

declaration of rights, fill all man's conceptions of the liberty for which he was created. Doubtless there is much folly, even madness, and much aimless endeavor, in these movements; as no popular movement, nor even much earnest individual striving after an object worth striving for, is without a portion, more or less, of such. I am not now characterizing the present movements by their degree of wisdom or folly, insight or blindness. I refer to them as the working of a principle deep planted in the inmost being of man, and pointing to a state of higher attainment and more perfect freedom; of which we can, at present, conceive but the faintest foreshadowings; higher than mere political freedom, and perfecting of institutions; which institutions can in no wise represent or embody; which all uttered and unuttered prophecy indicates; when Christ, in all his true, divine significance, shall reign upon the earth.

Through toil, and suffering, and blood, the race has advanced thus far towards its destiny. Through toil, and suffering, and blood, the remainder of its course is doubtless appointed. Through suffering alone can the race, as the individual, be perfected. The progress and the result are to be obtained by man's endeavor. To the race, too, as to the individual, is it appointed to work out its own salvation, in cooperation with Him, who is also working in man's purposes. For this was man endowed with the faculty of prophecy and insight, that he might be a prophet and a seer. But it is to be remembered, that only the *power* is given to man with freedom of will. The rest must be all his own work. The Lord's people are not all prophets; and doubtless most of the evils humanity has suffered and is suffering, the crimes and follies which disfigure its history, are the consequences of his want of faith in his intuitions. Man's true life is in the unseen. His truest culture is of those faculties, which connect him with the invisible, and disclose to him the meaning, which lies in the material forms by which he is surrounded. The highest science is that, "which treats of, and practically addresses the primary, unmodified forces and energies of man, the mysterious springs of love, and fear, and wonder, and enthusiasm, poetry, religion, all which have a truly vital and *infinite* character." For this culture the spirit of man has its own exhaustless resources within, and the

material creation speaks to it in thousand-voiced prophecy. The heavens and the earth, the stars and the flowers, the winds and the waves, all that is seen, and felt, and heard, contain revelations. Infancy is a prophecy, with its unclouded eye, over which the shadows of earth have not yet passed, to dim the hues of its celestial birthplace. Childhood, yet bright in its beautiful unfolding; manhood, with its dissatisfaction, its busy restlessness, ever seeking, never finding, its scheming activity, with or without an end, or conscious aim; age, approaching the summing up of life, and recounting its chequered experience; history, as it traces the eventful progress of the race; science, unfolding the immensity of the material universe; the great and good of the past, revealing the wondrous possibilities of man's nature; the good he enjoys, no less than the evil he suffers; even his follies and crimes; all phenomena, and all events in his experience; all suggest inquiry into the problem of life, and man's destiny, and at the same time furnish him the means of solving it.

SONNET TO _____

Thou art like that which is most sweet and fair,
 A gentle morning in the youth of Spring,
 When the few early birds begin to sing,
 Within the delicate depths of the fine air;
 Yet shouldst thou these dear beauties much impair,
 Since thou art better, than is everything
 Which or the woods, or skies, or green fields bring,
 And finer thoughts hast thou than they can wear.
 In the proud sweetness of thy grace, I see
 What lies within, — a pure and steadfast mind,
 Which its own mistress is, of sanctity,
 And to all gentleness hath it been refined,
 So that thy least thought falleth upon me
 As the soft breathing of midsummer-wind.