, as long as an oration was annually delivered from its side, produced a yearly crop of heroes. The dead body of Lucretia, planted by the hand of Brutus, brought forth the living liberators of Rome; and the wounds of Cæsar's corpse, touching Plebeian sympathy, as Anthony lifted up his shroud, were the seeds whence sprung the tyrants of ten centuries. The blood of the martyrs was the seed of the Church. Hail, Archimedes! though the sphere and the cylinder have moldered long since from thy tomb, I see thee to-day. Hail, Demosthenes! though thy voice has long since died away over thy native shores, it heaves many a living breast about me. Hail from thy grave! Hail, Paul! though Nero long ago claimed thy head, thy heart beats sacred music in a thousand pulpits to-day.

5. The inner world is eternal. Those seas must dry up and these mountains dissolve, the sun itself shall burn out, and the lamps of this temple of night may drop from their sockets, like autumn's withered leaves, but the soul of that good man shall never die. It is the holy of holies which God's chosen ministers watch over, and which mortal eye may not see; and it shall be removed with reverential care, when the clothes of this tabernacle of the body are folded up, and its boards are taken down in the grave. The faculties of his soul are holy things, which go not into darkness, but shall have an entrance ministered to them by angels of light into the temple not made with hands, where they may abide with God forever.

Such a world, young man, is thy soul; and wilt thou be dependent on external things for thy happiness, so that thou art sad or cheerful according as the wind blows hither or thither? Rather be like him whose soul is his country—his own dear native land—and to whom neither

cloudless skies, nor perennial spring, nor double harvests can yield so much delight.

When we drink the bitter waters of life, or loathe the surfeit and the pestilence of its pleasures, or burn with the sting of its fiery serpents, let us go home. O glorious truth! that the mind, shut out from this scene of sensible things, can retire into its own infinite domain, and, as it moves along, arrange all things into order and symmetry by an untaught yet unerring astronomy! Thrice happy he who finds that spiritual immensity a sanctuary, sprinkled with the blood of the Lamb, lighted up with the lamps of angels, radiant with the presence of God, and perfumed with his perpetual blessing. To such a one even the dungeon is the vestibule of heaven, and the scaffold a step in the ascent to glory. He can say,

“Should fate command me to the farthest verge
Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
Rivers unknown to song, where first the sun
Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beams
Flame o'er Atlantic isles, 'tis naught to me,
Since God is ever present, ever felt,
In the void waste or in the city full.”

How grand a sight is the launch of a ship! As she moves from the stocks slowly down the inclined plane, with a few shouting sailors upon her deck—as she booms for the first time into the bosom of the waters, and rises and proudly rights herself upon the waves, you think of the fate that awaits her, the rich cargoes she is to bear, the multitudes of living men that she is to hold up on her planks from the deep, billowy grave; of the communion she is to establish between distant continents; of the messages of love and the lessons of light that she is to bear to the nations; of the storms she may encounter, and the lightning that may smite her masts and wrap her sides in flame, lighting up the sea as if in mockery

of the night; of the many that may plunge down from her burning bowels to rise no more, and the few that may float over the spray upon some half-burnt plank, and you feel a swelling at the heart. But what were this scene compared with one such as God might show you, if he were to convey you beyond the milky way, and point you to a new world which, perhaps, he is at this moment lanching into space! Could you see the wide landscape of mountain and lake, and light breaking forth, and creation becoming warm and living; fields turning into flowers, waters floating with birds, lands bringing forth cattle, the very dust, on some fragrant eminence, turning into two human but not immortal beings—their nostrils dilating and their bosoms swelling with the breath of God—the surrounding stars crowded with excited angels, and the new seas and skies becoming vocal with the song of the sons of the morning—how would you feel? Suppose you were informed that the conduct of that new-made pair was to determine the future character of that globe; whether, as its valleys fill up with population, it shall roll onward in deeper and deeper darkness or into higher and higher light; whether it shall float in cursing and groans, or in thanksgiving and the voice of melody—how would you watch and pray over them, as if the blood would rush from your eyes and the soul sob out of your body! But the lanch of a single immortal soul into life is a grander and more awful sight than the lanch of such a world. The happiness of those millions of successive generations would cease in the grave; their misery, however intense, would terminate in death. Take the most joyous conceivable life of one of its inhabitants, or the most intense agony of another, and multiply it by millions of millions, and you have still but a *limited* joy or sorrow; but that immortal soul carries wrapt up in itself a happiness or woe that shall know no limit. As it sails

out in life, it is to determine whether it shall float in the blackness of darkness forever, or circle in eternal light around the throne of God.

Inaugural Address.*

THE Ohio Wesleyan University originated in the liberality and public spirit of Delaware, a village which, by the centrality and accessibility of its position, the beauty of its rural prospects, and the intelligence, morality, and catholic feeling of its inhabitants, is admirably suited to such an institution. We wonder not that the thought of establishing it should occur to them; for who of classic associations can cross that brook, fringed with willows, or ascend yon gravel walk, shaded with majestic locusts, without thinking of the groves of sacred Academus; or who survey, from the margin of that stream, or the summits of those flowering hills, the edifice that rises so impressively upon his view, without fancying he beholds the temple of science!

It was easy to perceive that a college to be permanent must be endowed, and to be useful must be patronized; and that to secure both endowment and patronage, it must be placed under the fostering care of some religious denomination. Now, to which of the sects in Ohio were the people of Delaware to look for the aid indispensable to the establishment of their literary institution? The lordly halls of Kenyon filled the eyes of Episcopalians, the neat edifices of Granville attracted the undivided attention of Baptists, while a score of classic piles were distracting the views and dividing the affections of Pres-

* Delivered August 5, 1846.

byterians; but lo! the Methodists, with a membership of 150,000, had no literary institution of a higher grade than the academy. To them, therefore, it was natural that our citizens should turn. Accordingly, they sent a committee to the North Ohio conference, at its session in the fall of 1841, bearing a proposal to donate to it ten acres of ground, embracing the sulphur spring, and the present college edifice, on condition that it should, within a reasonable time, establish thereon a collegiate institution. While the conference unanimously gave due consideration to this proposition, many of its members thought it should be promptly, but respectfully declined: not that they were insensible to the liberality of our citizens, the eligibility of this location, or the duty of their own body in relation to collegiate education; but as the conference already had under their patronage a seminary of elevated grade, laboring under heavy embarrassments, they feared that if conference should accept the proposition from Delaware, it would be unable to fulfill its obligations to Norwalk, and, perhaps, might be false to both. This opposition prevented the immediate acceptance of the offer. A resolution was, however, adopted, virtually referring it to the Ohio conference, which, after a brief discussion, passed resolutions appointing commissioners to accept the premises on the terms proposed, and purchase additional grounds. Opposition to the measure ceased from that moment.

Within a short time after the premises were accepted, a liberal charter was obtained, an efficient board of trustees organized, and a preparatory school opened, which has been continued without interruption ever since; and although we were under no obligations to organize a faculty till five years after accepting the property, we have closed our second collegiate year.

Notwithstanding the many obstacles we have encoun-

tered, we have made some progress in endowing the institution. Our property is now as follows :

Ten acres of land, embracing the college edifice, donated by the citizens.....	\$10,000
Five acres, which is adjacent.....	5,000
The Allen farm, near Marion, O.....	10,000
Scholarship notes supposed unquestionable.....	45,000
Land and subscriptions known to be safe.....	2,000
	\$72,000
Our liabilities.....	3,500

Our annual expenses are as follows :

Professors' salaries.....	\$3,350
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To meet which, we may calculate with tolerable certainty upon the following annual resources :

Tuition bills.....	\$1,000
Interest on scholarships.....	2,500
Rent of farm, near Marion, O.....	300
	\$3,800

Our immediate wants are, however, about four thousand dollars.

If we compare our condition with the resources of our Church, or the magnitude of our enterprise, we shall have reason for discouragement. If we contrast our premises with those of Yale or Harvard, or survey them in view of those immense quadrangles, and superb chapels, and lofty towers, that rise upon the astonished vision in the literary Babylons of the old world, we sink into appalling insignificance. But let us not despise the day of small things. Yale College commenced with thirty pounds, and accompanied the earth twenty times in her journey around the sun, before it had an edifice or endowment equal to our own. The transatlantic univervities were once as low as we, and in their progress to their present glory, they have seen nations rise and fall, and long lines of royal patrons gathered to their fathers. We are in the wilderness, our footsteps are over the fresh graves of barbarians, and the echoes of the warwhoop have scarce died away upon our hills. Though the *things* of the day

be small, not so its expectations. We may be *quieted* with indispensables, but not *contented*. We shall go on, as our means increase, to erect a neat and commodious chapel—to obtain an opulent library, containing the treasures of the wisdom and knowledge both of the ancients and moderns—to erect a laboratory, and fill its apartments with apparatus and cabinet, perfect and unsurpassed—to erect and furnish rows of neat cottages, each embosomed in a lovely garden, where the poor, but virtuous and diligent pupil can retire for study under his own vine and arbor, and take honey from his own beehive—to complete our endowment, and establish popular lectureships, by which the community may be instructed in important branches of science without entering college classes. President and professors will go down to the narrow house, but the University, we hope, will go up to realize these broad and lofty expectations. To justify this hope, let us glance at our *prospects*.

1. These are founded upon *the interests of the citizens of Delaware*. The institution originated with them, and their personal pride is involved in its success. They feel grateful to the denomination which came so generously and promptly to their aid, and will express that gratitude in a suitable mode. Tell me not of bigotry and sectarian jealousy. Conscious of our integrity and liberality, we fear no *righteous* opposition; and trusting in God and our own right arms, we dread no *unrighteous* one. Misunderstanding may occur, but it can not last; and the opposition founded upon it must vanish with itself. It is a matter of joy to me that the University is located in a community divided in political and religious opinions: the friction of a mixed society prevents dogmatism and develops energy.

The University promotes the *wealth* of the town. The blindness which can not see this, must be as un-

natural as the indifference which can not feel it. It may not be amiss, however, to exhibit a few figures on this point :

The institution has brought hither five professors' families, whose expenses will average \$450 per annum.....	\$2,350
One unmarried professor.....	250
It has already induced, at least, seven other families to take up their abode here, whose expenses perhaps may average \$450.....	3,150
The students will probably average one hundred, besides those belonging to families resident here, and their boarding will average sixty dollars per annum.....	6,000
The cost of their books will be not less than.....	1,000
Incidental expenses, professional services, clothing purchased here, etc., will not vary much from.....	1,000
Expenses of parents, and other visitors of students and professors, and the trade they bring, may be estimated at.....	2,000
	\$15,750

This amount will probably be doubled after the institution shall have been five years longer in operation. A number of lots have been purchased by families, who intend to remove hither shortly, to enjoy the benefits of the University. A considerable number of houses—we have reason to suppose—have been erected here, which would have been erected elsewhere, had not this institution been founded. Moreover, it is destined to give additional fame to the spring, and a sagacious business man, foreseeing this result, is erecting a building where golden visitors may throng. The University has increased the value of the real estate in the place and vicinity. This can not be estimated at less than \$300,000, nor can it have enhanced in value from the institution less than twenty per cent. Here, then, is a donation to Delaware of \$60,000. If any one think this extravagant, let him inquire. We have spoken only of the direct influences; let us advert to the indirect. The prosperity of an inland town, possessing no water privileges, or other local advantages, must depend upon that of the surrounding country: the prosperity of a country depends very much upon its intelligence. Remove the present inhabitants of Delaware county, and substitute for them a rude tribe of Indians, and what would its

farms be worth? What would the village of Delaware bring? Make every farmer as intelligent as Professor Silliman, and every acre, every plow, every turnip would be trebled in value, and resources that may lie hidden for ages might suddenly come to light. Heretofore, farmers have not felt the necessity of science; but when they shall have worn out the forest mold, they will learn that the value of a farm is intimately related to the knowledge of the owner. But how shall a people become intelligent? Provide common schools, and compel the attendance of children, and you have but taken the first step in the public education. You must take three more.

1. You must secure competent teachers, without which the school is a farce and a curse. Where are you to obtain these? Men in commercial, professional, or agricultural life, have neither the habits nor the inclination for teaching. If they had, they would not abandon those lucrative pursuits for a scanty support. To the young men you must look; and where are they to acquire suitable qualifications? At the college.
2. You need competent school directors and examiners. And *who* are competent? Not they who are acquainted merely with grammar, arithmetic, and geography. They who have studied nothing else, know not these. You require men of enlightened minds, of comprehensive views, of disciplined powers, who can take an interest in the diffusion of knowledge, examine the different modes of instruction, analyze and test proposed improvements in education, and introduce such as are truly valuable. Whence do such men come? In nearly every district where the common school prospers are graduates to whom its vigor may be traced.
3. You need school books. Who shall write them? He who knows not the laws of the human mind, would make but a sorry text-book in arithmetic; he who has no acquaintance with ancient languages,

would compile but a meager grammar; and let none but an educated man write even a primer. The farther a mind is in darkness, the greater the genius required to bring it into light. Much skill is requisite to write for a man, yet more to write for a child. Colleges are needful to awaken and perpetuate an *interest* in common schools. The influence of colleges, in elevating society, is immediate as well as remote. A farmer coming to the seat of learning to dispose of his produce, hears a favorable account of the students, and finding that he can support his son at the University without feeling it sensibly, determines to send him one session. The boy makes rapid progress, and the father is so well pleased that he continues him another session, and then another year. Upon his return, he is the pride of the father, and the joy of the mother. Showing his superiority, incidentally, in a thousand ways, he attracts brother and sister to the flowery paths of knowledge, and leads them by the route he himself has pursued, to the bright eminence which he has attained. He now organizes a debating club, and is elected president; he establishes a library, and is made librarian; he delivers a lecture on astronomy, and excites general admiration. The family now take higher rank in the neighborhood. But this stings the lads and lasses that have heretofore looked down upon them. Is not this, say they, Minor, the blacksmith? and was not James, his son, once our plowboy? and are not his brethren, Joseph, and John, and Henry, all with us? Well, father, exclaim the youth in a dozen cabins at once, we will go to college too. Presently there is heard throughout the vicinage, a note of preparation—it enters the ears of young James, and is borne on the wings of the wind to his joyous home, where it provokes his family to resolve that, to keep their ground, he must return to college and grad-

uate. Meanwhile the circle of emulation is constantly widening; and what is transpiring in this part of the country, is going on in others. Thus, in the region of the college, there is a gradual elevation of the whole platform of society. Industry is stimulated, intelligence diffused, improvements introduced, the public taste refined, enterprise provoked, acquaintance extended, and correspondence with distant points established; cabins become villas, swamps parterres, the forest is fragrant with the lily and the rose, and the whole land seems to be moving upward to the sun.

We have seen the influence of the college upon the *wealth* of the town. What will be the effect upon its *pleasures*? The young people being educated will become refined—for intellectual pleasures awaken a taste for the fine arts—the door-yards will be adorned with shrubs, the gardens with statuary, the dwellings with paintings, and the evening carols of your children will be accompanied with tones sweet as those of the harp of David—the pleasures of sense, and the turbulence of passion, will, amid the general serenity, and beauty, and harmony, grow distasteful, and when the young gather to their feast, it will be a feast of reason, seasoned with the exhilarating pleasures of the eye and ear. *I am not mad, but ye are*, if ye estimate the influence of your college upon the social pleasures of the town, by a glance at those rude collegians that toss the ball on that green eminence, or lounge upon its grassy slope. Look to that incipient library receiving perpetual additions—to that nucleus of a cabinet, which, in its progressive enlargement, will exhibit more and more of the beauties of nature—to that gallery of paintings, which, while I speak, many may form a fixed purpose to increase, till the eye can be feasted and the soul entranced—to that laboratory we have in view, where air will be analyzed, water decom

posed, and lightning imprisoned—to those popular lectures on science, where the humblest of your citizens may learn philosophy. Look at the refined circles of New Haven. And what influence upon the *character* of the village does the college exert? It annually floats her name upon a thousand leaves on all the winds of heaven; it proclaims her praises upon the public breath through all the regions of the land; it writes your best words, and prints your best works, in a book; it praises your health, and apologizes for your sickness; it will grave your scenery with an iron pen, and lead, if not in the rock forever.

Nor must we omit to inquire, what will be the influence of the college upon your village in coming ages? The Eternal City may become a waste, but the dominion of her nobler minds will endure to all generations. The college, if fostered, will not only embalm the memory of its founders, but give immortality to their sons. Whence come earth's great ones—the Jeffersons, the Erskines, the Websters—the founders of constitutions, the expounders of law, the ambassadors of nations? As a general rule, from the college. Hither come the bench, the bar, the senate chamber, the pulpit, the throne, to fill their vacant seats. Place the names of your children upon the college catalogue, and, as a general rule, you enroll them upon the scroll of respectability, if not of fame. Graduate them, and they are fair candidates for the highest honors and emoluments of the government. How great, then, the advantages you possess over the people of many neighboring towns!

The college, moreover, tends to produce a homogeneous community. In nature, in providence, in grace, God creates distinctions. To *his* will we should bow; but to make artificial ones is to thwart his design. It is the *glory* of this Union, that this government can create no

aristocracy; it is her *shame* that the purse can. It is perpetually drawing, in every city and village, a broad line of demarkation, which stops not even at the temple or the grave. But let the children of a town be well educated, that line will be narrowed, if not obliterated. Let them sit side by side through a full course, and they will go out brethren in the bands of light.

There are, I know, disadvantages connected with a literary institution. Bad boys will play freaks. But if any think that these outweigh the advantages, I say not he is *witless*, but that the watch of his wits needs *winding up*.

II. The prospects of the institution will appear good, if we consider *the interest of the foster conferences in its success*. They passed resolutions accepting, with its conditions, the donation of the citizens, and determined to endow the University speedily, permanently. These resolutions are pledges to the citizens of Delaware, to the Legislature, and to the public—they bind the promisors in the mode the promisees understood them—they secure all reasonable energies of the conferences to their fulfillment, and bar all action inconsistent therewith. Some may, perhaps, think them of little consequence. What! who compose these conferences? For the most part, men aged, wise, good. Are *they* not to be trusted? Have *their* brains lost the scent of true policy? Itinerant preachers may know little of *books*, but surely they know something of *men* and *things*. They are not prone to involve themselves in heavy liabilities without consideration? And were not these conferences sincere as well as considerate? Are *their* speeches but the explosions of tickled lungs? Are their votes but the utterances of "little nestlings that cry out on the top of the question?" Have they never read the ten commandments? Even men without the Bible do not often voluntarily

assume obligations they do not intend to fulfill. We trust in the Indian's pipe of peace—we rely on the resolve of lawless Arabs, gathered around the slaughtered caravan, and clamoring for the spoils—we confide even in the pirate crew upon the deck slippery with the blood of their victims, when they deliberately *resolve*, and can we not trust in a body of Christian ministers, who venerate truth, not only as the bond of society, but as the attribute of God? But, perchance, they will some day see a better location, or have a better offer, or find the village of Delaware supine and faithless. What of that? "Lord, who shall abide in thy tabernacle? who shall dwell in thy holy hill? He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not." But may we not see in the already written history of this institution, an earnest of the final fulfillment of the largest conference promises? North Ohio and Ohio conferences have sent out agents into every corner of the state to solicit donations on its behalf, given liberally to its funds from their own resources, borrowed means on their own credit to pay its debts, and sent members from their own bodies to fill its professorships. We, upon this platform, know our fathers and brethren, and would not be here, had we doubted their sincerity. We have no wish to enact a farce at a sulphur spring, or to feed, promise-crammed, upon the air. But is not collegiate education *new* and *strange* to Methodism? Nay: she was born, cradled, and baptized within college walls, and she has manifested a zeal for education worthy her origin. What Church in the United States, save one, is founding so many literary institutions as she? But are not her seminaries of learning the results of youthful zeal and indiscretion? True, many of our young and educated men are doing duty manfully in this department, but many others—we say it more in sorrow than in anger—are indifferent to our

educational enterprises, as if they would fain see the seats which death vacates around them, filled up with the ignorant, that they might the better "lord it over God's heritage." The old preachers are the hope of our college. When this institution first went up to the North Ohio conference, its *senior* members were her advocates: they are still her firm and ardent friends. When she first knocked at the door of the Ohio conference, and when her enemies waxed strong in their resistance, and when her friends became weak with fear, who was it that arose, and, by an overmastering eloquence, prostrated all opposition, and raised every hand for her admittance? It was one whose temples are crowned with hoary locks. When she went up last autumn naked and hungry to yonder temple of convocation in Cincinnati, who ran to meet her in the vestibule, and fell on her neck and kissed her, and throwing the best robe around her shoulders, and putting a golden ring upon her fingers, and shoes on her feet, led her to his brethren, and went up and down the aisles "making merry" with his friends? It was a father who, long since, seeking, like Abraham, a better country, pitched his tent upon this spot, before civilized man had reared his cabin upon it, and who threaded the wilderness beyond, clad with a blanket, to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ in the wigwams of the savage. If the University pass through a fiery trial, to whom does she turn for an advocate? It is a man that trembles on his staff who rises—it is an eye dimmed with age, that flashes with indignation, and a mind matured by threescore years and ten, that feels for the pillars of her assailant's argument. Look yonder! they are taking up a collection in conference. Here comes a young man well-dressed, well-fed, well-educated. He comes from a wealthy station, where he has married a rich wife. He would not have come at all, at this

moment, but that, through inadvertence, he did not escape from the house before his name was called. As he steps to the table, he dryly says, "Set me down five dollars." But now an old man rises, pocket-book in hand, and moves toward the secretary's desk. Forty years ago, a vigorous youth, mounting his horse, bidding farewell to his weeping friends, and turning his eyes away from the alluring paths of honor and riches along the banks of the Potomac, he started, at the call of the Church, for the wilds of Ohio. The valley of the Muskingum was his circuit, and joyfully he sang the songs of Zion through the woods, looking up the home of the emigrant, to preach Jesus to him and his household. Sometimes the night overtakes him in a pathless swamp, and he spends the hours of darkness amid howling wolves or prowling bears. Sickness seizes him, but he rises before he has recovered, rejoicing to pursue his way. And now his natural force is abated, his eyes are dim, and a large family depends upon him for support. He comes this year from a circuit, where a people have sprung up that knew not Jacob, but on *Pisgah's* top he sings,

"No foot of land do I possess—
No cottage in this wilderness,
A poor, wayfaring man."

Well, when he reaches the table he lays down twenty-five dollars, and blesses God that he has it to give to a Methodist college. I draw no fancy sketch. When I hear the Methodist preachers of former days accused of opposing education, I repel the charge—unless it be qualified—as a base calumny. 'Tis pseudo-Methodism, not genuine, that sneers at learning. Some of *her* preachers, I know, did underrate knowledge, and there are a few now among us, both old and young, of the same character. They will have nothing to do with science, because it is not the smooth stone from the brook: they

won't use Goliath's sword, even to cut off Goliath's head. They tell us God has no need of human *learning*; but they seem to think he has great need of human *ignorance*. We believe he *can* carry on his work without either. The question is, whether he *will*. If not, which instrumentality will he select? a *fit* one or an *unfit*? Let the analogies of his providence answer. When, for instance, he sends an angel with a prophet's dinner, what does he give him? a bag of sand, or "cakes baked on the coals?"

Admit that the conferences are interested in sustaining the institution, will the people sustain *them*? We believe so.

They are able. A dollar from each member would answer all our purposes for an age. And can they not spare it? Hundreds of them give more than this annually to look at *monkeys*, and will they not give it to educate *men*? Multitudes give ten times that amount every year to burn *cigars*, and will they not give this much to enkindle immortal *minds*? Thousands of families among us have hoarded treasure, from which they might abstract enough for a college, and yet have sufficient left to bind the hands, and cord the feet, and blast the intellects, and blacken the hearts of their sons, and send them rattling down a turnpike road to hell. There is ten times enough surplus wealth in the Methodist Episcopal Church of Ohio to endow a university handsomely, and happy would it be for that Church could we withdraw it from her coffers, even if it were cast into the depths of the sea.

They are willing. Are not *Christians* ready to do their duty? What! is there no difference between the sinner and the Christian? What, then, is this difference? The same that there is between selfishness and benevolence, between *living* to this world, and *dying* to it, between laying up treasures on earth, and laying them up

in *heaven*. And are Methodists all hypocrites? There may be among them *some* such, but the *body* are sincere: or are they deceived? is their profession empty air, their regeneration a chimera, and their rapture but the ardor of ill-regulated passion? Nay, verily. There is as much true, intelligent, self-sacrificing religion among them, as among any people on earth. Convince them of their duty, and they will do it. I believe they can be shown that it is their duty to sustain the Ohio Wesleyan University; therefore, I believe they *will*.

1. Is it not clearly the duty of a Church to give a thorough education to her best minds? Within the Methodist cabins of Ohio there may be an Isaac Newton, or a Robert Hall; but, if uneducated, the one may be the village blacksmith, the other the country magistrate, and neither may be known beyond the limits of his native county. But Methodist youths may be sent to Presbyterian or other colleges. That *has* been done, and what, generally, is the result? They are Methodists no longer, but give their talents to the Church which has educated them: according to the general law of Providence, that when a people do not improve their blessings, they are taken from them, and given to another that will bring forth the fruits thereof. There are, probably, one hundred Methodist youths in the other denominational colleges of this state.

2. It is the duty of the Church to furnish her proportion of teachers for the children of the republic.

3. She is bound to make a judicious use of all the means which Providence offers her of spreading the Gospel. One of the most efficient is the press. To some extent it has been employed by the Church, in the hands of Luther, Wesley, and others. It is still a great blessing, as used by the Churches; but look at its chief issues: silly poetry, corrupting novels, miserable heresy,

concealed infidelity, and Atheistic science—"falsely so called"—stimulants to the lust of the eye, the lust of the flesh, and the pride of life. It seems as if Satan had come up from the pit to manage the press. He employs the best ruined minds of earth to prepare its matter, and uses *Christian* as well as sinful fingers to set the type, and kindle the fires, and direct the steam, and catch the ten thousand sheets as they are thrown off every hour, and bear them, unbound, to the railroad depot, that they may be hurried to the ends of the earth, for the poisoning of the nations. Nor do these leaves merely preoccupy the irreligious and infidel mind; they are too often puffed by the religious press into the finest fields of the Church, to corrupt the fountains of her spiritual life. And how shall Zion rescue the press from its perversion? She must polish the minds of her noblest youth, till they can rival the glowing pages of Scott, and Voltaire, and Sue—a process which requires the college.

4. The Church is bound to keep pace with the age in knowledge, that she may turn its disclosures to good account. Within the last half century, the progress of science has been unparalleled, and yet she seems but to have reached the vestibule of discovery. As all additions to science throw additional light upon the attributes of God, we might suppose that religion would advance foot to foot with learning—that every discovery would awaken in the philosophic mind a deeper adoration of the Creator, an intenser interest in his word, and a stricter obedience to his commandments. But, alas! for human depravity. The philosopher can pass through the beautiful display of affinities in the ocean's depths, ascend the successive strata of the solid globe, and survey new wonders in the sidereal heavens, with an ungodly mind and a prayerless heart; nay, he often suffers his acquisitions to generate a sullen pride, which looks with

scorn upon the claims of God, and the sacrifice of Christ. Atheism, Deism, and heresy often join themselves to Science, and endeavor to turn her revelations against the Bible. If Paul's spirit was stirred within him when he saw the Athenian altar to the unknown God, should not the Church be awakened when she sees philosophy, riper than Atheism, questioning the existence of the Creator, amid the most sublime demonstrations of his power, and repudiating his mercy amid the most persuasive exhibitions of his love? Christianity should walk hand in hand with Science, through all her green and sunlit paths, teaching her to say with increased emphasis, at every ascending footstep, "Great and marvelous are thy works, Lord God Almighty," and responding herself in that other and nobler strain, "Just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints." She should stand side by side with her upon the loftiest summits; and as Philosophy, pointing to the newly-discovered sun, exclaims, "Hail, holy light!" Christianity, pointing beyond the stars, to that higher and holier light, whence stream, throughout the universe, the beams of righteousness, should cry out, "Halleluia! halleluia! the Lord God omnipotent reigneth!" And that she may thus make the regions of science vocal with praise, she should have the discipline and the acquisitions of the college. Brethren may say, let other Churches attend to science—be it ours, like our fathers, to preach salvation. Our fathers did not merely do this. Witness Clarke, and Watson, and Benson, and Bunting. Circumstances, too, have changed since the days of our American fathers. Methodism can no longer, like the wild ass free, scorn the multitudes of the city, while she makes the wilderness her house, and the barren land her dwellings.

5. It is the duty of the Church to resist the encroachments of Romanism. I am, by no means, disposed to

bring railing accusations against "Mother Church;" rather would I apologize for her. She has come down through ages of darkness and channels of corruption, what wonder if her sight be weak, her garments defiled? The following propositions will, however, command a ready assent even from the most liberal, *enlightened* Christian charity, namely: That Romanism substitutes faith in the Church for faith in Christ; reduces faith itself from fiducial trust to mere assent; prevents the growth of her people in grace, by withholding the "sincere milk of the word;" weakens the authority of Gospel precepts, by her practices of indulgence and absolution; incumbers the simple ordinances of God with complex ceremonies of man, and grasps at the scepter of the world, by assuming to take its conscience into her holy keeping. And, although in this country the principles of Romanism are modified by the progress of the age, the spirit of free institutions, and the influence of surrounding Protestantism, yet, we have every reason to believe that, should she ever gain the ascendancy in this country, her principles would assume their original shape, and work out their legitimate results. That she is striving for the ascendancy, there can be no doubt, and that she aims to compass this end by becoming the presiding genius of American education, seems equally clear. When once she allures the youth to her halls, "*Religioni et artibus sacrum*," she begins to spread her vail over his eyes. And this is easy; for she directs his studies, closes up his communication with the world, wins his confidence by kind attentions, enchants him with her imposing ceremonies, and alarms him by gradually pressing upon his immature mind her favorite dogma, "salvation in the arms of the *Church* only." We blame her not for this: her principles demand it. But *shame* on the Protestantism which says those principles are from hell, yet stirs

not to counterwork them. The vigorous, youthful mind of these United States will be educated; and if it find no provision for this purpose in Protestant Churches, what wonder if it turn to holy Mother? That University will stand while nations are overturned. If Methodism falter in its support, and finally forsake it, Romanism will come to its relief; and gladly would she now run up those winding stairs, to nail the wooden cross to yon dome. God hide me from such an hour. But what have I lived to see? Methodist youths within the walls of Catholic nunneries and monasteries, for the sake of cheap Latin and Greek! And what *may* I live to see? Those same young men and women returning home with golden crosses upon their bosoms, to scorn the religion of their dying and broken-hearted parents, while the sighs upon every breeze ask, what is the reason? And the silver in the coffers answers, it is not with me; and the barns, pressed out with new grain, and the cattle upon a thousand hills respond, it is not with us.

What a contrast does the policy of Rome present to ours! Shall Methodism be like the ostrich, which God hath deprived of wisdom, and which leaveth her eggs in the earth, and warmeth them in the dust, and forgetteth that the foot may crush them, or that the beast may break them? Is she hardened against her young ones, as though they were not hers? Romanism, like the eagle, "mounts up and maketh her nest on high; she dwelleth and abideth on the *rock*—upon the *crag* of the rock, and the *strong* place. From *thence* she seeketh her prey, and her eyes behold *afar off*."

6. It is the duty of the Church to occupy the missionary fields which the Divine providence is opening. And how extensive are these fields! The isles of the sea wait for God's law; India offers her immense population to unembarrassed Christian enterprise; Egypt, Persia, Tur-

key, and Arabia, are yielding to the advance of Christian civilization; China, separated, for ages, from the Christian world by an impenetrable wall, has suddenly presented defenseless borders, and invited the armies of Zion to the conquest, at once, of half the human race; and Africa, already illumined at her northern and southern extremities, by reflection from Europe, and irradiated on her western border by the dawn of a Gospel morning, turns a hundred gates upon their golden hinges, opening the paths of her interior mountains to the feet of "him that bringeth good tidings." How shall we respond to these trumpet calls? Will the benighted millions be converted unless they hear? And how shall they hear without a preacher? and how shall they have preachers unless some be sent? and whom shall we send? Men with suitable qualifications, surely. What are these? Piety and a call from God, are a *sine qua non* in relation to the minister; but something more may be necessary. As the Bible must be translated, stupid millions aroused and enlightened, the rising generation trained and educated, the captious Brahmin met and confounded, and the hollowness of a venerable and gorgeous philosophy exposed, surely, in a world, and under a dispensation, where God works according to immutable laws, a disciplined understanding, a taste for study, and a knowledge of the principles of language, and the laws of the human mind, are indispensable. If, therefore, the Church needs missionaries of such qualifications, she is bound to erect colleges, where they may be obtained: not that she may make missionaries, but that she may make *men*, whom God may make missionaries.

III. The community at large is interested in sustaining this college. Colleges are barriers to many of the greatest evils which threaten this Union. We instance a few:

1. Avarice. This has prevailed in all ages, and has

generally increased with the progress of civilization. It is more to be feared in a republican than a monarchical government. Rome and Carthage may trace their destruction to it; and our Union, which, in her infancy, imitated the early virtues of those ancient states, seems, prematurely, to be following the steps which led to their decline.

We who boast our independence, bow the pliant knee to King Money, who commands more respect in free America than royalty itself in monarchical Europe. Nor is this tyrant a discerning one. Although he sometimes patronizes virtue, and promotes learning and religion, he more frequently is the forerunner of luxury and effeminacy, the companion of vice, and the refuge of crime. We see him often silencing the pulpit, swaying the halls of legislation, corrupting the bench, and even cutting the rope of criminal justice. Well has inspiration written, "The love of money is the root of all evil"—itself neither good nor evil, and, when properly employed, a great blessing, yet, when it commands the heart, an all-comprehending curse. The nation, as the individual, that covets money, "falls into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition." The speculations of the past ten years are a fearful proof. What shall arrest this growing evil? The only effectual barrier is the Gospel; but auxiliaries should not be despised, more especially since "the God of this world blinds the minds of them that believe not, lest the light of the Gospel should shine unto them." Among these auxiliaries is the college. The common school may stimulate the desire for money, by furnishing abilities for its acquisition, but the college bears us above the region of utilitarianism, to the land of the fair and the pure, where men drink of the Pierian spring, not shallow and intoxicating draughts,

but deep and sobering ones. Learning, by enlarging the understanding, enables us to make a proper estimate of the purpose of life; by furnishing subjects of pleasing and profitable meditation, it allays our anxieties in prosperity, and, by affording elevating and tranquilizing amusements, it moderates our sorrows in adversity. It refines the taste, and thus excites disgust at unworthy occupations and disproportionate desires. It weakens the influence of that part of our nature which we have in common with brutes, by stimulating that which we have in common with angels. It diminishes the charms of our outer possessions by broadening and beautifying our inner. The scholar finds within himself a world of light, where he can survey the Coliseum, tread the Pantheon, stand upon Mars' Hill, or muse within the Porch, the Academy, or the Lyceum. Here he can study metaphysics with Aristotle, languages with Plato, mathematics with Euclid, and philosophy with Socrates. He can soar and sing with Homer, sail the seas with Cæsar, and conquer the world with Alexander. Learning diminishes the attractions of business by increasing the attractions of nature. As the scholar walks abroad, the flowers of the field discourse sweetly in his soul's ear; every mineral beneath his footsteps seems his own familiar friend, and every animal in his pathway speaks volumes in accents which he understands. Truth springs out of the earth to meet him; righteousness looks down from heaven to smile upon him; the winds break forth around him into melody; the universe becomes to him a temple; and, as he swells its worship and song, tell him of the money-changers, and you provoke him to make a scourge of small cords. There may be scholars who are mean and worldly, but they are so in spite of the tendencies of learning. Few of the truly-learned are inordinately pursuing wealth.

2. Another evil which threatens our nation is, her political conflicts. The patronage of the President, always great, has, at length, become alarming, and the scramble which it encourages may yet tear the government in pieces. It is easy to see that corruption and overthrow await any republic in which the elections are a strife for spoils. What is the remedy? Patronage is essential to administration, and if transferred to the senate, or any other co-ordinate branch, we should, probably, have more corruption with less responsibility. Colleges have a tendency to correct this evil by increasing the intelligence of the people, and diminishing the number of aspirants for office. Who are such? Not successful professional men; they scorn the demagogue. Not the philosopher; he who can number and weigh the stars can be readily reconciled to a limited dominion over the creatures of a day. His "promised wonders," visions of past and present worlds, have composed his mind "into the calm of a contented knowledge." *He* shouts not in the maddened crowd. Who, then, are they that clamor for office? Quacks, pettifoggers, theological experimenters—mere mental cripples, who, being unable to live by *professional* tricks, resort to *political* ones. Establish colleges numerous as society demands, and you will fill the professions with men who, pursuing their avocations with credit to themselves, and profit to the community, would scorn to bow where "thrift may follow fawning." True, we have scholars in public life, but they generally occupy a high station, which they rarely seek, and reluctantly fill.

3. Another national evil we have to dread is, the tendency of our government to usurpation. The object of the framers of our Constitution was, a government in equilibrium, tending neither to consolidation nor disunion. When they had completed their work, there were distinguished statesmen who pronounced it a rope of

sand. Had they lived to this day, they would have found the rope not very sandy. We have trying times ahead. Look at our political horizon! I see a cloud of war rising in the west; I behold a whirlwind coming from the east; "I perceive a storm, big with thunder and lightning, gathering in the south, which, wherever the hurricane shall carry it, will fill all places with a shower of blood." We need, in the vessel of state, pilots such as Pericles—marines that have mused at the Pass of Thermopylæ, and the Bay of Salamis, or read epitaphs on the plains of Marathon. We need commanders like him who

"Wielded, at will, the fierce democracy,
And fulminated over Greece to Macedon,
And Artaxerxes' throne."

Where shall we look for them? Go ask history who have been the asserters of liberty. Who burst the chains which had bound the civilized world in a bondage of ages? The classical Luther. Who, from time to time, resisted the encroachments of monarchy, and hedged thrones about with constitutional restrictions? Who was John Hampden, that rose alone, "the argument of all tongues," in resistance to taxation by prerogative, and at whose voice, when an appeal was made to arms, ten thousand flaming swords leaped from the thighs of freemen? Who first resisted taxation without representation? Wherever an argument was to be made, or a battle to be fought, there were the sons of Yale and Harvard. Who signed the Declaration of Independence? All graduates but ten, and they scholars. Who framed the American Constitution? Its principles were drawn by classical scholars, through ancient languages and from ancient forms of government. The spirit of the college is the spirit of liberty. From those halls we hope to send out a phalanx hostile, terrible, destructive to the hosts of

political corruption. Let demagogues and despots oppose colleges—'tis fitting they should; but the patriot and the statesman will rally to their support.

Though the village, the Church, the community, be deeply engaged in erecting the University, it is necessary to make a further inquiry; for unless God build the house, they labor in vain that build it. Better lay our foundations on the earthquake, than without his blessing; but this, we trust, we have. Christianity has always found learning an important auxiliary. It was planted by men of extraordinary and supernatural scholarship; it flourished in the first ages under the labors of Clemens, Origen, Chrysostom, Ambrose, Augustine—men of the ripest learning; it was revived by Wickliffe, Melancthon, Calvin, Knox, and others—as profound in philosophy as in piety; it has been spreading in the latter days under Wesley, Whitefield, Edwards, Witherspoon, Fisk—as celebrated for literature as religion. Piety without knowledge often degenerates into superstition, enthusiasm, or heresy. That we may have learning without religion is true, and that it may prove a curse as it did in revolutionary France is also true; but that religion makes no great progress without learning is a proposition equally clear. Then the Divine blessing must be upon the means of its promotion. The college teaches truth—from God, leading, unless perverted, to God, and, like God, eternal—dwelling in light. We have laid our corner-stone in prayer, we are carrying on our work in faith, and we hope to bring forth the cope-stone with shouting. May we not expect revivals? If not, we shall be less fortunate than any other Christian college. If we have God's blessing, though we must work with the sword in one hand and the trowel in the other, we shall complete our structure.

I have no time to notice objections; but when we ap-

peal for support, how often are we met with this: The college is important, but it is designed for the rich, let them found and sustain it! A great mistake; the rich can have colleges in their own houses, or send to Europe. It is the poor man that the college specially blesses. One-half the pupils of our colleges are the sons of the poor; one-third, perhaps, rely more or less upon themselves for support. When the college comes into a place, let the *poor* utter their voice and clap their hands on high. Look yonder! those halls are hung with tapestry, those glasses sparkle with vermilion, those floors are spread with carpets of Turkey's richest dye; there appetite is sated, sense entranced, and passion frantic with enjoyment; but, lo! the pestilence that walketh in darkness stands within the portals. At midnight a cry is heard, the pillow of down groans, terrors take hold of the house like waters, and, ere the cock crows thrice, the master of that mansion is numbered with the shrouded dead. Scarce are his remains interred, when a new grief comes upon his youthful widow. She learns that his estate is insolvent, and, kneeling, trusts in the Father of the fatherless, and the widow's God. A few friends procure for her a neat cottage on the common, and her father bestows upon her a small annuity. And now her chief care is her sons. Musing in the serene evening, she observes the light streaming from the college dome. Suddenly an inward light flashes on her mind: "Riches take to themselves wings and fly away," and "the friends they bring depart with them. Knowledge and virtue are the true and enduring riches." She forms her resolve, dismisses her anxiety, and for once the pallet of straw is soft to her temples. The next morning, seated before her open Bible, she calls up her rosy-cheeked boys, folds an arm around each, and impressing a kiss, first upon the lips of one, and then upon the cheeks of the other, says, "My

sons, 'lover and friend hath God put far from me, and mine acquaintance into darkness,' my riches have dissolved as dew, my heart is weaned from earth, and I have no wish to live but for your sakes. The dread of rearing you in ignorance and poverty has been too painful for me; but, look! yonder is the college; its doors are open to the poor, its honors free to the fatherless. The cost of collegiate education consists mainly in the expense of board; the danger of it in the absence of parental care; but, in the midst of our calamities, we are fortunate; for our location gives us advantages over most of the wealthy families of the land. Go, my sons; be the joy of your widowed mother; struggle with the sons of fortune; let your riches be the immortal riches of the mind; so shall ye be my jewels." Years revolve, and, on a bright summer morning, an immense crowd fills the spacious chapel to witness commencement exercises. Who is that sprightly youth? It is Governor M.'s son. And who is this? It is Secretary W.'s son. This is an excellent speaker, who is he? It is Judge B.'s son. Lastly, there steps forth upon the platform a pale-faced, black-eyed, plain-dressed youth; his knees gently tremble as he stands a moment a mute spectator of the crowd, and a blush mantles his blanched cheek. A breathless silence pervades the assembly, as they mark his modest mien, and the angelic amplitude of his forehead, concealed, in part, by careless ringlets. Presently he opens his golden mouth, and charms the audience with the dulcet melody of his voice, the harmony of his periods, and the majesty and authority of his thoughts; and now mark how the godlike light flashes from his eyeballs; how the respiration hurries; how the veins of the temple swell; and how the voice rises to majestic fullness, as he bears his audience aloft to the highest regions of eloquence. As he takes his seat, a rustling is heard, as when the leaves

of the forest are swept by the breeze, and from bench to bench goes the inquiry, in louder and still louder whispers, Who is that? Presently all eyes are turned to a widow in that corner weeping tears of joy. The band strikes up "Hail Columbia," and all weep with her. And now the audience are dismissed, mark her as she trips over the commons, borne up on the right and on the left by her sons; you would think her aged feet were winged. And now, that the evening shades have gathered around her, and she kneels, in her humble cottage, between her sons, in solemn prayer, what think you are the first words that burst from her grateful lips? Why, "The lines have fallen unto me in pleasant places, and I have a goodly heritage."

The post of instructor in college is, by no means, an enviable one. The compensation, small; the honors, after death; the labors, arduous and incessant. I know no employment more heart-trying, spirit-wasting, health-destroying. Were all students amiable, talented, and pious, they would reconcile professors to their lot; but, alas! in this land, children are rarely trained by parents in the way that they should go; still we welcome them with hope; we spurn not, without trial, the surly, proud, self-willed youth; we throw around him arms of love, pour into his ears the voice of entreaty, and bedew his cheeks with the tears of fraternal sympathy; we read to him the commandments of God, preach to him Jesus and the resurrection, bear his name to the throne of grace, and often, in watches of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon man, we see the terrible vision of his danger, and our pillows can not bear up our aching heads. Why, then, do men leave the word of God to serve college tables? Men, called to preach, have qualifications to influence mind that others have not, and surely the highest abilities for operating upon the human soul are

needed in the college. I have no fear that I am out of my path. I have accepted my appointment from a solemn conviction of duty, not, however, arising from a sense of superior qualifications for it, but from the impossibility of obtaining any other incumbent. I expect to retain it till disease materially impairs my abilities, or the post can attract superior ones.

Brethren, in behalf of myself and my colleagues, I say, "Pray for us." Gentlemen of the faculty, suffer a word of exhortation: We are in the midst of death; sickness has recently reminded us of our frailty; let us labor while the day lasts, knowing that the night of death is approaching. Gentlemen of the Trustees, we look to you for direction, sympathy, and support.

Young gentlemen of the institution, second our efforts to cultivate your minds, your manners, and your hearts. Show that the retreat of the Muses purifies, humanizes, exalts, and leads to God. So shall your Alma Mater be like an angel standing in the sun—radiating long streams of mingled earthly and heavenly light to distant points and remote ages.

Extremes in Philosophy.

PHILOSOPHY, in its widest acceptation, denotes the sum total of systematic knowledge, but in its ordinary use is limited to the study of natural objects. The methods adopted in its pursuit vary according to the degree of mental cultivation, the extent of knowledge, and the genius of the people. These methods are greatly diversified among our heterogeneous population. Let us notice the extremes; namely, that of exclusive observation, and that of exclusive speculation: the former is often denominated the practical philosophy, the latter the speculative. To the first we are prone in the morning of life. Youth is the period to see, and feel, and leap; to interest ourselves with particulars rather than generals—with matter rather than spirit—with things rather than signs—with diagrams rather than symbols. This, too, is the philosophy of rude ages. A nation's primitive songs are addressed not to the reason, but to the imagination and the heart; and a people's primitive religion seems to be reached by the scaffolding of external objects. The savage contemplates leading truths through visible signs, as God through the sun, Providence through the sacred hawk, or the resurrection through Osiris leaping as a new-born Orus into the arms of his mother Isis. Hence God taught man at first through the senses, walking visibly and talking audibly in the green walks of Eden; conversing with patriarchs beneath the shade of elms, and accepting praise in the

incense of smoking altars: he instructed in righteousness by a devouring deluge, and in the doctrine of immortality by an ascending prophet in a chariot of fire. Even when he gave law it was on tangible tables and amidst thunder and lightning. The same thing is seen in the history of education. A nation takes her early lessons in singing, numbering and observing the skies; she learns not to analyze, classify, reason, and smooth her speech till she has made considerable advances to maturity. This is the philosophy of uncultivated minds whose education and worship must, as a general thing, be chiefly by forms, and colors, and sounds.

It is not my intention to discuss this subject at length, but merely to point out some of the errors of these extremes.

And, first, that of the practical philosopher.

He is in danger of many errors, among which are the following:

1. He makes observations with too much credulity. "I saw, I heard, I felt," he cries; "can my senses deceive me?" It is possible they may. "I saw the juggler," says the child, "fire a gold watch from a pistol, and, after shattering it to fragments, instantaneously restore it to all its beauty and perfection;" but *you* know the child did *not* see this. *Passion* has its influence upon perception.

"O what a world of vile, ill-favored faults
Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a year!"

So, too, imagination. You saw a ghost as you came through the graveyard; you could not be deceived: the countenance, the white robe, the uplifted hand, were all so plain. Did you, however, expect to see one? If so, your fancy may have dressed a stump in the habiliments of the phantom. So, too, with the prevailing tone of mind. For illustration take the following story from Ad-

dison: "‘I see,’ says the susceptible young lady, as she looks at the moon through the telescope, ‘two lovers conversing sweetly.’ ‘No,’ says the parson, as he puts his eye to the instrument, ‘they are two church steeples inclining to each other.’" Our conceptions, as well as sensations, may mislead. Sometimes they are so vivid as to pass for perceptions; as is often the case with the artist who draws an absent object with a temporary belief of its presence.

2. He does not sufficiently accumulate facts before he draws his conclusion; he is prone to think that an antecedent and a consequent stand to each other in the relation of cause and effect. In ancient times diseases were accounted for by the aspects of the stars. So in our own times, when a comet is succeeded by war, the *post hoc* is frequently taken for the *propter hoc*. Allied to this is another error, that of overlooking where there are several antecedents, some which may have had an influence in producing the result. In experiments where all the causes operating are cognizable by the senses, a single experiment is sufficient to authorize a general conclusion: as when in a glass retort we bring an oxyd and an acid in contact and produce a salt; but in the science of mind, of meteorology, of medicine, etc., where a thousand unobserved causes may exert an influence, we need a large accumulation of facts to draw a general principle. In cases where there are many causes operating to produce a result, we may assign to some one an undue share of influence. Even where there is but a single remedy we may err in considering it a cause. If one should apply a "poor man's plaster" to a gouty extremity, and find relief, ten to one he will say, "'Poor man's plaster' cured me of gout; therefore, it will cure every body else of gout." Suppose we admit the premises, we must not hastily accept the conclusion. Different human systems

are not like different pieces of the same metal, nor the same system at different times. He who in health might bear a bowl of champagne, might, when half starved, be intoxicated by the same quantity of chicken broth. So with the human mind. Bishop Watson compares the geologist to a man seated on an elephant, and determining the whole organism of the animal, and all its various functions, from a critical examination of the skin. We have reason to believe that the Bishop was hardly just to the geologist; but what would he think of certain philosophers of our day, who determine all the inclinations, the tempers, the capacities—who even gauge the faith, eliminate the character, and predict the fortunes of an immortal man, by a slight inspection of only the top of his head?

3. A third error of this philosopher is this—he does not sufficiently compare facts with similar facts. It may happen that a Gipsy correctly describes the past and predicts the future fortunes of a maid. Aided, as such a one often is, by previous information, answers to leading questions, and the human countenances around her, it were strange if she did not sometimes make shrewd guesses. But it frequently happens that in attempting to do so she makes woeful blunders. How natural to seize and magnify the correct guesses, while we overlook the incorrect ones! Wonder excites and warms the mind, making it easily impressible; the truthful suggestions exciting wonder sink deep, while those which are not so, and, because according to our expectation, are received in a cool state of mind, make but little impression. Hence the celebrity of quacks and the success of nostrums, both physical and metaphysical, religious and political. If we compared failures with cures, alas for them!

Some are perverse enough to collect facts on one side

of a question only. A frail old gentleman in Kentucky contracted a great prejudice against the Baptist Church, many of whose ministers he had encountered in protracted, and not very kind controversy. Determined to prove that Baptists were a bad people, he procured a large blank book, and had it labeled, "Scandalous Acts of the Baptists;" and whenever he heard of any thing mean connected with the people of that persuasion—and he was not slow of heart to believe—he put it down in his record. Of course, he soon filled it, and might just as soon have filled it with the scandalous acts of the Methodists by a similar process. Thus arises much of our sectarian prejudice.

Many of our popular superstitions are sustained in the same way. A man, learning that Friday is an unlucky day, marks every instance of ill luck which he observes on that day, and soon finds them legion; and he can not be persuaded to commence a house, an oration, or a poem on that day, and, perhaps, looks with suspicion upon every friend to whom he is introduced, and prosecutes with hesitancy and inefficiency every enterprise, however good, which Providence may thrust upon him on a Friday. If he have been so imprudent as to have selected Friday for his birthday, his life is one constant distress. The proper cure for such a case is to assert stoutly that Friday is a lucky day, and set the mind on collecting the instances of good fortune—for example, the discovery of America—that have happened on that day. This is a counter fallacy. In each case there is a false premise assumed; namely, that the cases, whether of good or bad fortune, that have happened on such and such a Friday, are likely to happen on all Fridays.

Innumerable are the instances of hasty induction in this age, which moves with railroad speed. Truth is not to be obtained in a hurry. I grant that accident some-

times grasps it suddenly, as the reaper cuts the grain; but it is only in the field where philosophy has plowed, and planted, and waited for the precious fruit, and had long patience for it till it received the early and the latter rain. But most persons are impatient; they rush to conclusions, and often rest in such as are unsatisfactory rather than endure the pain of suspense. This is especially the case with such as have never been trained to patient, consecutive, fatiguing thought. It usually belongs to one who has habituated himself to "hasten slowly"—who has learned to labor and travail in spirit, to detect error under its Protean hues, thread argumentative labyrinths, resist moral hinderances, and lead captive the truth.

4. Another error consists in not comparing facts with principles which throw light upon them. For example: here is one put to sleep by a series of passes, and in her somnambulistic state she experiences strange psychological phenomena, and accomplishes wonderful feats; at once the practical philosopher is a believer in "mesmerism, clairvoyance, spirit raps, table turning, etc." He has seen with his eyes; he has heard with his ears; and having seen and heard so and so, he is prepared to believe what others have seen and heard in like manner. But are there not certain *a priori* reasons why the alleged facts should be doubted? The love of the marvelous is strong, and under its influence the mind is predisposed to deception; it should, therefore, be on its guard against deception, falsehood, exaggeration, false perception, collusion, and legerdemain. Again: are there not certain well-settled principles concerning human responsibility which should be considered in examining such phenomena as those referred to?

There is scarcely any thing so absurd and unfounded as not to have been at some period believed. Anciently

diseases were cured by music. Democritus, for example, affirms that many diseases may be cured by the flute when properly played, though he does not tell us how to play it. Marianus Capellus assures us that fevers may be cured by songs, though he puts in a saving clause, that the songs must be *appropriate*. Asclepiades is more definite; he informs us that rheumatism is to be cured by the trumpet, and that we must continue blowing it till the fibers begin to palpitate. This doctrine, amusing as it is, prevails to a great extent to this day and in this country, though in a modified form—the form of a *charm*—a word the etymology of which indicates the origin of the superstition it denotes. In Chili the physicians, according to Zimmerman, drive away diseases by blowing around the beds of their patients; and as they teach that physic consists wholly in this wind, any one may graduate in medicine who has learned how to blow. The same practice is almost universal in this country, although it is chiefly confined to moral and political maladies.

The golden pill wrought wonders all over England till it was found to consist of bread. Men once supposed that mere external contact with a medicine through which an electrical current had passed was sufficient to produce its specific effects. They put up their remedies in electrified vials, and put those vials in their pockets, and were ready to depose that castor oil thus applied through the vest was purgative, opium stupefying, etc.

Witchcraft was once as firmly believed in, and that, too, upon the allegation of facts, as that the sun shines. We have had witches even in our own state, though I suppose we have none now, for in my youth I sold asa-fetida enough for that purpose to drive them all out. It were easy to multiply cases of this kind, but enough

has been said to put us, when we examine facts, on our guard against the infirmities of our nature.

There are certain well-established laws, both in the physical and moral world, which should be kept in view in our examinations of natural and mental phenomena: the law of gravitation for instance. We should receive facts which are inconsistent with it with very great hesitancy. The law of love is as well settled in the moral world as the law of gravitation in the natural. How striking the answer of a certain great reformer to the inquiring messengers of another: "Go show John the things which ye do hear and see: the blind receive their sight, and the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear, the dead are raised up, and the poor have the Gospel preached to them." If God is love, and the great law of the universe is love, then labors of love are the appropriate works of a reformer, and create a presumption in his favor. Equally clear is the principle, that each man is a separate being, destined to see with his own eyes, and blaspheme and pray with his own tongue, and to stand up and answer for himself amid the fires of the final day. I am aware that we sometimes in this day meet with things that are said to come down from the other world; and in reference to these it may be supposed that we have no principles in the light of which to judge them. I am not sure of that; it is fair to presume that other worlds are subject to the same general laws as this. It is not probable, if a man gets into paradise, that he will desire to run about the earth, upsetting tables; and if he should get into another place not quite so comfortable, it is not likely that he will be *permitted* to do so. Again: if there be any thing well settled in heaven or earth, it is the law of progress—a law not limited to democracy, but affecting all things, physical and metaphysical; despite all counter currents,

the world moves onward. Sure as a great good man has a future, will that future be to him an advance. If, therefore, he send messages from the skies which prove him to be a greater fool than he was on earth, we may well question the accuracy of the telegraph which brings them down. I am aware that facts ought to be received in spite of any hypothesis to the contrary or of our inability to account for them. I know that facts may occur above and different from what we have ever before experienced; that apparent exceptions to laws may, when properly understood, be *examples* of them; that facts may occur which result from general laws not yet understood; that they may occur in violation of laws that are understood; but in the last case we must surely suppose that there will be sufficient notice given, a suitable preparation made, and an end accomplished sufficiently important to justify a departure from them. Let us, before we bow to a fact, be sure it is a fact. I would not discourage observation, experiment, and rational belief; but I would not have you discourage caution, reflection, and rational doubt. I would not becloud the field of physical truth; nor would I have you darken the region of intellectual and moral truth.

In regard to reported facts, our practical philosopher is prone to receive testimony without sufficient examination and scrutiny. He should ask, Is it a fact or a judgment to which the witness testifies? When a man testifies that he heard spirit raps, he is not a witness—he gives an inference. Is his statement full, or are important facts *omitted*? Does he bear witness to a *connection* between facts when he should testify to an *arrangement* only? Does he extenuate, exaggerate, disguise, or modify facts or mingle opinions with them? There are certain principles, too, which are to be borne in mind in examining testimony. There is a particular

state of mind necessary to enable a man to observe facts. Let us inquire who the witness is; what has been the training of his mind? Nor must his condition or character be overlooked. Where does he live? What has he been doing? Is he an inquirer or a convert? Is his testimony designed or incidental, separate or concurrent, inconsistent or harmonious? Is he an original or a second-hand witness? Does he expect profit, or flattery, or renown from his testimony? What is the influence of his facts upon himself? Do they tend to make his conscience easy, to break down moral restraint, to overthrow principles to which his heart entertains a ferocious hatred, and to facilitate his progress in a path to which his steps are already inclined? What wonder if such facts should have free course and be *glorified* in a world which is corrupt and full of violence! Nor should a man fail to examine himself as well as his witness. If the statements tend to promote his pleasures or his interests, to strengthen his appetites or habits, to foster his prejudices or passions, he is hardly competent to determine the value of the testimony which supports them. If he be not on his guard, his will may rush him forward to belief as with the power of the tempest. Nor should he fail to examine the character and condition of the community in which the statements are believed. The human mind is prone to extremes. Is it not true that sooner or later indifference succeeds to excitement, credulity to skepticism, empiricism to dogmatism, transcendentalism to sensualism, an era of reckless revolution to one of iron despotism, a fashion of allegorizing to a fashion of literalism? He who does not study the relation of his country and times to preceding ones, knows not the prevailing fashions of mind, and is very liable to be misled. We are now, for example, suffering a reaction: in philosophy, from scholasticism; in medicine, from

dogmatism; in religion, from enthusiasm within the Church and materialism without it. He only who bears this in mind is prepared to examine the vagaries of the country, and the statements which receive currency among its thoughtless masses. Nor should we forget to inquire whether there is any counter testimony. I do not mean *negative* testimony. I do not sympathize with the Irishman who complained that he was not acquitted, though only two witnesses testified that they saw him steal the ax, while twenty swore that they did *not* see him. But I would ask whether there is not testimony which disproves that which has been stated?

5. He does not classify or generalize; he cares but little about species or genera; his business is with facts only, which he is content to preserve and recall by arbitrary associations. Is he an agriculturist? He is concerned only with his own soil and the modes by which it may be rendered more productive—what cares he to what class it belongs? Is he a physician? He seeks not to reduce diseases and remedies to their classes and orders, or bodily constitutions to temperaments; so he combat the symptoms of disease as they arise, he is content. Is he a metaphysician? He studies *seriatim* the characters that come under his notice, without undertaking to analyze them, or trace them to leading principles of action. Is he a student? He obtains his knowledge *ad rem*.

Thus far we have glanced at errors of investigation; the same philosopher may commit errors of reasoning also:

1. He does not syllogize. True, a philosopher of this kind is usually a great reasoner; but then he is not much of a logician. He thinks, with Locke, that God did not make him a mere two-legged animal, and leave it to Aristotle to make him rational; and, therefore, he gives himself no trouble about Aristotle, and contents

himself with a logic which he got as Dogberry got his reading and writing—by nature. And if he can not bring his adversaries to terms in any other way, he knows he can resort to the *ad hominem*, and take the ayes and noes, as they do in Congress sometimes.

There are three steps in making logic easy, and we have reached the third. The first was when the good mother of science, fearing the influence of free discussion, decreed that all decisions should be according to Aristotle, and that all disputants should defend him, right or wrong, under a penalty of five shillings. In those days, when a pair of combatants were called on for a public exercise, they purchased a set of syllogisms, which were then sold like fish, by the string, and descended, like silver shoe-buckles, from generation to generation. These were drawn out from the caps of opponent and respondent respectively as the moderator paced between them, and settled the controversy in favor of the respondent when the strings were both exhausted. Disputation was rendered more easy by Raymond Lully, who invented a machine to reason by hand; so that you had only to turn, *secundem artem*, the circles, on the borders of which were inscribed the questions, subjects, and predicaments, as a woman turns her coffee-mill, to work out any conclusion you required. But of all reasoning that of our matter-of-fact philosophy, which divorces the connection heretofore subsisting between premiss and conclusion, and reaches its conclusions over a mug of beer or a quid of cavendish, as it were atmospherically, is the most easy. Endless are the instances of invalid reasoning which are current among us. I can not go through the table of popular fallacies, but only give a specimen. In all reasoning we compare two extremes with the same third. If this third be ambiguous, or used in different degrees of extension, or if something be understood in

connection with it in one premiss which was not in the other, it may chance that the extremes, not being compared with the same third, are not compared with each other. How numerous are the ambiguous words! how rare such as are not so! If I say, "I am a Democrat," I may mean that I am in favor of the sovereignty of the people; but you may suppose I use the term in the temporary and local sense, and, cataloguing all the improper acts which have been chargeable upon the political party bearing that name, since the days of Jefferson, may seek to hold me responsible for many things which I heartily repudiate. So if I deny that I am a Democrat, I may mean that I do not act with a certain political party; you may take the term in its etymological sense, and charge me with favoring monarchy or aristocracy. If I say I am an abolitionist, I may mean that I desire the liberation of the oppressed—this is the proper sense of the word—you may understand it as the rallying cry of a political party, and charge me with advocating rebellion, dissolution of the Union, insurrection of the slaves—in short, all the madness which the maddest of certain partisans have ever exhibited. If, using the term in its technical or temporary sense, I deny that I am an abolitionist, then you, assuming that I use it in the former sense, may accuse me with favoring tyranny, oppression, and the most heinous form of cruelty. So I am served like the witch that was tried by water: if she would be judged innocent, she must drown; and if she did not drown, she must be burned. This may seem too obviously erroneous to mislead, and yet, perhaps, some of the best men, in their solitary reasoning, are thus confused. How otherwise can we account for the fact that antagonistic politicians are so kind to each other in the parlor and the Church, and yet when on the political arena are so fierce and vengeful?

Often men mistake an analogy for a resemblance. An argument founded on resemblance is imperfect, one founded on analogy is much less so; for analogy is a resemblance of ratios. Between the stomach of a swine and the stomach of a man there is but little resemblance, but there is an analogy. It will not do to argue, then, that the effect of a remedy upon the latter will be the same as its effect upon the former; yet some have so reasoned. There is an article called antimony—the word is a corruption of anti-monk, and thus it was at first applied. Some of the article in the form of powder was thrown from the door of a monastery of German Benedictine monks, in which Basil Valentine was experimenting upon metals occasionally. The hogs coming up to the door to eat of the offal, swallowed portions of the powder with it. Basil thought he perceived in the animals an increased tendency to fatten, and attributed it to the black powder scattered at the door. Subsequent experiments confirmed this opinion. Then thus he reasoned, as the stomach of a hog to a hog, so the stomach of a man to a man; then as this black powder is to the hog stomach, so will it be to the human stomach. Forthwith he mingles it with the food of his brother monks, expecting that it would make them as it had made the pigs, fat, sleek, and well-favored; but, lo! it killed them: it proved to be *pro-hog*, but *anti-monk*.

Precisely the same kind of reasoning seems to have been employed by Mr. Owen. He lays down twelve laws of philosophy: 1. That man did not create himself, and at birth was ignorant of his organization. 2. That no two infants possess the same organization. 3. That organization and circumstances mold the individual. 4. That no individual chooses his time or place of birth. 5. That each may receive true or false notions according to impressions. 6. That he must believe according to

his strongest impressions. 7. That he must like agreeable sensations and dislike disagreeable ones. 8. That agreeable sensations, when protracted, or too rapidly changed, become painful. 9. That great progress depends upon due exercise and culture. 10. That the worst man is produced by the worst bodily organization and circumstances. 11. That the medium man is produced by medium organization and circumstances. 12. That the best man is the product of the best organs and circumstances. From these laws it results that to perfect man we must improve his physical organization; give him food, water, and shelter in proper quantity and quality, and at regular and suitable intervals; and provide him with sufficient fresh air, sunlight, and clothing; his impressions, then, being agreeable, he will be happy in himself, and agreeable to all around him; and being thus happy, he will be virtuous. Well, this is all applicable to swine, and as a hog philosophy it is perfect; but when you proceed by analogy from hog to man you find it won't work. Mr. Owen tried it, and found it was pro-hog, but anti-man; that, however comfortably he provided for his fellows, they would not lie down and be easy. True, man is an animal; but he is something more. He is indebted to external impressions, but not altogether. He has springs within him of which inferior creatures know nothing; and educate him as you may, his fears and aspirations will burst out, and even amid your sneers build altars and stain them with the blood of victims. Man, I know, is indebted to his organization; but in the most perfect body the heart may be out of tune, and, however its chords may be swept, harmony may not issue from its strings. It is a most merciful circumstance that our erroneous reasoning is often neutralized.

If there is so much fallacious reasoning, how happens

it that the world is not turned upside down? Men *act* better than they judge, and judge better than they reason. An Antinomian may be syllogistically bound to sin, and yet be as fearful of sinning as his Pelagian neighbor. A Catholic may be under syllogistic necessity to persecute even to death, and yet be as harmless as a Protestant. An infidel may be under logical bonds to liberality, and yet be as shameful a bigot as bloody Mary. Endless are the loop-holes of our logic. I may be bound by my principles to go at the risk of life and preach emancipation to the slaveholder; but it is easy for me to point to St. Paul getting over the walls of Damascus in a basket.

Sometimes our consciousness corrects us. Some prove that men are not accountable thus: Our volitions result from our motives; our motives from our circumstances and propensities; and inasmuch as we had no agency in the arrangement of the former or the creation of the latter, we are neither free nor accountable. Without refuting the reasoning, men reject the conclusion. Interrogate the heart: are you like the mill-wheel that unconsciously yields to the stream? or are you self-moving and intelligent—able to comprehend the laws which govern you and adjust your relations to them? Though you dismiss remorse, are there not furies that sometimes rattle through the unswept hearth, and rake up the covered fires of the conscience? Do you deny? Then I point to the thighs that have been loosened for sin, and the knees that have smitten each other for iniquity; I turn to the winds that have borne upon their wings your utterances of praise or blame, your accusations of self, and your secret prayers for mercy; I point to the laws and prisons which embody the feelings of the national heart. Do you say all this is the result of wrong education; the appeal is not to the head, but to the heart—the universal heart? Sophism may make men stoics; but the eyes

will weep, the knees will tremble, conscience will make cowards of us all.

Sometimes instinct saves us from falling into the pit which fallacious reasoning digs for us. Hume demonstrated that there is no such thing as spirit, and Berkely that there is no such thing as matter; but the world has been jogging along just as well ever since as though it had both matter and spirit left.

But the most usual corrective of fallacy is common sense; for although some say that there is no common sense, I shall assume that there is a little left. Have you never thought it wonderful that clergymen whose creeds are contradictories, should form Christian characters in perfect harmony and Christian lives of perfect similarity? How is it that eminent physicians of contradictory medical doctrines, should have about the same number of cures and recoveries among their patients? Men will never surrender either a primary truth or a practical principle because they can not construct a syllogism or detect a fallacy in a sophism. Go to the wagoner driving his team to market, and give him the argument of Diodorus, "If any body be moved, it is either moved in a place where it is or a place where it is not; but it is not moved in the place where it is, for where it is it remains; nor is it moved in a place where it is not, for nothing can either act or suffer where it is not; therefore, there is no such thing as motion." Do you think the poor man would unhitch his horses and sit down in despair? No; a legion of arguing angels could not persuade him that there is no such thing as motion when he cracks his whip and sees the wheels go round.

Notwithstanding all these checks which Providence has placed upon fallacious reasoning, it is still true that there are innumerable evils resulting from it, especially among the young and inexperienced. And there is a

way whereby men may be taught to reason correctly and verify their conclusions.

We have glanced at errors in investigation and errors in reasoning; there are other errors of this practical philosophy. It overlooks the ideal; it chains the eagle of the speculative understanding; it is an earthly, plodding, craven, careworn philosophy; it never moves through the grove with the mien and majesty of an angel; it is never transfigured upon the mountain; it never throws aside its staff and mantle to ascend the heavens; it never darkens the earth by opening upon us the excessive brightness of the skies; it never bedews us with a heavenly baptism, nor breathes into us a kingly spirit; it has no conception of the process by which Newton predicted the combustible element of water from its refrangibility, or by which Copernicus, flying through the midst of heaven, like an angel with a trumpet, marshaled into order and harmony the phenomena of the starry hosts, or of the steps by which a greater than he ascended from the falling apple to the law of the celestial spaces. It has a lamp to guide our feet through the outer world, but none to light our way to the inward; it throws its flickering rays over the present and the past, but projects no long and spreading sunbeams over the distant and glorious future; it concerns itself with forms, but sees not the essence; it busies itself with effects rather than causes; and when its attention is attracted upward along the links of causation, it is unable to gaze high enough to see the staple that holds up or the power that electrifies the chain: hence it has nothing eternal, immortal, invisible, to hold to when it feels the temporal and the visible crumbling about it; it is for the most part passive and imitative, and when active it merely plucks and dries, and analyzes the productions of nature without drinking long draughts from her perennial fount-

ains of thought and feeling. It is the philosophy of experience—without intuition or faith, of it we may say, “Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return.” Hence, it lacks inspiration, energy, originality; it turns not the marble into man, nor the canvas into history, nor the earth into a temple, nor the air into the whispers of guardian angels, nor the page into immortal song; it leads out no singing martyrs to the baptism of blood or the death of fire. It illuminates, but it obscures, too. We may apply to it the words of one of Plato’s disciples: “The sense of man carries a resemblance to the sun, which as we see openeth and revealeth all the terrestrial globe; so doth the sense discover natural things, but it darkeneth and shutteth up divine.” It eschews all that is not eminently practical. It sings with Pope,

“For forms of government let fools contest;
 Whatever is best administered is best.
 For modes of faith let graceless bigots fight,
 His can’t be wrong whose life is in the right.”

It forgets that abstractions are practical. What was it that blew Gideon’s trumpet and drew impassable lines round the exiled David in the wilderness and the city? Truth, abstract truth. What was it that in the days of the Maccabees filled the mountains of Judea with triumphant soldiers, who rolled back again and again the tide of terrific invasion? An abstract truth. What was it that made Cromwell’s lines the terror of Europe, and Washington’s undisciplined forces the conquerors of British troops? An abstraction—a mere abstraction. What is it that is overturning the nations, and spreading over earth the bloom and the beauty of Paradise? A set of abstract truths—such as that all men have equal rights, and that Jesus came into the world to save sinners. What profession, trade, or art is not founded in abstractions?

But there is a speculative philosophy in vogue. It is usually developed in advanced age and advanced stages of society. Our own country is not fruitful of it; we are too busy with outward things. Abstractions float about the nation's mind, but they are generally imported from Europe, chiefly from Germany—that land which in modern times seems to be the favorite resort of the speculative intellect. I have not time to mention more than two or three of the classes of the speculative philosophers of the age.

1. We have the *political* speculatist, who aims to make society perfect by perfecting social institutions: hence the communism and revolutionism which so lately overspread Europe like a cholera, and the rage for new constitutions which has seized the people of the United States. The theory is this: Give the people a good constitution, and they will have good laws; give them good laws, and they will be prosperous; make them prosperous, and they will be happy; make them happy, and they will be virtuous. The old policy was—make the individual right, and the aggregate will be right; the new is—make the aggregate right, and never mind the individual. The old philosophy was, “Out of the heart proceed evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornications, thefts, false witness, blasphemies;” the new is, Out of the lawgivers proceed evil thoughts, etc.; therefore, cry these sages, make us lawgivers, and we will purify the nation. Let us construct the political machine; then shall the vine yield her fruit, the ground her increase, and the heavens their dew; the hire of man and beast shall rise, and the people shall possess all things; old men shall wear young eyes, and happy boys and girls shall “smell April and May” all through the year. You construct a body-politic! Social institutions are not the work of art. Art may, indeed, assist nature; it may also

restrain it. Many a politician glories in a cure which he alleges he has wrought by his remedy, when he ought to thank the *vis medicatrix* of the poor body-politic that he has not dispatched it. The New Jerusalem can never be legislated into being. Make your mountains mountains of the Lord, and they shall blossom; make your cities cities of truth, and they shall swarm. Man is not passive, but active; he can never be raised *ab extra*; the progress of society is from within outward, not from without inward. Make a nation wise and virtuous, and it will shake despotism from the throne as the lion shakes the dew from his mane, and it will construct a suitable constitution and code as certainly, as steadily, and may be as silently as the hive constructs the comb and fills its cells with honey. Politicians may hasten this operation; but only by removing the restrictions which fetter industry, and by crushing the enginery of fraud, and prejudice, and slavery; in short, by breaking down the hinderances to human progress which they have set up, and allowing a more perfect *freedom* of human action, and a more perfect protection to human right.

I am not insensible of the influence of both bread and freedom upon virtue. I know, too, that independence and plenty may only hasten a nation's destruction. France in her revolution tried the inverted process of perfecting men—that of political machinery. You speak of the hinderances to its operation—kingcraft, priestcraft, the established institutions of society, and the prejudices of education. But the revolutionists of France sweep these away before they begin; they declare the Divine law to be no more, and the Lord's prophet to have no vision; they cause the Sabbaths and solemn feasts to be forgotten, and pollute the sanctuary with the vilest abominations. Now they can construct a body-politic to their heart's content. Mark the result. France hangs

down her head to the ground; her eyes fail with watching; her bowels are troubled; her heart is poured out in the dust. She says, "Behold, O Lord, and pity! Shall the Seine still roll its crimson tide to the sea? Shall the heads of orators and philosophers drop down fresh blood from the lamp-post every morning? Shall the fatherless children swarm as the wounded in the streets of the city? Shall virgins and young men fall together by the sword? Shall man slay in his anger and no one pity? Shall the day be full of terrors as the night is of darkness?"

2. There is the *moral* speculatist. Men are prone to believe Scripture if they can divest it of its tendency to produce holiness. The fool would believe in God were it not for his all-seeing eye; and liberals will advocate Christianity if they can divest it of specific precepts and eternal sanctions. The moral speculatist comes in for this purpose. This is his theory: Virtue aims at the greatest good of the universe. Every thing which tends to narrow the bounds of our affections diminishes our regard for the general good: hence, patriotism, gratitude, and the family affections should be repressed as unfavorable to virtue. Man should turn from domestic, social, national, and ecclesiastical scenes to contemplate the distinct, definite, permanent, glorious object, man; and annul all attachments to individuals, which are changing, indistinctly seen, passing away, and of little consequence, that he may consecrate himself upon the altar of humanity *in general*. This is a beautiful theory; and like many a pretty model of a machine to produce perpetual motion, the only objection to it is that it will not work. Man, though a glorious object, is but an abstraction—few can perceive it distinctly; they who do can not sympathize with it; we can not be moved to act for that in which we feel no interest. Nor is this the only diffi-

culty; the good of the whole is beyond our comprehension. How can we know what means will promote it? or with what interest could we apply them, after having rooted from our breasts the family, social, and patriotic attachments, and robbed the heart of its sensibility?

There is a philosophic speculatist. The type of the class is Kant—a man who rarely passed beyond the walls of his native city, and was never seen thirty miles from its gates. He was as near an abstraction as could well be; for, although he lived to a good old age, he was never married, except, perhaps, in the abstract. He had, however, a double basis for his philosophy—a realistic and an idealistic. His followers have not been so wise. Fichte rejects the former, and traces all knowledge to the latter; the soul, according to him, sits in the center of its consciousness, and draws the scenes of its subjective circle as the spider spins his web. Schelling affirms that subject and object are the two poles of existence. Hegel brings the poles together, asserting that subject and object, thought and being, are one; that the Deity is only a process, and this process identical with the evolution of ideas in the human mind. This is the *ultima thule* of the philosophy of the absolute, which usually envelops itself in a cloud of words, so as to remind us of the poet's lines to dullness:

"Explain about it, and explain, till all men doubt it;
And talk about it, and about it, and about it."

It is the reverse of the philosophy of Bacon. According to him, if you would form an idea of a man, for example, you must see him; if you would know him physically, you must study him anatomically and physiologically; if you would know him intellectually, you must mark his utterances, and actions, and habits. According to the latter, if you would form a perfect idea of a man, you

must take him muscles, bones, and brains—substances and fluids—all that has form, color, extension, and divisibility—words and works—entirely out of the way; imagine a vacuum under his hat, and study the man himself standing right up in the abstract.

Religious Ideas the Basis of Education.

IN mere *animal* life improvement is traceable to external causes, such as climate, soil, food, shelter, and the contour and relief of the country; but in man it is not so. We must, indeed, grant that so far as his body is concerned, external circumstances have power over him, and that through the body they may reach the mind and heart; but the limits of this influence are narrow. We often find the most perfect animal man very low in the scale of civilization, and, on the other hand, the poorest physical human frame in union with the most exalted moral powers. The region which brings forth the palm-tree and nourishes the lion, produces but pigmy men; while the temperate latitudes present us with the noblest intellects. So far as external circumstances affect human character, they operate through the mind rather than the body. It is the necessity for toil which a churlish climate imposes, that makes the temperate region more prolific of intellect than the tropical; and the same thing would make the frigid more favorable than the temperate, but that there is a limit beyond which humanity can not well be taxed. To raise up man to his highest elevation, he must be operated upon within. What is the surest means of so operating upon the soul as best to develop and train its powers? I answer, religious truth. Any great doctrine may be taken for illustration. We select that all-comprehending truth, the beginning and end of science—there is a God.

Now, I assert that the degree in which this truth is apprehended and felt, *other things being equal*, is the measure of a man's power. 1. It is the measure of his power *to think*. He who apprehends God truly has great *encouragement* to think. If we believed that we were *from* the dust and *to* the dust, our thoughts would be of the earth, earthy; a depressing weight would hang upon all our faculties; there would be no upspringing to the light, no leaping or looking forward beyond the grave; but in despair we should look down upon the worm as our brother, and the sepulcher as our final home. How different when one feels that he is the offspring of infinite mind—the child of God—destined to immortality and eternal progress! How all the faculties, under the impulse of such a faith, open as flowers to the summer's sun! How every feeling points upward to things unseen! In deepest perplexity the soul may wait patiently, hopefully—wait for the unfolding of its own powers; for the germination of hidden spiritual seed; for the outflowing of concealed spices; for the rising of stars in the darkness; for the dawning of an eternal morning. However baffled in its researches, it may continue them with this assurance, "What thou knowest not now, thou shalt know hereafter." If there be one Lord, one law over all things, then may we repose *confidence* in our science: if God be immutable, then may we rest assured that our acquisitions of truth will never lose their value. As God is infinitely wise, we may look steadfastly and confidently for order and harmony even in confusion and discord; and while we are kept sensible of our deficiency, we may also be kept athirst for advancement. We learn to regard the whole universe with interest, as the domain of our Father; the shadow of his attributes and the scaffolding erected to furnish us at once with the means and the motives to ascend the heavens. We find in God a

starting-point in pursuit of truth; a firm foundation for our reasonings; a link to all that is permanent; a sky-light without which the temple of truth would be a tomb.

Purity of heart promotes strength of mind. A man may have his mind improved without enjoying a correspondent improvement in the heart; but he can not have his heart improved without having his understanding enriched. As the heart becomes clarified, prejudice, selfishness, and passion decline, and the desire for truth grows strong. Now, what motive to purity so great as a just conception of God? Take a man from his family and place him among strangers, and you greatly diminish his moral restraint. Remove him to the frontier of civilization, and unless he have unusual moral principle he will become reckless; place him among savages, and he will grow into a savage; shut him up with brutes, and he will become brutish. But move him in the other direction, from the less to the more pure society, from the less to the greater scrutiny, till he reaches the holiest society and the most intimate fellowship of earth, and he becomes greatly improved. Could he be placed in the center of an amphitheater, and all the good of earth and all the saints and angels of heaven be ranged around him, while every eye was directed to his transparent breast, how pure would be his emotions and his aims! But what were the gaze of the universe to the eye of God? Lafayette, it is said, when immured in his castle prison, never looked through the key-hole of his dungeon without meeting the eye of a sentinel directed upon him. So may faith, in the darkest corner of the earth, look into the eye of God.

There is another consideration: mind grows by its own expression; but new truth is generally unpopular; it must be expressed first in darkness, often in persecution,

sometimes in death. Now, the greatest motive to a faithful expression of truth is a just conception of its great Author. The ancients had their esoteric and exoteric doctrines. The very terms show that they often held truth a prisoner; and why? Not so much from want of honesty as want of faith in God.

2. Our idea of God is the measure of our power to *act*. Under the influence of mere passion a man may put forth great power; but, like brute power, it is neither long sustained nor well directed; for human passion is evanescent; and as it is not guided by reason, its operations are imperfect, bungling, and liable to be arrested by obstacles, the voice of persuasion, or the checks of conscience. I grant that men who rid themselves of all fear of the future may become desperate, and, circumstances favoring, may be terrible to the earth; but their desperation is that of madness, and the fear which it inspires is as fitful. Hercules and Theseus, the great heroes of antiquity, are fabled to have moved under the direction of the gods. Alexander, Cæsar, Genghis Khan, Mohammed, Bonaparte, were all under the delusion that they were pressed forward by the hand of the Almighty. Tamerlane was arrested in his march till he called the prophet to his aid. Atilla conceived himself to be the scourge of God, and the Huns who followed him thought his sword the gift of the Deity and the symbol of triumph. With Wellington and Nelson the idea of God gave overpowering force to their sense of duty. Washington fought through the Revolution on his knees. Human nature, sensible of its weakness, ignorant of the future, and a prey to superstitious fears, can project no magnificent schemes, no outswEEPing conquests, no long marches over bleeding and dying men, till it can find authority and strength in some real or supposed divinity; and the majesty of this divinity is the measure of

the courage, the intrepidity, the energy which it puts forth. If this be so, there is no warrior like the Christian. Gustavus Adolphus said, a good Christian always makes a good soldier. So he does, if only he be sure that his quarrel is right. So said Prince Eugene; and both of them were illustrious examples of the remark. When a man feels that God is with him, he may do as occasion shall serve; he feels that the laws of the universe are devoted to his purposes—that the stars in their courses fight for him, and he defies a misfortune to overtake him. He can fortify himself with a pillar of cloud and fire, cross seas without ships, and rivers without bridges, encounter walls with rams' horns, rout armies with lamps and empty pitchers, and bring down giants with a pebble and a sling. What made Cromwell so mighty, but the impression that he was the leader of God's hosts? What but a sense of the Divine direction, protection, and blessing, bore up the Pilgrims on New England shores when frosts, and diseases, and savages seemed ready to destroy? It is the same feeling that bears up the missionary, whether in polar seas or tropical islands, whether amid the bears of the wilderness or his more terrible enemies, the Pagan priests. He is strong, because he feels that he is linked to Omnipotence. Whether he encounter winds, or storms, or stripes, or imprisonments, or labors, or tumults, or watchings, or fastings, or men, or devils, or principalities, or powers, or life, or death, they are all his auxiliaries, because they all belong to Him whom he serves; and however they may affect him, he feels that he is a victor; for he desires to do nothing *inconsistent* with the Divine will, and he says, I can do all things *consistent* with it. With such a feeling, one can chase a thousand men and two put ten thousand to flight. It is not often that the Christian manifests his superiority outwardly, though he may in-

wardly; for "he that subdueth his spirit is greater than he that taketh a city."

The power to *endure* is also measured—other things being equal—by an individual's idea of God. We have, I know, noble examples of fortitude in men whose notion of God was comparatively low. Codrus, King of Athens, when he learned that the Delphic oracle had promised success to the Dorians, encamped beneath the walls of his capital, provided they spared his life, disguised himself as a woodman and went out to court his death. Cocles, the Roman, opposed the whole army of Porsenna at the head of a bridge, while his companions were cutting off the communication with the shore. Regulus bore patiently the keenest torments that Carthaginian cruelty could invent rather than persuade his countrymen to an ignominious peace. Mutius Scœvola put his hand into the flames of the altar before his enemy, and held it there till it fried off. But in all these, and similar instances, the mind is under the strong motives of pride, vanity, patriotism, revenge, stimulated by the sight, and often, too, by the shout of an applauding country and the hope of an undying fame, and unchecked by the influence of countervailing passion or of reason; for usually the acts are performed so suddenly as to give no time for the exercise of judgment. How often does the man who fearlessly leads his platoon to battle, tremble before a mad dog, or turn pale before a corpse, or shrink before a single adversary! How few that would die upon the battle plain would be willing to lay down their lives for their country, if their sacrifices were forever to be unknown, or if they were to endure death upon the scaffold, or in a dungeon, or amid the execrations of men! If you would find one able to endure all forms and degrees of suffering *nobly*, you must find a soul that reposes upon the one living and true God. Talk not of suffering war-

rriors, when you name the noble army of martyrs who, through faith in God, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens, were tortured, not accepting deliverance that they might obtain a better resurrection. And others had trial of cruel mockings and scourgings, yea, moreover, of bonds and imprisonments. They were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword. They wandered about in sheepskins and goatskins, being destitute, afflicted, tormented. Here is royal fortitude. So, too, when a man is called to suffer bereavement, his power of endurance depends upon his notion of God. He who has not a just conception of a presiding deity can scarce avoid lamentation, murmuring, appalling grief; but he who embraces the true idea of the Almighty may say, "Thy will be done;" for he knows that will to be best; he knows that all things work together for good; he feels that his happiness is drawn from an infinite source, and that if all created things but himself were to perish he would have enough left.

It is glorious to be baptized with the baptism of blood, and to burn in a martyr's fire; but perhaps even in this land of peaceful vineyards and protected fig-trees a Christian may die even more gloriously, when, for example, he dies in the prime of life with a crown of honor awaiting him, with a wife in all the fullness of love and the freshness of beauty, and his children uneducated, unprotected, prattling, all unconscious of their coming orphanage, beneath his pillow, and dies without a murmur in his heart, saying, in the full exercise of a ripened reason, "Weep not for me; I ascend to my Father and to your Father, through the all-prevailing merits of Christ, my Redeemer." The severest trials which men endure are

such as the eye can not see, nor the ear hear. The hardest struggles are in the solitude and the darkness, and the bitterest agonies are such as no friend but the Creator can help us to bear. In these inner conflicts he only is mighty to endure and calm to suffer who believes in the infinite Spirit, and who relies upon such a promise as this, "When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee, and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee. When thou walkest through the fire thou shalt not be burnt, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee." To the Christian, as to the Kenite, it may be said, strong is thy dwelling-place, and thou puttest thy nest in a rock. Macaulay, speaking of the Puritans, says, "The intensity of their feelings on one subject made them tranquil on every other. One overpowering sentiment had subjected to itself pity and hatred, ambition and fear. Death had lost its terrors, and pleasure its charms. They had their smiles and their tears, their raptures and their sorrows, but not for the things of this world. Enthusiasm had made them Stoics; had cleared their minds from every vulgar passion and prejudice, and raised them above the influence of danger and of corruption—insensible to fatigue, to pleasure, and to pain—not to be pierced by any weapon, not to be withstood by any barrier."

And this brings me to remark, thirdly, that a man's power to improve is owing greatly to his idea of God. I know not why it is so. Perhaps when a man's views are bounded by material things his speculative powers are checked; his senses having led him as far as he supposes he can go, and his desires being limited by time, his aspirations after the good and the true are smothered. Seeing no friendly power beyond to guide and strengthen him in the search after unknown and distant truth, he contents himself with present ignorance; and recogniz-

ing no power to bring his soul to account, he can bury his talent without interest or concern. I am aware that we sometimes see a mind professedly Atheistic, rising to the heights of the universe; but it is in a country filled with other minds from which it has derived its stimulus and its speculative habits. As with individuals, so with nations. On the pages of history we can trace distinctly civilization passing, *pari passu*, with theology. For example, we see the Jews rising and falling just according to their notions of God—down under Chushan Rishathaim, up under Othniel; down under Eglon, up under Ehud; down under Jabin, up under Deborah; down under Midian, up under Gideon; down under the Philistines, up under Samuel; down under the backsliding Saul, up under David; down under Rehoboam, rising again under Asa; down under Ahaz, rising again under the good Hezekiah; down again under Amon, aloft once more under Josiah. No depression but what is traceable to Balaam and Ashtaroth, or the gods of Syria, or the gods of Sidon, or the gods of Moab, or the gods of the children of Amon, or the gods of the Philistines; and no exaltation which is not traceable to a returning adoration for the true God. Take a corresponding illustration from modern history. England begins to emerge from darkness under her beloved Alfred. She falls and rises subsequently, according to her theology. The advancing corruption of mother Church caused the early lights, which had been kindled by her Henry, of Huntingdon, Geoffry, of Monmouth, John, of Salisbury, and William, of Malmesbury, to grow pale till, at length, they were substituted by the subtilities of scholasticism and the dreams of romance. The Reformation came under Henry the Eighth, and the country ascended under his reign and that of his son, Edward Sixth. It descends again under Mary the Papist, rises aloft once more under the illustri-

ous Elizabeth; descends again under James, rises again under the Commonwealth; descends once more under James II, and rises permanently under the crown of the Prince of Orange.

To show that this connection between a correct knowledge of God and the advancing intelligence of a people is not *accidental*, and that the former is not a *consequence* but a *cause* of the latter, let it be noted, 1. That the type of a nation's civilization seems to depend upon its theology. Man, favored with a revelation from God, goes forth from his primitive seat on the plateau of Iran: one tribe descending in the south-west stretches along the fertile valleys of the Tigris and the Euphrates. Under the impulse of the primitive religion it speeds its way to a glorious elevation, whose monuments are yet to be seen; but from the true God it turns to the worship of the heavenly bodies, and its mind becomes a cold, grand, gloomy one. Another tribe advances to the valley of the Nile and soon becomes illustrious; but it worships first symbols, then brutes, and its national mind becomes like its land, when, smitten with the curse of Moses, "God sent darkness upon it and made it dark." Other tribes took possession of the plains of India and China; they soon put God afar off, and there they stand, without having made one step of progress through all the ages that have past. Greece received from Phenicia, Phrygia, and Egypt the germs of a better civilization. She, too, perverted the idea of the Almighty; but she did not put God so far away. Her Olympus was animated, and warmed, and enlightened, though attempered with weakness and deformed with vice. Her mind corresponds to her mythology—free, active, progressive, passionate, erratic. It ascends gradually. The tribes that pass over the Caucasus to the north and west, pervert their conception of the Almighty into that of rude and bloody divini-

ties, and their own intellect becomes rude and their hearts cruel.

2. Observe, again, the noblest conceptions of God, in every nation, come from the best minds, and mark the culminating period of a nation's intellect. The Persian mind reaches its zenith in Cyrus—the warrior, statesman, and philosopher—a pure theist. Hesiod, Homer, Socrates have grand ideas of God; these seem to expand as the mind of Greece rises till it culminates in Plato, who enjoys sublimest visions of the Supreme. The Roman mind attained its highest elevation in Cicero, who had the noblest conception of the true God except that which is communicated by revelation. The Arabian mind reached its summit in him whose poem has been pronounced the sublimest extant, and whose soul is radiant with reflections from the great "I Am." Well might he cry out, "O that my words were now written; O that they were printed in a book; that they were graven with an iron pen in lead; that they were cut into the eternal rock!" Words are worthy to be driven into the granite with chisel and mallet when they convey such conceptions of God as Job's. The Jewish intellect culminated with David, whose soul flutters round the idea of God as a sparrow around her nest; whose songs are hymns of prayer and praise; who, at midnight, considers the heavens, the moon, and stars which God has ordained, and at dawn sweeps his harp to Him who maketh the outgoings of the morning and evening to rejoice; who draws from each day and night utterances of divine wisdom; who, in his own heart, traces the mind of Jehovah; and who, every-where and at all times, is *lost* in God. "O Lord, thou hast searched me, and known me. Thou knowest my down-setting and mine up-rising. Thou understandest my thought afar off. Thou compassedst my path and my lying down, and art acquainted with all my ways.

For there is not a word in my tongue, but lo, O Lord, thou knowest it altogether. Whither shall I go from thy Spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there: if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me." In whom did the English mind culminate? Locke, Newton, Milton start up before us, all as much distinguished for their reverence for God as for their profound intellects. Each one of them rose upon the world like a supernal being. Out of each one's soul, if soul were divisible, could be cut a world of more modern philosophers. Concerning one of them, a French nobleman is said to have asked an English one seriously, Does Newton eat, and drink, and sleep like mortals? Which is the greatest, it may be difficult to say. My mind fixes upon Milton. Bacon exceeds him in comprehension, Shakspeare in portraying the human heart, and Thomson in depicting nature; but no uninspired mind *equals* him in sublimity. What is the secret of his grandeur? It is his awful conception of the Creator. In his hights, and depths, and lengths the idea of God on all sides round

"As one great furnace flamed."

Intimating his purpose to write his great poem, he says it is a work "not to be raised from the heat of youth or the vapors of wine, like that which flows at waste from the pen of some vulgar amorist, or the trencher fury of a rhyming parasite; nor to be obtained by the invocation of dame Memory and her siren daughters, but by devout prayer to that eternal Spirit who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out his seraphim with the hallowed fire of his altar to touch and purify

the lips of whom he pleases." Who can forget his opening invocation?

"But thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer,
Before all temples, the upright heart and pure,
Instruct me, for thou knowest."

It was the idea of this Spirit, ever brooding over his great soul, that "made it pregnant." Thus he had power—to use his own language—"to imbreed and cherish in a great people the seeds of virtue and civility; to allay the perturbations of the mind and set the affections in right tune; to celebrate, in glorious and lofty hymns, the throne and equipage of God's almightiness, and what he works and what he suffers to be wrought with high providence in his Church; to sing victorious agonies of martyrs and saints." Hence it is that his great poem is like a temple, and his majestic lines flow over the soul like an organ chant.

It is when the mind approaches the thought of Jehovah that it attains its highest elevation. This shows that it is not the mind that generates the thought, but the thought that stimulates the mind. And this is what might be expected. No attribute of God that is not awfully sublime; no object sublime but as it resembles God. Go over the elements of sublimity and see—height, depth, extent, antiquity, obscurity, power, etc. When we have a right apprehension of the Almighty, the universe becomes a Bethel, and every truth we learn a round of Jacob's ladder. We walk the earth dignified, hopeful, aspiring beings. Angels are around us, and we catch their inspiration. Examples might be multiplied. What production of Thomson's equal to his Hymn to the Seasons? He commences it with,

"These, almighty Father, these are but the varied God;"

and he ascends till he swells out the full voice of praise:

“Should fate command me to the farthest verge
 Of the green earth; to distant, barbarous climes—
 Rivers unknown to song;
 Where first the sun gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beams
 Flame o'er Atlantic isles; 'tis naught to me,
 Since God is ever present, ever felt
 In the void waste, as in the city full.”

What production of Coleridge to be compared for sublimity to his Hymn before sunrise in the vale of Chamouny? How was he invigorated for the song!

“Entranced in prayer,
 I worshiped the Invisible alone.”

His inspiration increases as he advances, till he cries,

“God! let the torrents like a shout of nations
 Answer! and let the ice-plains echo, God!
 God, sing ye meadow streams with gladsome voice;
 Ye pine groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds;
 And they too have a voice, yon piles of snow,
 And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God!
 ————Tell thou the silent sky,
 And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
 Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God.”

If we lay the map of the world before us, it will exhibit the same result as history. There is but one form of religion which recognizes no supreme God—Fetichism. Where it is found, animals, mountains, trees, and even vessels, weapons, and stones are the objects of worship. And where does this prevail? In Africa, that continent which would scarce be missed were it swallowed by the waves; and in its darkest part—the western, eastern, and southern portions—where the human mind is a vast Sahara, without an oasis, we find here no history, no letters, no alphabet; in many regions no agriculture, nor any arms or arts, but the rudest, and scarce any commerce but in human flesh. We shudder as we view naked bodies, stupid minds, and passions ferocious as the serpents of the wilderness. We scarce know where, in the scale of being, to draw the line between

the lower animals and him who was created in the Divine image. We find the same religion in Australia and among some of the savages of America; and here, too, the same degradation, and mental bondage, and sluggishness. Asia worships the true God, but has false conceptions of him. This is the land of dreamy intellect, of morbid sensibilities, of stationary civilizations. We see the conception of God variously modified in its different nations, and we mark, as we pass over them, a ripening of the human mind in proportion to the approach to a right and perfect conception of the Almighty. Lowest in the scale, perhaps, we may place the Brahmins. They acknowledge a supreme God—Brahm—but they put him afar off, and ascribe creation, preservation, and destruction to inferior divinities. As might be expected, they overthrow his altars, neglect his temples, and leave him nothing but the name, while they give their chief adoration to the god Vishnu and his nine incarnations, of which Juggernaut is one. What is their intellectual state? So little has been their progress that the description given of them at the time of Alexander's conquest would answer for them now, notwithstanding the influence which they have recently received from civilized nations, and the frequent infusions of impulsive mind which they have enjoyed in the lapse of ages. True, there has been some progress downward, for the cruelty of the Juggernaut and of the Suttee are perhaps of comparatively recent introduction. The gorgeous literature of India is of high antiquity; latterly its mind has been like a doomed soil, that produces cockle instead of barley, and tares instead of wheat. Next comes Boodhism, which overspreads Farther India, the Chinese empire, and Japan. This is a reformation of Brahminism. While it recognizes an eternal First Cause, it represents him as reposing in profound slumber, from which

he only now and then awakens to send down some perfected spirits, that they may make certain necessary alterations in the universe. Its milder rites, its purer thoughts, its more gorgeous worship indicate that the advance which it has made toward a just conception of the eternal One, has stimulated into better action the imagination, if not the other powers of the mind. The better class embrace the Pantheism of Confucius, which is the established religion of the Chinese empire, and which leads the mind to Him in whom "we live, and move, and have our being," though it does not sufficiently distinguish the absolute, original being from his outward manifestations; still it is an advance from Boodhism toward rational Theism, and the mind which receives it is the learned and ruling mind of the east. Throughout the vast regions of which we have spoken, the conceptions of God are indistinct, and mingled with those of nature. The universe does not present itself as under the constant care and control of an infinite mind, who regulates all things by wise and immutable laws. Hence, gloom and uncertainty pervade the nations. Moreover, the Deity is presented to the mind as, to a certain extent, *patient* as well as agent, and thus, to the same extent, the sense of human accountability is lost. The immortality of the soul is, for the most part, a mere resorption into the eternal One; hence, the aspirations of the heart are stifled. What, then, could be expected but fables, and superstitions, and painful apprehensions, and rigid mortifications, and a character, in general, timid, vain, pusillanimous, slavish? Passing by the Sintoism of Japan, and the Shaminism of Siberia—nations a little below those which we have just left, both in their ideas of God and their mental character—and also the Guebers of Persia, and of the western coast of India—the remains of the fire worshippers—we come

to Nanekism—a mixture of Mohammedism with Brahminism—professed by the sheiks of India, who put forth an activity, energy, intrepidity, such as might be expected from the brighter beams of the godhead, which the infusion of Mohammedism secures. Crossing now the Belur, and looking over the table-land stretching westward, with the plains on each side and the desert beyond them, and carrying our eye forward, on the one side, into Europe, and, on the other, along the western border of the Mediterranean, we find the home of Mohammedism, a faith which, whatever may be said of its founder, or its falsehood, embraced and pressed upon mankind the eternal truth—there is but one God—a truth which Mohammed found in the Bible, and which he affected to teach in the same strain as it had been proclaimed by Adam, Noah, Abraham, Moses, and Christ, whose authority he never called in question. It was a truth which, though taught by an impostor, and mingled with fiction, infused into men a power of thought and feeling before which the nations, weakened by superstition and idolatry, were easily crushed. Looking over this region, whether we notice the brave, independent, adventurous, amorous, story-telling Affghan, or his hospitable, honest, but sometimes sanguinary neighbor of Beloochistan, or the manly, wandering, often predatory Tartar, or the vigorous, capricious, and cruel Turk, or the gay, deceitful, active, acquisitive, luxurious, scientific, poetic, polished Persian, or the brave child of Ishmael, fierce and fleet as his war-horse, fiery as the burning sands of his wilderness, and generous and patient as his faithful camel; we see, we *feel* that we have ascended in the gradation of mind since we entered western Asia; we observe a sprightliness, an activity, an anxiety, a freedom that indicates a greater sense of the dignity and responsibility of man. Proceeding into Europe, the

light of civilization and Christianity increases as we advance, till it shines in meridian splendor; and the brightness is in proportion to the power and purity with which the idea of God is apprehended. In the south of Europe men see God, to a great extent, through images, and hear him through saints, and commune with him through priests. The mind is fanciful, fickle, passionate; in the north it is thinking, independent, vigorous, resolute, having deep and abiding feeling, and a fancy subjected to reason. Let us compare two extreme points, Spain and England. Spain—a land of green slopes and crystal streams, of gentle winters and refreshing summers, of silks and olives, of oranges and lemons; yet a land once crimsoned with the Inquisition, and now burdened with monks and nuns, friars and hermits, brutality and bull-fights. What is the mode of her intellect? Pensive, gloomy, indolent. Though above that which we have hitherto been contemplating, yet it is far below what it should be. The nation without canals, railroads, steam-boats, telegraphs, and with scarce a light-house on her coast, demonstrates this proposition. Let us not be told that all this is because her rivers are not navigable and her mountain barriers scarce passable; for, during two hundred years, Spain was the mightiest power in Europe.

Let us now turn to England, where man is taught to look through nature up to God; where he is emboldened by his Protestant Bible-handling faith to enter into direct audience with the Almighty—the land emphatically of Bibles and Bridgewater treatises. England—there she sits, queen of the seas, gathering jewels for her crown from every shore, and floating her flag around the world in the beams of a ceaseless morning. There is no grand conception centering in Olympus which she does not realize. Like Juno, she fertilizes the earth

beneath her furrow; like Vesta, she gathers all nations to her hearth-stone; like Vulcan, she presides over the forges; like Neptune, she rules the seas; like Apollo, she leads the muses; like Minerva, she sways the understanding; like Mercury, she is the patron of trade and the messenger of heaven to the ends of the earth; like Jupiter, she is concerned in the affairs of all mankind. These conceptions are not merely realized but exceeded; for what is Neptune to the steam-ship, Minerva to the press, Hercules to gunpowder, or Mercury to the telegraph? What England is, so is her first-born daughter—North America—which exhibits the same superiority over southern America that her mother does over Spain and Italy. Let it not be said that these differences are owing to race. Lead the degraded negro up to the sight of the one living and true God, and his soul kindles with celestial fire; his mind pants for development, and soon his tongue pours forth a melody and an eloquence to which his native heathen valley is a stranger. So let the Caucasian embrace Paganism, as he has in the valley of the Indus, and he sinks into inaction. Nor can climate account for the difference; for in every clime, from Patagonia to Greenland, from Australia to the Dofrafield Mountains, the Rose of Sharon has bloomed with an equal beauty and an equal fragrance. Nor can forms of government account for it; for the Albigenses, and Waldenses, and Huguenots, under the most cruel and oppressive despotism, no less than the pilgrims on Plymouth rock, by simple faith in God became great, and firm, and glorious. Nor are all these causes together sufficient to account for it. Go from Protestant Ulster to a Catholic county in Ireland, or from a Protestant to a Catholic canton in Switzerland—climate, race, language, and government being the same—and you pass as from the dark ages to the middle of the nineteenth century.

To all this it may be replied that mind in Protestant countries has become materialized; that attention has been turned away from the inward to the outward world; that physical science has taken the place of mental and moral; that the whole subject and sphere of thought is outside of human nature. But is not the cultivation of nature an appointed duty of man? Are not a nation's useful and ornamental arts the signs of its intellectual energies and the tokens of its progress? Mind was made to act on matter: matter is the ordained mold of its conceptions. As God expresses his mind in the forms of the visible universe, so must man. The air, the marble, the gold, the canvas—all nature stands ready to receive the impress of his thoughts, and thereby become more useful and beautiful. Steam-engines, telegraphs, temples, gardens, monuments, are but the embodiments of the soul's reflections. Has the progress of science diminished the moral excellence of men, or the increase of activity brought on a decrease of creative genius? Are not men wiser as well as stronger? more beneficent as well as more capable? more conscious of human dignity as well as of human dominion?

Thus we have shown that a nation's idea of God denotes its position in the scale of intelligence; and that it gives the type to an individual's and a nation's mental character. This grand idea rules the world of mind. When it is apprehended in all its power and perfection, it turns men gradually into angels, and it holds angels in heaven. Be not surprised at this declaration. Simplicity of causes reconciled with multiplicity of effects is the great secret of the Creator. The same principle that holds the sun in its orbit bows the dew-laden cup of the lowliest flower. The same principle that holds the seas in their channels, holds the blood in the insect's veins.

Some may regard my theme as uninteresting. Not so

would Aristotle, Plato, Socrates; not so would Verulam; not so, I trust, do my readers. Never think so meanly of your souls as to deny them the privilege of dwelling upon the greatest conceivable theme; of feeling the great motive which secures obedience to the eternal laws. He who created all things by the breath of his mouth, and sustains them by the word of his power, should be in all our thoughts. What would heaven think should it be told that there is a periodical on earth which does not write of God? It would point to it as a doomed book. What would an angel think if he were invited to earth, and allowed any theme but God? He would tell you that this is his only theme—the theme which raises his wings, and swells his heart, and tunes his harp, and fills his everlasting song—the theme all over his native hills of light and glory—the fountain of its eternal Niagara of praise, that is like the voice of many waters and mighty thunderings; and if it did not suit you he would spread his wings and leave you.

Reader, if my views be correct, you may easily know when you have a just idea of the Creator. Ask, does it live? does it send throbbing pulses through the breast? does it quicken intellect, bind passion, strengthen will, string nerves? does it bring up from the heart, each day, a deeper "*gloria in excelsis*," and plant, each night, a new Ebenezer?

Atheism is stagnation. True, in our own days it boasts of an anti-theological science; and it trumpets this forth in such a way as to show that it never pretended to science before; that the world does not expect science of it now; that it is and always has been regarded as incapable of producing any thing but negations.

There is a Pantheism prevailing. It speaks reverently and poetically, and often piously, of God; but, then, it says there is as much of a God in a chair as there is on the

throne of heaven. What is the *effect* of such a view? If God is matter and matter is God, then, surely, we may add, with Pascal, "It is no matter whether there is any God at all." There is another form of it which teaches that God is the issue of the human soul; that he is a mere process, and that process identical with the evolution of human ideas. What death to thought, to aspiration, is such a doctrine? Under its influence how would a man preach? As a policeman walks his beat or a merchant fulfills his bargain. Never could he raise to their feet an audience of French nobility, as did Massillon; or spread a flame of holiness over two hemispheres, as did Wesley; or excite a people to cry out, "Let the sun cease to shine, but let not the lips of Chrysostom be sealed." Let such a man be placed in the battle-field; how quickly would he run before a host, such as Cromwell told "to trust in God and keep their powder dry," and whom he led out to conflict singing hymns of praise! I would exchange that stupefying Pantheism for any god in the calendar of the olden Paganism. Better, far, have Jupiter, with his thunderbolt, or Neptune, with his trident, or Minerva, with her shield and Pyrrhic dance. What view does such a philosophy give us of human dignity? As it reduces God to a *notion*, so it reduces man to an atom. He is merely a beast standing on his hind legs, and the beast is but a bird with his wings turned into fore legs, and the bird is but a fish with his fins stretched out, and his scales turned into feathers, and the fish but an expanded mollusk, and the mollusk but an inflated atom. Behold, then, the original Adam of the modern philosopher! What idea of *education* does it suggest? The experience of the world teaches that the way to improve man is to bring him in contact with superiors: thus, a nation becomes civilized by colonies; a youth becomes learned by means of his master; a man

becomes a saint by the power of the Holy Ghost; the saint matures into an angel by beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord. This philosophy would reverse the process: it says, develop yourself, solicit intellect, strengthen will, call out emotion. Alas! we have tried this long enough to know that "out of the heart proceed evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornications," etc.

Seeing that we must have a correct idea of the Almighty, how important is the mirror of his word, in which alone we see him a distinct, personal, intelligent, infinite, holy, and eternal Being, whose glory the heavens declare, and whose name "the mountains and the valleys bless"—the King eternal, immortal, invisible, dwelling in light inaccessible. It guards the idea of God from perversion by forbidding any material representation of it. It guards the Divine unity; it guards the Divine independence both of fate and of nature. It exhibits God as before all things, as existing beyond the limits of the universe; and though every-where present, not so present but that heaven is his abode, nor so present as he is to saints and angels. And though, as the poet has truly and beautifully told us,

"He warms in each beam, refreshes in each breeze,
Glowes in the stars, blossoms in the trees,
Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent,"

yet he is himself neither light, nor darkness, nor blossom, nor breeze, nor matter, nor life, but in all, and over all, God blessed forever. It presents him in the most endearing relations as the Father of mercies and of men, and it alone invites us to reconciliation, and communion, and fellowship with him. May you, reader, always breathe in this deep universe, filled to overflowing with God, without ever having a doubt of his being! Remember the words of Lord Bacon: "I would rather

believe all the fables in the Legend, and the Talmud, and the Koran, than believe that this universal frame is without mind." May the image of God, beheld in the face of Jesus Christ, grow more distinct and glorious in your minds, day by day, so as to afford you a solid rest amid all vicissitudes; a constant joy in all your sorrows; a height, and depth, and length, and breadth, both to your feelings and your philosophy; and an eternal stimulus to your undying energies! With this view I commend to you the holy oracles. They are worthy to be studied for their history, their poetry, their philosophy, their precepts, and their moral paintings; for who has ever reached the stern majesty of Hebrew prophets, or the transparent beauty of Christian evangelists?—but chiefly do I commend them because they, they only, can anchor your souls to the solid rock of a true theology.

Moral Education.

ALL agree that the youth of our land should be provided with common schools; that common schools are designed to educate; that education means development; and that it should embrace the whole man.

There was a time when the friends of education, in their care for the mind, lost sight of the body, forgetful that, however superior the spirit may be to its earthly instruments, its outward manifestations are through the bodily organs. It is as though the engineer, impressed with the distinctness and power of steam, should be unconcerned with the machinery by which it is applied. Now, however, it is understood that the teacher should possess a competent knowledge of anatomy, physiology, and hygiene, in order that he may give judicious directions in the construction and furniture of his school-room; in regulating its supplies of heat, light, and atmosphere; in adjusting the tasks and punishments of his pupils, and in superintending their diet and exercises; that he should not only be able to give such directions, but also satisfactory reasons for them; to illustrate, in a familiar manner, the general laws of digestion, circulation, respiration, etc., and to show their practical application. For want of such qualifications in the teachers of other days, many are weak and sickly among us, and many regard education through a cloud of gloomy and painful associations. Once it was supposed that education consisted in so many quarters of grammar, and so

many of geography, and so on. Now it is generally admitted, that while we teach the child arithmetic, grammar, geography, civil history, and the general principles of philosophy and natural history, we are to bear in mind that these, after all, are but means, not the end; that the great object of the educator is to teach the child to think. Let the pupil form the habit of patient, clear, consecutive thought, and you may let him go. *Thinking*, not knowing, makes the great distinction between the mind of the philosopher and that of the fool; the ability to reason is the measure of mental excellence, the instrument of high achievement. 'Tis this that scales heaven, and fathoms hell, and compasses space; that outstrips the lightning, and speaks like the voice of God; that defies volcanoes and storms; and laughs at warrants and executions in its burning path. 'Tis this, despite all conquerors, to which God has given the dominion of the world, as by a covenant of salt. It is a trite observation that studies should be so arranged that all the mental faculties may be developed and duly balanced. In cases of eccentricity this is necessary to guard against monstrosity, and in other cases it is very well. But ordinarily we need have no *painful* concern in this matter. To prepare men for the various pursuits of life their minds are constituted differently; and the school should not be a bed of Procrustes. If we can form, in each case, a habit of vigorous mental action, we can safely trust to social intercourse and the daily scenes of the world's stage to regulate and moderate it.

We are too much disposed to regard the faculties of the mind as separate and independent, like oxygen and hydrogen in the compound blow-pipe; whereas, they are but the different modes in which the mind acts, and are only treated separately, in scientific works, for the sake of convenience. In most cases, the soul, in performing

one operation performs others also. How can we have an act of judgment, for example, without attention, abstraction, memory, association, etc.? In strengthening one power, then, we may strengthen all; let us, therefore, hail with delight any evidences of genius in the pupil in whatever form it may appear.

Next to the education of the mind comes the development and training of the taste, and the sensibilities, both natural and moral. All are agreed up to this last point. When we come to moral nature there is a class that cries, "Hold, you may teach the temporal but not the spiritual; all moral and religious instruction must be excluded from the common school." Of this plan I remark that it is neither feasible nor allowable; and to the illustration of this proposition I will devote the remainder of this paper.

That the scheme is not practicable is evident, first, from the very nature of education, which consists in leading out the mind, encouraging inquiry, nourishing free, bold, independent thought. Will you draw lines around an awakened, emancipated, aspiring spirit, and say, hitherto shalt thou come and no further? More especially, can you restrain it from those great subjects which have been the themes of ages, which have absorbed the minds of Moses, and Socrates, and Paul, and Plato, and which have controlled the march of human events? As well attempt to hold the lightning as it leaps from heaven to earth, or from earth to heaven. From every figure on his blackboard, from every crown, or cross, or flag upon his outline map, the boy, *that is a boy*, may push his inquiring way downward to conscience, or upward to God. Vain to cry, halt, when he has pushed you to the line of things, moral and religious.

Second, from the connection between the different powers of the soul, intellectual, sensitive, moral, and

voluntary. This is so intimate that you can not train one class of faculties without training others. The celebrated Dr. Hunter, who was noted alike for the solidity of his judgment and the facetiousness of his expressions, once remarked—glancing at certain theorists—“Gentlemen, physiologists will have it that the stomach is a mill, others that it is a fermenting vat, others again that it is a stew-pan; but in my view of the matter, it is neither a mill, nor a fermenting vat, nor a stew-pan, but a stomach, gentlemen, a stomach.” So of the human mind—it is neither a reasoning, nor a feeling, nor a conscientious apparatus, but a *mind*, gentlemen, a human mind. Suppose we adopt the phrenological hypothesis, and ascribe to each of its powers a separate organ; still, it must be conceded, they are intimately connected, so that you could not influence one without affecting others. They must be *more* closely connected than the different organs of the body, yet you can not seriously affect one *bodily* organ without affecting more or less every other. There is a great sympathetic nerve which binds them all together, and teaches each to weep with them that weep, and rejoice with them that rejoice in the same system. An injury upon the surface of an extremity may carry dismay to the vitals. Moreover, the different organs of the body *depend* upon each other. Suppose you determine that you will watch exclusively over the brain; soon may you look for cerebral disorder. Well, you interrogate the troubled organ. Why, dear Brain, are you so perverse? how is it, after all the care that I have bestowed upon you, and the exclusive affection I feel for you, that you are radiating such a half-elaborated, pernicious, nervous influence over the whole body, distressing every nerve and confusing every organ? “Well,” the poor brain replies, “I am not to blame; I am not unmindful of my functions, nor insensible to your goodness,

but the heart has been pumping up lately such a corrupted stream of blood that, with all my extra exertions, I am not able to manufacture out of it any thing better than the vicious, maddened stuff that I send out through the nerves." Well, go now to the heart. Heart, what is the reason that you have sent such an impure current to the brain of late? "It is no fault of mine," replies the heart; "I pump up as good a blood as I receive; I wish it were better, I am sure; for it is painful to work in such a fluid, and if some change is not made soon I shall get sick. Ask the lungs why they send such a *poor* article to me." Well, Lungs, what does this mean? "Blame not me; I expand and contract, as I have always done, and air the blood as much as ever—the fault is lower down. Ask the *vena cava* why it sends up such miserable venous blood?" *Vena cava*, how is it? "I furnish as good an article as I can, considering the abominable chyle which I get. Go to the stomach, and you will see what is the matter." Well, Stomach, the whole system is in disorder, and the fault is traced to you. "I own," says the stomach, "that the trouble is with me; nevertheless I do the very best I can with the materials I have, but they are very unsuitable; and, moreover, with the water in this neighborhood, there is often mixed a strange poison which bewilders me, and sometimes turns me upside down." Thus, a little defalcation or derangement in one of the partners carries bankruptcy and confusion into the whole bodily firm. This will serve as an illustration. The different organs of the spiritual system—intellectual, sensitive, and moral—are also united by sympathy and mutual dependence; if you get one of them into the habit of vigorous and healthy action, the others will assume, to some extent, a corresponding action. Quicken the heart, for instance, and intellect and conscience will wake up; touch

conscience, and intellect and heart will leap; arouse intellect, and its associated sensibilities will be more or less stirred. With what godlike energy does even a sluggish mind move when brought under the power of some strong passion! How often does the Gospel, by quickening conscience, exalt reason! In proportion as it is believed by a man or a people, both heart and intellect beat more quickly, and the individual and the state steadily ascend. So, too, improve intellect, and you improve, as a general rule, conscience. I grant there are exceptions: quickened intellect may be attended with dormant, rather, *perverted* conscience; but this only proves that something more than intellect is necessary, not that quickened intellect does not tend to quicken conscience. There is also mutual *dependence* among the different powers. Confine attention to intellect and it may act perversely, not because it does not act strongly, but because it has not right premises. The most important truth is moral, but the state of the heart materially affects the intellect in its efforts to acquire it: it constitutes a medium through which it is seen. If you put on green glasses, you see the whole creation green; so if you look through a green heart, you see the whole moral world tinged. Why is a father unfit to sit in judgment on a son? why has a prisoner the right to challenge his enemy from the jury-box? why is it so hard to convince the miser, however strong his intellect, of the necessity for charity? or the coward of the necessity for battle? or the sluggard of the necessity for action? or the lover of a wrinkle in the face of his mistress? The heart may also put reason in a wrong relation to truth; may turn it away from the proof; may even silence what it can neither escape nor confute, as Wadsworth's drummer did Fletcher's reader. The heart must be clarified before the intellect can have clear vision on moral mountains. The intellect, more-

over, is dependent on the heart or conscience for impulse; without feeling it would act to no purpose; the stronger the feeling the stronger the mental action: hence the superiority of conscience as a motive power.

Suppose we pay exclusive attention to conscience: we may make it as tender as the apple of the eye, and yet be miserable offenders. A man may persecute his neighbor, sacrifice his child, expose his father to perish, and take his own life, and in all this think that he is doing God service. The feelings of obligation must be connected with right views of duty before we can go into the path of uprightness; therefore, we must cultivate the intellect—the perceiving power. The divisions, strife, enthusiasm, fanaticism, bigotry, etc., in Christendom are chiefly owing to a want of intellectual training rather than a want of religious principle. From this correspondence and dependence of action it follows that you can not educate one part of our nature without influencing others.

But, thirdly, from the *connection between truths*, the scheme appears impracticable. Perhaps there is not an atom, all the relations of which can be described by a human or angelic mind. These relations run backward and forward, upward and downward in a series, the end of which God only knows. So with phenomena: a spark falls upon a shaving, a conflagration ensues; and the whole atmosphere of the globe is so affected that no particle of it sustains the same relation, or will sustain, at any time hereafter, the same relation as if the spark had not dropped; and as to other results, commercial, intellectual, and moral, who shall trace them? So with truths: the most insignificant is a member of a great family, to every member of which it stands related. The law that expands a bubble propels a steam-engine; the principle that wafts a feather wheels the planets.

Who shall say, when he introduces a truth into the mind, where it shall stop? it may lead that mind onward through related truths forever. But let us apply the remark. How can you teach mental philosophy without affecting the heart, directly or indirectly? You can not dodge the questions of the immateriality and the immortality of the soul, the freedom of the will, the immutability of moral distinctions; and to discuss them would be to mine in the depths of theology. You may be willing to skim the superficies, but what shall keep your *students* from the profundities? Nothing, if only you have *educated* them. Do you teach the *history* of philosophy? it must be either in the form of a dry genealogy, or a warm genesis of the human mind; if the former, it is a misnomer to style it history or philosophy; if the latter, you must go with your pupils to the depths of heart and conscience. Do you teach rhetoric? what more interesting or fundamental topic does it embrace than the rules of evidence? How can you learn to persuade without learning to convince? and how learn to convince without treating of evidence? and how treat of evidence without bearing upon the very foundations of the Christian faith? According as you instruct upon this point will your pupils be inclined to receive or reject Christ, or prefer this or that creed or Church. You may not intend this result, you may not trace the process; but the result is inevitable, and the process traceable. Do you teach logic? you may easily teach it so as to incline the pupil either, on the one hand, to be a sophist, or, on the other, a reasoner. You may so select his authors and examples, and so arrange his exercises as to give him a bias toward either Bacon or the schoolmen. Though the principles of the science are invariable, their applications may be very different, and so may the mental habits and moral results to which those appli-

cations respectively lead. Perhaps you say that these are not suitable subjects for the common mind. Well, lay them aside. History is certainly fit for any school, but how will you teach it? If you give any thing more than a chronological chart, you must impart much moral and religious instruction. *Man* is in history, *God* is in history. You must treat of the rise and fall of religions as well as empires; of dark ages and light ages; of corruptions and reformations. Will you shut out the history of the world, and open only the history of our own country, which can scarce be said to have a history? Even there you must read of paganism, and Puritanism, and ecclesiasticism, and Antinomianism, and Quakerism, and witchcraft, and freedom, and slavery; and can you be silent on all these points, even under the probings of vexatious questions? He who studies history studies to little profit if he merely mark events; he should trace them to causes, should analyze and generalize, should go from effects to agents, through plans and purposes to motives, and through motives to principles. Do so, and where are you, but in the question of Divine providence and speculations concerning its future operations and final results? Every-where images and examples rise upon the heart, and arguments and reasons gather over the mind to teach the inevitable ruin of vice and the final triumph of virtue. Who has not heard of "Butler's Analogy," which proves that providence and religion run side by side?

But let us limit the studies of the school to the natural and exact sciences. Even here we may not be able to avoid the conscience and the heart. Moral truth may start up and refuse to "down" at our bidding. Direct your eyes either to the earth or the heavens, you see displays of wisdom, power, goodness: these are abstracts—where is the concrete? these are attributes—where is

the Being to whom they belong? So grand the demonstrations of God on the pages of modern astronomy, and so simple the process by which the mind may ascend from them to God, that a great man has pronounced a halt in it as proof of insanity. "The undevout astronomer is mad." Who may prevent a child from ascending from creature to creator—from exclaiming, "Great and marvelous are thy works, Lord God Almighty!" or from descending from the general conclusion to specify inferences: such as, "When I consider the heavens," etc.? From masses do you turn to atoms, and from attractions at *sensible* distances to attraction at *insensible*. Here, then, is chemistry. One of its first truths is the law of definite proportions—a law deemed by many one of the clearest demonstrations against Atheism that creation affords. To some minds all the fires of the crucible denote the finger of God. Parke's chemical catechism is as full of theology and thanksgiving as of science. Perhaps the dryest of all the natural sciences is anatomy—it is a valley of dry bones—yet to an ancient anatomist, Galen, every bone of the skeleton was a verse, and every joint a stanza in a hymn of praise to God; and a modern anatomist, Sir John Bell, has written a treatise to prove, from the human hand alone, the being and natural attributes of the Almighty. And what shall we say of geology? which, affording evidences of repeated acts of creative power, new illustrations of Divine goodness, enlarged conceptions of Divine plans, conclusive proof of a superintending Providence over the globe, and his special interference from time to time with his general arrangement; and which, teaching that the material universe had a beginning, that fire and water are the chief agents in effecting its changes, that the work of creation was progressive, that man was the last of the animals created, and that he has been but recently introduced

into the world, has important connections with both natural religion and revealed. Indeed, all the natural sciences have relations to theology at all points—they are “Bridgewater treatises.” God is the center and circumference of science. Trace any ray of scientific light upward, or trace it outward, to farthest east or remotest west, and you find one law, one God and Father of all, who is above all and in all. What shall prevent the pupil from crying out, “Whither shall I go from thy Spirit, or whither shall I flee from thy presence?” Who shall enable us to imprison our pupils in spiritual diving-bells, by which to shut out Him in whom they live and breathe, while they dive into the boundless ocean of his wisdom, and love, and power? Suppose we lay aside the natural sciences, and confine the studies of the pupil to reading, writing, and arithmetic. Well, what shall we read? what shall we write? what example shall we spread upon the blackboard? Seeing the intimate relations of truth you must draw black lines around almost every page. You must make the Index Expurgatorius as long as the catalogue of books. It were easy to write copies that might set the heart on fire: such as, “All men are born free and equal;” “All men have inalienable rights, among which,” etc. Ah! that *et cætera* might point the hero’s sword or form the martyr’s heart. It is already undermining all thrones but God’s. Dr. Channing’s antislavery feeling was kindled by one of his earliest copies, which was in these words: “All men are free when they touch the soil of England.” “Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners;” this simple line might work like leaven in the heart of the child, and through it in the heart of the nation. So examples in arithmetic and algebra might be so framed, either by accident or design, as to lead to the solution of the sublimest moral problems.

Fourthly. The absurdity of the scheme appears from the connection between the different methods by which a teacher influences his pupils. What is the teacher? When he teaches arithmetic, he is not a mere slate; when he teaches penmanship, he is not a mere handwriting on the wall; when he teaches reading, he is not a mere alphabet moved by a learned pig; he is a *man*, a whole man, and nothing but a man; and though you may hire him for *intellectual* service only, yet he will give you *moral* service or disservice. You can not have one side of him move while the other stands still. Many men seem to be under the delusion of a certain selfish southerner, who had a wife and child, and owned one-half of a negro named "Harry," and who prayed that God would bless him, and his wife, and his son, and his son's wife, and his *half* of Harry. Men generally are in no danger of this sort of delusion; they know that one side of a man can not well go without the other. When they employ a man to work with his hands they do not expect him to leave his eyes and ears at home; when you elect a senator you know that you do not merely send a pair of premises to Congress; and yet in regard to the school-master we seem to adopt the views of certain philosophers, who look upon the brain as the mind, and suppose that while one side of it is asleep the other may be awake, thinking out its fractions of ideas and sentiments. The teacher has a moral nature, and so has the child; and you can no more bring them together without having a mutual action, than you can bring salt and water together without having a saline solution. The most *oppressed* man is still a man. You may hitch a slave to your cart with the ox, or chain him to your door for a watch-dog, but you can not reduce *God's* child to *man's* brute; he will still operate upon your moral nature and that of your family—it may be fearfully and forever.

The teacher may give no didactic instruction in morals or religion, and yet be a powerful moral educator. Voltaire did not systematize or argue, yet he did more to demoralize Europe than all its philosophers. He wisely preferred epigram to argument; for though few can reason, all can laugh; while logic is soon forgotten, wit can be retained, and relished, and retailed; and though ridicule is not the test of truth, yet derision is a *practical* fallacy, as it leads us to reject without examination whatever has been its object. Peter Aretin perhaps subdued more princes with his lampoons than ever did Alexander with his sword. If the teacher be disinclined to wit, he may resort to sophistry; he need not mention any faith while he upsets in the youth's mind all faiths, or he may supply a false premiss, and let the mind go forward in correct reasoning to wrong conclusions; he need not state his false premiss, but merely allude to it as among curiosities or axioms. He may point out fallacies in the reasonings of others in such a way as to mislead. Every system may be supported by invalid reasoning which is supposed to be correct merely because it leads to a true conclusion. Let a man select some of these fallacies used in support of truth, and construct similar ones whose inconclusiveness shall be apparent, and he need not point out the parallelism; he may leave the young mind to scent that out, and trust to it to proceed to a fallacy of its own; namely, that of denying the truth of a conclusion because certain premises used to prove it are false. Men may argue without syllogisms, may wrap up a couple of premises in a single word, and bring out a conclusion in an exhortation, as did Pilate's wife in a certain message to her husband. They may reason when they appear to be inquiring, as did the most profound of ancient reasoners—Socrates—habitually. Indirect instruction is all the more vivid and permanent for being

indirect; the mind goes with its utmost speed when the guide, having put it upon the track, leaves it to itself. An explosion is none the less sure or less violent because the train is concealed. Men do wrong to sneer at little errors as though they were harmless. A little unarmed boy may slip a bolt at midnight and let armed enemies within the citadel. Hints from a man who dare not speak out may not be powerless. There is a doctrine which teaches that infinitesimal doses are most active. Whether homeopathy be true or not, the soul is apt to feel moral poison even in its decillionth dilution, especially if it be in the shape of forbidden sugar, for the prohibition produces a morbid sensibility.

But let us suppose—what is impossible—that you could reduce the human tongue in the teacher's mouth to a tinkling cymbal. He would still have a face, and this would be something more than a picture. Truth and lies, arguments and sophisms, hints and inuendoes, might play around it like lightning on the face of the thunder-cloud. Suppose you cover his face with a cowl, he will still put eloquence in his attitudes and movements. Who has not heard of the pantomime? The pointing of a finger, under certain circumstances, might arouse an army, and make all the difference of defeat and victory. Lovers may court by signs and wonders. If the teacher's person were concealed, you could not conceal his spirit. Ah, how often does this silently breathe its image upon a fellow-spirit! In utter weakness it may win conquests, and call forth the exclamation, "Though your arguments are worthless, your *spirit* has subdued me;" and spirit may reach spirit even though both be deaf and dumb.

Then there is a power—from which no man can divest himself—example—more effective than any other method of instruction, and which no caveat can cancel. Who has not heard of the fable of the frog that exhorted his

offspring to walk upright? The influence of a master, however he may be trammelled, will always be great. "*Iipse dixit*," cries every qualified instructor's pupils with something of the same feeling as the pupils of Pythagoras did. They are taught to take his statements in some things; they find them reliable so far as they can verify them. What shall prevent them from transferring the credibility with which they receive one class of his dicta to other classes, and, *a fortiori*, what shall prevent them from feeling the influence of his life? You might as well put a child in the fire, and pray that he may not be burnt, as put him under the care of a vicious master, and hope that he will not be vicious. The contagion of example, like the malaria of cholera, works silently, insensibly, constantly, widely. Even men can scarce resist it—how then shall children? Think not a few cautions will save them. Behind their little eyes are active brains; and little as you think of it, they are capable of going through the most complicated processes of reasoning without knowing any thing of logic. They read countenances, they trace thoughts, they scent inconsistencies as the war-horse snuffs the battle from afar. What one Roman once said to another we may say to the teacher, "Thou shalt live so beset, so surrounded, so scrutinized by vigilant guards, that thou canst not stir a foot without their knowledge. There shall be eyes to detect thy slightest movement, and ears to catch thy wariest whisper;" and we may add, if thou art evil, thy careless look, or movement, or whisper may telegraph lies in immortal souls or fire trains upon the track of distant magazines. No district would put the small-pox in the school-house, yet vaccination is some protection against it; but there is no prophylactic against the virus of a bad example. Equally operative is a good example. What though the good man be blindfolded and speech-

less, still he is a good man. As well suppose that your children can gambol and sing upon the bosom of some flowery mountain without breathing its fragrance, and catching and bearing onward to eternity its forms of beauty, as that they may sit at the feet of a good man, day by day, without receiving the impress of his soul. He is a tree planted by the river's side; his branches shall spread, and his beauty be as the olive-tree, and his smell as Lebanon; and what though he dare not speak, they that dwell under his shadow shall return—they shall revive as the corn and grow as the vine. And who does not know that the impressions made upon young minds are lasting, like the image which Phidias wished to perpetuate by stamping it so deeply in the buckle of his Minerva that it should be impossible to obliterate it without destroying the statue itself! "Take heed that ye offend not one of these little ones."

Fifthly. We may show the impracticability of the scheme we are considering by the relation which the hearer sustains to what is uttered. I know that as in the natural world—as a general rule—like produces like, so in the moral the harvest is according to the seed. But as in the former climate, and soil, and prior cultivation have their influence upon the crop, so in the latter constitution, and education, and habits of association affect the germination and growth of that which is sown. In the road over the Andes there is a half-way house where the ascending and descending travelers meet for refreshments. Here, under the same temperature, those who have just come from the chilling breezes of the summit are panting with the heat, while they who have just quitted the sultry valleys of the base are shivering with the cold. Could we make the school-house a half-way house on the Andes of thought, so various are the moral elevations from which the children come, that what might

chill the hearts of some might inflame those of others. In any Christian city you may find some families who breathe the air of heaven, and others who are as perfectly Pagan as are the inhabitants of Shanghai, and to whom a just conception of God would be a new revelation. A word, an allusion, a definition, an incident that might make one soul glow like a furnace, might leave the other like ice.

The associating principle has immense influence on minds; it, in a very great measure, determines the effect which a truth shall have. Mr. Hartley, Sir James Macintosh, and others have applied it to explain the origin of our moral sentiments. It is that property of our minds by which any object or state of consciousness—whether image, thought, or emotion—has a tendency to recall other states or objects of consciousness with which it has, in some way, been previously connected. Every thought received into the mind by its relations of time, place, cause and effect, resemblance or contrast, awakens a train of thought previously in the mind; its influence, therefore, depends upon the stores of knowledge which the mind possesses and its associating habits, as the result of the chemical test depends upon the affinities of the solution into which it is dropped.

Tell me that I shall say nothing to influence the moral character of those under my care, and you tell me nonsense. As well say that I shall restrain the atmosphere from bearing my breath in any direction except toward the north pole. They who forbid moral instruction generally overlook the fact that it is constantly going on. Though the school might not teach morals, the playground, and the street, and the market, and the tavern, and the promenade, and the auction-block, will. Though the teacher do not teach the written decalogue, there are plenty of masters to proclaim an *unwritten* one: lust, and

stealing, and blood, and Atheism preach without any license. Let the youth grow up and choose religion and morals for himself, and he may choose himself into the penitentiary long before he is fully grown. Men often *complain* of the ease with which the young mind receives a *religious* bias; but they ought to think of the greater ease with which it receives an *irreligious* one. The early age at which vicious tendencies appear, the prevalence of wickedness all through the world, the proneness of nations to degenerate, the acknowledged difficulties of virtue, and the shocking details of human history are familiar to all, and show that without resistance the soul must be borne downward.

But if any still object to the education of a child's moral nature, let him reflect upon that nature. It is the moral nature that gives us ideas of right, of duty, of obligation—next to that of God, the noblest conceivable ones; it is this which harmonizes the jarring elements of the breast; that alone can gird will for its conflict with passion, arm the soul with strength in every difficulty, patience under every pain, and a might that braves all the powers of hell. The idea of right may be misdirected, the impulse to right may be misleading, the approbation of conscience may be misapplied, but still that idea is the greatest of all, that impulse of more value than the universe, and that approbation the richest reward that heaven can bestow. The moral nature is necessary in order that we may understand the character of God or receive a revelation of his will. It alone enables us to ascend the scale of being. However undeveloped a human mind may be, it has in it the elements of all intellectual combinations. So if a man have a moral nature he has the elements of virtue, and may ere long ascend the skies. The child at the breast that has but just caught a glimpse of the idea of right is a nobler

being than the ancient archangel that has lost it. What though that archangel penetrate all mysteries and obtain all knowledge; what though he take up the isles in his intellectual scales and the hills in his mental balances; what though he measure the heavens with his astronomical rod, and weigh the planets with his mathematical steelyards; what though he combine all beautiful forms; and utter all the languages of earth and the harmonies of heaven; yet without a sense of right to guide him he would be no angel, no man—only an awful reasoning brute. He would need a chain to bind him; and the more glorious his faculties, the stronger must be that chain. True, he might be governed, as a tiger, by fear; but how else than by chain or fear, if the idea of right were absent from his soul? We could admire such a being as we admire the whirlwind or the earthquake, but we could not *love* him any more than we could the steam-engine. To him blasphemy, perjury, murder would be as worship, and song, and beneficence. Though he might remove mountains, he could not be “just;” though he might sacrifice himself, he could not be benevolent; though he might wallow in lust, he could not feel shame; and though he might spread ruin around him, he could feel no remorse; he could have no aspiration for purity, no drawing toward God. So would a *man* be without a moral nature. Unhappily the world has given some illustrations of this remark. Dr. Rush has given one case, Dr. Crawford another, and Dr. Haslem a third. These are familiar to the readers of philosophy. I have received from a colleague—Dr. Merrick—the following, which fell under his own observation:

“S. G. in early life gave singular indications of a total want of the moral nature. Almost as soon as he could speak his mouth was filled with cursing and deceit. He would steal whatever he wished, and from his best friends

as soon as from any other; but he was careful to guard against detection. He was utterly unmanageable at school. He possessed sound intellect, an acute apprehension, a good judgment on all but moral subjects, and a ready memory; but his passions and propensities were without any regulator except his sense of interest. For amusement he set fire to the house in which his parents dwelt. When six or eight years old he took a dislike to an infant brother, which on one occasion he threw into the hog-pen, on another buried alive in the ground, and on another threw into a well, the child strangely escaping in each case with its life. As he grew in years he grew in wickedness, till, when about eighteen years old, he took a young child belonging to a sister, and, carrying it into the woods, literally pounded it to death. For this he was sent to the state prison at Charlestown, Mass. Here he refused to submit to discipline, and the authorities were unable to subdue him. He had never labored, and declined doing the tasks assigned him. As a last resort, he was placed in a cistern, where he was obliged to work a pump or allow the water to rise above his head; he allowed it to rise, and was taken out only when life was nearly extinct. He was at length pardoned. He had now become an incarnate fiend. Not only women and children fled from his presence, but men. Many breathed easier when he ceased to breathe. I do not know that I ever saw any thing in him which indicated a moral susceptibility, nor did I ever hear of any thing that did. He was insensible to kindness, and incapable of any attachment except that of the beast for his fellows of the pasture."

Parent, would you have your son, for a score of years, or even a year, in such a state? Would you not rather follow him to the grave? Well, remember that, though congenital cases of this kind are rare, artificial ones are

not—the conscience, by bad cultivation or neglect of cultivation, may be *seared* as with a hot iron.

God has given you a son with all the elements of a man; day by day you watch and pray over his unfolding powers, and rejoice especially to mark the ideas of right, and duty, and gratitude—the feeling after God—the aspiration after a better state. How painful would it be to see the light of his fine eye go out, or the power to guide his feet or stretch his arms fail, and then to see the light of reason, and imagination, and memory slowly extinguished, leaving him an idiot in your arms! But still you could carry him with tenderness if only there were left the idea of right, the power to love the good, to be grateful for your kindness, and to breathe after a higher life. But, O, to see the light of conscience go out, and though the *form* of man be left, though the intellect blaze forth with celestial brilliancy, yet the power of self-government, and the power of being loved, and the connection with good men and angels, and the sympathy with God, is gone. Let us have “blue laws,” puritanical strictness, any thing, rather than uneducated, neglected, put-out consciences.

But the objectors generally say, “Teach morals, if only you do not teach dogmas.” But what morals? Of course, you would not allow us to teach of the ground of moral obligation—perhaps you will tell us of the rule of life. Shall I go to the Spartan, who bids the youth to steal, and praises him if he cover the theft; who allows a large margin of licentious indulgence to the husband, and a limited compensation to the wife; who permits the master to kill his slave, and commends him if he commit suicide himself? or shall I go to the Roman; who says, “I will avenge all injuries according as I am provoked by any,” and who thinks no lie should be used in contracts? Shall I go to the Mohammedan, who tells me to

give alms to the widow and orphan, pray five times a day looking toward Mecca, make the pilgrimage to the Caaba, and eat no meat during the fast of the Ramadan? or shall I go to the modern moralists, who, having burst the shackles of the priesthood, have poured such floods of light upon the subject?

“No, no,” I fancy the objector says, “we can agree that the decalogue and our Savior’s summary of it in the law of love to God and man shall be taught in common schools till we can find a better rule of life.” But then how shall we make the pupils receive it? It will not do to say that it is the law of God; this were a religious dogma. Shall we get the civil law to enforce it? But the civil law can not control the heart, and it is the motive which characterizes the moral action. Indeed, the difficulty always has been more in the absence of the right impulse than the right rule.

“Proba meliora
Deteriora sequor.”

The intellect may apprehend the rule as the eyes may see the road, but it can no more obey than the eyes can walk. Well, what motives shall we present? Shall we say, with one philosopher, there is a God, or, with another, there is no God? Shall we say, with Socrates, that God overrules the world, or, with Aristotle, that he is not concerned with any thing beneath the moon? Shall we suppose, with Cicero, that there is a future state, or, with Pliny, that there is none? Or shall we find our motives in modern philosophers, whose creeds, to say the least, are no less contradictory? Suppose we teach that there is one God, that he governs the world, that man is responsible to him, and that there is a future state of rewards and punishments: these are all dogmas, and the skeptic insists on their exclusion. He plants himself upon the

Constitution. The amendment to which he refers was, however, set up as a monument against religious persecution, not as a caveat against religious principle. Had it been proposed in the convention which framed the Constitution to repudiate the Christian religion, or to express indifference to all religions, or to forbid the inculcation of Christian doctrine in the common schools of the republic, who that knows any thing of our fathers does not feel certain that such a proposition would have been promptly rejected? The infidel may, however, go below the Constitution, and insist that society has no right to require him to pay for any thing which is not essential to its existence. But are not religious principles essential to society? Without it, where can you find a sufficient sanction for law, especially in a republic? If we are to have a religion, we are shut up to the Christian religion. We have too much intelligence to adopt any other. And, surely, there is no reason to complain when the public teachers inculcate only those leading truths of the recognized religion of the nation, which breathe in the national spirit, mold the national mind, direct the march of national events, are recognized the world over as the leading principles of the Christian faith, and which all experience shows are the stability of the times.

I grant there is a difficulty in thus limiting our religious instruction. But it may be met by a judicious selection of teachers. Let them be men of true goodness and of enlarged views.

The difficulties spoken of are not peculiar to common schools. The state interferes with morals and religion. It passes laws against profanity, murder, adultery, polygamy, in disregard of the Atheist, the Pagan, the perfectionist, and the Mormon, who respectively may feel *conscientiously* bound to blasphemy, infanticide, the violation of the marriage vow, and a plurality of consorts. The

state also recognizes great religious principles. In her judicial oaths, in her public fasts and thanksgivings, in her designation of time, in her observance of the Sabbath, in all the branches of the government, she recognizes the being and attributes of God, his providence over the earth, and the redemption of the world by Jesus Christ. Should she cease to do so she would practically ordain Atheism. You may say give us neither Atheism nor Deism, Christianity nor Rationalism, in the government, as though you could separate the legislation of a people from its religious and moral ideas. You might as well attempt to separate the Mississippi from its tributaries.

Well, as much religion as we have in the government we may surely have in the school. There is one question to which I would like to devote attention if I had space. May we not safely intrust religion to priests and parents? If so, although we may admit that it is necessary to government, it may not be allowable in schools. Preaching comes too late—after moral character is in a great measure formed; and if any one would trust parental instruction, let him consider the characteristics of this restless, speculative, money-getting, moving, heterogeneous people. The school-house is the great fountain of national character, and sends forth sweet or bitter waters through all the streams of the nation's thought. It must be in the hands of either religious or irreligious men. Let it fall into the latter, and Cataline is at the gate of our Rome.

Miscellaneous Reading.

THAT we may keep within proper limits, let us confine ourselves to two inquiries: How shall we read? and why? And, first, how? My answer is, with scrutiny, reflection, and appropriation.

I say with scrutiny. And this remark is not unnecessary, for often a book is used to dissipate weariness, fill up a vacant hour, or direct our attention from subjects which might lead us to laborious thought. That there are occasions when books may properly be used in this way I do not deny; but books suitable for *such* purposes hardly deserve that name: let them be ranked with toys—well enough for the child, the valetudinarian, the way-worn, and the poor, bewildered one who wanders on the brink of derangement. I speak now of *serious* reading, which ought always to be an exercise of thought. If you find your mind unengaged, lay your book down, lest you form a habit of mental supineness. If it is of great importance, take it up again, but not till you have called your soul to account for its listlessness. Many often read even the Bible merely to satisfy a tender conscience, or conform to a commendable habit, till at length it produces no more impression upon them than blank paper. If they were to pause, search, study, *pray*, over each verse, or if they were to read it in the original language, especially if they were under the necessity of tracing words to their roots, of declining nouns and conjugating verbs, it would be a new revelation to them.

To read with scrutiny implies attention—an active, fixed, penetrating state of mind, which should be directed to the words, the thoughts, the object, and the spirit of the author. We can not apprehend ideas without understanding words, for it is only by words that we can either think or receive thought, or convey it. Many who read words which they can not define, suppose they understand them, more especially if such words are familiar to them. They may, indeed, by a sort of instinct, and they may not. If they do, it is only by supplying conjecturally the words not defined. In matters of importance it behooves us to be *sure* that we are right. Most words have synonyms; but if they have been correctly used, they can not well be exchanged for others. Let us see that we give to each word not merely the right meaning, but the right *shade* of meaning. And here you will mark one of the great advantages of classical study; it directs attention closely to words; it qualifies us to trace their relations; it habituates us to scan their uses. You will not infer that we are to define all our words, but that we are to be *capable* of defining them. We must attend to *construction*, no less than words. The same words may be arranged so as to convey truth, or falsehood, or nothing at all, of which we have many examples in the responses of heathen oracles. How often do we read on carelessly! If we understand, very well; if not, just as well; if we get a meaning that satisfies us, what matter whether it is our own or the author's! How differently do lawyers read deeds and wills, replications and declarations, statutes and decisions; the dotting of an *i* or the tense of a verb may make all the difference between defeat and victory. They relate in classic story that a client returned to his lawyer a speech that he had written for him to read to the jury, saying that when he first read it he thought it

perfect; when he read it the second time he began to doubt; and when he read it the third time he thought it miserably poor. "You fool," said the lawyer, "are you going to read it to the jury three times?" Most authors write for the world's *first* reading, and the world rarely gives them a second. In general, books are read superficially; if addressed to the imagination and the passions, because it is *useless* to fathom them; if addressed to the reason, because it is *difficult* to do so; if of irreligious character, because they fall in with the current of human thought and feeling; and if of opposite tendency, because they are unwelcome to the heart. How many sublime passages in the prophets, the Psalms, the evangelists, are of no meaning, because we do not make ourselves acquainted with their force! Let us give every book a third reading, or, at least, its equivalent, before a final passage. Hence, it would be well for us to have always upon the table an English dictionary, and a Biographical, a Geographical, and a Scientific one, that we may understand the allusions and feel the full power of the author. A good book read with constant references, whenever necessary, to maps, history, and authority, is worth a cart-load read superficially; it exercises our highest faculties, extends the circle of our information, and revives, deepens, and applies knowledge previously acquired. From the ideas of the author we must ascend to his design. Many have read Homer's Iliad, for example, without ever comprehending its purpose; yet it is not till we see the lesson it is designed to impress—the importance of fraternal union—that we can fully appreciate the great poet's power. How can we judge of a book without considering the intention with which each illustration, argument, deduction, and figure is introduced, and the relation it bears to the writer's ultimate purpose? A thing absolutely strong may be relatively

weak; a thing absolutely impotent may be relatively mighty; a strong chain may be rendered useless by one missing link; a feeble beam may become powerful, if it leap out of the timber in answer to the stone that cries out of the wall. Nor should we fail to consider the *spirit* of the author—the habitual nature of his feelings, and their particular state when he penned his production. Thus the spirit of Shakspeare is genial; of Young, gloomy; of Milton, grave; of Byron, bitter and malignant. Yet no one of them has written all his works in the same mood. Compare, for example, the *Don Juan* and the *Hebrew Melodies*. Without appreciating the spirit of an author, we can neither understand the meaning, nor measure the intensity, nor fix the comprehension, which we should ascribe to his expressions. The same words are of far different meaning and force in the mouth of anger and the mouth of love; the same phrase in *Solomon's Song*, and in *Moore's Melodies* might inspire feelings as different as would an angel in light and a woman in scarlet. There is one book which, in consequence of its antiquity, its pre-eminent importance, and its inspiration, should be read with *special* aids; that is, commentaries. I refer now to such as are critical; of which Adam Clarke's is a fine example, though, like the sun, it has spots. There are separate commentaries on particular portions of Scripture which will generally be found better than any universal one. I wish we had writers who had done for other books of the Bible what Lowth has for *Isaiah* and Horne for the *Psalms*. The diffuse commentaries, abounding in reflections which had better come from your own mind, you will generally find watery; you may obtain ideas from them after long waiting, but they will not be your own, and they will be received in a distended and weakened mind. Educated men often read the Bible better without commentaries.

Let them have a good Bible dictionary and a work on Archæology; an acquaintance with the original tongues, and with ancient history and geography, and they need not fail to find the meaning of holy oracles. Moreover, they will study with a mind more awakened, more independent, more cautious, more critical, and more reverential, too, as the principal and the auxiliary, the divine and the human, will not be so intimately blended. Were commentaries all destroyed, the Bible would become a California, where every man, assured there was gold, would wash his own sand.

To *scrutiny* should succeed *reflection*. We should not only examine superficies, but penetrate, revolve, evolve, separate, compare, combine, till "out of the cater comes forth meat, and out of the strong comes forth sweetness." We should seek not merely for the melody of the cadences and the beauty of the images, but the validity of the judgments, the weight of the matter, the value of the conclusions, the additional illustrations and arguments by which the statements and reasonings might be corroborated, the relation which the facts bear to our previous knowledge, and the various uses to which the information imparted may be applied; or, on the other hand, the exceptions which have been omitted, the blunders which have been committed, the inconsistencies into which the author has fallen, and the inapplicability of his subject to useful purposes. A book read with reflection is like the imaginary gold concealed in the vineyard of fable, which, causing the possessors to dig deep all over their grounds, formed in them habits of eager industry, and gave to their soil an unsuspected productiveness. Men too often, either from a want of information or want of independence, from an overweening confidence in the author or an incorrigible indolence in themselves, from an unpardonable haste or an unfortunate weakness, re-

ceive all that they read. Such minds are like human life, never in one stay. Their philosophy is grass; in the morning it cometh up and flourisheth; in the evening it is cut down and withereth. If you would know their present state of mind, ask what book they have last read. "They are ever learning, but never able to come to a knowledge of the truth." Their minds are as blackboards overspread with symbols, which by cancellation yield only zero. If they happen to be pastors or teachers, woe to their flocks or pupils, for they are to be led through a maze; if they are doctors, woe to their patients, for they must taste a little of every thing. Happily such persons have but little force.

There is a great want of reflection among mankind; the multitude in all ages has sunk into the grave without thinking; and the few that have not, with here and there an exception, have been occupied with the thoughts of others rather than their own. A few sovereign minds divide among themselves the realm of reason, giving opinions as decrees. No sway more perfect than theirs. Talk not of Russian autocrats in presence of the autocrats of philosophy, who, as God's thinking vicegerents, prescribe routes and limits for the outgoings of human mind, and hunt down those who transgress them as wild beasts of the desert. Hence, notwithstanding unnumbered millions of separate immortal men have lived upon the earth, all the thoughts of the world that have been preserved may be ranked under a few heads: thus, Plato, Aristotle, Confucius, Mohammed, Bacon, Kant. A Cæsar or Bonaparte ceases to rule when he dies; but these mental despots rule ages after they disappear. Aristotle, for example, swayed Europe for more than a thousand years, and still he sways. Columbus will be remembered long as an island or mountain of this continent shall stand above the

waves; but Homer will be known long as a syllable of language lives upon the lips of man. Columbus rules not the lands he pointed out; Bacon does. It would seem, at first sight, that the law of hereditary succession does not prevail among the princes of thought; but, upon examination, we see that young ones are but the children of the old, with altered names. Scarce a new phase in philosophy that is not a mere revival of an old one. The present age is as unreflective as its predecessor; it is one of activity and haste, in which its very facilities are incumbrances; the multitude of its books discourages reflection. Would you form an idea of a man's politics, ask what political paper he takes; would you know his religion, ask what preacher he hears. But do not his opinions direct the choice both of paper and preacher? So you might suppose, but that you find him veering as they do, just as they veer when their masters do. What revolutions are wrought in the masses by the movement of some national convention! "Old things pass away, all things become new;" parties are bought and sold with their leaders, as Russian serfs are bought and sold with the land. Men will not think; they have their thinking done for them—done by machinery. As the Carguero carries the traveler in a chair on his back over the mountains of Quito, so the teacher is to bear the student on his blackboard to the summits of knowledge; as the priest in Siberia ties his devotions to the windmill, and expects every revolution to count a valid prayer, so we expect our ministers to waft our souls to the mount of God; as the steam-horse puffs us, whether we are asleep or awake, to the city, so we expect the book to bear us to the metropolis of reason. Hence, human mind, with increased activity, has diminished fertility; amid advancement in arts, and sciences, and wealth, it is stationary in the higher grounds of intellect-

ual labor; having more leisure, more facilities, more knowledge, more incentives than it has ever had, it is content to be agitated and amused with the successive explosions of the magazine of folly and error, and makes no majestic march in the direction of truth. It trembles to ascend on the stream of borrowed thought to original fountains, as if, like the rivers of Eden, they were guarded by sworded cherubim; it fears to move onward to the ocean, as if beyond the frequented coasts of truth nature inverted her laws. Reflect as you read, cautiously, but freely, boldly.

We should not only read with reflection, but *appropriation*. The mind may comprehend its knowledge, and act upon it, without being able to make use of it; hence, some, though very learned, are far from wise. Their minds are as a storehouse, where all treasures are confusedly mixed; they are walking libraries, and can give you history, philosophy, poetry, and theology, but just as they received it; they have carefully wrapped their talent in a napkin, and buried it, to be disinterred when called for. There are others, who analyze propositions—who consider the relations of facts to others which they have previously acquired, and thus elicit further knowledge, uniting the different colored rays of the mental prism to form a perfect light—who ponder principles till they see new applications of them—who examine arguments till they perceive new truths which they may be made to disclose—who find in one sophism the clew to another. They profitably invest their talents, and give forth knowledge not as they received it, but, though like itself, yet not itself, *more than itself*; the spiritual corn, sinking into their mental soil, dies, and is quickened, and sends forth first the blade, then the ear, then the ripe corn in the ear. Between the knowledge of these two there is the difference of life and death. It is

amazing what power of appropriation a man may acquire. Kossuth may make a speech every day from the conversations of men, who little suspect that the knowledge they receive from him is but that which they have given, though bearing the impress of his mind; he received it as ore, he returns it as currency. See that your soul is not a great cistern, but a great furnace, in which every thing cast must be saved as by fire.

Not every book is to be read with the same degree of attention. Erasmus cries, "I have spent twelve years in the study of Cicero." Lord Verulam responds, "O ass!" Generally that book which has been written hastily should be read hastily. Some volumes have cost twenty years' toil; these should be read slowly, or not at all. Although we may tithe mint, anise, and cummin, we should not be as long collecting the revenue of a poor district as of a rich one. "Some books," says Lord Bacon, "are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested." Of the last class I speak.

The habit of attentive, reflective, appropriative reading may not be easily acquired, nor is any other good habit; but we may say of it what Aristotle says of learning, "The *roots* are bitter, but the *fruits* are sweet." When once it is acquired, it may readily be strengthened, and will afford through life a never-failing feast and an unceasing mental growth. Youth is the time to acquire it, and the best mode is to use the pen; not to transcribe important chapters or beautiful passages to be used as aids in argumentation or gems in composition—a practice which enervates memory and degrades style; nor to construct commonplaces—an exercise much more useful; but to form discourse of your own; this will prove a magnet to gather fragments as you advance, and at once guide and stimulate your further excavations.

But read with an eye to human life. We should not live to read, but read to live. Action is the highest mode of being—

“In the deed—the unequivocal, authentic deed—
We find sound argument.”

The purpose of training a child is not so much that he may read, or write, or speak, but *go*. Mere study is a weariness to the flesh; and however diligent we may be, we can not grow much wiser or stronger by reading exclusively. Books need the illustration of nature and life. The physician, lawyer, doctor, warrior, who should spend life in the study, would not be fit to be trusted. It is only by the *application* of knowledge that we learn its limitations, exceptions, and proper force. Hoarded knowledge, like the hoarded manna of the desert, putrefies; and epicurism in mind, as in body, has its acids and crudities, its flatulencies and constipations. All wisdom and wit that does not promote man's happiness or God's glory is vanity. Hence, while men have ranked philosophers and orators as demigods, they have ranked discoverers and inventors as gods; and properly, since the comet that occasionally flashes up the heavens is less godlike than the dew which, from day to day, and generation to generation, invisibly distills upon the earth.

Neither a nation nor an individual is to be judged by the number of its books. Egypt was crumbling when her Alexandrian Library was the largest in the world; Asia Minor was falling under the blows of Greece when her books were ten to one more than her adversary's; Greece had multiplied her parchments when Rome's hardy legions subdued the Peloponnesus; Rome was filled with books when Alaric sacked the imperial city. On the contrary, Greece had but few writings when she drove back Xerxes, and produced Homeric song; Rome few when she expelled the Tarquins, and brought forth

Brutus; Britain few when she drafted the Magna Charta, and sent the Black Prince to Cressy; and what is more common than to find a man with a large library a very great fool!

Nevertheless, books have their uses; and we come to inquire, secondly, why should we read? The lighter uses of reading—to tranquilize our passions, to assuage our sorrows, to moderate our anxieties, to beguile our journeys, to give interest to our idle hours, to refine the manners and humanize the heart, to awaken the desire for knowledge and form the taste for reading—we pass with a single caveat against a class of books which is usually employed to answer these indications: I mean novels and romances. In condemning them let us not be understood as denouncing *all* fictitious productions; the fables of Æsop, the allegories of prophecy, the parables of Christ, the tales which embellish and impress historical facts, and the illustrations which the pulpit employs with so much grace and efficiency, afford at once authority for fictions and rules for its construction and use. Novels and romances usually offend a pure taste and a sound mind by their gaudy dress, their unnatural characters, and their paucity of instruction; and always tend to weaken the power of attention, to impair the judgment, to divorce the connection between action and sympathy, to give a preponderance to the imagination, to create a distaste for simple truth, and a disinclination both for manly studies and the dull realities of life. Many of them are liable to a greater objection, as, by a Plutonic chemistry, they turn the diamond of virtue into the charcoal of vice. It is alleged that they soften the heart and excite an interest in suffering. Often, however, it is an undistinguishing or a mawkish sensibility, which, while it can weep over the picture of a dead Gipsy, can wring the living heart of a loving father. That by inflaming

the imagination, interesting the affections, and exciting an interest in books, they may be useful to some minds, and, indeed, to most minds in certain moods, must be admitted; but since the good they accomplish may be effected by works of unquestionable tendency, why resort to such as intoxicate while they imparadise, bewilder while they allure, and emasculate while they excite? The higher forms of poetry, philosophy, and religion are sufficiently fascinating and energizing to all the faculties.

Let us come to the higher ends of reading—to inform, to balance, and to stimulate the mind, to form the style and to reform the heart.

To inform the mind. The great purpose of education is to develop and train the faculties; in doing this we must necessarily give some information; but the college, when she graduates, turns you over to testimony or observation. It was the error of the schoolmen to suppose that all knowledge was contained in the soul; hence, they wasted life in seeking to find out external things by agitating their own intellects, as if matter could be made by shaking emptiness. Although the theory of the schoolmen has been exploded, their practice has not. We still need to be reminded that we can not draw conclusions without premises; that from nothing comes nothing, however much it may be agitated. In judging, remembering, analyzing, and generalizing, the philosopher may have great advantages over the savage; but for the *facts* the one is as dependent as the other. An educated young man has fundamental knowledge of nature and life, of history and geography; but let him remember that his knowledge is but fundamental—that he must build upon it, and that his very foundations are liable to decay unless he is constantly carrying forward the superstructure. History, civil, ecclesiastical, and natural, are before him. Of the first two he has an outline—general

notions of the stream of time; names of nations, their rise, decline, and fall; great epochas, leading events, distinguished names, and a table of dates—a mere chart to give interest and direction to the voyage before him. So, too, of natural history—his knowledge is but skeleton, to be clothed and animated by a patient continuance in the study of nature under the guidance of its more eminent interrogators. In this department of learning, if we be not studious we must ever recede. Chemistry, geology, etc., have just passed the pillars of Hercules, and are cutting with their keels an unknown ocean toward an unknown world. Geography, once a fixed, is now a progressive study, following commerce, and science, and Christian sympathy into all regions, and mapping past events, human progress, and providential designs among all peoples. But what shall we read upon these subjects? I give no list of books; but, since by reading according to a well-conceived plan we shall have clearer views and speedier progress, I refer you to some such “Hand-Book of Literature” as Bishop Potter’s. Be not alarmed at the size of the catalogue. What can not be accomplished in one year may in ten; nor are all histories to be studied with equal care. God, in his word, has epitomized the history of many generations, indicated the chief points of attention in the field of later history—the Assyrian, Medo-Persian, Grecian, and Roman—furnished in his providence the most able authors—Polybius, Livy, Thucydides, Xenophon, Rollin, Gibbon, etc.—to illustrate them, and given us a clew to connect their various parts and trace their important bearings. We may pass rapidly, by the aid of Hallam, through the dark region of medieval history, and obtain imperfect glances on the pages of Hume, Robertson, Russel, etc., of the more important events of modern times. For current history we need a well-edited daily, a weekly con-

densing its news, a monthly digesting the literature of the times, and a quarterly converging the mature thoughts of the passing age. Let us not spend too much time upon them; the periodical press is, to a great extent, trash; it caters for society, instead of elevating it; its miscellany is often weak and affected; its essays contentious, deceitful, superficial; its criticisms mere moths, fretting what they can not produce; its intelligence *chiefly* is to be valued. Nevertheless, it is indispensable: it lights up the world, though with gas; it circles the earth, though like the stars, in appearance only; it runs to and fro, though it does not always increase knowledge. There are, too, noble exceptions among editors—men whose essays are worthy to be studied as well for matter as style.

The history of human ideas or philosophy should be pondered. You have seen this tower of Babel at a distance; to mark its successive stories, to listen to the confusion of its tongues, and to trace its moss-grown ruins, is a task at once curious and profitable. Although no book is prepared for this purpose, yet we may extend our explorations by the light of such works as Enfield's or Brucker's. The acquisition of extensive and accurate knowledge of men and things of the past and present is indispensable, as well to a just appreciation of the best authors, as the proper employment of our own powers. It is thus we grow familiar with the muses, and make all nature vocal; thus we evoke Minerva from the brain, and give a harp to our sounding bowels. To philosophy let us add divinity. Concerning the relations of the soul to God, or life to immortality, we can know only what is revealed; for such knowledge it is vain to beat about in nature, or turn upon ourselves, for it is above both. Penetrated with this truth, we should come to the Bible with the docility of a child, and the awe of a prophet.

If you have received it as a revelation, it is too late to cavil, argue, or doubt, concerning it. You must receive a prophet in the name of a prophet if you would receive a prophet's reward. However humbling to the pride of reason may be this unquestioning belief, I enjoin it with the more confidence because you will accord it to something. You *will* seek rest in something infallible. "I am come in my Father's name, and ye receive me not; if another come in his own name, him ye will receive." Alas! there is as much difference between the revelations of Scripture concerning Divine things and the speculations of men, as between the solid world which Columbus discovered, and the dark, agitated, and liquid chaos which, beyond a certain horizon, presented itself to the imaginations of men before the days of that immortal navigator. And here let me advise you to read no skeptical works; they are unnecessary: a proposition and its contradictory need not both be investigated; if one be true, the other is false. You have assented, after satisfactory proof and argumentation, to the truth of the Bible, and refuted the chief objections and arguments of infidels. What more is needed? The contradictory of the proposition may, however, be proved false directly, as well as indirectly, without any examination of infidel labors. It is nearly two thousand years since skeptics undertook to overthrow the Bible, and it is now more firmly, and intelligently, and extensively believed than ever. If the allies of the European west had been bombarding Sevastopol without intermission, with the progressive improvements in the art of war, for two thousand years, and yet found the fortifications of that port now ten times as strong as ever, you would conclude, without examining their parallels or batteries, that Sevastopol is impregnable. If infidelity finds the Bible a thousand times more firm after it has been arguing

against it for eighteen hundred years, what will it find after it has argued in its most approved style for eighteen hundred years more?

We may take it for granted, that if it had one reliable argument it would in this wicked world be familiar as a household word. Moreover, the arguments of unbelievers are self-destructive; put them in parallel columns, and you may reduce them to zero by cancellation. Ancient infidels believed that Christ wrought miracles by the agency of devils; modern ones believe there is neither miracle nor devil.

If you read these works, they must produce either some effect upon your minds or none: if none, you lose your time and pains; if some, they must either shake your faith or overthrow it; if they merely shake it, they leave you a prey to doubt, which will distress you the more in proportion as you need rest of mind; if they overthrow your faith, they leave you exposed to universal skepticism concerning the past, impenetrable gloom concerning the future, and the wild play of the passions repressed only by very imperfect restraints.

Another object of reading is to keep the mind balanced. There are three great causes of mental maladjustment—the hand of nature, the lapse of time, and the pursuits of men. The college course has been wisely arranged to develop and train all the faculties; and although it does not correct all irregularities and make all minds symmetrical, it may, when properly pursued, prevent intellectual deformity. On leaving college we gradually undergo alterations: the sensibilities and the will gain upon the intellect; desire of action, power, money, fame, increases and rages, and in the conflicts of life we acquire a persistence, a firmness, a steadfastness, which we had not before exhibited: the intellectual states are also affected—imagination and memory lose power, ab-

straction and reason gain. Occupation will modify these changes. As the foot of the Indian becomes fleet, and the eye of the sailor far-seeing, so the mind of the lawyer becomes acute, of the physician sagacious and practical, of the clergyman speculative and comprehensive. A discerning person can, at a glance, determine a man's profession, so deeply does it impress itself upon mind and manners. We should strive to prevent this daguerreotyping influence, and to secure a free movement for all our powers. Hence, if imagination begin to fail, read poetry; if business absorb the mind, study history till its characters, its events, its philosophy, arrest the attention and eclipse the trifles of the passing hour; if in the multitude of objects and amusements your mind is losing its concentrativeness, recur to mathematics, which, like a moral ladder, will keep you watchful as you ascend from round to round; if in the whirlpool of life you grow content with swimming superficies, return to the diving-bell of philosophy; and if in your association with the mass you become averse to ratiocination, and prone to take principles on trust, to leap to conclusions, and to argue *ad captandum*, go to the gymnasium of the schoolmen. There are, however, many works equally strengthening and more accessible than those of scholasticism: such as Chillingworth's defense of Protestantism, which it is said Daniel Webster read once a year to sharpen his logical skill; Fletcher's "Checks," of which a lawyer and an enemy said, "This argument will hold water;" Berkley's Minute Philosopher, which it is stated Robert Hall was accustomed to read regularly before he commenced that mighty and majestic movement of mind which often made his pulpit like unto Mount Sinai; Wesley's Sermons, as clear in logic as fervent in rhetoric, like the sea of mingled glass in apocalyptic vision—with lightning penetration he cleaves the forms of error till he reaches

the reservoir of first truths, and, with a profound analysis, he not only guides you *into* the depths of pagan metaphysics, but *out* of them.

There are who object to this direction, and think that a man should concentrate all his powers upon his profession—if lawyer, he should let all his wisdom run to subtlety; if poet, to fancy—and who look suspiciously on one who ventures beyond his ordinary range, as if he were doing injustice to his patrons. True, in order to shine we must converge our light; equally true, that we can not illustrate our own profession without ascending or *descending*, if you please, into others. We could not so easily survey a plain by walking continually within it as by ascending some eminence that overlooks it; nor could we form a just idea of the magnitude of a mountain without descending to the lower peaks. I believe in the communion of sciences as well as the communion of saints. It was the boast of Voltaire that he had discovered the island of England, so ignorant were his countrymen of its literature. There are many learned bodies to whom mathematics and poetry are unknown lands, and who think of law as good only for horse-thieves and physic for cutting off legs. Did the peculiar genius of the French cease to shine after they had been introduced to Bacon and Newton, and would gentlemen be less fitted to adorn one profession by some knowledge of another? Name a science to which any profession does not stand related or from which it may not draw illustrations and proofs. Name a man that has carried forward his profession who is not of general and varied reading and study. How did the Chinese become sluggish, or the monks of past ages mentally blind, but by shutting themselves up? How have some of the greatest philosophers become short-sighted by confining their attention to minute points? Be not a “Know-Nothing” in

your profession, rather a "Know-Something" out of it; and remember that diverse knowledges may dwell together like soul and body. But what if your reading can not all be made tributary to your profession or pursuit? You have a higher mission—the cultivation of yourselves. He is narrow-minded, indeed, who will not visit a neighbor's hearth unless he can bake his own cakes upon its coals.

Another object of reading is to form the style. Works of rhetoric should be studied; but it is not by the philosophy of criticism that we can form a habit of writing felicitously. As by associating with gentlemen we acquire the manners of gentlemen, so by reading the best writers we attain to the art of good writing. "It is impossible," said Seneca, "to approach the light without deriving some faint coloring from it, or to remain long among precious odors without bearing away with us some portion of the fragrance." We shall more rapidly improve if we occasionally apply our rules of criticism, that by analyzing the beauties of the author we may more perfectly relish them, and by recognizing the principles upon which they are founded more readily reproduce them. Moreover, every author has his faults and imperfections, which we shall be liable to imitate, if we read without discrimination; indeed, so naturally do we transfer our admiration from excellences to blemishes associated with them, that we are as prone to imitate the *vices* as the *virtues* of a model. We should not confine ourselves to a single writer, however excellent he may be, lest he bore our ears through with an awl. Happily there is a great variety of master-pieces in composition. It is not our purpose to enumerate them. Suffer me to remark that, as a general rule, the older authors, who, writing before learning became widely diffused, addressed themselves to educated minds rather than the populace, such

as Addison, Swift, Goldsmith, Pope, Cowper, and Young, are preferable; there are, however, recent writers whose style is beautiful, as Burke, Hall, Macaulay, Channing, Prescott, Irving. We should be guided in our selection by our peculiarity of genius—for each man has a peculiarity of intellectual character. Some men excel in the sententious style, others in the flowing; some are bold and figurative, others simple and delicate. If we are running our peculiarity to an extreme, we must check it by familiarity with a writer of opposite tendency. If you are too figurative, ponder Paley; if too terse, turn to Johnson; if wanting in energy, read Carlyle; if in purity, read Swift; if in elegance, Burke. After all, let us bear in mind that style is of *secondary* consideration. We should never run the risk of weakening our understanding or corrupting our principles for the sake of polishing our periods. I should fear to come within the fascinations of either Walter Scott or Dr. Channing. The more we think and feel, the less we need study style: an overflowing mind, like an overflowing river, will move gracefully; a heart on fire, like a house on fire, will burn sublimely.

Another important object of reading is to stimulate the mind. Let me caution you against attempting to stimulate the intellect through the body in any other way than by taking care of your health. That the soul, like the embryo, is liable to be influenced by that in which it reposes is not denied, but the influence is a general one; the supposition that we can excite imagination by opium, memory by tea, or attention by whisky, as we can rouse the liver by calomel, or the nose by snuff, is a relic of ancient pathology, which located understanding in the brain, anger in the heart, and sensuality in the liver, and sought to purify the soul by purging the body. Yet some still seek to supply genius or atone for

idleness by a resort to stimulants and narcotics, pointing to Lord Byron as an example; but if the bottle could make poets the world would be full of them. It may produce a temporary excitement, under the influence of which men may compose rapidly that which they have matured; and so of narcotics; but the compositions thus produced are not of the highest order; they seem to be the result of a wild and weird inspiration, such as breathes in the Ancient Mariner of Coleridge and the Raven of Poe. Like the henbane which infatuated the ancient pythoness on her tripod, they produce a species of moral convulsion suitable for divination and devil-dealing, and should be reserved for the regions of magic and superstition, or the age of ecstasies and dreams. If you would have a clear, strong intellect, eschew them. In the soul, as in the body, the law is deeply written: "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." Be not deceived; truth is born only with travail; the spirit is enfranchised only with agony. Nevertheless, there are aids to the laboring soul. Is it sluggish, you may rouse it: indirectly by a play of Shakspeare or a chapter of Demosthenes; directly by a book of Milton or a page of Ossian. In selecting for this purpose we must imitate the discretion of the husbandman, who, having learned the varieties of his soil, scatters ashes, lime, and manure, and casts in the wheat, the barley, and the rye each in its *appointed* time and place. To an imaginative mind; imaginative works are the proper stimulants; to a rati-
onative, argumentative ones. If, being tasked, you would excite your mind *at once*, turn to some choice collection of stirring pieces—dramatic, senatorial, or martial—such as start the soul like the tap of the reveille; and when you have given "Hail Columbia" to your heart, give your heart to the pen. But it is not enough to rouse the soul; you must give it material; and there are works which

serve *this* purpose—products of original, profound thinking, and, like leviathans, few and easily distinguished, for they make the sea of thought around them boil like a pot. Some of these are as gas solidified; others as unwrought gold; others like the hound that puts you upon the track of the game. The last are the most valuable; it is easy to let that which is compressed resume its original form or to mold the molten metal; it is more difficult and more healthful to pursue and overtake what has never been caught. Coleridge's *Aids to Reflection* is an example of the first kind; Butler's *Analogy*, of the second; Bacon's *Advancement of Learning*, of the third. Scarce a jar of modern metaphysical gas that has not been expanded from Coleridge; scarce a beautiful fabric of recent time on the evidences of Christianity for which Butler has not furnished the raw material; scarce a discovery in modern science since the days of James II to which Bacon has not pointed; and *yet* they can do more—the nature of the soil varies the crop even from the same seed. The deficiencies noted by Lord Verulam yet unsupplied are scores. All books that contain more than they express, that make the mind pause as it passes, that turn it back upon its own resources, or lead it on to new regions, are invaluable; they are educators; among ordinary books as Socrates among sophists. Most books are afraid to let the readers go alone a single yard, lest they dash their foot against a stone. Leave such to minds that need leading-strings. Seek books like unto blood-hounds, and hie to the chase: there are many such *absolutely*, though few, perhaps, will prove so *relatively* to all minds. Much depends on the reader's genius and habits; there are some men who can make almost any book suggestive, like the raven which, in dry weather, makes the scanty water rise to her beak by dropping pebbles into the hollow tree.

If we have a particular subject on hand, most well-written works on that subject will prove suggestive. In order to write orations, read orations; to write essays, read essays; only see that they are models, as Cicero and Addison. So if we have to write on a particular subject, as the atonement, we may read any strong work on it. Let us guard, however, against imitating the author; and this can be done by making a sketch upon the theme before we read upon it. This we shall not be likely to abandon; for a man loves a club-footed child of his own better than a perfect one of his neighbor's; and whatever thoughts occur to us, being used in our own order, and standing in new relations, are our own, as the waters of the Mississippi are no longer the Mississippi when in the bosom of the gulf. The most suggestive book in the world is the Bible. For thousands of years it has given activity and direction to the best portions of the world's mind. It has been during all this time the fountain of innumerable sermons and books, no two of which are alike; it is suggestive of trains of thought and rhetorical ornaments, of new themes and new arguments, of ever-purer emotions and ampler views; it is an everlasting feast of fat things—a tower, where the watchmen may observe the world's night and hail its morning—a Castalian fountain, fed from perpetual snows—a furnace, ever forging new and glowing forms of wisdom—a ceaseless orchestra of angels, lapping the soul in celestial music—a calm sunlight, consuming the veil that covers mortal eyes—a mountain raised between eternity and time, from whose summit we may look upon both. Above all, this is the book to accomplish the last great purpose of reading—the improvement of the heart, which I must dismiss with a word. I would not undervalue Taylor or Wesley, Gurnal or Baxter, Sherlock or Fuller, but if neither the Holy Living and Dying, the Saint's Rest,

the Christian Armor, nor the Reformed Pastor, can move a cold heart, lay upon it live coals directly from the altar.

One word more. Books are most suggestive and exciting in youth. With you the soil is plowed and the clods broken; cast now the seed into the furrow, that, when the earth mourneth, and the vine languisheth, and the joy of the harp ceaseth, it shall not be as the shaking of an olive-tree or as the gleaning of grapes when the vintage is done; but that your barns may be filled with plenty, and your presses burst out with new wine. The mind cultivated from youth puts on its noblest crown when the almond-tree flourishes, and enjoys a marvelous mental second sight when they that look out of the windows are darkened; judges have given their ablest decisions, physicians exhibited their highest skill, and divines produced their richest works, when the grasshopper was a burden

Necessity of Colleges.*

ALTHOUGH education has become a theme so trite, that it is almost impossible to invest it with interest, yet it is doubtful whether there are not multitudes in our membership, and many in our ministry, who need to be convinced of the necessity of collegiate institutions. And when we contrast the simplicity and purity of our doctrine, and the success attending its proclamation by an uneducated ministry, with the corruption and complexity of the tenets of some old and well-endowed seminaries, and the pride, immorality, and infidelity which often characterize their pupils, we need not wonder that our people are suspicious of colleges, and indifferent to their claims.

With some exceptions, our clergy have outstripped the laity on the subject of education; and having responded to almost every call which the interest or the zeal of an ambitious or enlightened community has made upon them, they find themselves entangled in difficulties and obligations from which our people are not willing to relieve them. Hence, the present is a critical period with our colleges: while not one of them is well endowed, many are dragging out a sickly existence, and some, though "they have a name to live, are dead." True, at our conferences we open our eyes upon these objects

* An address delivered before the Ohio annual conference, and published at its request.

of our care; but it is feared that our look is as the gaze of a galvanized corpse, and our spasmodic efforts to relieve, the erratic motions of powerless muscles. I trust, therefore, you will pardon me for asking attention to some plain and familiar reasons why colleges should be sustained. Entertaining your own views, I regret that you have not selected an advocate better able to express them.

1. Colleges are needed to secure a useful literature. Rich thought is the fruit of cultivated mind, and cultivated intellect implies skillful and diligent training. Skill in instructing, like skill in every thing else, is the product of practice; and since we require artisans to train trees for our orchards, should we not have scholars to train souls for human society? If we generally admired good mind as we do grafted fruit, and if a college could be established with as little capital as a nursery, education, like horticulture, might be left to regulate itself. But, as ignorance does not know its wants, and as large resources are necessary to provide adequate instructors, erect suitable edifices, and afford ample apparatus to attract a nation's youthful intellect to the paths of learning, and open its way to the fountains of knowledge, the Church or the state must endow the seminary. Hence, in general, a nation without a college, is a nation without learning.

Grecian literature was not the product of spontaneous genius. No nation ever bestowed more attention than did Greece, during her palmy days, upon the education of her youth. At this period she kept her son, from his seventh to his twentieth year, in the gymnasium, where his body was trained to endurance and exertion, and his mind enriched with the principles of science and virtue. Athens was a university, of which the Porch, the Academy, and the Lyceum were apartments: Zeno, Plato,

and Aristotle professors: and geometry, tactics, physics, morals, history, poetry, in fine, whatever could qualify to fill the offices of state, or command the armies of the republic—all that could refine the taste, or invigorate the intellect, or inflame the fancy, constituted the course of study; while architecture, statuary, painting, eloquence, heroism, and song, in their grandest exhibitions, furnished alluring illustrations. For ages at this glowing center the brilliant souls of the world were fired; and scarce a ray of intellectual light—save that which issues from the Bible—has met the eyeball of a mortal, that did not start from this central sun.

It was this great university that made Greece the schoolmistress of mankind. No sooner were the lights of Greece, and their reflections at Rome, extinguished, than the world lowered herself into the tomb of the dark ages, from which she did not begin to arise till Charles I, of France, established institutions of learning in every convent and cathedral throughout his dominions. Early in the thirteenth century, the university of Paris being established, and a few years subsequently those of Oxford and Vienna, France, England, and Austria advanced in literature; and it is perhaps owing to these universities more than to all other causes, that those countries have swayed such an overwhelming influence, in modern times, in the affairs of the world. To what do we trace our literature? Whence come the Popes, the Addisons, the Miltons? whence the Pitts, and Sheridans, and Johnstons? whence the Halls and the Whatelys? True, there are remarkable exceptions, in whom genius, fed by an unseen perennial spring, rises like the oak in the desert. But perhaps these very instances are indebted to the fountain of some college for the waters which nourish and refresh them.

2. Colleges are needed to promote the progress of arts

and sciences. Important discoveries and inventions are generally made by educated men. To trace the relations of any phenomenon, and direct it to valuable purposes, requires that patient, systematic reflection which can result only—as a general rule—from proper mental discipline. To notice the tendencies of the magnetic needle was one thing, but to apply it to navigation was another; to observe and register the appearances of the heavenly bodies requires but little knowledge, but to trace the laws in obedience to which they move, demands a mind of the highest order. The princes in philosophy, astronomy, and psychology, were alumni of the college.

3. Colleges are needful to prepare young men for the learned professions. It will cheerfully be conceded that mental discipline is a prerequisite to professional studies. The collegiate course confers this advantage, as will appear from a glance at what it embraces; namely, mathematics, ancient languages, natural science, and intellectual and moral philosophy. That mathematics has a tendency to qualify the mind for strong, patient, and consecutive thought, no one will deny. In this science the soul must keep its eyes wide open, and guide its powers in vigorous, onward movement, till it has evolved the required truth. It may be compared to a long ladder, with smooth and regular rounds: the mind can gain the summit by constant, careful, and progressive motion; but a single misstep, or a cessation of effort, even at the last round but one, and, like the stone of *Sisiphus*, it rolls down to the foot. Lead the mind daily, for successive years, up this ladder, and teach it always to sit down, breathless, it may be, but triumphant, on the last round, and it will be prepared to scale walls of truth which have withstood the rude assaults of the battering ram for successive ages of undisciplined mental warfare.

The study of ancient languages is another invaluable

mode of mental training; one which has risen triumphant from every conflict with utilitarianism, and which, perhaps, will not be banished from the halls of learning, till the sounding of the last trumpet. The chief objection to it, namely, its difficulty, proves its importance. It brings the mind into communion with the master spirits of other and golden ages, and by constantly presenting the most splendid creations of fancy, and the finest models of style, fires the imagination and purifies the taste. It is not unfavorable to faith. God is the author of language no less than of nature, and he has impressed his invisible Spirit upon the one as he has enstamped his almighty hand upon the other. We see the Spirit breathing through the souls even of uninspired men, and writing simple, eternal truth in characters of living light on even the darkest pages of error and confusion. The being and perfections of God stand forth no less vividly in the conversations of Socrates than in the lamps of heaven. There is a world of mind as well as of matter, and language is the medium in which its forms are cast.

We may see God in the clouds of heaven, but yet more clearly may we trace his red right hand in the thunder and lightning of the blind old man of Scio's rocky isle. When France abandoned the study of languages for that of matter and mathematics, she plunged headlong into vice and Atheism. The study of languages opens rich mines of thought, in which the treasures of the noblest intellects of the race have been stored. Account for it as we may, there were ages in the history of ancient states, when mind heaved up mountain thoughts from deep foundations. The floods of time have washed away the glittering dust from the regions of early literature, but left standing the eternal hills with their veins of golden ore. Law still digs in the Tribonian code; physic

explores Galen and Hippocrates; philosophy, even in the eighteenth century, mines in the depths of Aristotle; the student finds his parallelograms and triangles in Euclid; Demosthenes is yet the model of the orator; and there is Homer, like Chimborazo. Hail, blind old bard! The purest streams of modern literature are drawn from classic fountains, and flow in classic beds. Nor can the transparent purity of their waters, nor the value of their treasures be fully perceived by one who is ignorant of the language of Greece and Rome. The classics are necessary to lead us to Siloam's well. Every man is indebted to the lexicon for opening his way to the fountain of life.

The natural sciences are conceded by all to be appropriate means of education. Botany, geology, mineralogy, chemistry, and natural philosophy, opening the secrets of material nature, glittering with recent and brilliant discoveries, and offering the richest rewards to their cultivators, are too fascinating to be neglected in any institution in the civilized world; nor are they without their influence in disciplining the mind; they cultivate habits of attention, abstraction, and generalization; they strengthen the memory and the reason, and furnish beautiful and impressive illustrations for intellectual and moral subjects.

The philosophy of the mind has in all ages been regarded as an indispensable branch of education. It explains the faculties of the soul, and the laws of thought and feeling, and with its kindred sciences unfolds the principles of investigation and reasoning; teaching how to detect and expose fallacy, remove obscurity, develop truth, and show the foundation on which it stands. Mathematics train the mind for that reasoning in which we proceed from one judgment to another founded upon it—the premises being admitted, and the object being

to disclose what is enveloped in previously-admitted propositions. But there is another kind of reasoning which implies investigation, where the degree of evidence for doubtful propositions must be weighed, and the correctness of inductions determined. For this species of investigation mental philosophy offers the appropriate training.

The Bible, concerning itself with the eternal interests of man, belongs to every part of the system of education; any scheme which excludes this must be infinitely deficient. I have sketched the plan of collegiate education as established in England and in this country. It is approved by the greatest minds of both hemispheres; it has stood the test of centuries; it produced the illustrious founders of English literature, and the fathers of the freest, wisest, purest people on whom the sun looks down.

I have spoken of the college course as a preparatory discipline for professional pursuits. There are some parts of it which have special value in particular professions; for instance, the Latin is almost indispensable to the student in law or medicine. All the technical language of these professions has been cast in the Latin tongue, which for many centuries was the only medium of communication in the world of letters, and which contains immense stores of valuable truth, inaccessible to those who have never mastered its grammar. Granted that we have many excellent physicians who have no knowledge of the dead languages; but how few are known beyond the limits of their immediate practice? It is inquired, did not the ancients fall into error? Their theories may be worthless, but their facts are invaluable. Because the scientific *methods* of the present day are superior to those of the ancients, shall we contemptuously cast away the accumulated *experience* of antecedent ages?

Natural philosophy is important to the physician. The heart and arteries are a hydraulic apparatus; the muscles are arranged according to the laws of mechanics; the eye is an optical instrument; the ear can not be studied without a desire to know the laws of acoustics; the lungs are a pneumatic machine; and though the organs of living beings are governed by a set of peculiar laws, yet over these are thrown, as an outside garment, the laws of the inanimate world. He who has ever had cause to suspend a bruised arm, has felt the influence of gravity over the circulation of the blood. Chemistry and botany are intimately concerned with the materials of cure, and ignorance of these sciences is unpardonable in a physician.

All parts of the collegiate course are important to the clergyman, but especially the classics. These will give him access to the fathers, to the documents of the Church, to the works of the reformers; above all, to the Bible, undiluted by translation. What an indescribable pleasure to trace to their roots the words primarily used by the Spirit, and ascertain the precise ideas they were intended to convey! In controversy with the heretic, the skeptic, the schismatic, we often find a knowledge of the dead languages indispensable.

Providence seems to have trained his chief instruments for religious purposes by an elegant education. Moses was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians. Paul was versed not only in Jewish history and law, but in heathen poets, one of whom he quotes with fine effect on Mars' Hill. Did not his education give him influence at Jerusalem, at Athens, and at Rome, and qualify him to plead his Master's cause in the imperial city, and did it not also help him when before Agrippa and the Areopagus?

When darkness and vice had overspread Christendom,

on whom did God fix to bring in the light? Luther was a professor in the University of Wittenburg; Knox a graduate of St. Andrews; Melancthon a professor of Greek; Calvin, Beza, Zuinglius, and their coadjutors, were among the most eminent classical scholars of their age. When, at a subsequent period, the English Church sunk into lethargy, who roused her from her slumbers? Wesley and Fletcher were profound scholars and distinguished linguists. And who were Clarke, and Watson, and Benson, and Bunting?

In the present intelligent age, which plants a college on every inviting eminence, and spreads education wide as the light, the standard of education, in all the professions, must rapidly ascend. That people which suffers not the painter to approach his canvas, nor the statuary his marble, nor the physician his patient, without a cultivated mind, will not turn a listening ear to him who assumes to guide undying souls to truth, and God, and heaven, without having trained his own. In vain you reason with the world against her demands for an educated ministry, while it is educating itself: as well try to stop the granite mountain from bursting upward by volcanic force.

The present age is one of controversy. It seems as though all the elements of faith were dissevered, and brought under the play of new affinities. Error comes forth in numerous and imposing forms, and with bold and powerful advocates. When did classical Catholicism more terribly threaten destruction to the Protestant Church? Infidelity is not what she once was—sly, snarling, armed only with points, antitheses, and puns—but, with face, footstep, arm, worthy an archangel ruined, she ransacks science, nature, antiquity, for intellectual arms: now grinning on the heights of Mexico; now raising her horrid form above the deep; now wandering by night

along the banks of the Nile with a shriveled mummy, and anon examining the tombs and forged chronologies of Asia. Finally assuming the garb of an angel of light, and kindling her taper at Cecropia's fires, she retires to a university, and endeavors, by dint of surpassing learning, and without touching the walls or columns of the Church, to rob her of both altar and God. Such is the enemy; and shall we expect to vanquish him with old weapons? Would you meet the steam-gun with a Roman spear? Up! up! let us anoint our souls for conflict—conflict such as will shake earth's foundations. True, God's word is the only weapon; but shall we not draw it from the sheath of error in which the enemy hath wrapped it, and clean its gleaming edge? True, God's strength must plunge it in the foe; but shall we not wield it with practiced and anointed arm? I fear not for the Church. Like the storm-trained bird, she soars highest in the rage of the tempest. Nevertheless, she must spread a *plumed* wing upon the blast.

Superstition and enthusiasm are rife and ruinous in our times. The one is seen in the observance of uncommanded rites, the other in the substitution of earthly for heavenly ardors. These foes hover on the rear and flank of Israel's host; and having stolen their banners and armor, often make slaughter without rousing resistance. As we can not know them by their armor we must detect them by their shibboleth. Credulity is a still more fearful foe; and never, since the dark ages, has it made more terrible havoc than at present. It is poisoning all the wells of life. Let Israel's captain carry a bottle of logic with him wherever he moves, that he may drop a little of it into every pitcher he draws, and thus detect and precipitate the poison.

Another demand for education in the ministry is founded in missionary enterprises. One hundred years

ago the Church concerned herself but little for the heathen: now she feels guilty if she do not consecrate all her powers to evangelize the world. Her great object can not be accomplished, however, without missionaries; nor is any one well qualified for a mission to pagan lands without a finished education. New languages must be acquired, the Bible translated, and the prejudices of ages overcome. Little would the Careys or the Morrisons have achieved without classical education.

To the clerical profession is assigned, by common consent, the control of literary institutions. Other professions are so lucrative, that no man of distinction will forsake any of them to manage a college: moreover, the influence of religion is found indispensable to college discipline. If a Church will not have an educated ministry, she must consent to see all the literary institutions of the land in the hands of sister denominations; and if so, she will find her sons and daughters, in the next generation, within the pale of those denominations.

I notice a few objections:

(1.) "We are departing from the old landmarks. Were not the preachers of Mr. Wesley ignorant men? and did they not put to shame the learned clergy of the Established Church? Were not our fathers, the Garrettsons and the Lees, before whom the bulwarks of error fell, uneducated? Can not what has been done be repeated?" Mr. Wesley's coadjutors were generally men of extraordinary intellect and energy: some of them were learned and eloquent, and all distinguished by ardent piety and untiring industry. During the lifetime of Mr. Wesley they enjoyed the benefit of his counsel and guidance: they coasted the new continent of theology by the light-houses which he had erected; and when assailed intrenched themselves behind the bulwarks which the classical Fletcher had reared. Upon the decease of the

Wesleys and Fletcher, there sprang up a host of scholars, such as Clarke and Watson across the ocean, and Emory and Fisk in the United States. Few Churches can produce a century of richer literature than that of Methodism. The circumstances of our fathers were different from ours: ignorance was more general, the Church more apathetic, and Methodist doctrines and mode of preaching were novel and alluring.

(2.) "The great body of Methodist clergymen have never had collegiate training." True, and it may be divided into two classes: the one, idle and mortified at their loss of influence, declaim against colleges as though they could maintain their relative importance by striving to arrest the progress of the community; the other, under a feeling of responsibility to God and the Church, make constant efforts to overtake their brethren of better attainments, and lead on their people to the van of Zion's army. The latter, sighing in secret "over the ghosts of departed hours," and lamenting the want of early training, though incumbered by family cares and pastoral duties, and oppressed by poverty and affliction, ascend with fearless foot the rugged heights of science; and though they never obtain a diploma, often reach an eminence where a diploma may be scorned. Sons worthy of Wesley, worthy of Methodism, born and baptized within the walls of Oxford, they are the strongest advocates for learning between the St. Lawrence and the Gulf.

(3.) But it is asked, "Were not the apostles ignorant men?" For the sake of argument, I grant it; but they were inspired: they wrought miracles; they uttered unmingled wisdom; their words were God's. When ministers can raise the dead they may dispense with education. But were the apostles ignorant? Did not Jesus keep them under his pupilage three years, and by a miracle make them all classical scholars? Let a man learn to

read and write Greek, and talk in all the languages of the earth, before he boasts of equal learning with the apostles.

(4.) It is said, "Colleges will be perverted, and the ministry will be regarded as a mere learned profession, to which any man may be trained." In other words, the Church, when she becomes learned, will cease to be pious, and fall into error. Is it so, that the more man knows of the works of the Creator, the less is he disposed to venerate him? What! is not the study of nature one of the employments of heaven? and is not one element of its praises the sublime song, "Great and marvelous are thy works, Lord God Almighty?" Did the study of mind make Locke an infidel, or the examination of nature make Newton a Deist? Do all the forms of error and schism issue from cultivated intellect? We are very fearful of the errors of education: but is there no fear from those of ignorance? Errors do not always issue, Minerva-like, from the Church's brain, but oftener slough off from her gangrened extremities.

According to my observation, true knowledge has a favorable effect on faith. Revivals of religion are as frequent, as powerful, and as permanent in colleges and seminaries as in any of our Churches. Thousands of the brightest ornaments of Zion were converted to God in institutions of learning. I have seen much of Christian character, in all its forms. I have witnessed it in the negro's hut, the sailor's hammock, the Indian's wigwam, the convict's cell, and the rich man's mansion—I have seen it in the ocean's storm, the chamber of sickness, the pillow of the dying, and the house of the dead; but never have I witnessed a more triumphant faith, nor a more lovely exemplification of all the graces that adorn the Christian character, than I have witnessed within the halls of learning. I have never yet known a man to

enter a seminary a Christian and depart an infidel; but many have I known to enter the hall of learning infidels, who are now stars in the firmament of the Church.

(5.) "The ministry is of divine origin, and needs no aid from learning." I grant the office of the ministry is peculiar. The minister is divinely commissioned, qualified, and aided. He has peculiar feelings. While he groans beneath a load that might make an angel cry out, "Who is sufficient for these things?" he pillows his aching head on the bosom of Jesus, and says, in the depths of his heart, "I can do all things, through Christ, which strengtheneth me." His ideas of the soul, its value, its dangers, the necessity of its immediate salvation—his visions of the throne of the final Judge, the fires of the last day, the wine-press of Divine vengeance, and the glory of the redeemed, compel him to be eloquent. When he hears the wailings of the lost, or listens to the praises of the redeemed, or gazes upon the dying victim of Calvary, though without learning, he stands the very personification of wisdom, and without rhetoric the personification of eloquence. Who shall describe the physical energy of the man who sees his fellow upon the verge of a burning house, and lifts the ladder for his rescue? What angel can describe the *intellectual power* of that man who sees his brother's soul upon the very mouth of the pit, and the flames of perdition curling around him?

The minister receives Divine aid. It is stated of a celebrated clergyman, that he dreamed one night that he was preaching, and that the altar was full of angels, looking with interest, first upon him and then upon the audience, marking the effect of every syllable as it fell upon each soul. The next day he preached, and the bare thought of his dream inspired him with unearthly eloquence. But the man of God may, if he will, see by faith a greater sight than this—the eye of Jesus looking

for the purchase of his blood, and watching with anxiety the movements of his lips. The prophet, with anointed vision, saw himself encompassed with chariots of fire; but the preacher sees around him an invisible God. And then there is an anointing of the soul, a sanctifying energy in the word, a preparation of the audience, which spreads a sense of the Divine presence, and makes the entrance of the word give life.

“When one who holds communion with the skies,
And dips his urn where those pure waters rise,
Doth once more mingle with us meaner things,
As though an angel shook his wings,
Immortal fragrance spreads the circuit wide,
And tells us whence his treasures are supplied.”

Notwithstanding all this an apostle says, “Give attendance to reading, to exhortation, to doctrine, meditate upon these things, give thyself wholly to them, that thy profiting may appear to all.”

4. Colleges are necessary to popular education. In vain may government make munificent endowments for common schools unless colleges furnish qualified teachers. To suppose that any man may teach a child is a great mistake. Scarce any employment demands more mental discipline, and furniture, and elevation, than that of the school-teacher. He unites the offices of president, professor, and tutor. He needs to be a walking encyclopedia. Would it not be better to divert school funds to the endowments of colleges, than to neglect colleges, and pay exclusive attention to common schools? From the college there will go forth the qualified teacher; and though there may be a total neglect of the district school, he will soon attract children around him, and draw forth an adequate support. But neglect the college, and your school fund will be squandered—your children abused.

Colleges are the foundations of our liberties—the bul-

warks of our freedom. New England and Virginia colleges gave us Adams, Hawley, Hancock, Jefferson—the lights of the Continental Congress. They furnished the eloquence which roused the colonies, and the bravery which first poured out its blood in the cause of American liberty. To them we are indebted not only for the Declaration of Independence and the American Constitution, but for that general intelligence without which our liberties would be valueless. We owe New England *much* for her Hancocks and Warrens, but *more* for her schoolmasters.

The freedom of a country depends upon its intelligence. Government always shapes itself to the character of its subjects. Go to the regions of darkness, and you find despotism binding on its fetters; and ascending, you find that, as the light increases, the fetters loosen, till you reach the summit, where you have the American Constitution.

Without general intelligence liberty is a curse. Sylla offered liberty to Rome; but she preferred to the proffered freedom a despot like himself, who could shed the blood of six thousand countrymen in a day, and coolly say to the inquiring senate, alarmed at the groans of the dying Romans, that he was merely chastising a few rebels. She thought it better to have a royal tyrant, than to unbind the cords from an ignorant multitude, and let unnumbered daggers leap from their scabbards. How was it under the feudal system? The petty landholders found it necessary to become the slaves of some despotic baron, to protect themselves from a host of inferior but more unreasonable tyrants. Under Charles I, the English people asserted their freedom; but what was the state of things under the Commonwealth? Party against party, and man against man, till Charles II was hailed as a deliverer.

The South American states, with all the advantages of our example, encouragement, and counsel, have failed to establish free government. It is impossible to make a people free in advance of their intelligence. Much as I love liberty, I would not, if I could, wave the star-spangled banner at the head of every army. There are nations who would tear it to pieces in less than twenty-four hours. What shall preserve American liberties? Not armies, nor navies, but colleges and churches.

But it is asked, "Whence the necessity of so much money?" The college should be the depository of the learning of ages. We need a library such as might serve a republic. Many in their veneration for the Bible refuse all other books, and use, with a little variation, the syllogism of the Saracen invader, when he burned the Alexandrian Library: "If these books contain what is in the Koran, they are not wanted; if they contain what is not in the Koran, they ought to be burned." But we hope they will not go so far as to burn our books. If these men build with stone axes, let them not deny us the benefit of modern art. We need extensive apparatus. This is necessary for the instruction of the student. It is requisite for other purposes. Should a Watt, or a Davy, or a Fulton, wish to make experiments, with a view to the improvement of some machinery to extend the dominion of man over matter, the college should present him with the means. Should some new mineral be shot from the heavens, or picked up on the field, the college should be able to effect its analysis. We need an extensive cabinet, to receive from past ages their natural and artificial curiosities, and to treasure up our own, and transmit both to posterity. The college should not be a little tread-mill, but a vast field, embracing the universe in miniature, and offering for contemplation every variety of the Creator's work.

The college should have its professorships endowed, and thus be able to offer its advantages to the poor as well as the rich. If colleges were unendowed, they would be accessible only to the sons of fortune, and consequently would be of little value to community. The sons of rich men, relying on their inheritance, are generally idle, and even when they leave a college with honor, promise little to community. They have no inducement to enter the professions, or into agricultural or commercial enterprise; and the business of teaching they regard with scorn. The great benefit of the college arises from its endowment. It is this which opens its hall to the poor, prevents a monopoly of learning in the hands of the rich, and trains up the vigorous minds of the age to bless their own and succeeding generations.

5. "Men may educate themselves." I affirm this with emphasis, and would impress it. I admire the self-educated man. Who is he? Not that half-educated, self-conceited, self-willed being, who grins at his errors, and congratulates himself that he has "never been to college;" but that noble spirit who, in defiance of poverty and difficulty, mounts, with untiring foot, the rugged precipice of science, and cheerfully beckons the world upward to his lofty eminence. Can not a man be great without a college? A rational, undying soul, dropped from heaven into a beautiful universe, ought to conceive immortal thought. A spirit, leaping from the bosom of God, and sweeping the compass of created things, should give out sparks from collision with its fellow-spirit. What though the soul have no books! Can it not launch upon the ocean of truth, and ascending the topmast, see far into the dim distances of philosophy, or plunging into the abyss of its own powers, bring up jewels from hidden caves, or hanging the rich harp-strings of its heart to the wild winds of heaven, waken tones that

might chord with the song of the skies? *Nature is full of sciences.* Has ancient hand gathered every truth from the earth, and swept every lesson from the heaven? If Mediterranean islands inspired immortal song, can not the scenes of a new world wake intellect and heart to action? Is there no green upon our earth, no freshness in our ocean? is there no wildness in our rocks, no majesty on our mountains, no music in our bubbling runnels, no glory in our matchless streams? Answer, ye beautiful vales and sunny hills—Alleghanies and Andes; speak Mississippi, and Huron, and Erie; and thou, Niagara, thunder the lie to such an imputation. But it is said, as the mythology of Greece and Rome spread a charm over nature, and stimulated human intellect to the highest point of sublimity, therefore we have not such advantages for the production of noble conception. I repel with scorn the charge. What though no Satyrs dance upon the green, no Fauns and Dryads hide among our oaks, no Neptune rises from our waves, no Jupiter thunders in our heavens—what though no Æolus rides upon the imprisoned storm, no wind-footed Iris spreads her wings upon the rainbow, yet above all, and through all, and in all, there rises on the Christian the great I Am, before whose face heathen gods and goddesses fly, and there is no place found for them. Though the infidel may bathe his soul for thirty, forty, fifty years in a universe filled with God, and, by some strange chemistry of depravity, preserve his soul in a vacuum, from which the Divinity is shut out, yet the Christian, whether in height or depth, in things present or things to come, with man or with angels, in life or in death, finds his spirit plunged in the noblest conceptions.

Some of the tallest, strongest thought that ever leaped into eternity from human intellect, sprang from self-educated head. Our own shores have produced, without the

aid of colleges, some of the finest specimens of human nature. Henry, Washington, Franklin, Marshall, have illustrated their country. Their names will be pronounced with veneration long as Bunker Hill, or the American Constitution, or heaven's own lightning is a subject of contemplation to civilized man. *The soul is full of sciences.* There is Shakspeare, nature's favorite, mighty by the force of his own genius. He descends into the depths of his own soul. Here he analyzes mysterious combinations of human thought and feeling, and combines at will the elements of motive and desire. Here hangs the lamp which lights him through the dark mines of human depravity; and here he finds the battery with which he gives the world successive shocks. *Revelation is full of sciences.* It is accessible to all. There needs no geology to see God upon its Sinai, no chemistry to gather manna from its wilderness, no mathematics to survey its Calvary. True, archæology, and the classics, and history may throw new beauties over many of its fields, and reveal a thousand hidden treasures, but, void of them all, attended by simple faith, the soul is happy—its feet find an eternal rock for their foundation—its lungs a vital breath, and all its senses are charmed. Diamonds may lie concealed in its mines, unknown flowers bloom among its cedars, but all that is fundamental and essential rises like Alpine summits to the soul.

Is there any thing in religious philosophy, languages, mathematics, or natural science, which can not be surmounted by a vigorous, unaided, persevering mind? Let Euclid, Watt, Davy, Burritt answer.

Grant, then, that a man can educate himself; but how few *would* ever become educated if left to themselves! Man is naturally indolent. Were not appetite, self-love, and passion strong, he would lie and rot, body and soul.

Though ordinary impulses are sufficient to excite men to *physical* labor, yet they are inadequate to rouse them to *intellectual* toil. Of those who resolve to educate themselves scarce one in five succeeds. They usually start off like a spirited horse, but soon tire, and find they have no spur sharp enough to prick the sides of their intent. Even the stimuli of the college—emulation, encouragement, the task, the command—are insufficient in four cases out of ten. The most powerful and resolute that ever gained the summit of fame, has often found a mountain gorge, where, in almost utter despair, his soul has cried out, "Help! help! or I fall!" The blast of the bugle, the neighing of the charger, the gleam of the battle-blade, the folds of the banner, the thought of home, of altar, of ancestral graves, the vision of the vengeful foe, nerve the soldier's foot on the bloody hight; but when the student comes to a pass, different, but not less fearful than Thermopylæ, what is there in the retirement of the study to supply burning coals to his chilled heart-strings?

*Logic, in its Relations to Medical Science.**

I SHOULD have promptly declined the invitation of your Faculty to deliver an address, at this Commencement, but for the fact that I declined a similar invitation from the same source, on last year. I should have done so, however, not from any unwillingness to gratify your excellent corps of instructors or to contribute my mite toward your annual collegiate festivities, but because my duties and my state of health deny me both the time and the elasticity necessary to prepare for so novel and choice an occasion. I make this statement, that you may neither ascribe the crudeness of my production to a want of respect for my hearers, nor my appearance before you to an insensibility to my own deficiencies, but that you may be induced to give me an indulgent hearing, by considering that, in asking your attention, I oppress myself, to avoid the imputation of disobliging your professors.

I experienced no little embarrassment in the selection of a theme, and it was not till after much reflection that I made up my mind to commend to your special attention the science of logic. If the subject be deemed inappropriate, lay not the blame on your Faculty, who did not select, or even suggest it. If it be deemed unwelcome, I trust you will pardon the speaker, when you learn, that he, having once belonged to your profession, and felt the want of the science to which he would

* An address delivered before the Starling Medical College, at its third annual Commencement, 1851.

attract your attention, would fain have you avoid some of the difficulties which he encountered.

My proposition will be sustained, by glancing at the nature of the science alluded to, and by showing that medical men are not likely to acquire it, in their ordinary professional walks. We would not derogate from the merits of the profession; rather would we exalt it.

Logic is *the* science and art of reasoning. I emphasize the article because some regard logic as concerned with a *species*, of which reasoning is the *genus*; whereas, it is the *only* science and art of reasoning: he who reasons correctly, must reason *logically*. It is of no consequence to object, that many, who are versed in logic, reason poorly; for logic can neither supply premises, nor the intellectual power necessary to their skillful employment. It is equally vain to object, that many, who know nothing of dialectics, nevertheless reason ably; for extraordinary mental power, together with competent information on any particular subject, will enable any one to reason well on that subject. This does not prove logic to be of no consequence. An orator speaks, and nations are entranced; the critic analyzes the oration, and deduces from it the laws according to which it is composed—thus we have the science of rhetoric. A nation constructs a language; the grammarian ascertains its principles—thus we have the science of grammar. A dialectician reasons; his argument convinces all who understand it; the logician examines it, and finds the principle upon which it is built; he examines another and another, of similar power, till, after a sufficient induction, he concludes, that all rest upon the same principle; he develops, illustrates, and applies this principle, and thus gives us the science and art of reasoning.

Though practice may go before science, science may correct and improve practice. The rules of logic corre-

spond to those of grammar and criticism, and they subserve these two important ends: they go far toward placing men of moderate abilities upon a level, in respect of reasoning, with those of genius; and they enable all, who understand them, to ascertain when they have framed an argument that will stand the test "of scrutiny, of talents, and of time."

The remarks which follow have special reference to medical practitioners in the west. That we should be wanting in dialectics is not surprising; a large majority of us entered upon the study of our profession without having enjoyed the benefits of collegiate training—many, indeed, without even an academical education. We do not advert to this in a ensorious spirit. The circumstances of our country have been such as to preclude all but a few of her youth from classical halls. Of these few, many have been allured by the temptations of a more lucrative profession, and others have been drawn to the duties of a more sacred one, leaving but a small residue for the healing art.

The youth who has never been trained to accurate reasoning, will not be likely to acquire it in *medical studies*; they are *historical*, rather than *scientific*. So far as they are historical, they are *natural*, descriptive of being and phenomena only; so far as they are *scientific*, they are *practical*, rather than *speculative*; and so far as speculative, *natural*, not *mathematical* or *moral*. First, the student is conducted to the *skeleton*, whose dry bones never awaken his powers of reasoning, however much they may challenge his observation and exercise his memory. From the skeleton he goes to the *cadaver*, which, while it calls for discrimination and trains his hand to a dexterous use of the knife, only now and then, when it presents an incidental question concerning the merits of a certain discoverer, or advances to the re-

lated science of physiology, calls for a connected chain of thought—judgment. Next, he is led to the *laboratory*, where he is introduced, in regular order, to a set of elements and compounds, which are cognizable to sense, and to a series of beautiful truths illustrated by experiment, affording no room for doubt, and rarely inviting him to metaphysical research.

I am aware that *discoverers* in chemistry, as in most other sciences, are metaphysicians, but *they* study analytically, while learners are taught synthetically; so that the student of chemistry who can best memorize, can best endure examination. Similar observations may be made with reference to *materia medica*, botany, zoology, and mineralogy. When the student has mastered these sciences, he is generally hurried into private or hospital practice, to learn by observation the arts of *chirurgery* and therapeutics. If he prescribe in a few cases successfully, and acquire the use of the instruments employed in the more common operations of the surgeon, he enters with a good degree of confidence upon the responsibilities of practice. He adopts the routine of his instructors; he is as fortunate as his competitors; in *ordinary* cases he manages without embarrassment, and in *extraordinary* ones, he keeps within the rules of the books; upon the whole, he satisfies himself that he is leading a useful life. But what is he but an empiric?—I use the term in the *proper* sense; he proceeds on rules and methods founded on practice and experience, not on any knowledge of natural causes. If he have either the low desire of advancing his own interests, or the high ambition of promoting those of mankind, he may ascend through *physiology*, *etiology*, and *pathology*, to the study of theoretical medicine; but here he will find the need of habits of reasoning; and if he have not previously formed them, or be not possessed of

superior genius and indomitable perseverance, he will grow weary of his task and sink down to the low walks of the mere practitioner. There is nothing in the *collateral studies* of the profession to counteract this tendency. What are placed in this category belong to the natural sciences, such as geology, climatology, and medical topography.

Formerly, one, at least, of the ancient languages was deemed, if not a prerequisite to medical studies, a related acquirement; for medicine once had a general medium—the Latin. Now, in our country, at least, a knowledge of our own tongue only is deemed needful for the medical student; indeed, the study of the beautiful *media* through which flowed the treasures of ancient Grecian and Roman mind, is generally depreciated. It is not my purpose to show how much we have lost by the decline of linguistic studies, else I might point out the benefits derived to the medical student from an acquaintance with the tongue in which the technical terms of his art are cast, in which its illustrious authors of former ages wrote, and which alone opens to him the mines of knowledge deposited in the works of Børhaave, Borelli, and similar ones, of ages antecedent to theirs. We might, also, show the importance of a permanent, general, transparent medium for the profession, by which the discoveries of one nation might soon be made the property of all. I simply point to the fact, that the study of language would, by training the mind to abstraction and enticing it to practice the delicate arts of a refined logic, resist the tendency to empiricism, if it did not allure to abstruse investigation.

He who is adventurous enough to cultivate medical science without logical habits, will find but little in *medical authors* to supply this deficiency. They are generally didactic rather than controversial, and when they

present us with argumentation it rarely approaches the syllogistic form. As I am not prepared to compare the writers of different professions, I must speak interrogatively. Has medicine any works which for argumentative ability can be compared with those of Blackstone, Kent, Story? or of Chillingworth, Warburton, and Paley? The chief work of Paley, for example, will bear the strictest logical examination; each argument may be traced from the ultimate conclusion to the first premiss without evincing a fault; it may be represented by symbols, so that its conclusiveness shall appear without considering the meaning of the terms. The Divine Legation of Warburton opens with a series of arguments nearly syllogistic, and it is throughout replete with rigid reasoning. The principal work of Chillingworth is read by many arguists merely with a view to strengthen the reasoning faculty. Both law and divinity have works in course which train the mind to reason, and to which medicine has nothing corresponding; such as books on the subject of "Evidence." How is it with *medical teachers*? (I know there are noble exceptions.) Is it not the tendency of the college to treat medicine entirely as an experimental art? Again and again we hear, *ex cathedra*, the exclamation, "Away with *principles*, give us *facts*; away with *causes*, give us *effects*; away with *theory*, let us have *practice*." We need not say how much such exclamations degrade the science, how they sanction the popular fashion of estimating the physician by the number of his facts, and thrusting aside the scientific youth for the ignorant matron. I need not point out the fallacy which lurks beneath them, for you may readily perceive that a principle may embody a thousand facts, an antecedent may be worth more than a consequent, and practice, however *bad*, implies *some* theory. My purpose is to inquire whether it does not encourage idle-

ness, and check the best tendencies and the highest aspirations of the pupil. The physician should *value* facts, should *collect* them, but he should also compare, abstract, generalize; nor should he lightly esteem the theory of a distinguished author merely because he has not himself witnessed the facts on which it rests—he might as well doubt that the earth revolves, because he has not scientifically demonstrated that truth. Nor should we fail to observe, that a man who confines himself to the beaten track may have a far more limited experience than the theorist who takes wide surveys, and marks cases in every variety of modification. Kindred to the disregard of theory is the contempt of hypothesis, for theory and hypothesis are not synonymous. Theory signifies a connected arrangement of facts according to their bearing on a law; hypothesis, an assumption, which is conceived to support a law; thus the connected facts which point to the law of gravitation is a theory; the supposition of a subtile fluid, which is presumed to explain these facts, is a hypothesis. A hypothesis, so far from being despised, should be valued according as it explains more or fewer of the circumstances of the phenomenon to which it is applied. If it explain all of them, it is highly probable, and may, after a time, acquire certainty; as for example, the hypothesis of Kepler, that the planets moved in elliptic orbits, which, though received with hesitancy at first, has so explained successive astronomical discoveries and computations as to take rank with established laws. Even when a hypothesis is not thus fortunate, it may, by suggesting experiments, intimating inventions, and animating to further researches, vastly increase our stock of knowledge and multiply the arts of a profession. What though a hypothesis be imaginary, is it *therefore* to be despised? Imagination is the handmaid of science; the most illustrious philoso-

phers have honored her, and been allured onward in the path of discovery by her rainbows; if you doubt it, go learn of Archimedes, or listen to the eloquence of Bacon, or sit at the feet of Rush. Indeed, imagination is the great conceiver and bold discoverer of new worlds, the Columbus of the human faculties; every *instantia crucis* is a call for her aid. Mark the beautiful series of experiments which led Sir Humphrey Davy to the invention of the safety-lamp, and you see her going before. He first ascertains in what proportions the mixture of fire-damp and atmospheric air is explosive; he next determines at what temperature the mixture detonates. It had long been known that if the explosive compound were passed through a tube, and set on fire, the flame would not pass back through the tube to cause explosion. The last point to be ascertained was, how short might be the tube consistent with safety; to determine this, he cuts off successively very narrow sections till he reduces it to a mere metallic ring, and he finds this sufficient to prevent explosion; finally, he ascertains that the flame of the mixture will not pass through wire gauze. He is now ready to construct the safety-lamp.

I know that innumerable errors, and almost inextricable confusion, have resulted from a misapplication of the speculative understanding, but shall we, therefore, repress it? he who does so checks powers as original, as lawful, as useful as the senses themselves—powers which it is as blasphemous to neglect, as it is wicked to abuse; powers on which social and scientific progress depend, and which, more than any other, ally man to the higher orders of being.

The *physician will find still less in the practice*, than in the *study* of medicine, to stimulate the reasoning power. Observation, diagnosis, prescription, and prognosis, constitute the circle of his duties—a circle through which

he may pass by *rule*, as well as *reason*. When he meets his fellows in counsel, is he not accustomed to oppose *dictum* to *dictum*, *experience* to *experience*, rather than *argument* to *argument*? At the bedside and in the office, he is an autocrat. Should any one call in question his prescription, he has a right to say, "How dare you dispute my authority?" I do not say this is wrong, but unfortunate. The lawyer is compelled to be an arguist; whether acting as attorney, counselor, or solicitor, he is called on to define words, compare laws, weigh evidence, analyze motives; in all things, he must abide the scrutiny of his peers: in the strong conflicts of the bar, where mind grapples with mind, where argument meets argument, thought leaps to thought, and witticism flashes to witticism; where all the resources of subtilty and acuteness, all the cavils of the critical and captious spirit, and all the energies of vigorous and enterprising intellect, have free scope, he must either prove himself a logician, or resign his place to one who can.

So it is with the minister; he must define, he must argue; persuasion is his business; this depends upon conviction, and conviction upon argument. In the Church, he moves through armed ranks of errorists and heretics; in the world, he meets on all sides the desperate hosts of a depraved philosophy; in his most peaceful moods and attitudes, he must give a *reason* of the hope that is in him, and train up disciples fully *persuaded* in their own minds. Even at the bedside of the sick, and the pillow of the dying, he must satisfy the cravings of human *reason*, as well as of human *affections*.

Do not understand me to say that physicians *may* not possess all the dialectical skill and mental energy of other men, but that their profession does not *demand* it of them.

But some one may inquire, "Are not doctors the most

contentious of men?" In all civilized lands, the tocsin of a medical war is continually sounding—a war *bloodless* for the most part, though not always *bootless*—a war in which we see

“Hypocrisy with smiling grace,
And impudence with brazen face;
Contention bold, with iron lungs,
And slander with her hundred tongues.”

This war, however, is not because they have too *much* logic, but too *little*; had they more argumentation, they would have fewer disagreements; did they look each other in the eye, week by week, and state propositions, define terms, test arguments, methinks they would be more fraternal; they might still differ in theory, disagree in opinion, and vary in practice; they might occasionally be provoked by covetousness to contention, and by envy to strife; but their differences would not lead to such altercations, their disagreements to such disputes, their variances to such dissensions, and their contention and strife to such irritation and ill-blood, as to fix upon them the distinction of “*genus irritabile*.”

How is it with other professions? Ministers differ—they contend too—they often come to blows apostolic, not in the Hudibrastic sense, but in the literal; they burn each other, not in the old method, with piles of fagots, but piles of propositions; they surround each other with grammars, and lexicons, and polyglots, and after the battle, they shake hands, and find that, though they are *opponents* or *adversaries*, they are not *foes*—often they discover that they are brothers beloved. So with lawyers—they sometimes rush upon each other like tigers, and it would seem as though the Temple of Justice must be deluged with blood, but no sooner is the contest over, than they are harmless and loving as lambs. As a house without a chimney, so is a body of men without discus-

sion. The pulpit is the flue for the ministry, the bar for the law, but, alas! where is the outlet for medical smoke?

I proceed to remark, that there is nothing *in the prevailing philosophy of the times* to promote dialectics. We still feel the reaction from scholasticism. Of the schoolmen, it is customary to speak in terms of contempt—a feeling which we are apt to transfer from these misguided men to their favorite science. But what though their questions were often frivolous, their premises fanciful, and their aims unreasonable, shall logic be blamed? Nay, so far as they employed this science, they were useful. To the vulgar, it may be allowed to sneer at such men as Roscellinus; but to the philosopher, it belongs to trace back the illumination which distinguishes France, Germany, and England, in great measure to the adoption of the scholastic method, and to see in the substitution of stern reasoning for a blind acquiescence to authority, the beginning of that reformation which has given to enlightened nations religious freedom. But it is vain to reason with those who will not hear—we must suffer yet a while from the contempt of logic resulting from the misapplication of it by the schoolmen.

When these men had long wasted their energies in labors which, however invigorating to the mind, were necessarily barren of discovery, Lord Bacon arose—Bacon! a name associating peerless power, matchless eloquence, and extensive knowledge, with unblushing bribery, base ingratitude, heartless treachery, parasitical flattery, and cold and selfish affections—Bacon! a philosopher who, in works erudite, profound, and radiant with original thought, enumerated the defects and omissions of his predecessors, classified the various branches of science, and pointed out their relation to the human

faculties; who mapped out the region of *known* knowledge, and pointed the way to the fields of *unknown*; who investigated the causes which vitiated and retarded science, and whose crowning achievement was, that he recalled man to the study of nature—taught him to observe, experiment, infer; for this is the basis of the *Novum Organon Scientiarum*. Great as was his merit, he was perhaps overrated. Letters had been revived, printing invented, and the world aroused to freedom of discussion before he arose; still, he is the father of modern philosophy, and it is the pride of scientific men to follow his footsteps and halt at his bidding. In doing so, however, they may debar themselves access to fruitful regions of truth, forego legitimate methods of research, and fall into errors which cripple the intellectual powers. The Baconian philosophy is very imperfect. Its whole circle of observation is external. But there is an internal circle composed of first truths—truths which it were madness to deny, and folly to attempt to prove—such truths as these: matter and mind have uniform and fixed laws; qualities imply a substance. Without such principles, reason could not move a step. He who doubts the first of the propositions just stated, can not complete the simplest process of induction. He who doubts the second, can have no knowledge of either mind or matter. Besides these principles, there rises and shines within the soul, ideas which experience never could furnish—ideas based upon the succession, relations, and infinite of things—ideas necessary, absolute, eternal. There are also impulses which they awaken. Who feels not within his brain a reed that can measure earth and heaven, mysterious feet that leap into infinity, and fiery wings that, cutting the boundaries of time, soar behind the hour that saw the earth arise, and rush exulting beyond the day that shall see the heavens rolled together as a scroll!

But it is not this imperfection itself of the Baconian philosophy, on which we would fix your attention, but a certain result of this imperfection. It confines our minds to experience; it does not cultivate abstraction—that power whose strength in any individual is usually the measure of his logical ability.

The Baconian philosophy, representing induction as the sole method in all branches of knowledge, banishes *deduction*.

Induction ascends from particulars to universals; deduction from universals to particulars. Induction leads up fact after fact, till a general principle is established; deduction unfolds the assertions wrapped up in a general principle, and shows its various bearings. Induction discovers truth not formerly *possessed*; deduction discloses truth not formerly *perceived*. Induction requires caution and judgment; deduction requires logical skill. Induction is chiefly a process of investigation; deduction is, throughout, a process of strict reasoning. Induction *infers*; deduction *proves*. If this be a correct representation, you see not only the error of asserting that induction is the only scientific method, but how this error tends to repress and discredit dialectics.

The characteristic tendencies of the age are averse to the cultivation of the deductive intellect. We are eminently a *practical*, not a *speculative* people; so, indeed, were our ancestors. The Anglo-Saxons seem to have inherited the characteristics of Rome, as the Germans have those of Greece. The former aim to *do* what is to be *done*, as the latter to *think* what is to be *thought*. Our prevailing tendency is manifest, not only in our philosophy, but our tastes, our habits, our pursuits. Ours is not the land of glorious epics, of metaphysical researches, of students for life. We are formed for activity—not contemplation. We tear up our forests before they can become classical.

Should a poetical lover choose an elm to immortalize its shade, his muse would hardly be invoked before the echo of the woodman's ax would frighten her away. We have our "thoughts that breathe, and words that burn;" but our breathing is through the steam-pipe, and our burning is by the furnace. We have our wire-drawn distinctions, but they are drawn over poles to distinguish turnpike roads. We have our *mirabiles amores*, but they are all resolvable into the *sacra fames auri*. We are utilitarians, and we measure our achievements by the mason's square and weigh our gains in the scale avoirdupois. We do every thing in haste. Even divines and doctors, like boots and bridges, are made in a hurry. Our hurry has led us into an excessive division of labor, which, however favorable to the development of resources, is not so to the development of mind.

The old universities, where the faculties of law, medicine, and divinity sit side by side, as members of the same family, surrounded by their younger sisters, the liberal arts, promoting each other's edification, cherishing each other's affection, advancing each other's interests, and defending each other's honor, do not seem to suit us. We divorce the professions, and surround them with separate fortifications, to dwell in a sort of Chinese exclusiveness, or fire into each other's bastions. Instead of building to science a glorious temple, to be ascended by successive steps, we build a number of one-story halls, so that a doctor, or lawyer, or divine, may learn his profession with no more preparation than a carpenter his trade. Not content with separating the professional faculties from the liberal arts, we often sunder the liberal arts themselves, and allow the student to elect his own studies, instead of directing him in that course which will bring out all his powers in fair proportions.

The tendencies to which I have adverted, afford so

many arguments, from cause to effect, to show, that physicians are not likely to manifest those mental traits which are not cultivated by their profession, and, as the reasoning power is not of this description, that they may be expected to be deficient in this, unless they specially cultivate it, I proceed to strengthen the argument, by pointing out some of the consequences of this want of logic in the medical profession, and thus argue from effect to cause.

1. *Their discussions are often endless.* That doctors disagree, has passed into a proverb. But do not divines disagree also? True; but their disagreement is rather *doctrinal* than *practical*. The disagreement of physicians is principally *practical*; and when theoretical, it is often in relation to points, concerning which it would appear that there certainly could be a definitive settlement. Such, for example, as whether medicines are ever absorbed, and taken into the general circulation. But, would logic tend to abridge these discussions? Certainly. It cuts short discussion, both by bringing parties to issue, and curing inconclusive reasoning.

The discussions of physicians are *numerous*. Logic would reduce them, because it indirectly prevents logomachy. It teaches us to scrutinize terms; to distinguish between the abstract and the concrete, the compatible and the opposite, the absolute and the relative, etc. It teaches us to distinguish between the whole essence, the partial essence, and that which is joined to the essence; between genus and differentia; between property and accident. It gives us the rules of division and definition, teaching the difference between the nominal and the real definition, the accidental and the essential, the physical and the metaphysical. He who considers how much controversy arises from the ambiguous terms, and how much confusion from cross divisions, must see that logic would

reduce the list of mooted medical questions. So, also, it would by the exposure of fallacies. Are not Thomsonianism, hydropathy, homeopathy, etc., examples of hasty induction? Doubtless, steam, water, and sweetened paste are valuable remedial agents, and, in many cases, each may be an adequate means of cure. We must beware, however, how we proceed from the particular to the universal. One of these systems *may* prove to be all that it assumes, but, certainly, when we consider, that in medicine, as in meteorology, a thousand circumstances unseen *may* vary the results of our experiments, and that, while successful cases are blazoned, unsuccessful ones are kept out of sight, that many reported cases are due to false statements, false perceptions, exaggerations, etc., we should beware how we assert that a sufficient number of facts has been accumulated to establish any of them. Judging from the past, we may conjecture that the fate of the first of these systems awaits the rest, and all others of similar simplicity.

The fallacy, called by logicians *non causa pro causa*, is common among physicians. You take a certain drug, and you get well. This is all you know about it, but you say the medicine cured you. You now assume what you should prove; namely, that the medicine and the cure stand to each other in the relation of cause and effect. It may be that nature, or regimen, or imagination may have wrought the cure.

The word *experience* has led to many controversies. What I know by experience is certainly true. That this remedy will cure you I know by experience. Therefore, that this remedy will cure you is certainly true. The word *experience*, in the first of these premises, is used in the strict sense, and applies to the past. The same word, in the second premiss, is used in the popular sense, and applies to the future. It denotes, not experience, but a

judgment founded on it. Nothing more reliable than experience, in the first sense—nothing more uncertain than experience, in the last. Instead of being *opposed* to speculation, it is *founded* on it. A man takes for his major premiss a certain opinion, and for his minor a certain phenomenon, and combining them, he draws a conclusion of no more value than his premises. Hence, one man's experience is, that wet sheets *cure*, another's, that they *kill*—one's, that infinitesimal doses are efficient, another's, that they are inert. One's experience is, that a wounded artery should be tied, another's, that the blood flowing from its mouth may be stopped by a charm. One's experience is, that jaundice may be cured by calomel, another's, that nothing more is necessary than to hang up a bottle of yellow liquid in the chimney.

So with the phrase, common sense. As it is used in common parlance, nothing is more indefinite. Whatever stands to common sense, is to be relied on; but one man's common sense is very *uncommon*, another's, not so much so, etc. The common sense of the savage teaches that the sun goes round the earth—the common sense of the sage, that the earth goes round the sun. The common sense of European nobles says, that republics can not stand; but not so the common sense of American democrats.

If such fallacies misled common people only, I should not notice them, but they often delude gifted, scientific, respectable men; sometimes even reputable members of the medical profession, who are thereby induced to forsake its ranks, and enlist under the banners of some charlatan. It may be said that such instances of professional desertion are owing, not to a want of that reasoning ability which distinguishes truth from error, but of that honor which prefers poverty in uprightness to wealth acquired by dishonest artifice. I have too much

confidence, however, in human nature, to accept this as a sufficient account of the matter.

2. Another result of the want of logical skill, is the *slow progress of medical science*. Other professions make but slow advances, but they do not admit of *such* improvement as medicine. Theology and law admit of no discovery—their great principles are settled. We can not correct the Bible, or amend the precepts of morality; but medical science may be progressive, especially in our own country, where we have peculiar facilities to trace the influence of race, climate, civilization, etc., in modifying the forms of disease, and to explore unknown regions, whose forests or whose mountains may contain remedies for diseases which have hitherto baffled the healing art.

True, the history of medicine is full of discouragement; but it is consoling to reflect, that scarce any system has been devised which has not led to some new truth, or proposed some useful curative agents. The Dogmatics, the Galenics, the Empirics, the Methodics, the Stahlans, the Paracelsians, have appeared and disappeared, but each of these sects has contributed something to the stores of medical knowledge and the resources of medical art. May it not be so, too, with the modern systems?—they are tributaries, soon to be lost in the general stream of medical truth, but not till they have contributed to swell its waters.

If a medical student survey the mass of error, absurdity, and superstition which has been accumulated by the profession in the successive ages of the past, he may find himself growing skeptical as to his favorite science; but let him inquire, if there be not mingled with this mass materials of undoubted value, and he will find his faith revive—for he knows that the blood does circulate, that vaccination is, upon the whole, a prophylactic, etc.

When we examine the statistics of hospitals, and the

general records of mortality, we may be induced to suppose that there is about the same proportion of deaths and recoveries under every system of medical practice; but when we inquire, whether there has been no improvement in the treatment of small-pox since the days of Sydenham—whether quinine is not useful in ague, and iodine in scrofula, we must see that medical science has advanced.

It is as true of every other kindred science as of medicine, that its progress is slow. Man is in haste, but God will have him "hasten slowly." Plato represents the human mind, in its progress to perfection, as the driver of a winged chariot; but the wings often droop, and periodically molt; the horses are unequal—one fleet, obedient, and spirited; the other sluggish, clumsy, and mulish. But, notwithstanding the successive elevations and depressions of the chariot, as the wings lose or regain their feathers, and the struggles of the horses, sometimes pulling opposite ways, and at best moving with unequal footsteps, the driver gradually ascends the skies. So with medical science. But the progress would be more rapid, if physicians of different views were to meet together, and, in the love of truth, compare notes, and mutually examine arguments, surrender errors, and exchange truths.

Lastly, I mention as a result of the want of logic, the skepticism of medical men in regard to religion. Although some of the brightest ornaments of the profession, both east and west, are humble Christians, yet, that our physicians generally are inclined to unbelief, is very obvious. I could introduce testimony, if it were necessary. Dr. Logan, of New Orleans, in an address on the Ethics of Medicine, delivered in 1844, before the Medico-Chirurgical Society of Louisiana, says: "I am especially urged to this theme, at such a time and place, from

the lamentable fact that, notwithstanding there are many practitioners in our country eminent for talents, illustrious for learning, and distinguished for skill, yet I have reason to apprehend, too many are numbered among our ranks who, by their reckless disregard and defiance of morals and religion, are ruining our influence and bringing discredit upon the whole profession." Other testimony, to the same purport, might be introduced. Now, the cause of this state of things is not simple; it is owing, *partly*, to the pride of science, the neglect of worship, and the absorbing nature of medical duties; but *chiefly*, I think, to the want of logical habits.

The medical student, as one remarks, is too often taught to bring his gift, like the Athenian, to an unknown God. And why so? because medical authors are not wont to distinguish between causes and design. You survey a complicated machinery—you trace its movements from spindle to spindle, and wheel to wheel, till you find the first moving cause—a stream of water. But the question should arise, who made all these wheels, and spindles, and frames, and so arranged them as to make the unconscious water work out, with unerring certainty, the wonderful result? The *design* is as apparent as the *product*, and the former as much implies *intelligence*, as the latter does *momentum*.

The pupil often thinks he can account for every thing in the natural world, by natural laws; and in the animal world, by vital laws; and in the intellectual world, by psychological laws—but when he does so, he confounds two things entirely different; namely, power and law—law can *do* nothing; the term, as used in science, merely denotes the mode in which *power* acts, or the order in which its effects appear. In the cloud which is raised around the term law, the student often loses sight of God; he sometimes contrives to keep his soul out of

view by a similar delusion, a delusion which some medical authors ingeniously promote. Bichat thus speaks of life: "The functions of the animal form two distinct classes: one of these consists of an habitual succession of assimilation and concretion. By the other he perceives surrounding objects; reflects on his sensations; performs voluntary motions under their influence, and generally communicates, by the voice, his pleasures or his pains, his desires or his fears. The assembled functions of the latter class form the animal life."

Now, ask the great physiologist, what is the cause of perception, reflection, volition? Why, animal life, to be sure. Very well. Now, what is animal life? Why, it is perception, sensation, reflection, volition, speech, etc. If this is not the vicious circle, pray tell what is? But it has been copied and imitated, by the highest medical authorities, not only in France, but on the other side of the British Channel, and on this side of the Atlantic Ocean. Having put God and the soul out of sight, what wonder if the physician should neglect the Bible and its evidences?

Dr. Drake, than whom a higher authority can scarce be quoted, alluding to the sources of skepticism among physicians, says: "We are constrained to express the belief, that ignorance of the Bible is a greater cause of skepticism, than the whole of them." Again, speaking of the evidences of revelation, he holds this language: "If a revelation be possible, and the conclusion seems inevitable, it could not become known unless it received attention, were read, and the evidences of its reality examined. But this is precisely what the majority of our profession have not done. Their infidelity is most unphilosophical, because they have concluded without examination, in violation of critical justice; for they have condemned without a hearing. If their disbelief should be correct in

the absolute, it is not logically correct, because not the result of careful and candid investigation. To such an investigation I would call them. As scholars and philosophers, they should be ashamed of its omission; ashamed that they have concluded before they have collected and compared the testimony, absolutely necessary to a correct decision; before they have subjected all the facts to the test of that logic on which they rely for the establishment of professional truth. When they have done this, should they not acquire a Christian faith, they will at least substitute a philosophical infidelity for the skepticism of ignorance. Into that cheerless region we should not have occasion to follow many of them, for its inhabitants are few, indeed, compared with those who wander in the benighted land of ignorance and doubt. We have seldom met with a single physician, who had earned citizenship in that frozen zone; while the number of the latter, although reduced from what it once was, is still sufficient to show, that multitudes repudiate the Bible without having studied its doctrines, or the evidences of its heavenly origin."

Upon this eloquent passage we beg to inquire whether the reluctance to examine the evidence is not owing, in some measure, to the fact that the minds of physicians, confined almost exclusively to induction and analogy, are disinclined to moral reasoning. Do not imagine, because I have thus spoken, that I deem the medical profession particularly vulnerable; others, perhaps, err as much by neglecting the inductive process, as physicians by neglecting the deductive. Think not, because I have alluded to the skeptical tendencies of medicine, that I seek to place a stigma upon it in the eyes of good men. It is a profession which, for genius, learning, and humanity; for industry, experiment, and persevering, self-denying, and perilous researches; for a patient submission to peevish-

ness, a generous sacrifice of pleasure, ease, and even devotion to the calls of duty, and a manly forgiveness of the basest selfishness and ingratitude, is wholly unsurpassed. To Medicine I owe an unspeakable debt. Whenever I have eaten the bread of sorrow, or drank the cup of affliction, she has been my Good Samaritan; she has calmed my anxieties, mitigated my pains, awakened my hopes, and often counted my pulse, and cooled my tongue at the midnight as well as the morning watch; and when, with tears, I have offered remuneration, she has gently replaced my slender purse beneath my pillow. To her skill—a skill which I ascribe to Divine Wisdom and mercy—I owe the prolongation of my life. The more I see her value, the more profoundly do I regret that powers so commanding, and generosity so noble, should so rarely be found in union with religious faith.

Finally, young gentlemen, cultivate a love for your profession—it is one which, from its indispensable importance, and from the extent and directness of its contact with the public mind, must contribute largely to mold the character of your country; study it, and strive to bring about that period when its name shall every-where be suggestive of a harmonious combination of the noblest qualities of mind and heart.

Hints to Youth.

WE hope that we have many young readers. For such we delight to write; because we may expect, without much vanity, to profit as well as to please them. Should grave wisdom direct its eye hither, we beseech it to turn over, while we endeavor to impart to youthful friends the benefit of our own experience and observation relative to certain small matters.

Take care of the *body*. It is a beautiful abode of the soul—all its apartments and furniture evince Divine wisdom and goodness—it is a system of useful instruments, by which the spirit may acquire knowledge and strength, and achieve works of wisdom and beneficence—it is a medium of communication with nature and with man—it is called, in Scripture, the temple of the Holy Ghost, and, in its incorruptible, spiritual, and glorious form, is to be the eternal habitation of the redeemed, and sanctified, and glorified soul. As we value the comfort and usefulness of the spirit, we should prize the health of the body—as we honor God, and admire his works, let us be careful of that beautiful specimen of his handiwork which he has committed to our keeping.

To secure the health of the body, it is necessary to exercise its members at least three hours a day. That employment or pastime is best which calls into exercise the greatest number of muscles.

But exercise, to be useful, must be taken with a good will, and in a good humor. A vigorous circulation re-

quires a cheerful heart, and an elastic footstep demands a buoyant spirit. Do not walk the street with a measured pace and downcast look, like a soldier marking time to the "Dead March." Don't work your problems, nor mature your griefs, nor plan your enterprises in your rambles. But "over the hills and far away"—mount Bucephalus, and, facing the morning sun, plunge into the forest, and brush the dew from the bushes—or, calling your favorite dog, in the mellowed light of evening, chase the fox, or tree the coon, or track the rabbit—or, climbing the mountain-side, look out from its misty brow—or sit by the cataract and commune with the dashing waters, and scattering spray, and dancing rainbows, and eternal murmurs—or chase the warbling rivulet, and gaze on the beauteous forms mirrored in its clear waters—or, if you please, look up cowslips on the meadows, or poppies in the rye, or tulips in the valley for your "Ain kin' dearie, O"—or, when in riper years, run races with the little ones in the orchard, or through the vineyards, or over the lawn. Let your spirit learn to be joyous in the fields of nature, and to catch the inspiration of its light, and freshness, and green. So shall you have a merry pulse, a joyous arm, and a lively footstep.

Inactivity is the temporal ruin of the man. It brings disease, cuts short the days, impairs the mind, disturbs the temper, makes the subject and his companions miserable, and peoples fancy's airy world with a thousand hideous forms. Men are not always mindful that by indolence they induce disease. No law of nature can be violated with impunity; but because sentence against lounging is not speedily executed, therefore the heart of the sons of men is set in them to be idle. Though the sentence, however, be delayed, it is sure to come. Justice may hobble along with a lame foot; but he will over-

take the sinner at last. You might as well hope to stop a race-horse on the brink of a precipice, as to avert disease if you fail to exercise the muscles. And when disease comes, no repentance or reformation shall seduce it from its work, though health be sought "carefully with tears."

Be as mindful, therefore, to take daily exercise as daily food. Do not say, "I have no time." To neglect the body is to lose time, by shortening your days. Do not say, "I will sacrifice my health to the improvement of my mind." You will find the mind rapidly fail under such a course. Whatever be your mental occupation, whether it demand memory, or fancy, or thought, or feeling, you can do more in five *minutes*, with a body renovated in the fields, and a mind inspired with nature's fairest works, than in five *hours*, under the influence of a sluggish pulse.

Would you be healthy, be careful in relation to your diet. As this is not a professional work, physiology would be out of place here. But suffer us to give a few plain directions, which we hope you will take upon trust when we assure you that they pass current with the doctors.

Though the appetite is the index to nature's wants, it is not always a true index. In disease it must often be disregarded, and in health it must never be fully satiated. Rise from breakfast *with* appetite, if you would not sit down to dinner *without* it. Ours is a land of abundance, and its inhabitants have acquired habits of indulgence unknown in many parts of the old world. If persons are abstemious they will rarely suffer from disease. The blood will course freely through the veins, the brain will sit at ease, and a feeling of comfort will spread over every organ and member. The intellect will feel at liberty, and bound with elastic step over the most difficult steps of science, or the most romantic fields of

fancy. *Abstinence* is often of service, especially after indulgence. Was it not Bonaparte who said, "When my stomach gets out of humor, I withhold supplies till it cries for mercy?" Do not suppose that I would have you so abstemious as to induce feebleness. While the body would lose much, the soul would gain nothing from such a regimen. A vigorous intellect requires a healthy brain, and a cheerful brain demands a rich blood. If you eat to repletion, however, you sin, and must suffer. Under these circumstances, if you take proper exercise, your food may be digested; but the blood will be increased—its vessels enlarged—its circulation accelerated, and a state of plethora will be induced, which will render you liable to acute disease in various forms. But if you add indolence to gluttony, your digestive apparatus will fail under its accumulated labors, and dyspepsia, with all its crudities and acids, its melancholy apprehensions and sour spirits, will come upon you, rendering you a burden to yourselves and to others, and inducing your friends, perchance, to lock you up—in an editor's office.

In reference to the *quality* of food it matters but little, if the *quantity* be properly regulated. The stomach is an excellent chemist, and can analyze and compound almost any thing, if you do not give him too much to do. There are many things, however, placed on the table, which ought never to be seen there—such as pastry and preserves. If I had unlimited authority, I would banish them all. "But what should we do for dessert when favored with company?" Why, how much better is a plate of figs, or a basket of apples, or a few bunches of luscious grapes, than pies, cakes, or puddings? And as to liquids, cold water, milk and water, or lemonade, are far preferable to all the decoctions of foreign herbs. The former invigorate, the latter debilitate.

But I fancy a reader inquires, "Is the writer a Gra-

hamite?" By no means. We believe nature intended that a man should have a mixed diet of animal and vegetable food. We think anatomy and physiology, as well as experience, teach this lesson. Nevertheless, we humbly conceive that many countries—among them our own—consume too much animal food. Perhaps, for sedentary persons, animal food once a day is sufficient.

Be careful of your *personal appearance*. I do not ask you to follow the fashions—to lay the neck bare one week, and cover it with curly locks the next—to comb the hair one way to-day and another way to-morrow; but I do ask you to have as much mercy upon your own head as you do upon your horse's; and while you direct the groom to use the curry-comb, see that the barber uses the comb. It has been said that cleanliness is next thing to godliness, and we have often wished that ablutions were a part of our religion. We hope to see the day when the bath-room shall be as common as the kitchen. We think we shall then have cleaner prose, clearer music, and sweeter poetry. The mind partakes in the comforts and distresses of the body. O, for clear fountains and cooling streams! Methinks they can almost put out the fire of passion, and spread good nature through the soul. Would you be in good humor with yourself, pay due respect to your wash-stand. In cleanliness is seen one of the great differences between the pagan and the Christian. The sweetness of the sanctified spirit sheds its influences upon the person.

Shall we be considered as descending if we allude to apparel? We hate foppishness—aping great men. Because a prince, afflicted with king's evil, conceals his neck in a high cravat, is that any reason why we should bind up ours? Because some afflicted queen endeavors, by the form of her dress, to hide a curvature of the spine, why should the fair of America imitate her?

Extravagance in dress is as much to be condemned as foppishness. Let the ornaments of the man be a brilliant mind, a holy heart, and a meek and quiet spirit. Let the decorations of the woman be, not "pearls, or gold, or costly array," but modesty, intelligence, and sobriety. A Grecian matron, when asked for her ornaments, said, "The virtues of my husband are a sufficient ornament for me." Another, when challenged for her jewels, summoned her sons. It is proper, however, that our garments should comport with the habits of our country, and our pursuits and standing in society; and though comfortable, plain, and far from extravagant, they should evince a proper respect for ourselves and our fellow-men. We believe it is easier to go through the world in a good garment than in a ragged one; and as a man is responsible for all the influence he can acquire, he is bound to secure a decent apparel. "My banker," said one, "always makes a low bow to my *new* coat, and a slight one to my *old*." It will be time enough when we have mastered the world to disregard its prejudices. We pity the wife who is not as careful to please her husband as she was, when a maid, to please her beau.

Be mindful of your *manners*. True politeness is of great service. Its spring is good nature. One may, by reading books like Chesterfield's, and mingling in polished society, acquire certain habits, and obtain certain rules, which will enable him to pass off as a gentleman; but unless the milk of human kindness flows in his veins, and a just regard for his fellow-beings finds place in his heart, his politeness will be but disgusting hypocrisy. Vain is the attempt to deceive the world. It has too sharp an eye, and too thoughtful a brain. Every gesture and compliment is a matter of analysis, and through the most complicated processes of investigation is traced to its true motive. The great world, too, is a good physi-

ognomist, and knows how to look through the window of the soul. To be polite is to please, but an *attempt* to please without the *desire* is worse than useless.

The best maxims of politeness are found in the Scriptures. Such are these: "Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love, in honor preferring one another;" "Bear ye one another's burdens;" "Let no corrupt communication proceed out of your mouth, but that which is good to the use of edifying, that it may minister grace to the hearers;" "Wisdom is pure, peaceable, gentle, easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality and without hypocrisy;" "Charity vaunteth not itself, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil," etc. Let that mind be in you which was in Christ Jesus, and you can not but be polite; for such a feeling will find expression in some form. Nature will be at no more loss to make it known than she is to give utterance to filial or maternal love; and however ungraceful or even offensive to ears polite may be the mode selected, the heart will acknowledge the language of its fellow-heart. Let a man, however, be endued with this feeling, and he can readily—by thoughtfulness and an observance of good models of gentility—acquire a graceful mode of expression. "Consider one another;" that is, think of your fellows, of their joys, their sorrows, their hopes, their disappointments, their interests—think how you can allay their griefs, or promote their happiness—think of your friends, and of what you would do and say under an exchange of circumstances. It may be that the kindest men may be deemed boorish, at times, for want of consideration. Would you learn gentility, observe those who have it.

Be careful of your *temper*. A glad heart makes a sweet countenance, and a smiling face is like the sun in his beauty. Whatever may be the attraction of a lady's

intellect, or person, or acquirements, she is repulsive, if she be of a gloomy disposition. Her best friends will be uneasy in her presence; and though some "good Samaritan" may be willing to pour oil upon her wounded spirit, the priest and the Levite will instinctively pass by on the other side. We have generally sorrows enough of our own, without hearing one another's woes. Most of our troubles are imaginary. Never, therefore, nurse evil apprehensions, and you will never be melancholy. There is no philosophy like the philosophy of the Scriptures: "Take no thought for the morrow: sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." Were every one satisfied with her daily bread of affliction, there would be but little murmuring. Keep in good humor with the future—it has never done you harm—why complain of it? Bear kindly the afflicting dispensations of Providence. They are all arranged for your good; and if cheerfully and piously endured, will be pleasing and profitable exercises for the heart or mind, or both. Providence, moreover, like the earth, is in perpetual revolution, and its darkest midnight is followed by the dawn. There is a heavenly alchemy which transmutes anguish into rapture. I would oppose to Pandora's Box, Paul's paradox—"As sorrowful, yet always rejoicing." David's heart caroled in its sadness, and the wildest and sweetest notes of his harp were touched by the hand that felt the Father's rod. Why should a living man complain? When stripped of every thing, bow down in humble and grateful adoration, and thank God that you have a body and a soul. And shall a saint repine? Would a pardoned culprit, trembling beneath the halter, complain because the government did not send a coach and four to convey him from the gallows? and shall a sinner, raised from the mouth of hell, murmur because angel wings don't waft him *gently* to the throne of God?

A melancholy mind imparts a gloomy tinge to every thing around it. Though nature, to the clear eye, is like to Eden, yet for the jaundiced one she has no charms. No hills are green—no dells are dewy—no paths are flowery—no steeps are breezy to moping grief. In Providence there is a bright and a dark side to every picture. Endeavor to look constantly at the latter. He who searches for trouble is pretty sure to find it—he who courts enjoyment sees her not afar.

Always keep in good humor with *yourself*. We would not have you blind to your sins, but know the worst of them, and repent and believe to the saving of the soul. But be satisfied with your capacities of mind and body. Rest assured they are the best for you—the very gifts which Infinite Wisdom sees that you can best improve. Be satisfied with your sphere. Sometimes you will meet with disappointments—bear them with grace. For instance, you intend to be a speaker—well, beware of mortification. You read, and study, and write, and intend to make a wonderful display—you expect now to raise a shout, and now a laugh, and now, perchance, you hope to see a lady faint; and anon you design to raise the audience to their feet; and you promise yourself that, as you leave the court-room, every eye will look toward you, and the young ladies will smile, and become envious of the favorite; and she, the beloved of the orator, will be entranced, and murmurs of applause will roll in whispers on your ear, such as “great man,” “finé speech,” “true eloquence.” The day arrives—the audience assemble—all eyes are fixed—all ears are open—handkerchiefs rise up to catch the tears, and smelling-bottles push their corks half open. The speaker labors—alas! his mind is rigid—his tongue is stiff—his figures flounder—his arguments tumble down—the peroration is forgotten. The audience rise in

confusion, and the speaker sits down in perspiration. And now the ladies smile at one another, the favorite hides her head, and the young rivals sneer, and the malicious breezes whisper, "Rather flat."

Well, young man, hold up your head. Do not let the audience know that you have failed, and they will, perhaps, soon forget the failure, or even change their minds, and reproach their dullness for not perceiving your brilliancy, and their shallowness for not appreciating your profundity. Suppose you have failed, and every body knows it. Do not be troubled—calm yourself with the consolation of the valorous Falstaff—"He that fights and runs away, may live to fight another day."

Keep in a good humor with the world. Mankind are not all rascals, though an honest man wants bread. The world are not all fools, though a genius has no praise. Remember that Homer sung for bread, and Goldsmith wrote in a garret; and who are you? You may be great and wise—we do not dispute your claims—you may be a Cicero or a Webster—a Mrs. Sigourney or a Hannah More; but you must give the world a fair opportunity to understand your powers. Moreover, you may make the world as cross or good-natured as you please. If you treat it roughly, you will be treated roughly in return. Smile at it, and it will answer with a smile. He that would have friends, must show himself friendly. Do not look round for imperfections, saying, here is a rascal, and there is a fop, this is a fool and that is a bankrupt. It may all be true; but why say so? *Cui bono?* Look round for excellences. If you contend with the world you will find fearful odds against you. Speak evil of no man. When others speak evil of a man, do you speak good. No man so perfect as not to have some defects—none so frail as not to have some fine quality.

And now my pen addresses itself particularly to the

young gentlemen. Be in the good graces of the ladies. You have learned already that a mother's love, though cheap, is priceless—that a sister's affection is an impenetrable shield. I pity the youth who does not know the value of woman's influence. He can not succeed. Whether he be carpenter or mason, sovereign or shoe-black, priest or politician, he is a ruined man without the favor of the ladies. No pursuit so low, none so high, as to be beyond woman's reach. Needles and bayonets move at her command—turkeys and tyrants roast on her spit—coursers and candidates run at her will, and crowds and cradles hush at her lullaby. Her smile is prosperity—her indignation brings trouble. Great as is her influence, it is no more than she deserves. The purest feelings of the heart receive their earliest and noblest developments in her character. The mother's affection, the wife's devotion, the sister's love, who shall paint? In scenes of poverty and suffering she is an angel of mercy. At the altar of God her prayers are the warmest incense, her songs the sweetest praise.

But how shall woman's influence be secured? The weak side of a mother's heart is her maternal love. You may easily procure a welcome to the family if you treat the children with kindness and attention. Notice the babe—its blue eye—its rosy cheek—calm its griefs, and enter into its tiny joys. And who would not? Are you the man, reader? Then there is no love nor music in your soul, and you do not deserve favor. What creature so beautiful as the infant man? Our Savior took little children in his arms and blessed them.

Make the best of your country and location. The foreigner generally brings down a world of prejudices upon himself by contrasting his native with his adopted country. Comparing Washington with London, the White House with Windsor Castle, Trinity with St. Paul's, he

disgusts all around him. Give him an apple, and he must speak of the superior orchards of Great Britain, or a peach, and he will boast of the size and flavor of those across the water. Present him a basket of cherries, and he praises the large, luscious English garden cherry, that grows by the wall. He meets with nothing to please him—as though we had no earth or heaven, water or atmosphere, thunder or lightning, worth a farthing. Were he to turn his attention and conversation upon our advantages, upon the superiority of our forests and mountains, our seas and rivers, our soil and climate, he would receive a hearty welcome, and be a popular man.

We have known a talented and pious clergyman to lose all influence with his people by harping on the evils and disadvantages of his location, while we have seen his inferior become a universal favorite by pointing out the beauties and excellences of the surrounding hills.

Beware of bad *habits*.

“Choose that which is most fit,” said Pythagoras, “and custom will make it most convenient.” There are many bad habits prevalent in our day of which we would have you beware. Gentlemen have a fashion of *sitting* which we know must give ladies much uneasiness, since it wears holes both in the carpet and the wall, and often divorces the seats of chairs from their backs. A worthy and witty friend propelled us to the borders of convulsions once, at his hospitable table, when he described the predicament, on a particular occasion, of a certain individual, who, having perhaps read in Thomas Aquinas, that the human intelligence rocked itself on the center of two horizons, was in the habit of reminding himself of that sublime truth, by poising his body upon his chair. On a visit to President Jefferson, being somewhat embarrassed, and not paying due respect to his antero-posterior motions, he was very painfully assured of the important

principle that bodies corresponding solely to time and space, have both a *hic* and a *nunc*, so that if by gravitation or any other cause they are removed from one place they must go to another. We can think of no excuse for the habit to which we refer, unless the philosophy be correct which teaches that to attain to true wisdom a man must imitate the motion of the stars, so as to produce a giddiness which frees the mind from "sensible notions," and raises it to the region of illumination. In spite of Tophail, however, the ladies can cure this habit at once by having castors put under their chairs.

There is a plant which was hailed, at its introduction into the world, in the middle of the fifteenth century, as one of the wonders of America, and which, through a strange coincidence, was first conveyed into the eternal city by a descendant of that illustrious man who first brought to Rome the wood of the true (?) cross. This plant appears to have a peculiar charm for three animals: a certain worm, a particular goat, and a creature in the image of God. It is used in various forms: some grind it to powder, and offer it to themselves as the heathen present incense to their idols—others curl it into little stems which they burn, as the converted pagan does his god; while a third class roll it, like the sinner does his sins, as a sweet morsel under the tongue. We protest, *ex cathedra*, against its use in any form.

The practice of using *snuff*—not uncommon among the fair—injures the voice. We have known several distinguished speakers deprived—in no small degree—of their charm by this habit. Nor is this the worst. Why did Pope Urban VIII publish a decree of excommunication against all who took snuff in the Church? Though we grant that this bull was rather severe, we believe, nevertheless, that his Holiness was a very discerning man.

The practice of *smoking* causes a waste of time and

money, and subjects us to great inconvenience. A man will sometimes find company, even at his own fireside, to whom the ashes and fumes of tobacco are far from agreeable. I speak not now of such as are peculiarly susceptible, and liable to "die of a rose in aromatic pain." Very few who have not been accustomed to breathe such incense as that of the pipe, can endure it long in a close room without discomfort. And what will you do, gentle reader, if you become the room-mate—at college or elsewhere—of one whose olfactories and lungs are delicate, or when shut up in a stage-coach or a cabin on a cold day, with nervous companions, to whom you are bound to show respect? Should you carry this habit into the itinerant ministry, how often will it give you uneasiness! You will not, surely, defile the *prophets'* chamber, or the *holy* altar.

This practice offends against what has been called—next thing to godliness. We would not declaim against it as did King James I, who said it was "a custom loathsome to the eye, hateful to the nose, harmful to the brain, dangerous to the lungs, and in the black stinking fumes thereof nearest resembling the horrible Stygian smoke of the pit that is bottomless;" but we may surely be allowed to say that it is not charming to the senses. We have seen ladies smoking—young ones, too. O, tell it not in Christendom; publish it not in the streets of Cincinnati! It was customary among the ancients for a lass to eat a quince on her bridal day, that her breath might be fragrant at the altar, and that the odor of her lips might suggest mellifluous discourse, and spiritual sweetness. What bridegroom would not prefer the odor of the quince and its purifying associations, to the fumes of the "herb of immortal fame," and dreams of bar-rooms and blackguards?

We know it is unpopular to write against a favorite

custom; but then we do not, as did the legislature of Russia in 1634, forbid your smoking, under pain of having your noses cut off, nor do we propose to issue a decree, as did Amurath IV, pronouncing it a capital offense. We write so gently that you can not be offended; indeed, when we see a man in the winter of life sitting by a lone fire, and musing over the flight of happy hours, we would not diminish the consolation which he draws, in his solitude, from his long white pipe tipped with red sealing wax; nor would we deprive the rude Indian of his emblem of peace, nor the slave of his socializer, nor the wandering Arab, or the hardy Esquimaux, of a luxury which sweetens his bitter hours; but we advise the young, and such especially as dwell within the precincts of civilized life, to seek for solace of a different kind.

We have not spoken of the *other form of using tobacco*; but as that is so disgusting, we will presume none of our readers are addicted to it; nor need we tell the story of Mrs. S., who spread out her beautiful white satin apron before her guests, as they were defiling her new Brussels carpet, saying, "Use this, gentlemen; I can wash this, but not my carpet." Allow us, in conclusion, to say that tobacco, in any form, is ordinarily injurious to health. We do not, however, wish to deprive the steam doctors of it, nor speak disparagingly of its merits; it is a good emetic.

We should not have touched upon this plant, but for the fear that its popularity is increasing, and that it has a great tendency to produce intemperance by causing a dryness of the *fauces*, for which a remedy is too often sought in the glass.

Avoid the habit of *speaking carelessly*, using ungrammatical expressions, low phrases, unauthorized words, provincialisms, etc. This, you will say, is a very small matter; but if a neglect of such counsel should preclude

your admission into more refined circles of society, it will prove to you a matter of some consequence. Wealth, station, influential connections, may do much toward securing respect; but vulgarity can counteract them all. Wit and intelligence, enchanting as they are, can not atone for those coarse expressions which denote ill-breeding and low conceptions. Many amiable ladies, whose connections are wealthy, of high official standing, and great political influence, wonder why it is they are not admitted to the circles to which they aspire. Not a few of this class could solve the perplexing problem which imbitters their existence, if they would pause over the hint just given. Pedantry and affectation are as much to be avoided as vulgarity. A pretended delicacy of expression is often a sign of real indelicacy of thought. Words are often corrupted by the channel through which they pass. To the pure all things are pure: "*Honi soit qui mal y pense.*" We question the refinement which calls Hog Island Swine Island, and dog the "domestic quadruped which guards the habitation." The language of Paris is that of attenuated refinement; yet it is the vehicle of the grossest moral pollution. Above all, shun every appearance of *profanity*. It is a sure sign of very bad breeding or a very bad heart. Was it not the prince of modern philosophers who took off his hat when he passed a church? Is it not said of Boyle that when he pronounced the name of Deity he uncovered his head? How often is the title of Jehovah—that name which rends mountains—the tower of the persecuted Christian—the hope of the dying man—the name at which heaven bows, earth shakes, hell trembles—used with as little regard as that of a slave!

Violate not the first commandment: better kiss the cannon's mouth. How deep the depravity that can trifle with the name of the Creator! For other sins an excuse

may be pleaded; for there is scarce any which does not confer or promise pleasure for a season. This sin can point to no part of our nature, and say to the inquiring Judge, "The passion which thou gavest me did tempt me, and I did eat." It is the development of sheer depravity, unless the transgressor can plead that he has come up from the very dregs of society, where there is no other dialect but that of hell. When at Washington City, I heard it said of one high in office, "He swears even in the presence of ladies." I trembled and I hoped. I saw that the nation was defying Heaven: I saw, also, that religion was not yet driven from her stronghold—woman's heart. To the honor of woman, let it be said, that to swear in her presence is the climax of impoliteness.

Be careful of your *character*. No youth can succeed in the world without a good reputation. A man may have genius, and fancy, and wit—profound learning—a charming person—a sparkling conversation; and yet, devoid of integrity, who will give him employment, or bid him welcome? We may admire him; but only as we do a beautiful and dangerous beast. The shepherd may smile at the tiger bounding through the forest, or reposing in his den; but he would shudder to see him among the lambs of his flock. To obtain good character we must have good morals. I need not say there is no morality like that of the Scriptures. Keep the ten commandments—they are of infinitely more value than the morals of Seneca, the precepts of Socrates, or the Lives of Plutarch. They are radiant with heavenly light, and worthy of God. He who observes them occupies an elevated post in the moral world. He enjoys the approbation of his reason, his conscience, and his heart—he commends himself to sinner no less than saint—he is blessed of God. Earth rejoices before him, and joy

unbidden dances in his heart. I know there appears to be no just hand in this life to distribute good and evil according to desert; yet the observation of all men will justify the remark, that integrity is indispensable to permanent prosperity. Though the immoral man may succeed for a time, he shall not prosper long. Reason will weaken him with her reproaches, conscience alarm him with her terrors, and the divine curse overtake his footsteps.

Would you understand the commandments, however, bring them to the Sermon on the Mount. In the light of this commentary, we see their beauty and divinity. They are not confined to the overt act; they require a sinless motive. Would you keep the commandments perfectly, you must not have a heart from which proceed "evil thoughts, murders, adulteries," etc. I know there is an outside morality, which makes a man as a whited sepulcher; but trust it not; the stone may be rolled away, and the rottenness laid open to the light of heaven. Would you have perfect, and pure, and vital morality, you must have a purified heart. Make the fountain pure, and the stream will be pure. But where shall the heart be washed of its stains? In the fountain of a Savior's blood. I have no faith in any morality that has not found out "Jesus Christ and him crucified."

These general observations are sufficient for our purpose; but I can not refrain from some specific directions. Be observant of truth. Scarce any man falls into vice and crime who is willing, at all hours, to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Falsehood is the gate of the road to ruin. If once a young man learns to lie, he is ready for almost any sin; because he fancies he has found a method of concealment. Who steals, who counterfeits, before he has learned to falsify? Hence, Satan is called the father of lies. "All liars are

to have their portion in the lake that burneth with brimstone." An intuitive perception of the guilt of falsehood makes the appellation "liar" exceedingly offensive. Make no distinction between white and black lies. Beware of allowing gesticulation, or manner, or countenance, to falsify. Remember that you may lie without speaking, that you may lie by exaggerating, or diminishing the truth; that you may lie even *with* the truth, by giving it a wrong arrangement.

Be cautious how you make promises; make none which you do not intend to fulfill. I know that such directions are not suited to our times of reckless trading and wild speculation. I am aware, too, that such care and caution may be incompatible with rapid accumulation; but I know, also, that the steps of one who pursues such a course, though slow, are sure; and when he gains the summit, he does not find it crumble beneath him. How immense the advantages of a man who, having acquired a reputation for punctuality, passes his promises as silver! How easy for him to command capital or secure patronage! Many are not aware that the habit of falsifying steals on insidiously. We first lie for amusement, then for convenience, next to conceal guilt, or gratify malice, till, finally, we can bear false witness against our neighbor, without the least compunction. Beware, then, of the smallest beginnings of falsehood. Be guarded in speaking of *motives* or matters of *opinion*, remembering that he who asserts any thing as true, assumes the responsibility of ascertaining it to be so.

Consider the dangerous consequences of falsehood. The fortune and character which had been acquired by a long life of usefulness, has often been blasted by a single falsehood. A soul has not unfrequently been hurled to ruin by one lie. Witness Ananias and Sapphira. Tell me not that lying is essential in your profession or trade.

It is a libel on divine Providence. There is no lawful pursuit in which truth is not far more advantageous than falsehood. The obligations to speak the truth, and the blessings which flow from it, do not depend upon the pursuits of the speaker, or the rights of the hearer, but our relations to God. Truth is lovely in herself. Learn to venerate her as the leader of virtue, the mother of science, and the attribute of God.

With a view to facilitate an observance of truth, I subjoin a few cautions. Be slow in making promises. As much as lieth in you, owe no man any thing but love. Be wary how you borrow or lend. The practice of promiscuous borrowing is a great fountain of falsehood and misfortune. I will not say that we ought never to lend. The great father of English poetry says, without qualification, "Neither a lender nor borrower be;" and, perhaps, if a man were to consider his own interest only, this would be an unexceptionable precept; for, as the great dramatist says, "Use doth oft destroy both itself and friend."

But we are not to look *solely* to our own interest; and higher authority than Shakspeare informs us that it is our duty to lend to the poor. We are rarely, however, under obligation to borrow; suffer rather than do so. Better go barefoot and bleeding over the ground than run the risk of losing a friend, blunting conscience, and incurring self-degradation, by borrowing means to buy shoes. Don't tell me about the necessity of borrowing. Few men not possessed of considerable resources can do so without plunging into a whirlpool of engagements from which it is difficult to get out with a clear character and conscience.

Be decided, not only in your opinions, but your course of action. Having chosen your path from a conviction of its rectitude, suffer nothing to divert you. Rather starve, or bleed, or burn, than act contrary to the convic-

tions of your judgment. The desire to please is an amiable trait in the character of youth, and is often confounded with humility and modesty; but it is different from either, and has been the temporal and eternal ruin of thousands.

Firmness is the helm of the mind. It can direct a feeble intellect across a stormy ocean. Without it, no force of thought, no depth of feeling, no resources of learning, no power of eloquence, no clearness of mental vision, is safe upon the voyage of life. Splendid abilities deprived of its guidance, are destined to be but a splendid wreck. It is an indispensable element in the character of the good man. To be virtuous in the midst of wickedness, is to be singular. He who follows the multitude in this world must do evil. The man who passes through the wide gate, and down the broad way, goes to destruction. What would Daniel have been without firmness? One of the precepts of the Gospel is, "Be ye steadfast, immovable." The rock in the midst of the sea, which, in the stormiest as well as the calmest hour, lifts its venerable head above the billows, is the best emblem of the Christian.

Firmness is not eccentricity. The former is founded in regard for one's own opinions; the latter in contempt for those of others. Firmness is singular in matters of importance; eccentricity is singular at all times. Who had more firmness than Paul; and yet who, in trivial matters, was more accommodating? Though he everywhere held up the cross, yet, on Mars' hill, he paid respect to philosophy; and, in Jerusalem, he honored Moses. In condescension to the Greek, he refrained from meat, and, to please the Jew, he circumcised Timothy. Steadily keeping salvation in view, he was "all things to all men."

Firmness is not obstinacy. The former rests upon

reason, the latter upon will. The former implies intelligence, the other stupidity. The one is a high excellency, the other a great defect. The one is illustrated in Luther standing before the Diet of Worms, the other in the mule standing under the lash of his master.

Be careful *in relation to your company*. Some of you may be about to leave the circle of your family, and the companions and guardians of your youth; but, as man was formed for society, you will soon find other associates. Beware: extend your confidence slowly; and, while you treat *all* with respect, be careful how you admit *any* to the endearing relation of friend. If you look over the history of the past, or the scenes of the present, you will see two classes of men: the one advancing to honor and happiness, the other plunging into infamy and ruin. And what accounts for the difference? The respective character of their early companions. "Be not deceived—evil communications corrupt good manners." Avoid infidel associates. You have been born of pious parents, and reared under holy influences. The very gambols of your boyhood have been among the green pastures, and beside the still waters of the Shepherd of souls. You have seen, upon your native mountains, the beautiful feet of Him "that bringeth good tidings—that publisheth peace." You have heard, with infant ears, "the joyful sound" that makes the people blessed. You have breathed a moral atmosphere, purified with the dews of the Gospel. You have gone up to the temple to worship, and, with infant voices, have caroled Jehovah's praise. Perhaps, reader, you are a *Peter* called from his net to be a fisher of men; and by your side is a *David*, invited from the mountains of Bethlehem to the throne of Israel; and here is one on whom, while looking into heaven, the mantle of an *Elijah* hath fallen; and there is the son of some *Hannah*, a child of vows and tears, dedicated to God in

his temple, by her whose trembling heart said, "So long as he liveth he shall be lent to the Lord." Here is that Samuel who, when the word of the Lord was precious, as he lay by the ark of God, said, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth."

But you are about to leave the paths of youth and go down into the wilderness. Beware! I am not afraid that you will seek companions in the bar-rooms, and in the corners of the streets. You *shudder* at the blasphemies of those cruel scorners who can hurl down, with malignant pleasure, the poor souls whom they allure to the dark mountains of unbelief, and look with mad indifference upon the eternal ruin of the victims whom they betray to the hands of Satan. *You* will not listen, while the Bible, and the blood which speaketh mercy, and the temple, which lifts its vail from the counsels of the eternal Mind, are reviled. But you should remember that there is a *refined* infidelity. You will meet with young men of engaging manners, cultivated minds, and elegant attainments, whose thoughts and feelings are tinctured with skepticism. These men know how to insnare you. Praising the poetry of Isaiah, the morality of the Gospel, and the character of Jesus, they will treat your religion with respect, and go to the house of God in your company. But, at the same time, they will give you to understand that they see excellences in the Koran and the Talmud, as well as the Bible; that they venerate the son of Sophroniseus as well as the Son of Mary, and that they have a similar regard for the Arabian kneeling at the tomb of the prophet, or the Brahmin prostrate at the feet of his idol, that they entertain for you at the supper of the Lord. Descanting upon the prejudices of early education, and the power of custom, and sneering at enthusiasm and superstition in all their forms, they will ingeniously turn the contempt they arouse against these, her

accidental concomitants, upon the holy religion which they deform. While they raise a cloud before your eyes, which hides God from your view, they will steal into your doubting heart, robbing it of all faith in God's word, all hope in his mercy, all traces of his love; and leaving you in a world of wickedness and misery, without any support for your virtue, any consolation for your woe, or any hope in a better world! Alas! what may we expect will be your career? and in what manner will it close? Who shall help you on your dying pillow, when the terrors of the grave rise, and the curtains of despair fall, and the furies of remorse wake up, and hell opens its mouth for the lost soul? O, Jesus, may we never leave thy cross! Shun the most splendid society if it be of infidel tendency. No accomplishment so elegant, no learning so profound, no honor so resplendent, as to compensate the child of God for the least seed of doubt that skepticism can plant in his heart.

Avoid the company of the gay or dissolute. Far be it from me to recommend austerity or gloom. There is nothing in my philosophy or my feelings which would rob youth of one of its rational pleasures. There is useful mirth as well as salutary woe. And it becomes us all to sit down to life's feast with pleasure, and rise from it with gratitude. But let your pleasures be *rational*, not sensual—the pleasures of *man*, not those of the *brute*. Let the feast be the feast of *reason*, and the wine the flow of *soul*. Immortal mind should need no material stimulant. As iron sharpeneth iron, so the face of man his friend.

While mind struggles with mind, and heart bounds to heart—while thought leaps out to thought, and joy dances to joy—while mutual sympathy heightens mutual rapture—there are heights and depths of pleasure never known to the cockpit, the race-course, or the ball-room.

Although the habits of the age are temperate, yet there

are a thousand avenues to the drunkard's grave. On the steamboat and on the street, in the city and in the field, there are those who "lie in wait to destroy." Hundreds are ready to lead you to the card-table, and from the card-table to the wine-cup, and thence to the scenes of alluring vice, where pleasure decks her bowers, and spreads her bed of poppies, and, in the words of the poet, "weaves the winding-sheet of souls, and lays them in the urn of everlasting death."

Be careful of your *mind*. *Inform* it. There is as clear evidence that the mind was made to learn as that the feet were made to walk. All nature is hung with leaves of instruction, and a flood of light spreads over them to make their lessons luminous. The Bible is a book from heaven, ample in its evidence, sublime in its revelations, clear and copious in its instructions, pure in its precepts, rich and precious in its promises. Above all, there is a divine light which beams upon the humble soul. These three sources of knowledge are exhaustless and pure. Commune much, then, with nature, with revelation, and with God. Beware of other sources of knowledge. We fear both men and books. Granted, that *holy* men are good counselors, religious books helps to wisdom. Try both by the divine oracles. If they speak not according to this, there is no light in them. Books of history, of geography, and of true science, are but transcripts of Providence and nature. Of these we need not be fearful; but works of human genius are to be suspected. The memory is an immortal canvas, and the forms traced upon it will probably be enduring as God. Beware whose brush you suffer to approach it. Thought may be buried, but the hour cometh when it shall have a resurrection, and be hung up in eternal light to the gaze of men and angels. Moreover, there is a Mind so pure that the heavens are not clean in his sight—so transcend-

ent that he charges his angels with folly; and that mind searcheth hourly the heart. Let us beware whose ink-horn we let down into the bosom.

Though an impure thought may give a moment's amusement, it may afterward cost unspeakable anguish. Who shall tell the torment of that spirit, when, in the hour of its painful trial, the infidel doubt which it received in the days of its wickedness, rises like a lost spirit from the pit, to haunt it through the darkness? Novelist, there cometh an hour when death shall seize. Then every stanza of Zion, and every verse of the Bible, will be an angel to thy soul. But, alas! the impure thoughts of Shakspeare, and Byron, and Butler, may be commissioned, like horrid specters, to drive you away from hopes of mercy, and promises of God, into the very terrors of hell. In that sad moment of despair, what would you give for a rod to drive away the ghosts of impurity and sin that hover round thy dying pillow?

Consider. Let all you learn be subjected to examination, fair and full. Read, then meditate, understand, appropriate. Keep a sentinel at the door of the mind, charged to admit no stranger who does not give the countersign. When any important fact comes into your presence, survey it carefully: inquire into its nature, its origin, its uses, and how to make it bear upon your object. He who perpetually reads, but never inquires, is like a stranger in the midst of a mob—he knows not friend from foe, nor which way to flee to escape danger.

In the economy of God, high achievement issues only from commanding mind; commanding intellect can only be brought forth by painful mental travail. *Control* the mind. Magnificent are its powers immortal; glorious the improvement, or terrible the havoc, which they must make in the universe; high and luminous the elevation, or dark and profound the abyss which must follow its

labors, according as they are well or ill-regulated. You can do much to acquire command of your powers, by long and laborious exertion. The reason can be trained to patient, powerful, consecutive thought—but not without a will, which to the soul is as the voice of God to the universe. To think, in this world of sights and sounds, and fragrance and sweets—of fancies and follies, cares and duties—is no easy task. Ulysses, as he passed the rock of the Siren, stuffed the ears of his companions with wax, and lashed his own body to the mast. He who would escape the rocks of folly, as he sails deep seas of thought, must learn to shut the gates of the senses, and bind his intellect with strong cords. The imagination is of incalculable value, but it needs to be under stern control. It is a beautiful world of dreams, in which the soul may advantageously luxuriate—dancing through its castles, communing with its heroes, imparadising itself in its bowers, and returning to the real world with the motion, the beauty, the fragrance, and the song of an angel fresh from the scenes of light. But we must be careful not to tarry too long in our visits to those enchanting regions—not to forget that we are visitors there, that our proper sphere is the world of matter—let us always maintain a proper command of the ivory gate, so that we may at once and always have free egress to the upper air.

The passions are a vast deep; it is good this deep should oft be moved. Let the east wind, and the north, and the south, and the west, bursting from their caves, together meet upon its waters; let the waves rise and the sands be thrown up, and the spray sprinkle the stars, and heaven and earth be commingled; but take care that there shall always be a Neptune within the soul, to raise his calm head above the billows, and driving the struggling winds to their strong prisons, and calming the

troubled waters, make a tranquil surface on which to retreat to his ocean home.

I tremble, reader, to think that you are plunged into the depths of the universe, with an immortal soul, responsible to a holy and infinite God. Let constant prayer ascend, that the Holy Spirit may never "leave you alone."

Finally, save your soul. What gain can compensate for its loss? Who, that reads his own heart in the light of God's law, does not feel guilty? There is mercy and there is wrath in Jehovah—to which of them shall the sinner be consigned? Jesus Christ is wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption. Up, dying sinner, to his cross!

Female Education.*

THE dedication of your college to its purpose, is deemed an occasion worthy to be marked by appropriate ceremonies, and I am called on to bear a part in them. I respond to the call with no ordinary pleasure. Your beautiful and thriving village is associated in my memory with many pleasant recollections; your elevated location, your charming prospects, and your healthful breezes, have often suggested to me the idea of a literary institution. Your commercial enterprise, your political ambition, and your perseverance in carrying forward those public improvements by which, though an inland town, you have secured all the advantages of two navigable streams, have begotten the conviction that such an institution would be safe and prosperous in your hands.

The Church to which we belong has, from the earliest settlement of the place, found a home and a welcome among you, and your streets have become classic soil with her members, being consecrated to the labors of Christie and Bigelow, whom you have honored as apostles.

The occasion suggests to me a special personal obligation which I owe to Mansfield; for she has given me what no other village has—a faithful wife. It is not inappropriate, therefore, that I should contribute my mite toward your entertainment while we consecrate this temple of science to the young ladies of Mansfield. For, although it is open to all, and although we may hope that

* Delivered at the opening of Mansfield Female College.

in the lapse of time it may educate the daughters of other villages, other counties, other states, yet for the benefit of Mansfield it must be *chiefly* employed. It will require some money to transport young ladies hither, and provide for them comfortably, to nurse them in sickness, and convey them home as occasion may require; so that, practically, these halls will be accessible to such distant patrons only as are somewhat favored by fortune. It is accessible to all your own daughters. The poorest man must feed and clothe his child, and it requires no more to do this while she is attending the college than while she is playing the tambourine in the streets. There is nothing between that daughter's footsteps and the highest forms of the college but the tuition fee, and if the institution sell cheap scholarships, that fee will be less even than the tuition of the district school. Your College, therefore, must raise the intellectual character of your female youth; and, as the young gentlemen, by a sort of capillary attraction, will generally ascend as high as the young ladies, it must raise the whole platform of your society. This elevation will soon display itself in your buildings, your gardens, your employments, and your amusements. But the intellect and the taste are not all that will be cultivated here: the morals will receive due attention, and the religious emotions will be awakened and sustained. In this consideration all good men will especially rejoice; for better—ininitely better—that our daughters be ignorant drudges, dying piecemeal over the wash-tub, than Cleopatras, dazzling the palace with their beauty and wit, and cursing its Anthonys by their wickedness. And yet there may be men, and women too, in this community, who look with jealousy upon this institution because it is religious. Some of them may dislike it because of their infidelity; others because of their bigotry. Let both consider that some religion is indispens-

able to the institution; for without it, youth can neither be educated nor governed. An atheist can not be persuaded to send his daughters to an atheistic, or even infidel school; indeed, irreligious men are very careful how they speak on religious subjects to their own daughters. Whatever they may say to the daughters of others, few among them would not say to a beloved child, struggling in death, what that infidel, Colonel Allen, of Revolutionary memory, said to his daughter under such circumstances, when she asked him the question, "Father, shall I adopt your faith, or the faith of my mother?" "The faith of your mother, my child." Seminaries of learning without religion, have been tried under the most favorable auspices, and have proved failures. If you have religious instruction, you must have religious teachers. Indeed, it would be next to impossible to find persons not under the influence of strong religious principle, who possess the requisite talents, knowledge, and experience, and have the willingness to serve in professors' chairs for the poor remuneration which colleges can afford. These persons must belong either to the same denomination or different ones. If to different, one of two results will be likely to follow—either no strong moral or religious impressions will be made on the minds of the pupils, or there will sooner or later be either a change in the policy, or a rent at the foundation of the institution; for, let any teacher be active and earnest in seeking the spiritual welfare of his students, and he will naturally draw them with him to his own Church. He will thus awaken among his associates of different faith the suspicion of proselytism; then will come rumors, evil surmisings, backbitings, whisperings, swellings, tumults, perverse disputings of men of corrupt minds—finally, explosions, dissolution. The Church will share in the strife, and share, too, in the injury. This ought not so to be; but human nature,

though sanctified, is still human nature. But, you say, take for instructors men of strong sense, deep piety, and catholic spirit. Very well; perhaps if such stood alone, they might give definite religious knowledge to their pupils without suspecting or checking each other; but they can not stand alone—they must feel more or less the influence of their respective Churches, for they are expected to represent them, and would be considered treacherous if they did not. One cries, "All of the Bible that we need inculcate in the school, is moral precepts and cardinal doctrines, and in these all are agreed. Let, then, professors stand upon this broad platform, and there will be no difficulty." But we must observe that it is not possible to disconnect the essential from the incidental, nor to dissociate the instruction from the instructor.

"I could put up," cries one, "with a *religious* college, but not a *sectarian* one." Sectarianism I abhor as much as any man; it is a brainless, heartless monster, begotten of ignorance and pride. I wish it were dead. There is no ground for it in the Scriptures. It is at war with both the law and the Gospel. If I were to preach against it, I would make the whole New Testament my text. It can not live in the presence of Jesus, whose spirit and conduct, whose parables and prayers, whose law of love and death of agony, all speak, through and through, of universal and impartial benevolence. But we must distinguish between a sectarian and a merely denominational institution. The one is set up merely to promote the interest of the sect, and it shuts out all who are not of that sect, or will not submit to the machinery judged necessary to make them so. The other is set up for the benefit of all who choose to avail themselves of it, and without requiring a conformity to any thing more than reasonable regulations for their education and government. It is instituted by a particular denomination as

a matter of convenience. It demonstrates her willingness to do her share in the great work of Christian education, and provokes sister Churches to do likewise. In this way, the energies of the whole Church can be best brought out and applied, and her children can be committed to their educators with the greatest confidence. The fact that a seminary is under the sanction and control of a certain respectable ecclesiastical body, gives the assurance that it will be well managed and sustained, and thus attracts to it a patronage, and secures to it a permanence which no college controlled by a merely local corporation, however excellent, could command.

Instead of promoting sectarianism, it diminishes it, by securing unanimity, and harmony, and mutual confidence alike in the board of trustees and the board of instructors. It precludes those theological discussions by which sectarianism is developed and made strong. It also discourages proselytism. This College needs the patronage of all denominations. It will seek the good-will of all; it will not, therefore, strive to awaken in the minds of the children that may be confided to its care, any prejudice against the religion of their parents. Its own interest will put it under bonds not to do so. Even when it becomes independent, it will still have a motive to catholicity; for, unless it possess a catholic spirit, its usefulness must be limited within the narrow bounds of the Church to which it belongs. Indeed, our schools and colleges are the great centers of catholic feeling. The more our acquaintance extends the less our prejudices become; in proportion as our minds are enlightened, our hearts enlarged, and our obligations to others increased, we learn to respect their opinions. How would an enraged polemic feel as he arose to ply his artillery of wit, and satire, and raillery against the Church of his antagonist, if an aged instructor who belonged to that Church should

come in and remind him that he owes his very capacity to point with skill and grace his enginery of indignation and ridicule to the beneficence of that very Church against which he directs it, and his introduction within his own to the prayers and admonitions of one of the faithful watchmen whose walls he would fain demolish! Moreover, more can be done with the same means when Churches operate separately, than when they combine. Compare those managed by the state with those controlled by the Church—Harvard with Yale, Oxford with Oberlin, etc. As to the moral influence, it is incomparably greater under the latter than under the former regimen. I can name a state institution in the west that had in its faculty, among others, a Presbyterian, a Methodist, and an infidel. At every opportunity the infidel adroitly managed to get the Calvinist and the Arminian engaged on the question of predestination, and then he sat still, in raptures, bestirring himself only to goad on the antagonists whenever the battle relaxed. What was going on from week to week among the students, may well be conjectured.

And this reminds me of a class who may object to this College because it is not religious enough. They are accustomed to stigmatize the college curriculum as a pagan one. True, we shall find among the text-books works of pagan authors—they are the *elect*, however, chosen with reference to their moral sentiments no less than their intellectual treasures and linguistic purity, such as Cicero, Xenophon, Virgil, Homer, Herodotus, Horace, Tacitus, Æsculus, Euripides, and Plato; and such portions only of these are taken as are least exceptionable to a Christian mind, such as orations, histories, and poems—bearing upon common topics, providential dealings, natural objects, etc.—and only such an amount of these as is necessary to give a correct knowledge

of those languages in which the Gospel was written, and the commentaries of the early Christian fathers cast. Moreover, most of our text-books have all necessary expurgations and caveats. Next we find the mathematics, pure and mixed. We can no more set these down as pagan than as Christian; for, although pagans may have taught them, they taught them not as pagans, but as rational beings. Christians teach them, too—Galileo, Kepler, Newton, yea, more, God; for as Plato well said, God geometrizes—by mathematics he sets the tabernacle for the sun, and stretches his line above the heavens. This, perhaps, you think does not bear directly upon devotional feeling, but it does upon both Christian character and Christian usefulness, by preparing the mind to adore and serve the Creator. And here let it be observed, that the great object of education is not to impart knowledge, but to develop, train, strengthen mind. Though we may never engage in civil or military engineering, we may find it well to trace the works of the Almighty; and, moreover, we shall never find amiss, either in the Church militant or triumphant, those habits of close attention, of philosophical association, of long and patient intellectual labor, which mathematical studies cultivate. Next come the natural sciences. Are these pagan? Are they not Christian too? studies in the divine museum; meditations in God's great gallery of arts; symphonies in his living temple!

But look again at the scheme of studies: you find the laws of reasoning—logic—the laws of style—rhetoric—the history of the world, the geography of the earth, the philosophy of the human mind, the map of human opinions, the literature of all ages, the evidences of the Christian faith, the science of morals, the analogy of religion—above all, the Gospel of our Lord and the epistles of his apostles in the original tongues, which run all through the course.

If among the text-books I find such commanding works as Paley's Theology, Wayland's Moral Science, Gleig's History of the Bible, Paley's Evidences, Philosophy of Salvation, and *Instar Omnium*—Butler's Analogy, and if I learn that they are thoroughly taught, while the New Testament is reverentially and critically and prayerfully studied, and the whole Bible, from morning to morning, read in course, with a running commentary, and enforced by argument and exhortation from Sabbath to Sabbath, and by a pure example from day to day upon the pupils, and that the whole apparatus of instruction reposes upon pillars of prayer, I can not see how such pupils can be otherwise than Christians, theoretically and practically, and retain their own self-respect.

Do not suppose that I think man can be educated into Christianity without the grace of God—but that persons thus educated will be likely to *seek* the grace of God—that seeking they will find it, and finding it they will become enlightened, settled, active, discreet Christians. God has signally owned such instruction by granting numerous and extensive revivals of religion in colleges, and particularly in these latter days, and also by selecting the fruits of these revivals, both to spread the savor of his name in distant nations, and to occupy the chief places of influence in the Church at home.

But this is a female college: there are men among us who, although they can see the propriety of colleges for young men, see no necessity for such institutions for the other sex. "What," say they, "do ladies want of Latin? they are not to be lawyers or doctors. What do they want of Greek? they do not preach. What do they want of mathematics? they are not going to survey lands or command steamships. Such persons should be reminded that women have minds; that minds should be educated; that mathematics and languages are not the

ends but the *means* of education—the instruments for training the intellect to strong thought, and the tongue to clear, and copious, and graceful utterance. We hear much of woman's rights. I plead for them to-day. I claim that in the college they shall be equal to those of men, because her capacities are equal. Physically she is inferior. There are structural differences which mark the predestined superiority of man in mere bodily strength; he has a broader chest, a more powerful pair of lungs, a larger, firmer, muscular system. It is not mere fashion which gives the severer duty to the right arm; it is better supplied with blood than the left; so it is not mere accident that, as a general rule, both in savage and civilized life, assigns the ruder and more laborious duties to man. It is an ordinance of *nature* that man, not woman, shall wield the ax, scale the heights, and measure the depths, sail the seas, and lay new foundations. But is woman *intellectually* equal to man? Women have ranked side by side with men of proudest name. Sappho, "violet-crowned, pure, sweetly-smiling Sappho," for grace and elegance, for genius and cultivation, had no superior in her age; she was regarded by her countrymen as a supernal being, and dignified with the title of the "tenth muse." Even Solon, on hearing one of her poems, said that he could not die till he had learned it by heart. Corinna, of Thebes, in five successive contests bore the palm from Pindar. But time would fail to tell of the Marys, and Catharines, and Elizabeths, and Lady Greys, and Lady Lumleys, and countesses, and duchesses, and madames, and misses who wrote Latin and Greek, and spoke Italian, and French, and Spanish, and rivaled poets, and excelled statesmen, and uttered oracles, and mastered mathematics, and studied theology, and received doctorates, and subdued kingdoms, and swayed scepters, and alarmed warriors,

and routed armies. Such cases, unless they are exceptions to a general rule, show that woman is intellectually the peer of man. They are indeed striking instances; but let the advantages enjoyed by Elizabeth Carter or Madame Dacier be possessed by all, and examples of female greatness equally illustrious would become frequent. Still it may be said that the world has produced no woman to stand up side by side with Bacon or Newton in philosophy; with Aristotle or Locke in logic; with Homer, or Shakspeare, or Milton in poetry; with Hannibal, or Cæsar, or Napoleon in arms. To this it may be replied, woman has had a poor opportunity thus to distinguish herself. But how came she to have so poor a chance, if she be the equal of man? why not, in the course of ages, assert and prove her equality, and make her lord her equal at least, if not her subject? We answer, though woman's intellect is equal to man's in power, it is different in kind—in memory, perception, imagination, woman is not inferior to man; in abstraction and ratiocination perhaps she is. Though she surpasses man in some mental efforts, she can not match him in mere analytical power or sublime conception. Her best productions, like Cleopatra's needle, are of fine material, graceful form, beautiful proportions, and full of meaning. Man's noblest works are like the pyramids of Egypt, amazing by their breadth and solidity.

However this may be, she is certainly superior to man in sensibility; her emotions are more intense, and her affections more lively and persistent. Only a woman, when her sons were slain, could have kept her bed of sackcloth on the rocks from the beginning of harvest till water dropped upon the corpses out of heaven, that she might prevent the birds of the air from resting on them by day and beasts of the field by night. None but a mother could day by day carry her dead child through

the frozen woods, and night after night suspend his cradle of bark upon the branches beneath which she slept, and no where fix upon a spot in which to bury him.

Woman is superior to man in taste; her songs are more sweet and tender; her epistles more bright and sparkling; her delineations of character more accurate, and her descriptions of nature more perfect. Her mind, like an unruffled sea, reflects the forms and hues of all things around and above it.

Chiefly does her moral sensibility evince superior delicacy; her views of right are generally more vivid and her moral impulses more powerful. Pity, gentleness, and compassion are among her marked characteristics. The stranger who is driven from the abode of the savage by man, may hope to find mercy from woman. It is woman that, in her pity, can administer relief to the bleeding or dying invader of her country at the risk and even at the cost of life—and who, at the couch of suffering or of death, like unto a wife, a sister, or a mother?

These differences between the sexes are wisely ordered. As Tennyson prettily expresses it,

“For woman is not undevelop’d man,
 But diverse: could we make her as the man,
 Sweet love were slain, whose dearest bond is this—
 Not like to like, but like in difference:
 Yet in the long years liker must they grow—
 The man be more of woman, she of man;
 He gain in sweetness and in moral height,
 Nor loose the wrestling thews that throw the world;
 She mental breadth, nor fail in childward care:
 More as the double-natured poet, each;
 Till at the last she set herself to man
 Like perfect music unto noble words;
 And so these twain, upon the skirts of time,
 Sit side by side, full summed in all their powers,
 Dispensing harvest, sowing the To be,
 Still reverent and reverencing each,

Distinct in individualities,
But like each other, ev'n as those who love :
Then comes the statelier Eden back to men ;
Then reign the world's great bridals, chaste and calm ;
Then springs the crowning race of human kind."

But shall we say that woman is the inferior? It is fabled that among the heavenly hierarchy the seraphim—angels of love—rank higher than the cherubim—angels of light. Surely woman is worthy of an education as good, both in kind and degree, as man's. This may be proved as well from her functions as her nature.

She is the companion of man. Man, oppressed by cares, perplexed by responsibilities, fatigued with business, needs at the evening fireside the relief of agreeable conversation; there is no opiate so soothing, no tonic so invigorating. But this relief he can not find unless his wife be as intelligent as himself; she must be able to understand his words and allusions, to be interested with his studies, to be pleased with his amusements, to appreciate his reflections, and respond to his appeals; to exchange with him thoughts, sentiments, images, joys. If there be an intellectual chasm between them, woe to both! they may understand each other's obligations and struggle to fulfill them; but all in vain; the wife will prefer the companionship of menials to that of her husband, and will generally make an excuse to be in the kitchen or the nursery when he is in the parlor; or, if she endure his presence, will leave him to his reflections and relapse into her own—now and then relieving the silence by a smile that renders her vacancy visible. Under such circumstances, what wonder if the husband, especially if he be not under strong moral restraint, should seek company at the coffee-house, the theater, the assembly, or the billiard-saloon; and, instead of pursuing a safe voyage over the ocean of life, should drown his bark in

the lake of intemperance, and wreck his fortunes forever ! This is the secret history of most of the children of genius. The women are not to blame ; society is to blame for not educating them upon the same platform with men. Marriage under such circumstances is but half marriage—it is a mere civil bond ; whereas it *should* be also a spiritual one, one that death can hardly sever, that heaven may reunite, and that eternity may mature. Hard indeed is it, under the most favorable auspices, to struggle up to the high places of the earth ; doubly hard, scarcely possible, when a man's wife does not appreciate his merits, second his efforts, and encourage his heart. You may tell me that there are but few intellectual men, and that such as are, may educate their wives to suit themselves. Alas ! let no man try the experiment ; it is possible for a man to educate himself—he has command of his time. After his toil is over he can retire with his book ; if he be a carpenter, he can read by the light of his shavings ; if a merchant, by the glimmer of his lamp ; if a poet, by the light of the moon. The soldier may study in his barrack ; the shoemaker, over his lap-stone ; the sailor, in his hammock. But when or where is poor woman to study ? The kitchen, the laundry, the dining-room, the chamber, the nursery, and the parlor divide her time, and make their indispensable calls with the regularity of the sun ; and when these calls are met, where is the leisure hour ? There is no silence which the cry of the infant for the fountain of the breast or the cry of the sick-bed for the refreshing draught may not disturb ; there is no light which tiny hands about the mother's neck may not dash out or obscure, no book that they may not tear. Talk not of mathematics or metaphysics to her, it is too late—the father may rush from the annoyance of his children, and almost forget the prattle and the cries of the cradle, but the mother may not.

Woman is often by necessity the representative of man. It is implied in the contract of marriage, that if either party is incapacitated to fulfill assumed obligation, the other is bound to supply, as far as possible, the place of the failing partner. If the wife be bedridden, the husband must see that the household shall not suffer; if the husband grow blind, or deaf, or demented, it is the duty of the wife to see that his business be not neglected, but that his family shall receive support; or, if he be laid in the grave, that his estate shall be well managed. If the wife be well educated, she will find but little difficulty under such circumstances; she will have lived with her husband on such terms of intimacy and confidence that she will know the arts of his business, the state of his accounts, the nature of his contracts, and the extent of his plans, and will be able to bring his affairs to a successful termination, or prosecute his business with energy and skill. How often it happens that a man of great enterprise and wealth leaves at death an estate which, when closed, proves bankrupt, because an incompetent, uninterested party becomes his executor! We say, as we look on, if the deceased had lived to close up his own business, he might have been a millionaire. Few men have the ability to settle an extensive and complicated estate, fewer still have the time, and fewer still can feel the necessary interest in it. But an intelligent wife, who for life was the familiar friend of the great operator, who had comprehended his plans, breathed his spirit, and become conversant with his agencies, and who feels that her fortune and that of her children depends upon her success, would be able to close the business to her own aggrandizement and the advantage of community. I am not among those who would place woman side by side with man in the field and the forest, the store and the market. Nature, in the

sports of even unguided children, points out characteristic differences of occupation—the boy mounts his charger, and shoulders his gun, and builds his little city, and goes abroad to the banks of the stream, and comes home, perchance, with a bloody nose; the girl lays a doll in her lap, and sings her lullaby, and spreads her little table with broken china, and soothes the angry passions, and dresses the bleeding wound of her brother. As she grows up nature assigns to her duties, and cares, and modes of suffering which are peculiar and untransferable; and the character of these duties and afflictions and anxieties forbids that she should ordinarily labor side by side with man in the sterner duties and the more exposed theaters of life. But we would not have her cripple her lungs or lose the rose from her cheek; rather would we have her develop all her power of muscle, and, above all, her power of mind, and be ready, when Providence creates an emergency, to step into her absent husband's footsteps even when high energy, and power, and reasoning are demanded. Nature anticipates such an emergency; for in woman, weak, timid, retiring, there seems to be an unsuspected reserve of strength which an exigency can call forth. In hours of extremity she has a more protean spirit, a more plastic temperament, a more subtile eloquence, and a greater power of adapting her operations to any required scale than man. She has, too, temporarily, a greater capacity of endurance, both physical and moral, an intenser passion, and in all her energies a more violent power of reaction. It was a mother who said to her son, when she handed him his shield, "Bring that back or be brought back upon it." It was a mother who, in the days of the Maccabees, exhorted her children one by one to martyrdom. It was Joan of Arc who rushed like a fury into battle, and the Amazons who moved through the foes with the fierceness and power of

the whirlwind. Put a family in the wilderness, and let the savages assail them; the mother may scream and perhaps faint, as the father shoulders his rifle to defend his cabin; but let that father be slain and scalped, and there will be another defender. She has ceased to scream, she has recovered her pulse, she has put off the woman, and now she seizes the nearest weapon, and, standing before her cradle, she battles with a coolness, a courage, and a fierceness, to which man is a stranger.

Under all ordinary circumstances, we are disgusted to see woman exhibit a masculine spirit, or usurp masculine duties, but when necessity demands them of her, they sit gracefully upon her. Woman playing the jockey on a race-course is unlovely, but woman gracefully flying over the plain on her well-reined charger, to catch the last words of a dying mother, or to save an imperiled child, or inform the frontier camp of the landing of the foe, is sublime. A maiden in the judge's bench, making speeches to a laughing crowd, is contemptible; a widow at the bar, supplying her counsel with facts by which he may rescue her property from fraud and her children from poverty, is honorable.

Another function of woman renders her education necessary—she is the educator of man. The school, the academy, the college, and the conflicts of life may do much to form the character of a man, but the mother more. She lays her plastic hand upon him when his faculties are all impressible. A babe might make an oak grow gnarled and twisted if he seized it as it burst from the ground, but a giant could not, after a few decades had matured its trunk. Show me a great man that has not hung upon the breast of a sensible mother. Show me an illustrious mother whose son is not worthy of her. It is scarce possible for a boy with ordinary endowments to be reared by a sensible and educated woman without being

great. She may be driven by misfortune to the wilderness, but even in woods and widowhood she will train up a philosopher. As soon as her son begins to walk the earth, she will begin to give him some idea of its magnitude, its mountains and streams, its continents and islands, its lakes and oceans, so that the globe is never presented to his mind without form and void, for the spirit of his mother moves upon the face of the waters. As the wind howls through the trees at night, she may calm his mind by explaining to him the nature of the air he breathes, the causes of its currents, the gases which enter into its composition, the sources of its impurities, its uses in respiration, and in keeping, by its pressure, the blood within the veins. So that, from the first, the spirit of philosophy shall shut out the idol superstition from the temple of his brain. On some beautiful morning she may begin to teach him the laws of light; she resumes them at noon, when the rainbow, spanning the heavens, illustrates her lesson of refraction, and closes them when the setting sun demonstrates for her, in the western sky, the laws of reflection; so that the evening and the morning are a day of instruction for her boy. She takes him abroad at night, and as the moon comes forth with her train of stars, she goes out with her son beneath her mantle, and lays the rod of modern astronomy upon the azure vault, and measures from planet to planet as his expanding mind takes in the demonstration; and when she has given him some idea of our system and our sun, she raises his mind to the fixed stars, each the center of a system, and up the milky way she walks, hand in hand with her child, to the distant nebulae, where the molding hand of God is shaping some new creation, and seizing the harp of David, she sings some such strain as this: "Whither shall I go from thy presence, or whither shall I flee from thy spirit?" But it is not only in the glo-

rious scenes of nature that she points out truth—even in the humblest duties she is a teacher. As she rakes the embers from the hearth, she explains the nature of fire and the laws of heat. As she fills her bucket, she explains the principles of the pump, and the laws both of hydrostatics and hydraulics; as she swings her kettle upon the crane, she treats of the compound nature of water, and explains how the sun draws up the mist and forms the rain drops; how the dew distills upon the grass, and the snow flakes crystallize as they fall. As the neighbor's house is building, she points out the simple mechanical powers, and their combination in machines, and illustrates how force is increased and regulated by them. Her son brings in, some spring morning, a bunch of flowers from the woods, and his mother, to reward his kindness, analyzes and names them for him, and shows how all vegetable productions are arranged into classes, orders, and genera, so that they constitute a great volume, in which these different classes are beautiful leaves; and she thus entices him to search again, sure that the meanest mushroom has a lesson in it. He brings, on some winter morning, a curious stone, and forthwith his mother gives it a name, and then determines its properties, composition, and relations in a system of mineralogy, and a new volume is opened beneath his feet, and the very stones cry out to him to seek knowledge. A strange bird attracts his notice, and he bears it in his bosom to the bosom of his mother; she names it, as though it were a familiar friend, and speaks of its family; and now he learns that the fowls of heaven too are made upon a plan, and they warble more sweetly, and shine more beautifully in the branches to his excited senses and eager mind. He finds the skeleton, it may be, of a rabbit; but it affords the mother an opportunity to point out ribs, and spine, and cranium, and limbs, and from these

she may proceed to speak of the golden bowl, and the silver cord, and the pitcher at the fountain, and the wheel at the cistern, till he shall cry out, "I am fearfully and wonderfully made." As the railroad penetrates the wilderness, she explains to him the expansive nature of steam, the mode by which it is regulated, the parts and movements of the engine, whether stationary or locomotive, and the use to which it is applied, both in commerce and manufactures. And now the telegraph follows, but the heaven-appointed teacher is at no loss to explain its mysteries to her loving pupil; for she has taught in a lecture on the lightning what is electricity, and what is magnetism, and electro-magnetism, and how it may be generated and made the messenger of men. Perhaps her leisure moments are spent in drawing diagrams, and making models to reward the obedience of him whom she has brought into this life, to train up for another, and whose chamber, it may be, is decorated with geological maps, and celestial charts, through which he muses, in his waking hours, upon the epochs of the past, and the revolutions of the future. In due time she teaches him the laws of that language which he speaks, and analyzes that graceful style, and that accurate method of reasoning which he has caught from her beautiful lips; nor does she neglect to teach him the properties of numbers, the relations of quantities, and the resolution of forces. She leads him, as his mind matures, to patient retrospection, and points out the faculties and laws of that most delicate and wonderful mind which allies him to the angels, and which should be led into eternity in the image of God. Her winter evenings, I fancy, she devotes to history, till she renders her pupil familiar with the nations of the past, with the progress of empires, the progress of arts, the progress of discovery, and the progress of virtue. As she exhibits before him the

heroes and orators of antiquity, she awakens, in order to gratify, his thirst for the languages in which they spoke, and specially for the languages of the prophets and patriarchs, martyrs and apostles. But from first to last she dwells upon the Bible, and morning and evening she takes her charge to her closet, and breathes upon him her prayer, and teaches him to lift his hands on high. Who would not have such a mother? What son that has, can fail to grow up to giant manhood?

The mother not only teaches the child when it is most impressible, but when the impressions made are the most indelible. The image of the mother goes into the very structure of the soul of the child, like that image of himself which Phidias cut so deeply into the buckle of his Minerva, that no one could obliterate it without breaking into fragments the statue itself.

The mother does more for her son than simply to impart knowledge. The mother of Miriam would have nourished up a Moses, even if her lips had been sealed to the Hebrew law, by breathing upon him her Hebrew spirit. It is a beautiful fable of ancient mythology, that when Ceres left the society of the gods, and came down among men, she came to Elusis disguised as an aged woman, and was employed by the wife of Celeus as a nurse to her infant son. Beneath the care of the goddess the child "throve like a god." He ate no food, but Ceres breathed on him as he lay in her bosom, and anointed him with ambrosia, and every night hid him beneath unknown fires. She was making him immortal. So, methinks, a great mother is like one from God. She breathes on her child celestial breath, anoints him with heavenly odors, and lays him on the burning bed of her own great spirit, till he grows immortal.

Woman is the great reformer of men. Without her, man soon roughens into a barbarian, and hardens into a

criminal. I grant she is herself capable of barbarism and crime; and if once she falls, she sinks deeper than man; there is a wildness in her sin, and a fearfulness in the ruin which she works, that makes ordinary criminals stand aghast. The opening of her hand in iniquity is as the opening of Pandora's box. And this shows her power. From the days of Eve, our worst evils have come through woman's instrumentality; so with errors in science, in religion, in politics. When an empiric plants himself in a village, upon whose credulity does he first practice? Without securing the confidence of some good matrons, his case were hopeless. It is woman whose sympathies are first excited by the cry of distress, whose feet first find access to the chamber of woe, whose services are first offered at the couch of affliction; who, in her kindness, inquires into the symptoms of the sufferer, and, in her ingenuity, infuses doubts concerning the treatment, and prepares the way for the new mode of practice. However intelligent a husband be, he can hardly bear up against the entreaties of a wife weeping over a sick child. After reasoning and remonstrating, he is likely to say, as he rushes to his business, "Well, do as you please." Thus the charlatan is called to the children, and he who prescribes for *them* will, sooner or later, prescribe for the *parents*. So, too, with errors in religion. When Mormonism sent its prophets of wind through the land, their chief captives were silly women. Where the mother clave to the faith of her fathers, the family was safe; even though the husband might falter and wander, he generally, in the end, returned to his home and his senses; but when the mother yielded, the family was lost. Thus, too, all forms of superstition find their refuge in the interior of the house. Nor is it less so in politics. Where woman's voice is for despotism, despotism is; when it is for anarchy, anarchy is; when it is for slavery,

the chains are riveted. In the French Revolution, for example, anarchy and despotism alternated as the Madame Rolands or the Charlotte Cordays were uppermost. So with vice. Angels may lecture on temperance in vain, if beautiful women hold out the tempting glass; divines preach to little purpose, while ladies smile at blasphemy; Sinai's thunders go forth into the empty air, while women of the upper walks caress the villain and the libertine; despite a prophet's prayers and words of fire, if women sneer at the Gospel, and trample the Sabbath under foot, the wolf of hell is in the streets, and the moral leopard becomes the city watch. Now, to the chief source of our danger we must look for our remedy. Woman, educated and virtuous, is the great social light. She dissipates error, and superstition, and enthusiasm, and quackery, and fanaticism, as the sun does the morning mist. When she stirs the fires of liberty, the chains of the tyrant melt. It was her animating voice all through our Revolution that kept the banner of Independence afloat. It is her whisper in the Sabbath school, to the rising generation, that makes us look to the future without alarm. It is her missionary breathings upon the hearts of the young that give vividness to the prophetic visions of the millennium.

Though woman was the instrument of our fall, she was also the medium of our redemption. Such is her power, such the necessity for educating her. Let others train the Washingtons and the Columbuses, if it can be yours to train the Marthas, without whom the Washingtons could not evince their virtues, and the Isabellas, without whom the new worlds could not be discovered.

Originality.

ORIGINALITY, in the sense of creation, belongs to God only. As there is no particle of matter of which he is not the creator, so there is no idea of which he is not the author. Men may change the forms, and alter the combinations, and vary the relations of matter; so they may modify, and decompose, and combine, and pervert the ideas which the Almighty furnishes, but they have no power to make an atom or an idea. Whether or not we admit the theory that all ideas reach the mind through the senses, this declaration will be obvious.

Originality does not imply the avoiding of all ideas which have been employed by others. We may use the ideas of others and yet be original.

1. By presenting them in new combinations. If we all go to the same great source of ideas—the universe—it is not unreasonable to suppose that several shall be attracted by the same fields, and view them in the same aspects. But as optics, and tastes, and intellects, like limbs and countenances, differ, so that, to microscopic vision, no two can be found precisely alike, and as nature herself is subject to incessant mutation, perhaps it is impossible that two minds, acting independently, shall bind up the same ideas in the same combinations. Nevertheless, there may be great similarity in the productions of different intellects, while each is entitled to the merit of originality. Important discoveries have been made simultaneously, by different persons, without correspondence or

collusion. Truths, buried to the world for ages, have been revived by nearly the same process of ratiocination as that which led to their first discovery. Ideas selected and combined by a mind acting independently, constitute an original production, and will, in all cases, evince a peculiar taste and talent.

2. By giving them new applications. When the physician makes a medicinal use of some plants which were gathered for ornament, he is as much entitled to praise as if he himself had collected them in the wilderness. Suppose that, before the arts and sciences had made much progress, three men had experimented over a caldron of boiling water, heated for culinary purposes, and one had applied steam to the cure of disease, another to the formation of oxygen and hydrogen gases, and the third to the propulsion of machinery—each would have been an original discoverer. When a writer makes a *new* application of the ideas previously expressed by another, he is original. We may, therefore, employ *combinations* of ideas prepared to our hand, and yet be entitled to the merit of originality.

3. By decomposing and recombining them so as to alter their properties. Suppose a chemist take a compound, and, by the mere use of reagents, call into action a new play of affinities, and thus alter the nature of the article, and increase its medicinal virtue: is he not entitled to name it and employ it as his own? Nor would he be deprived of this honor, or advantage, even if it could be shown that the first combination required time, and labor, and expense, while the change was the result of a moment's exertion. It is hoped that many combinations of ideas, which are now poisonous, may be rendered salutary by some genius who may discover how to give a new play to their tendencies.

4. By transforming or abridging. Virgil has, in many

parts of the *Æneid* and *Georgics*, imitated Homer, but he has, in many respects, so improved upon his master that we can scarce regard him as a copyist. The natural theology of Mr. Paley is based upon "Howe's Living Temple." Scarce an illustration is to be found in the former which is not contained in the latter; yet the more modern writer has wrought out the illustrations of his predecessor in such a masterly manner, has given to them so much force and beauty—from the recent discoveries of science—and has adapted the whole work to the common reader with such felicity, that no one calls in question his title to originality. When an individual, by the incorporation of his own industry with matter previously prepared, immeasurably enhances its value, he is original. When a writer makes a new and more valuable work upon the basis of an older one, he is not to be regarded as a plagiarist.

5. By simplifying. If a man were to make a vast improvement in a machine, merely by rendering it more simple, more cheap, more portable, he would nevertheless be entitled to praise and a patent. It requires the highest kind of genius and of art to simplify. The untutored savage multiplies causes to multiply effects. As man emerges from ignorance, he approaches his Creator, whose great secret is a simplicity of causes, reconciled with a multiplicity of effects. The greatest praise of a machine, a work, or a science, provided it answers the purpose, is its simplicity. That is evidently a meritorious kind of originality which can seize upon the valuable ideas of an author, and present them in all their power, divested of all incumbrances, and in a much smaller compass.

If such be the ample range within which a man may be original, there can be no excuse for plagiarism; no excuse for using the matter of another, verbatim, or for linking sentiment after sentiment, doctrine after doctrine,

argument after argument, illustration upon illustration, in the same order, and for the same purpose as another has done—though the language may be different—while the boundless universe is before us; no excuse for stealing a paragraph here, another there, and then calling the combination an original composition. It is an original conglomeration, or juxtaposition; for there is no combination among such incompatible elements. I pity the mind that can employ itself in such a task, and pity the conscience which can not inflict a woeful pang for such an offense. My design, however, is not to declaim against plagiarism, but to recommend originality. I proceed, therefore, to notice some of the advantages of original effort.

1. It exerts a favorable influence upon the judgment. This is the most important function of the mind. The imagination may revel among splendid ideas, connected by no fixed laws, but it can arrive at no useful result. The memory may link facts, irrespective of their relations, but it is incompetent to discover truth. It is the province of judgment alone to compare facts, to trace relations, to deduce conclusions. Extensive learning, an imagination lofty as the heavens, a memory capacious as the ocean, would be rather injurious than advantageous, unless controlled and employed by a sound judgment. It was a remark of Demosthenes, in reference to *fools*, that success above desert is an occasion of misthinking, and good fortune above desert an occasion of misdoing.

A man of sound judgment will accomplish much in whatever sphere he is placed, and will know how to use every advantage he gains. If you look into history, or mark the progress of events in Church or state, you will perceive that the men who make the most display are not those who control great results. Queen Elizabeth, of England, exhibited extraordinary sagacity in the choice

of her public men. She had a cabinet equal, if not superior, to any that England has ever boasted; but she put no showy men into it. She kept working men for work, and showy men for show. On every stage there are men of judgment behind the screen, who use the men of noise and show as the engineer regulates and employs his machinery. They of the latter class may propel the wheels, but they do so only at the pleasure of the former. In no situation will a man of sound judgment be at a loss for servants. Like a great orb projected among inferior ones, he attracts to himself, by a noiseless yet efficient energy, a system of satellites which wheel around him in ceaseless homage and obedience. An impudent enemy once asked an ancient general—Iphierates—by way of taunt, what he was; for he had neither spear, nor bow, nor light armor. "I am," said he, "the man who commands all these." Thus, with that crowning capacity of the mind—judgment—though without learning, or brilliancy, or a store of facts, it will command them all. How important, then, to develop and train the judgment! This can be done only by the habit of original investigation. Such a habit will tend to improve it.

(1.) By producing accuracy. It is an easy thing to reason by rule, but this will not always lead to correct conclusions. A strict attention to each premiss is indispensable. The arithmetician may do his sum by the right rule, but the result will be inaccurate, unless he shall take notice, in turn, of each separate figure. Fallacies are, however, more frequently to be traced to imperfect investigation than to illogical reasoning. They lie not in the argument but in the premises. Most men reason well. One has remarked that the difference between the fool and the madman is this: the former reasons incorrectly from true premises, the latter reasons correctly from false premises. The errors of men are generally of

the latter kind. They fail in the examination of the premises. Hence the necessity for patient investigation. This begets the tendency to inquire into every *thing*, define every *term*, understand every *fact*—its bearings, relations, and tendencies. Sir Isaac Newton reasoned like an angel in philosophy, and like a child in politics or religion. Why this difference? His mind was as strong when applied to one object as to another; but in physics he had made himself master of premises—in other sciences he had not.

Logic is of no consequence to a man who has not accurately attended to every part of the subject which he examines. If a man has not studied French, he will not be enabled to read it merely by putting on spectacles.

(2.) By begetting habits of nice discrimination and rigid analysis. The unpracticed surgeon may perform coarse operations; but when he undertakes to cut in the midst of important arteries and nerves, where the variation of a hair's breadth would occasion death, he trembles and desists. So the coarse mind may be suitable for coarse operations; but when the utmost nicety is indispensable, and when life or death, peace or war, salvation or damnation is suspended on the movement of the judgment, it grows blind and faint. Dr. M'C., noted throughout the Union for the celerity, and accuracy, and neatness of his operations, once informed me that his skill had been acquired by striking at minute points, and that he had spent hours in doing nothing else. The mind trained to independent investigation, which has learned to fix its attention, train its powers, concentrate its energy, move all its faculties in concert, may trust its powers of discrimination when other minds grow giddy, and cut with calmness and firmness when splitting hairs. In the professions of law, politics, medicine, and

divinity, this delicacy of judgment can hardly be too highly prized.

(3.) By producing confidence. The mind rests in its conclusions when conscious of having thoroughly examined each step of its progress in arriving at them, as the student is confident of the correctness of his translation when he has examined each definition, parsed each word, and comprehended the grammatical relations of each part and particle. Such a man is not easily shaken. He is firm as the rock. His firmness is not, however, that of the mountains, which can not move, nor of the mule, that has no understanding—it is the firmness of a mind conscious that it is right. Such a mind will court investigation, hail truth under whatever name it may come, cheerfully yield to conviction, but, unless convinced that it is wrong, stand forever in its position. A man of this description relies not so much on his talents, or ingenuity, or eloquence, but on the truth. He fears no opposition, but, like a garrison in a castle that is impregnable, *defies* assault.

2. Originality exerts a favorable influence upon the memory. The memory of facts depends much upon the attention with which they are viewed. The habit of original investigation fixes attention.

3. Originality exerts a favorable influence upon imagination. It restrains, regulates, refines the fancy; but it curbs it not. Instead of permitting it to run wild and lawless through the regions of space, it directs it to the noblest and most useful purposes.

4. Originality exerts a favorable influence upon mental habits.

(1.) It begets a habit of observation. If a man rely upon books or discourse for his ideas, he may pass through every scene of business or pleasure, without observing any thing with a careful eye—neither counte-

nances, nor sentiments, nor opinions—neither men, nor things, nor events—neither the amiable nor the lovely, the beautiful nor the grand awaken the reflection of his idle soul. He is like the heir to a fortune, who avails himself of no opportunity of profit, because he relies upon the accumulations of others. It is quite otherwise with the original inquirer. He sees a little world in every leaf, and sources of boundless contemplation in every star. Scarce a look, or action, or word escapes his notice; no event so trivial as not to excite useful reflection, or furnish a felicitous illustration. His mind is in a state of continual activity, so that it is pleased to find something on which it may exert itself; and, in the exuberance of its thoughts, it finds every thing with which it meets serviceable as a channel of communication. It was a remark of one of the ancients, that he was never less alone than when alone. Such were his habits of meditation, that in silence and in darkness, in dungeon or in desert, he found himself in a beautiful and busy world, over which his own active mind had spread life, and activity, and beauty; and every little pebble, and breeze, and bird, and flower seemed to crowd around him as children around a parent, anxious to listen to his discourse, to court his favor, to enjoy his smiles, and render him willing homage and obedience. An eminent writer of our own country and times was distinguished in early life for a habit of this kind. When riding alone he has often been observed to dismount from his horse, draw from his pocket a commonplace book, and note down, for future use, some brilliant thought which had suggested itself to him in his solitary musings. Such a man will almost electrify an audience by a happy use of some trivial circumstance which scarce any one else would have noticed.

(2.) It begets a habit of philosophical association.

Nature will not permit our ideas to be separated and independent. She takes care to link them together, but she connects them in a confused manner. We may direct her in her operations if we choose, and thus make her services in this respect of the utmost value. Instead of having our ideas all lying loose in a box, like the papers of the careless merchant—notes and receipts, letters answered and unanswered, whether on business, or friendship, or religion, or politics—all thrown together into one huge pile, we may partition our memory into pigeon-holes, classify them philosophically, label them neatly, and lay them where they may be safe, and where they may be found at any time after a moment's search. Of what inestimable advantage this will prove, every one must at once perceive. The practice of original investigation will secure such an association of ideas by rendering it habitual and absolutely necessary. All ideas being in demand for practical use, are examined as they arrive, and assorted and filed.

This orderly arrangement of ideas will be transferred to the business of its possessor. It will divide his time, systematize his pleasures, devotions, and pursuits, and exert a beneficial influence over his person, his habitation, and all his paths. It will, almost of itself, insure peace, and comfort, and success in this world of folly and derangement.

5. Originality exerts a favorable influence upon eloquence.

(1.) It confers clearness of expression. This is indispensable to eloquence. We may have bombast, and noise, and argument, and declamation, without perspicuity, but not eloquence. The language may be copious and beautiful, the voice harmonious, the subject interesting, the arguments, and illustrations, and appeals numerous and elaborate; figures on figures may be piled

up to a pyramid, but after all the speaker or writer will fall far short of eloquence, unless he express himself with clearness. He may excite the admiration of the ignorant, and the stare of the gaping idiot, but he will receive only the pity or contempt of the intelligent, judicious hearer. Clearness is generally associated with originality. A man can scarcely be original, and at the same time obscure. The subject may be such as to require language and arguments which are not familiar to all, but yet it may be treated so as to be perfectly plain to those for whom it is discussed. Whatever views a man compasses by his own exertions, will strike him with more or less force, and whatever he conceives strongly he will express clearly. We sometimes complain, that although we understand a subject thoroughly, we are unable to explain it. This doctrine enters more frequently into my apologies than into my philosophy; for it transfers the disgrace of failure from the man's mind to the nation's language, and leaves the impression upon the hearer that the speaker's soul contains depths unfathomable. That mind must indeed be great for whose lofty conceptions the flexible and copious English language, enriched by unnumbered accessions from ancient Greece and Rome, and from nearly all the living languages of the civilized earth, can not provide appropriate expressions. It must be far above that of Johnson or Addison, of Milton or Shakspeare. It is a wonder that the great minds of former ages did not discover this difficulty. It is strange that we, who could make ourselves understood, when we were babes, can not now that we are men. But, irony aside, the English language is transparent enough to show the treasures beneath it, however deep they lie, when it flows through a good channel. It is only when it passes over a muddy bed that it becomes turbid, and reveals no riches below.

I can point to men, distinguished in the political world, who are authors of able state papers, written not only with power, but accuracy and beauty, and who are perfectly ignorant of the first principles of grammar. They are men of original minds, and they understand what they write so clearly that they express themselves without any confusion. The author of a grammar, in giving directions to avoid blunders, gives the following as worth a thousand rules; namely, "think well before you speak."

(2.) It secures an appropriate theme. Much depends on the choice of a subject. The period, the age, the education, the habits, the prejudices, and the state of feeling of the audience must all be taken into consideration. What may be proper at home may be unsuitable abroad. That which is adapted to the town may be useless in the country. An address which would delight youth, might offend old age. Arguments, language, illustrations, which would enchain one auditory, might be deemed pedantic by another. The Boanerges may throw his thunderbolts around him with salutary effect, when the moral atmosphere is in a peculiar state; whereas, under other circumstances, his power had better be restrained. The storm that refreshes the northern field, might tear to pieces the tender petals accustomed to drink naught but the oriental dews. There is in some communities a peculiar proneness to resist certain truths—a kind of moral idiosyncrasy. In such cases the wise physician of souls will dissolve that pill in sweetened water, which, in a solid state, might be instantly rejected. The effect of a discourse depends much upon the state of feeling of the hearers. When the mind is in a musing, melancholy mood, "Hail Columbia," however skillfully played, will grate harshly upon the ear, and almost agonize the soul; whereas, "Roslin Castle," by a much less expert musi-

cian, will be to the ear charming as the harp of Orpheus, and will spread over the soul as oil upon the troubled waters.

That man who is always presenting the same doctrines and precepts in the same way, may have excellent matter, and may occasionally do some good, when his auditory happens to be adapted to his text; but his course is as unscientific as was that of Dr. Sangrado, who prescribed blood-letting and warm water for every patient. The former character would be very useful, if God's providences adapted congregations to subjects; and such a one as the latter would be uniformly successful, if the Almighty fitted patients to prescriptions. How *awkward* is that warrior who never takes off his armor, but goes to the forum and the fireside as he does to the field! There is a pretty illustration of this remark in the Iliad. Hector, going forth to battle, meets Andromache, attended by her little son and his nurse. The illustrious father extends his arms for his dear boy; but backward he inclines to the bosom of his fair-girdled nurse, crying aloud, alarmed at the sight of his loved father, terrified at the brazen helmet, and the horse-hair crest. His father and mother laugh. Hector immediately takes the helmet from his head, and places it all resplendent upon the ground. But when Astyanax perceived the countenance of the *father*, not that of the warrior, he was willing to be dandled and caressed. How awkward the minister who is always glittering in armor, and who goes forth to feed the lambs of the flock as he would to encounter the lion in his lair!

Who has not seen the splendid effort prove utterly worthless in consequence of its irrelevancy? and who has not known a feeble production to electrify in consequence of its perfect adaptation? When a distinguished clergyman was requested to furnish for publication a

copy of a sermon which he had preached during a terrific thunder-storm, and which produced a tremendous effect, he agreed to comply with the request upon condition that the committee would agree to print the thunder and lightning which accompanied it. He knew that it derived its charm from its appropriateness. One of the great advantages which the extemporary orator has over one who uses a manuscript, arises from the fact, that he can take advantage of every little circumstance that may occur to attract the attention of his hearers—the presence of some unexpected person, the appearance of a particular countenance, the entrance of a swallow through the window, the sudden rising of a cloud may suggest brilliant thoughts, happy illustrations, beautiful passages of Holy Writ, which, because fresh and appropriate, animate the speaker and startle the hearer. How thrilling must have been this passage uttered by an orator, when preaching before a monarch, whom he noticed to be talking: “When the lion roars the beasts of the earth tremble, and when the Almighty speaks let the kings of the earth keep silence.”

This advantage is similar to that which the scientific physician has over the empiric. The latter prescribes for the *names* of diseases, the former for their symptoms. Solomon has beautifully described the charm of appropriateness: “Words fitly spoken, are like apples of gold in pictures of silver.”

What can secure the advantage of appropriateness but that habit of reliance upon one's own resources which leads to a close observance of every thing around us? A man of sense can hardly fail to speak and write fitly, who speaks and writes what his own intellect furnishes. The man who derives his efforts from books is like the blind giant—his blows are powerful, and when they happen to fall in the right place they do execution; but

they generally miss the mark. But he who draws his matter from the hearts of his hearers is like the skillful archer who sees the mark before he lets his arrow fly, and can scarce be said to draw a bow at a venture. An original minister can easily get a skeleton, and then clothe it with muscles, and give it organs of life and sense, and above all animate it with a spirit, by going into any house in his neighborhood and conversing with its inmates half an hour; and when he brings it forth on Sabbath, it will be sure to do execution *somewhere*. An original man has not only an appropriate subject, but his illustrations are generally appropriate. They seem to grow out of his subject. They are not like the flowers of the nosegay, gathered for the vase—pretty, but scarce viewed before they wither; but like the flowers in the garden, rooted to the soil, and deriving nourishment from it.

(3.) It forms a suitable style. There can be no eloquence without propriety in this respect. A showy style, for instance, on a grave subject, is in as bad taste as the sparkling ornaments of the ball-room in the gloomy chambers of death. An inappropriate style is generally a mark of a feeble or dependent intellect. The mind never clothes thoughts purely its own in an unseemly dress. Nature suitably arrays her productions, whether in the natural or moral world. In the former she will not dress the animals of the polar regions as she does those of the equatorial. She will not ornament the beast that prowls the desert or the forest as she will the merry songster of the breeze—she gives no proboscis to the swallow that builds her nest by the altar—no wings to Behemoth, who trusteth that he can draw up Jordan into his mouth. Is she less judicious in her moral works? Not when she has her way. She will be chaste and dignified in philosophy, oratorical

in oratory, swift and graceful in song and satire. She will vary the appearance of her productions as she passes from the dissolving heats of the equator to the eternal snows of the pole. She will vary her machinery as she swims the deep, or sails the winds, or crawls the earth. Be original and you will be simple or vehement, neat, elegant, or brilliant, according as your subject may require.

(4.) It suggests a suitable arrangement. This is indispensable to a good production. It is important in the adjustment of the different parts of an oration or composition, and also in the arrangement of the various portions of each part. An original genius will digest the subject before it thinks of the manner in which it is to be introduced, as naturally as a carpenter will erect his building before he puts on the roof. How awkward does that introduction sound which does not lead directly to the subject, and prepare the way before it! Till a subject is matured, how can one know what prepossessions will require to be removed before it is presented, or what considerations will attract attention toward it?

In making an oration, or writing an essay, a clear statement of the subject will of itself do much. The mind which has examined any subject thoroughly will be able to state it clearly and forcibly, divide it naturally, and in the narration and explication spread light around it at every step.

The management of arguments is of vast importance. *Æschines*, in a celebrated contest, requested the judges to confine *Demosthenes* to the same order in replying to his arguments as he had observed in making them; but *Demosthenes* was too well acquainted with the advantage of his own arrangement to be thus entrapped. It often happens that the ingenious disputant will reverse the order of his antagonist's arguments. But to the sober,

judicious mind, which has made itself master of its subject, no canons are absolutely necessary.

Cæsar, when he pushed his triumphs into Gaul, needed no rules of military warfare, but such as his good common sense and a knowledge of the number, weapons, and position of the foe suggested. He formed the tortoise, the circle, or the wedge, according as he wished to scale a wall, to resist superior numbers, or rush to his camp through intervening ranks. I wish not to be understood that rules are useless, but that a thorough acquaintance with the subject may render them dispensable.

(5.) It produces *animation*. Nothing can atone for the want of this—nothing can insure it so well as originality. If a man's arguments are his own he will understand them perfectly—he will therefore use them for the right purpose—he will perceive their bearing upon the issue. The very reviewing, marshaling, commanding of them, the observing of their accurate movements, the manner in which they rout the foe, and take the field, is of itself inspiring. If his sentiments are his own, they will of course be *felt*, and being felt they will be forcibly expressed—heart will always find a way to reach heart.

There is generally a freedom from embarrassment, a kind of engaging ease of manner, attending the independent, original mind, which is of immense value. The attention being fixed upon the subject, it is not likely to be diverted by the audience, or any extraneous considerations. It must be admitted that the mind, though *strong* and *original*, can not *always* command an animated expression or delivery. There are some regions of thought naturally cold, yet, even there, the mind may occasionally exhibit warmth, like Lapland, which, amid eternal snows, has here and there a boiling fountain.

There is a certain state of mental activity necessary to compass original thought, and this will always insure some degree of grace and animation. A ship, however poor, when in a storm, is a beautiful object. As she yields to the winds, and mounts the billows, now rising to the clouds, now sinking into the bosom of the deep, now cutting the white caps, and now shipping a mountain sea, she presents a spectacle of thrilling interest.

There is something sublime in the humble human soul, when, afloat upon the wide universe, she rides the heaving billows of thought swept by the storm of passion. Her prow may be unornamented, her cargo poor, her movements irregular, but she has grace in every motion.

Higher Education.*

IT is the duty of the Church to foster institutions of higher education. This follows,

1. From the nature of God. He is infinitely wise; the development of his character is the development of his will. As the fact that he is *holy* proves his will that we should be *holy*, so the fact that he is *wise* proves it to be his will that we should be *wise*. That man must have false ideas of the Father of lights, who does not deem it the duty of Zion to diffuse science. What is science but truth? and what is truth but the adumbration of God? The very first page of the book in which the Almighty reveals himself, is a sheet of science—in metaphysics, geology, natural history, etc.—and every other leaf of the Bible is of a similar character. No wonder, for He who showeth his word unto Jacob, is the same that telleth the number of the stars; and he is praised not only in his sanctuary, but in the firmament of his power. To the devotional mind, the heavens and the earth are like the seraphims whom the prophet saw in vision, hiding their faces within their wings, and crying, one to another, “Holy, holy, is the Lord of hosts: the whole earth is full of his glory.” Hence, the soul that comes from an intimate communion with God, is apt to shine like the face of Moses coming down from the mount. Hence, the Church is clothed like the sun. Hence, too, when she comes to moral spheres, like God,

* Delivered at the opening of Genesee College, N. Y.

when he came to chaos, she says, "Let there be light," and light comes at her bidding.

Who penetrates the earth, and explores the heavens? who analyzes the laws of mind, and extends farther and farther its dominion over matter? who kindles the radiant centers of knowledge, that are destined, by their mingled rays, soon to illuminate the whole earth? The Church of the living God, for God himself is light. Men have argued against science, because the devil is one of the most scientific beings in the universe. The misfortune for the argument is, that God is *altogether* the most scientific.

2. From the character of the Almighty, let us turn to draw an argument from the nature of the human mind. It is impossible to be pleased or displeased with what we do not perceive, or to have desire or aversion, without the emotions of pleasure or displeasure, or to pursue or avoid an object toward which we feel neither attracted nor repelled. Moreover, the conduct conforms to the perception. If the most lovely object be apprehended as unlovely, it will be hated and shunned; if the most hateful be viewed as lovely, it will be admired and pursued. Hence, there is an intimate connection between knowledge and religion; for, as conduct depends upon knowledge, religion depends upon conduct. What is it but obedience to God? Hence, the Bible represents hell as "darkness," heaven as "light." To deprive the world of the Bible, is to cover it with heathenism; to cover it with the knowledge of God, is to produce the millennium. I refer now to Biblical knowledge particularly; but as nature and providence are from the same hand as the Bible, they must be in harmony with it, and their legitimate tendency must be toward Christianity. Some, I know, have alleged that science has usually opposed the Scriptures; they should have said, false interpretations of

them. Thus Conclaves in the days of Copernicus said, "If you hold that the earth turns round, you deny the truth of the Bible; but they could not prevent the world from turning, nor themselves from turning with it." So men may say, if you deny that the earth was created so many years ago, you overthrow the Scriptures; but they can not blot out God's handwriting upon the mountains, nor introduce discord into the harmony which subsists between geology and Genesis. Some philosophers, I admit, have tried to use science against revelation. But which of the scientific discoveries alleged to be inconsistent with Scripture, has not been reconciled to its pages? Which of the mountain minds that mark the great steps of scientific progress, and throw their shadows over generations, has failed to bow its reverential and honored head before the Jehovah of the Bible? For example, Kepler thus opens his sublime views: "I beseech my reader that, not unmindful of the divine goodness bestowed on man, he do with me celebrate and praise the wisdom and greatness of the Creator which I open to him." And Newton thus closes his *Principia*: "We know [God] only by his properties and attributes, by the wise and admirable structure of things around us, and by their final causes; we admire him on account of his perfections; we venerate and worship him on account of his government." But time would fail to speak of Boyle, and Locke, and Pascal, and Boerhaave, etc. A few persons, I grant, have been philosophers without being Christians, but they were perhaps nearer to Christianity than they otherwise would have been, and their skepticism only proves that the tendency of science to devotion, can not overcome all opposing forces, or dispense with supernatural light. Many object to science because it is lofty in spirit. False science *only* is so. The higher a man ascends, the wider is his field of vision, and the

deeper his humility. The chief of British philosophers, at the close of life, said, "I feel as a child that has been wandering by the sea-shore, and picked up a few pebbles, while the vast ocean of truth lies before me." The prince of Jewish philosophers said, "When I consider thy heavens, the moon and stars which thou hast ordained; what is man that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that thou makest account of him?" Although knowledge is not always followed by religion, religion must always be preceded by a certain amount of knowledge. Hence, we show the duty of the Church to impart knowledge,

3. From the very nature of religion. This consists summarily in righteousness and godliness. What is righteousness but the doing of right? To this two things are necessary: we must know the rule of right, and feel the impulsion to observe it. What is the rule of right but the will of God? and where is the will of God expressed but in his word? and whence are the most operative motives to obedience? Surely from a perception of relations. And where are these relations exhibited in the most endearing forms, but in the sacred oracles? *We must, then, understand the Scriptures;* and to do this, we must have no small degree of knowledge; the meaning of words, and the laws of language, at least. A mere saving knowledge may be communicated orally, or obtained through a very imperfect acquaintance with our mother tongue, but who would be satisfied with this? or who would think that he had done enough for his fellow-man to have imparted it? Not an enlightened Church of God. We abhor slavery; and wherein is its chief woe? Not in exhausted strength, or deficient food, or the chain which binds the limbs, or the lash which draws the blood, but in the padlock which swings upon the mind. It is because man is an immortal being

on trial for eternity, and because slavery, by locking the mind, closes the appointed communication between God and the human heart, that it is so unspeakable a curse. Beware, lest, in your boasted liberty, you endure the crowning calamity of African bondage. Better be without friends, without raiment, without shelter, without food, than without that knowledge which is necessary to bring you into unembarrassed communication with God, through his word. To this degree of attainment should the Church feel bound to bring all her children. But should she stop here? The word of God was not originally given in our mother tongue, but in languages more beautiful and perfect. Should not the Church be able to read it in the words in which it fell from the lips of God? I do not say that *every* Christian should, though in this there were no harm; but surely the Church is culpable if *many* of her members do not *thus* read God's message. Suppose this assembly should receive a communication from the Emperor of Russia, on a subject in which the temporal interest of every member is concerned, would you be satisfied with a translation? would you not like to preserve the *original* document? and deem it indispensable to have some *one* in your midst who could *read* it, and thus settle important questions which might arise in your minds, and that could no otherwise be solved than by reference to the words of the original instrument? How did the Reformers talk upon this point? Hear Martin Luther: "For 'the devil smelled the roast;' that if the languages revived, his kingdom would get a hole that he could not easily stop up again. And let us understand this, that we shall not be able to preserve the Gospel without the languages. The languages are the sheath in which this sword of the Spirit is hid; they are the casket in which this jewel is borne; they are the vessel in which this drink is contained; they are the cupboard in

which this food is laid; and, as the Evangel itself showeth, they are the baskets which hold these loaves and fishes; yea, if we should so err as to let the languages go—which God forbid—we shall not only lose the Gospel, but it shall come to pass that we shall not know to speak or write either Latin or German aright.”

But we are often reminded that our Methodist fathers preserved and preached the Gospel without the languages. Let us never forget, however, that Methodism was born in a college; and though many of her ablest ministers were without classical attainments, they followed a mind that was as ripe in scholarship as any of his age. That purity and vigor of style, that power of reasoning, and that reach of thought which characterized the productions of John Wesley, could never have been attained without early discipline, under the best masters. He was aided by one who united the clearness of Aristotle and the elegance of Plato with the spirit of Christ, and who *checked* his foes by a sword that lost none of its keenness by being polished. Our fathers not only molded their sermons and shaped their controversies upon elegant models, but uttered their emotions in songs composed by one who was familiar alike with Judea's harp and Apollo's lyre.

If it be important that we preserve the divine oracles in the dead languages, and secure, from age to age, a supply of minds to read them as they were first given, it is our duty to establish professorships of such languages, whither a portion of our youth may be sent for instruction. Do you say, leave this to Providence? But does Providence act miraculously or instrumentally? And what more suitable instrumentality can be provided than the one I have described? Our fathers understood this. Mr. Wesley, as early as 1748, planted Kingswood school, and shortly after, that of Woodhouse Grove, whose fruits we are now reaping, in the productions of such minds as

Adam Clarke, and the profound and brilliant ministry of the Wesleyan Church in England and her colonies. Bishops Coke and Asbury, among their earliest labors, founded a high school; and their successors, animated by the same spirit, have established seminaries, colleges, and universities all through the land, and are reaping their advantages in all the departments of ecclesiastical exertion. Who stands at the head of our Sabbath schools? of our missions? of our quarterly reviews? of our monthly and weekly publications?

But let us examine the other branch of religion—godliness; that is, God-likeness, or the imitation of God. But how shall we imitate him if we do not know him? and how shall we know him but by his attributes? and how shall we learn his attributes but by their manifestations? and what are their manifestations but the objects of scientific knowledge? God's attributes are natural and moral. The former are wisdom, power, goodness. Now, how are we to get ideas of these? Not by words—they are but signs. Would you teach a child of divine wisdom, for example, you lead him through nature, whether from the dew-drop to the ocean, from the moss to the oak, from the worm to the angel, from earth to the worlds on high. Doing so, you do just what the Bible does; it introduces us to God through the heavens and the earth, and all along renews our acquaintance with him by the waters, which he measures in the hollow of his hand; the heavens, which he metes out with a span; the mountains, which he weighs in scales; the sweet influences of Pleiades, which he binds; and the bands of Orion, which he loosens.

True, the Divine attributes are traceable upon the face of nature, even by the *untutored* mind; but how vastly more impressive are they when the light of science shines upon them, leading the mind from facts to princi-

ples, from principles to systems, from systems to designs, from harmonious designs to unity of plan, and from unity of plan to the one only and true God. How vast the difference between the adoration of the most devout savage, and that of the rapt soul of the immortal Newton! Science, I know, may be perverted, but must we therefore cease to cultivate it? The English language may be used in swearing, and lying, and slandering, but must we therefore all be dumb? The tendency of science is to uproot superstition, enthusiasm, and idolatry, and increase our knowledge of the true God, and our veneration for him. It is therefore the duty of Christians to foster the natural and exact sciences, and of course to establish institutions where they may be taught. As we are impressed with the natural attributes of God by studying his works, we may be impressed with his MORAL attributes by pondering his providence. I grant that we could not *discover* them by these means. The mingling of justice and mercy, which we notice in the administration of this world, might produce confusion in our minds concerning God's moral character, did not the Bible reduce things to order by opening to our view the world to come, and displaying the scenes of Calvary. But after we have seen the face of God in Christ, it is well that we study him by his providences; that, through the aid of history, we mark how, by mysterious hands, vice is borne downward, and virtue upward, and how all things in the general sweep of ages tend to drive wickedness from the earth, and bring in the reign of universal righteousness. More particularly may we see, in the history of the past, how dark is the noblest light of science without the light of revelation, and how incapable of renovation is the earth without the redeeming scheme. I am aware that many would have us avoid history, and especially the history of classic ages, because of its errors and impurities.

For the same reason, to be consistent, they should deny us social intercourse. There is more corruption in the hearts of the living, than the writings of the dead; and the piety that is in danger from a page of Livy or a line of Horace, should not be trusted in the hall of justice, or the streets of the metropolis. The Bible itself recounts the errors of men as well as the wonders of God, and so should the Church in all ages. Hence, she should have her libraries and her instructors in ancient literature, that she may illustrate in the dealings of God with man the teachings of his word.

4. We argue from the nature of the Gospel. It is a revelation from heaven, and it came with its appropriate proof. The fact that God has given such proof, is a demonstration that it is necessary; and even if it were not, it would be to every upright and devout mind an interesting matter of inquiry.

The Gospel is a copious volume of truth; and although its leading revelations, such as the existence of God, the sinfulness of man, and salvation by Christ, are written so that he who runs may read, yet it contains a vast amount of truth which can not be obtained without much information, and a good degree of mental development. In interpreting the Bible, as in interpreting other books, we must discriminate between history and command, between the special and the general, between the temporary and the permanent, between the literal and the figurative, between the desire and the promise. Some think if we are only mindful of the *precepts* of Christianity, it matters but little whether we understand its *teachings*; but the precepts rest upon the *teachings*; a misapprehension of the latter leads to a misapplication of the former. Joshua, by Divine direction, entered Canaan with fire and sword; Cromwell thought he should do likewise, and this mistake, propagated through his praying lines, made

them so calm in carnage, so irresistible in battle, so pious when dripping in fraternal blood.

One reads that the Holy Spirit leads into all truth. Some friend presents to his mind a wild scheme of socialism, and insists upon his entering into it. Instead of examining it according to general principles and providential analogies, he retires to his closet, and prays that God would inform him whether it is proper that he should adopt it. Mistaking an agitation of body or mind for a divine breathing, he embarks his property and reputation in an enterprise which must issue in ruin and disgrace. Another is in doubt concerning a certain interpretation of the prophecies. Instead of examining it by the rules of exegesis and the light of history, he prays that God may inform him of its correctness. He mistakes a conception for a sensation, or experiences an unusual peace of mind; and, supposing he is answered affirmatively, he rises from his knees a believer in the interpretation, proof against all the researches of learning and the resources of logic. Conceiving that he is instructed by Infinite Mind, what were even mathematical demonstration against him? In all these cases the principles are right, the feelings are right, the education only is wrong—the faith has not a rational, Scriptural basis—the prayer could plead no promise. Little does he know of the Church, who does not know that the pictures I have drawn have many prototypes. I need but name Jemima Wilkinson, Joanna Southcot, Thoms, and Joe Smith, to show that, under the spires of English cathedrals, and around the blaze of Puritan chandeliers, a simple-hearted, religious people may be diverted from truth for want of instruction and training. We hear much of the fruits of the tree of knowledge, but who warns us against the brambles of ignorance that infest the vineyard of the Lord?

Some may inquire, "Is not the great purpose of the Gospel to awaken love to man and God; and, under the influence of this emotion, can we fail to understand our duty?" Love, though the fulfilling of the law, requires to be enlightened. Parental love has driven many a child to the gallows; Christian love unwittingly may have injured its object by misdirecting its exertions. For more than sixty years, the Bishop of Chiapa labored and prayed to introduce African slavery into the American continent—a measure which he supposed would be a mercy to the Indians of Hispaniola, an accommodation to its colonists, and a blessing to the African race; but his love, not being consistent with justice, led to the desolation of Africa, the horrors of the middle passage, and the woes of American slavery—woes which an angel's pencil can not paint, and which God only knows what age shall end. Some ask, "Is not conscience a sufficient guide?" Saul of Tarsus once hurried from city to city, hunting, imprisoning, murdering Christians. He acted in all good conscience, and thought he was doing God service till light from the face of Jesus struck his eyeballs. Yet he was not innocent; nor were Charles IX, Gregory XIII, Louis XIV, Bloody Mary and her Commission Court, though they may have acted in all good conscience; for it was their duty to have not only a *good*, but an *educated* conscience—to examine not only their *motives*, but their *principles*.

But some one may say, you make no difference between education and religion. Is not religion a work of the Holy Ghost upon the heart? True, but how does the Holy Spirit operate, with or without the truth? If without, why does not the work of conversion go on in heathen as well as Christian lands? "Ye shall know the *truth*," says Christ, "and the *truth* shall make you free." Hence says St. Paul, "How, then, shall they call on Him in whom

they have not believed? and how shall they believe in Him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher?" If the Gospel must be proclaimed, who does not see that the mind must be prepared to receive it? Ask him who bringeth good tidings, who publisheth peace, whether he would not rather undertake to evangelize an intelligent than an ignorant people. Why do they whose feet are so beautiful upon the mountains of heathendom make such slow progress? Surely, because the mind to which they minister is undisciplined, undeveloped, uninformed. Why does the Church make such slow progress in our own land? Partly, at least, in consequence of an inability, in the common mind, to comprehend the instruction of the pulpit—to generalize specific statements, to take wide surveys of duty, and to apply general principles to the details of life. All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine—and this is its first function—then follows, for reproof, then for conviction, then for instruction in righteousness.

Finally, we argue from the nature of the duties directly or indirectly required of the Church. Zion is called to disciple all nations—a duty which she can not discharge without education. Remarkable must be the piety which makes an ignorant man eminently useful; culpable must be the indifference which renders an intelligent man otherwise. I grant that a few men of imperfect education have been instrumental in the accomplishment of great good, but little could they have done without the aid of others more highly favored. True, the apostles were ignorant, but they sat at the feet of Christ; they understood Greek, and no sooner were they commissioned than, by a miracle, they were made scholars. When God chooses the weak things of the world to confound the wise, he generally makes those weak things strong.

The Church owes a duty to the state. What Luther said to parents we may say to Churches: "Now if thou hast a child that is fit to receive instruction, and art able to hold him to it, and dost not, what shall become of the secular government, its laws and its peace? Thou warrest against the secular government as much as in thee lies, like the Turk, yea, like the devil himself; for thou withholdest from the country a redeemer, comfort, cornerstone." More particularly is this true of our own country. As our Government secures protection to the Church, the Church should share the burdens of the Government; and among them is that of furnishing the talent for its administration. Where the Church is responsible, there has she privilege; and, so far as she has voters, and as long as the Government is a representative democracy, so far and so long she is responsible for its administration. It is to be feared that we do not appreciate our position, or the influence coming down upon us from high places would be less pernicious. In the early history of our country, our great men were good; they revered the Bible, and founded the Government upon its pillars of eternal truth. But there has been a great decline, both of wisdom and virtue, since their day. This is owing, partly, at least, to the fact that our literary institutions have so imperfectly supplied the wants of the country. Let not good men think meanly of their children, but polish their golden minds, that, if need be, they may shine as stars in the galaxy of their country's statesmen. Every son born upon our soil has a right to aspire to the Presidency. Let him be so educated that the right be not a nullity. We have no wish to interfere with the rights of conscience—we pray that this Government may never show any religious preferences; but we wish to realize the bright vision of one of our fathers—Dr. Coke—who, speaking of the college which he founded—in connection

with Bishop Asbury—said: “And on this plan we trust that our seminaries of learning will in time send forth men who will be a blessing to their country in every laudable office and employment in life, thereby uniting the two greatest ornaments of intelligent beings, which are too often separated—deep learning and genuine religion.”

We owe it to ourselves to educate, and instruct, and train our ministry. A more important office can not be conceived than that of a minister of the Gospel. His business is with souls, and for eternity. There is no other profession which does not demand preparatory instruction and training. There is no trade so simple as not to require an apprenticeship. Why, then, should men without preparation commence the work of ministering in the temple of God? Are spirits more easily operated upon than bodies? Is mind more readily molded than matter? Are the laws of the soul more easily understood than the properties of marble? Now, I am aware that conviction, conversion, sanctification, are *all* of God; and yet God works in grace as in nature, through appointed agencies, and according to immutable laws. The only question is, whether these agencies are appropriate or otherwise, and whether these laws are analogous to the other laws of the universe, or directly the reverse of them. God might propagate the Gospel without ministers, but it pleases him, by the foolishness of *preaching*, to save them that believe. The earthen vessels, all admit, are necessary to transmit the waters of grace. “But,” some say, “let them be mere *channels*, lest they tincture the stream: let them have no science.” Then, of course, they should not learn geography, or grammar, or even the alphabet, for this is all science. Let them be placed in the pulpit, mouth open, and let the people approach with their ear-buckets to draw from these wells

of salvation, as occasion requires. Doubtless, God might evangelize a world just so; but does he?

Does he not employ active, suitable agencies to accomplish his work? When, in olden times, he blessed Israel and administered to them the stay of bread and of water, he gave them the mighty man, and the judge, and the prophet, and the prudent, and the ancient, and the honorable man, and the counselor, and the cunning artificer, and the eloquent orator; and when he cursed them, he took these all away, and gave children to be her princes, and babes to rule over her. I may be told that God chooses feeble instruments to carry on his work, that the excellency of the power may be of him. True, and of whom have we learned this but of the most learned of the apostles, who was not the less qualified for his learning and talents to avoid enticing words of man's wisdom, and preach in the demonstration of the Spirit and of power.

If ministers should possess suitable qualifications, how shall they obtain them? I know of but three ways; namely, intuition, inspiration, and instruction. The first is out of the question; the second, it seems to me, is nearly so; for what need have we for any labor of thought, for any instruction from books, for even the Bible itself, if men called of God are also inspired of him to preach the truth? To them it might be said, not "*study* to show thyself a workman that needeth not to be ashamed;" not "take *heed* unto thyself and unto the *doctrine*;" not "continue thou in the things which thou hast *learned*;" not "make full proof of thy ministry," but "take no thought what or how ye shall speak, for in that same hour that ye stand in the pulpit it shall be given you." But why argue thus, since all admit that a minister must be *instructed* if he would be a workman approved unto God. True, his success does not flow

efficiently from his attainments or diligence. The gales of the divine Spirit alone can waft the vessel of Zion over the ocean of life to the port of heaven. Nevertheless, that vessel should be manned by a crew that has knowledge of the principles of spiritual navigation, and skill in the art of spreading or reefing the spiritual sails. And this knowledge and skill are to be obtained in part—I say not *wholly*—just as the knowledge of Davies's Legendre and the skill of the expert sailor is.

The minister *must* learn, study, read, pray, and preach. When and how can he best do this? Some say, after he enters upon his vocation. Do you say so of the doctor or the lawyer? True, if a man could obtain practice without science, he might become skillful in time, but at what sacrifice of comfort, and character, and conscience on his own part, and of property, and health, and life on the part of his patrons?

How shall *ministers* be instructed? by their own unaided exertions; or, as physicians, and lawyers, and artists, and mechanics usually are, under the tuition of competent masters? We hesitate not to say, in the latter method, because it must be attended with a great saving both of time and money, and because, also, it insures a greater degree of accuracy. We should then have in all our higher institutions instructors to train the class of the prophets.

“But,” it is asked, “is there not a special providence over the world which may be relied on to furnish her with all necessary ministerial labor?” True, and that special providence requires you to *use the means*. Have we not thus far been furnished with able pastors without any provision for special ministerial instruction? Granted. Why, then, make such provision for the future? I answer, circumstances have changed in the Church and in the world. Though the Bible is the same, yet there may

be new ways of administering it; the sun alters not, but there are new methods of applying his rays; the human mind is the same, but there are new methods of transmitting its thoughts; the earth is the same, but there are new ways of traveling over its surface; the Churches and the nations are in the same position, geographically, as they were fifty years ago, but they have moved both intellectually and morally. "Let the world change," cries one, "we don't." Stop; don't you lie down when the sun sets and get up when he rises; don't you kindle fires in winter and open windows in summer; don't you sow in spring and reap in harvest; did you not read without spectacles in youth, and have you not put them on now? "Formerly we had good preachers, good students, good schools, without blackboards, maps, or books." Formerly you crossed rivers without bridges, and seas without steam, and countries without railways, but would you prefer to do so now? We must not overlook the fact that our fathers were men of extraordinary natural ability—Asbury, M'Kendree, Soule, Bigelow, Strange, Collins, Cooper, etc., were men who would have been distinguished in any department of exertion. When men of this description succeed in the ministry, we must not infer that there is no need of preparation for the ministry; for, by the same process, we might show that there is no need of schools to prepare men for medicine, law, or philosophy, since it is not difficult to find persons in all the professions who, by the force of surpassing genius, have put themselves in the front rank, although they had scarce any previous preparation. The Methodist pioneers have apparently no successors worthy of them. Not because there are none in their footsteps who would have won the same distinction had they been leaders, and not followers, but because, while native talent does not progress from age to

age, the world does. Could we call back the fathers and make them live their lives over again, extraordinary as they were, they would not occupy the same relative position.

Men of genius, such as we have had and now have, we may expect to have hereafter, but not in such numbers as to supply the demands of the country and the world. God is sending the old world by millions to our shores. In one of our valleys alone we could victual the whole population of the earth, and God only knows how soon we shall have to do it; hither come the rich to invest capital; the poor to seek bread; the wise to impart knowledge; the silly, they scarce know why; the timid to escape revolution; the bold to seek adventures. Whence do they come? from all the earth, but chiefly from the dominions of Romanism. Welcome, thrice welcome; they come to seek refuge—may they find salvation! But, that they may, we must bestir ourselves; we must send ministers by thousands through the valleys of the west; we must station them by hundreds on the mountain tops, in the wilderness, and along the shores of the Pacific.

This we owe to ourselves, to Jesus Christ, to perishing souls. Egypt, Persia, Turkey, and the islands of the sea, are taking their stand among civilized nations, are offering inviting fields of Christian labor; India is whitening to the harvest of salvation; China has relaxed her unsocial exclusiveness, and opened her paths to the footsteps of the evangelist; Africa, so long known only to geography, is accessible at both her extremities and along her eastern and western borders.

The mountains of Asia, the valleys of the Nile, the Niger, the Senegal, and the Gambia, the snowy peaks of Greenland, and the volcanic summits of intertropical regions cry out to us for help. Ten thousand *mission-*

aries would not satisfy the demand of the present hour. What shall we do? "Pray ye the Lord of the harvest that he would send forth laborers into his harvest." We have no faith in any that God does not call; but should we not act consistently with our prayer, work in accordance with our faith?—look up the buried talent of the *Church* and furbish it? May we not expect that many who now feel no impulse to the pastor's work would receive an undoubted call to it if they found themselves possessed of the prerequisite qualifications for missionary labor? For how can one feel called to preach in a language that he knows not, or to acquire an unknown tongue without some fitness for linguistic acquisitions? Let us deprive our youth of all reasonable excuses, and then expect that they shall be called by thousands. Do not say, "Wait till we have the means in the missionary treasury to support them." Get the men, the means will follow. Put down such a man as Luther, Wesley, Fisk, Carey, or Wayland any where on the round globe, and he will draw to himself the means of support and soon build a chapel over his head.

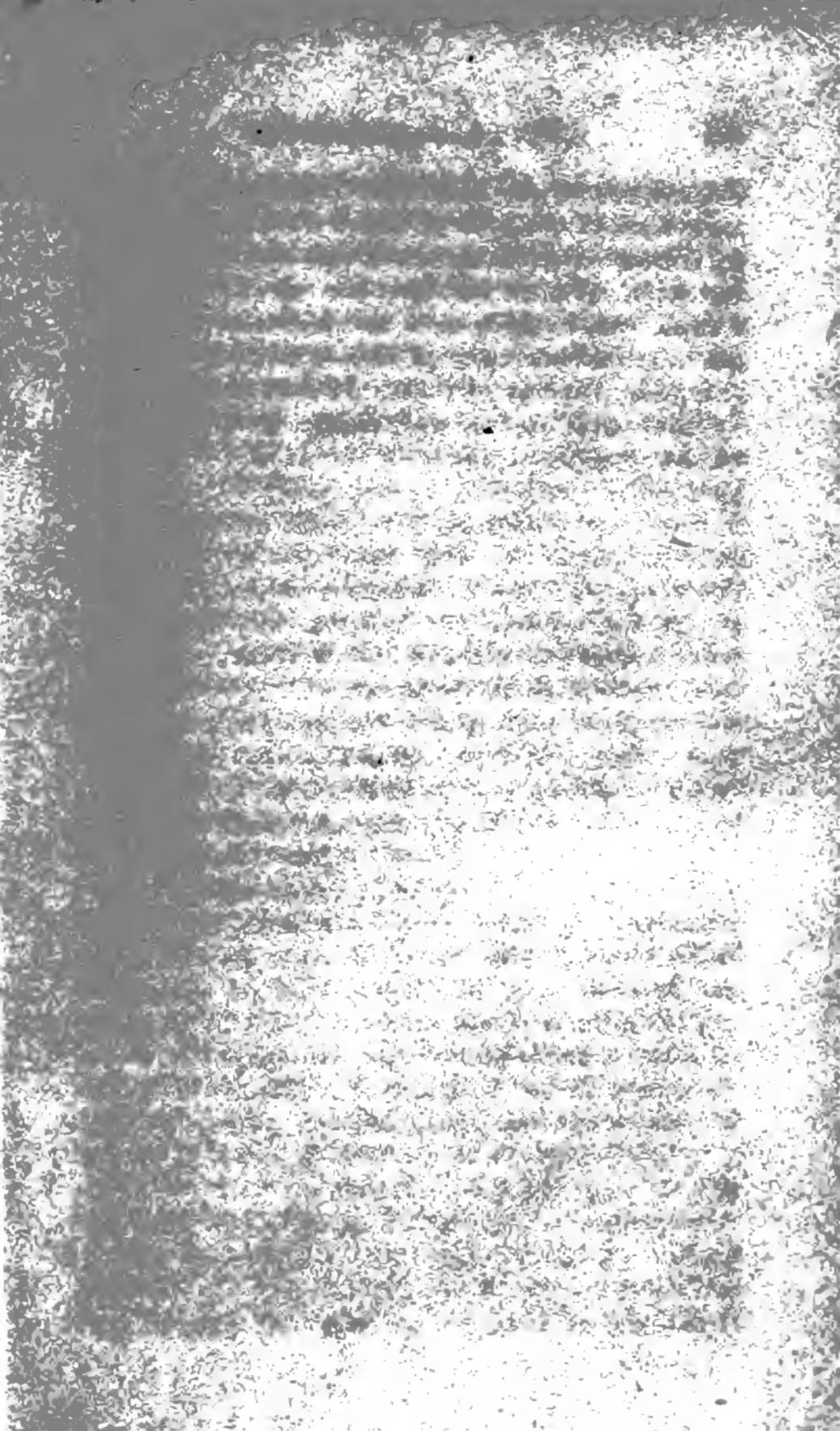
Some exclaim against educated preachers because they fear such will preach science instead of Gospel. It does not follow, however, that a man must preach science because he possesses it. Because a man has plenty of silver and gold, must his tea-spoons necessarily be too large for the mouths of his children? It is poverty that delights in display—the smatterer that interlards his discourse with Latin and Greek. Some men depreciate cultivated style because it is not plain—it is of all others the most plain. He is an uneducated warrior that arms himself with bracelets, and rings, and nose-jewels; the educated one asks only weapons. It has been affirmed by croakers that there has been a decline in the piety of the ministry, keeping pace with their progress in knowledge.

Suppose this allegation be true, it does not follow that this progress is the cause of that decline; if this is even so, it would prove too much for even the objector himself—it would prove the favorite dogma of the Roman Church, that “ignorance is the mother of devotion,” and that the true policy of Zion is to go back to the dark ages; but I do not believe the statement, I am one of those happy men who see in the world and in the Church perpetual improvement.

THE END.









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