

his residence creation. Though it was the defeat of our arms, and the disgrace of our policy, I almost bless the convulsion, in which he had his origin. If the heavens thundered, and the earth rocked, yet, when the storm passed, how pure was the climate that it cleared; how bright, in the brow of the firmament, was the planet which it revealed to us!

2. In the production of Washington, it does really appear as if Nature was endeavoring to improve upon herself, and that all the virtues of the ancient world were but so many studies preparatory to the patriot of the new. Individual instances, no doubt, there were—splendid exemplifications of some single qualification; 'Cæsar was merciful; 'Scipio was continent; 'Hannibal was patient; but it was reserved for Washington to blend them all in one, and, like the lovely master-piece of the Grecian artist, to exhibit, in one glow of associated beauty, the pride of every model, and the perfection of every master.

3. As a general, he marshaled the peasant into a veteran, and supplied by discipline the absence of experience; as a statesman, he enlarged the policy of the cabinet into the most comprehensive system of general advantage; and such was the wisdom of his views, and the philosophy of his counsels, that to the soldier and the statesman, he almost added the character of the sage! A conqueror, he was untainted with the crime of blood; a revolutionist, he was free from any stain of treason; for aggression commenced the contest, and his country called him to the command.

4. Liberty unsheathed his sword, necessity stained, victory returned it. If he had paused here, history might have doubted what station to assign him: whether at the head of her citizens or her soldiers,—her heroes or her patriots. But the last glorious act crowns his career, and banishes all hesitation. Who, like Washington, after having emancipated a hemisphere, resigned its crown, and preferred the retirement of domestic life to the adoration of a land he might be almost said to have created?

"How shall we rank thee upon glory's page,
Thou more than soldier, and just less than sage?
All thou hast been, reflects less fame on thee,
Far less, than all thou hast forborne to be!"

QUESTIONS.—1. What does the speaker say of the birth-place of Washington? 2. What does Nature really appear to have sought in the production of Washington? 3. How does the speaker represent him as a conqueror? 4. As a revolutionist? 5. What is it that crowns his career?

LESSON CLXVIII.

WORDS FOR SPELLING AND DEFINING.

SACK' CLOTH, coarse cloth, worn	CA RESS', treat with fondness.
in mourning or distress.	TRESS' ES, locks of hair.
WONT, accustomed.	STRICK' EN, smitten; afflicted.
YEARN' ING, longing.	CON VUL' SIVELY, with agitation

DAVID'S LAMENT FOR HIS SON ABSALOM.

N. P. WILLIS.

1. The king stood still
Till the last echo died; then, throwing off
The sackcloth from his brow, and laying back
The pall from the still features of his child,
He bowed his head upon him, and broke forth
In the resistless eloquence of woe:
2. (pl.) "Alas! my noble boy! that thou shouldst die!
Thou, who wert made so beautifully fair!
That death should settle in thy glorious eye,
And leave his stillness in this clustering hair!
How could he mark thee for the silent tomb,
My proud boy, Absalom!
3. "Cold is thy brow, my son! and I am chill,
As to my bosom I have tried to press thee!
How was I wont to feel my pulses thrill,
Like a rich harp-string, yearning to caress thee,
And hear thy sweet 'my father!' from those dumb
And cold lips, Absalom!

4. "But death is on thee; I shall hear the gush
Of music, and the voices of the young;
And life will pass me in the mantling blush,
And the dark tresses to the soft winds flung;
But thou no more, with thy sweet voice, shalt come
To meet me, Absalom!
5. "And oh! when I am stricken, and my heart,
Like a bruised reed, is waiting to be broken,
How will its love for thee, as I depart,
Yearn for thine ear to drink its last deep token!
It were so sweet, amid death's gathering gloom,
To see thee, Absalom!
6. "And now, farewell! 'Tis hard to give thee up,
With death so like a gentle slumber on thee!—
And thy dark sin!—oh! I could drink the cup,
If from this woe its bitterness had won thee.
May God have called thee, like a wanderer, home
My lost boy, Absalom!"
7. He covered up his face, and bowed himself
A moment on his child; then, giving him
A look of melting tenderness, he clasped
His hands convulsively, as if in prayer;
And, as if strength were given him of God,
He rose up calmly, and composed the pall
Firmly and decently,—and left him there,
As if his rest had been a breathing sleep.

LESSON CLXIX.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

LEARNING.

1. How empty learning, and how vain is art,
But as it mends the life and guides the heart!

YOUNG.

FAME.

2. The evil that men do, lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones.

SHAKESPEARE.

MERIT.

3. Be thou the first true merit to befriend;
His praise is lost, who waits till all commend.

POPE.

FORGIVENESS.

4. 'Tis easier for the generous to forgive,
Than for offense to ask it.

THOMPSON.

5. How little do they see what *is*, who frame
Their hasty judgment upon that which *seems*.

SOUTHEY.

CONSCIENCE.

6. The sweetest cordial we receive, at last,
Is conscience of our virtuous actions past.

GOFFE.

ENVY.

7. Base envy withers at another's joy,
And hates that excellence it can not reach.

THOMSON.

EXPERIENCE.

8. Experience joined with common sense,
To mortals is a providence.

GREEN.

COWARDS.

9. Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.

SHAKESPEARE.

IDLENESS.

10. I would not waste my spring of Youth
In idle dalliance: I would plant rich seeds,
To blossom in my manhood, and bear fruit,
When I am old.

HILLHOUSE.

GRATITUDE.

11. He that hath nature in him, must be grateful;
'Tis the Creator's primary great law
That links the chain of beings to each other.

MADDEN

INGRATITUDE.

12. If there be a crime
Of deeper dye than all the guilty train
Of human vices, 'tis ingratitude.

BROOKE

WORDS.

13. Words are things; and a small drop of ink,
Falling like a dew upon a thought, produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps, millions, think

BYRON.

INFLUENCE.

14. A pebble in the streamlet scant,
Has turned the course of many a river;
A dew-drop on the tender plant,
Has warped the giant oak forever.

FIDELITY.

15. His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate;
His tears pure messengers sent from his heart:
His heart as far from fraud, as heaven from earth.

SHAKESPEARE.

GOODNESS.

16. The words which thou hast uttered,
Are of thy soul a part,
And the good seed thou hast scattered,
Is springing from the heart.

WHITTIER.

FLATTERY.

17. For praise too dearly loved, or warmly sought,
Enfeebles all internal strength of thought;
And the weak soul within itself unblest,
Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.

GOLDSMITH.

HAPPINESS.

18. Beware what earth calls happiness; beware
All joys, but joys that never can expire;
Who builds on less than an immortal base,
Fond as he seems, condemns his joys to death.

YOUNG.

OPPORTUNITY.

19. There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.

SHAKESPEARE.

OCCASION.

20. Miss not the occasion; by the forelock take
That subtle Power, the never-halting Time,
Lest a mere moment's putting-off should make
Mischance almost as heavy as a crime.

WORDSWORTH.

GUILT.

21. What a state is guilt,
When every thing alarms it! Like a sentinel,
Who sleeps upon his watch, it wakes in dread,
E'en at a breath of wind.

HAYARD.

THE PASSIONS.

22. O, how the passions, insolent and strong,
Bear our weak minds their rapid course along;
Make us the madness of their will obey,
Then die, and leave us to our griefs a prey.

CRABBE.

DUTY.

23. Rugged strength and radiant beauty,—
These were one in nature's plan;
Humble toil and heavenward duty,—
These will form the perfect man.

MRS. HALE.

EQUALITY.

24. Consider man, weigh well thy frame,
The king, the beggar are the same;
Dust formed us all. Each breathes his day,
Then sinks into his native clay.

GAY.

COMPLAINT.

25. To tell thy mis'ries will no comfort breed;
Men help thee most who think thou hast no need;
But, if the world once thy misfortunes know,
Thou soon shalt lose a friend and find a foe.

RANDOLPH.

FALSEHOOD.

26. Let falsehood be a stranger to thy lips;
Shame on the policy that first began
To tamper with the heart to hide its thoughts!
And doubly shame on that inglorious tongue,
That sold its honesty and told a lie.

HAYARD.

COURTESY.

27. Would you both please and be instructed too,
Watch well the rage of shining, to subdue;
Hear every man upon his favorite theme,
And ever be more knowing than you seem;
The lowest genius will afford some light,
Or give a hint that had escaped your sight.

STILLINGFLEET.

LESSON CLXX.

WORDS FOR SPELLING AND DEFINING.

AR' BI TRA RY, tyrannical.	VOLUNTEERS', offers voluntarily
BRAY' ING, setting at defiance.	VAS' SAL AGE, servitude; slavery.
RE SIGN' ED, gave up.	SEP' UL CHERS, tombs.
PAS' SIVE, unresisting.	DIS PENS' ED, assigned.

1. CTES' I PHON, (*Tes' i phon*), the Athenian who brought forward the proposition in relation to the crown of gold, which the Athenians decreed to Demosthenes for his public services.

2. MAR' A THON, (see note, p. 351).

3. PLA TE' A, a town in Boeotia, in Ancient Greece, celebrated for the battle in which the Persians, under Mardonius, were defeated by the Greeks, B. C. 479.

4. SAI' A MIS, a celebrated island of Greece, off the coast of Attica, near which the Persians were completely defeated in a sea-fight, 480 B. C.

5. AR TE MI' SI UM, a promontory on the north-west side of Eubœa. Off this coast the Greeks obtained their first victory over the fleet of Xerxes, king of Persia.

6. ÆS' CHI NES, a distinguished Athenian orator, who accused Ctesiphon, and brought him to trial, for his proposition respecting the crown of gold decreed to Demosthenes. He was born 397 B. C.

ATHENIAN PATRIOTISM.

DEMOSTHENES.

1. The Athenians never were known to live contented in a slavish, though secure obedience to unjust and arbitrary power. No: our whole history is a series of gallant contests for preëminence: the whole period of our national existence has been spent in braving dangers, for the sake of glory and renown.

2. And so highly do you esteem such conduct, as characteristic of the Athenian spirit, that those of your ancestors who were most eminent for it, are ever the most favorite objects of your praise. And with reason; for who can reflect, without astonishment, on the magnanimity of those men who resigned their lands, gave up their city, and embarked in their ships, rather than live at the bidding of a stranger?

3. The Athenians of that day looked out for no speaker, no general, to procure them a state of easy slavery. They had the spirit to reject even life, unless they were allowed to enjoy that life in freedom. For it was a principle fixed deeply in every breast, that man was not born to his parents only, but to his country.

4. And mark the distinction. He who regards himself as born only to his parents, waits in passive submission for the hour of his natural dissolution. He who considers that he is the child of his country, also, volunteers to meet death rather than behold that country reduced to vassalage; and thinks those insults and disgraces which he must endure, in a state enslaved, much more terrible than death.

5. Should I attempt to assert that it was I who inspired you with sentiments worthy of your ancestors, I should meet the just resentment of every hearer. No: it is my point to show that such sentiments are properly your own; that they were the sentiments of your country long before my day. I claim but my share of merit in having acted on such principles, in every part of my administration.

6. He, then, who condemns every part of my administration,—he who directs you to treat me with severity, as one who has involved the State in terrors and dangers,—while he labors to deprive me of present honor, robs you of the applause of all posterity. For, if you now pronounce, that, as my public conduct has not been right, Ctesiphon must stand condemned, it must be thought that you yourselves have acted wrong, not that you owe your present state to the caprice of fortune.

7. But it can not be! No: my countrymen, it can not be that you have acted wrong in encountering danger bravely for the liberty and safety of all Greece. No! I affirm it by the spirits of our sires, who rushed upon destruction at Marathon!—by those who stood arrayed at Plataea!—by those who fought the sea-fight at Salamis!—by the men of Artemisium!—by the others, so many and so brave, who now rest in our public sepulchers!—all of whom their country judged worthy of the same honor; all, I say, Æschines; not those only who prevailed, not those only who were victorious. And with reason. What was the part of gallant men, they all performed. Their success was such as the Supreme Ruler of the world dispensed to each.

QUESTIONS.—1. How are the Athenians described in the first four paragraphs? 2. What is said of him who is born only to his parents? 3. Of him who considers himself as the child of his country? 4. What merit does Demosthenes claim in the 5th paragraph? 5. What does the orator say of the man who condemns every part of his administration? 6. What is said of the position of Ctesiphon? 7. What does he affirm in the 7th paragraph? 8. By what does he make the affirmation?

LESSON CLXXI

WORDS FOR SPELLING AND DEFINING.

CHO' RAL, belonging to a choir.	O' RI ENT, rising.
SYM' PHO NIES, harmonies of sound.	MYS' TIC, mysterious; intricate.
EX TOL', elevate in praise.	QUATER' NION, in fourfold union.
PRIME, first part of the day.	MUL' TI FORM, having many forms.
CIR' CLET, little circle, or orb.	BOUN' TE OUS, liberal; kind.

MORNING HYMN.

MILTON.

1. These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty! Thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair! Thyself how wondrous, then!
Unspeakable! who sitt'st above these heavens,
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these Thy lower works; yet *these* declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.
Speak ye, who best can tell, ye sons of light,
Angels! for ye behold him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne rejoicing. Ye in heaven,
On earth, join, all ye creatures, to extol,
Him first, Him last, Him midst, and without end!
2. Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praise Him in thy sphere,
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
Thou Sun, of this great world both eye and soul,
Acknowledge Him thy greater; sound His praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
And when high noon hast gained, and when thou fall'st
Moon, that now meets the orient sun, now fliest
With the fixed stars, fixed in their orb that flies;
And ye five other wandering fires, that move
In mystic dance, not without song; resound
His praise, who out of darkness called up light.
3. Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth
Of nature's womb, that in quaternion run,
Perpetual circle, multiform, and mix,

And nourish all things; let your ceaseless change
 Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
 Ye mists and exhalations, that now rise
 From hill or streaming lake, dusky or gray,
 Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
 In honor to the world's great Author rise,
 Whether to deck with clouds the uncolored sky,
 Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers;
 Rising or falling, still advance His praise.

4. His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
 Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines,
 With every plant, in sign of worship wave.
 Fountains, and ye that warble, as ye flow,
 Melodious murmurs, warbling tune His praise.
 Join voices, all ye living souls! ye birds
 That, singing, up to heaven's gate ascend,
 Bear on your wings and in your notes His praise.
5. Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
 The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep,
 Witness, if I be silent, morn or even,
 To hill or valley, fountain or fresh shade,
 Made vocal by my song, and taught His praise.
 Hail, universal Lord! be bounteous still
 To give us only good: and, if the night
 Have gathered aught of evil, or concealed,
 Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark!

QUESTIONS.—1. What address to the Almighty forms the opening of this piece? 2. What beings are called upon to join in extolling Him? 3. What is here meant by "Fairest of Stars"? *Ans.* Venus: the most brilliant of all the planets. 4. What is alluded to in the words,—"Last in the train of night, if better thou belong not to the dawn"? *Ans.* The allusion is to the alternate appearance of Venus in the morning and evening, whence she has been called *the morning and the evening star*. 5. What are the "five other wandering fires" referred to? *Ans.* Mercury, the Earth, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn; which, with those previously mentioned, were all that had been discovered in Milton's time.

LESSON CLXXII.

WORDS FOR SPELLING AND DEFINING.

PA' THOS, passion.	the soul is the result of the
VIE, compare; compete with.	organization of matter.
NAR' RA TIVE, story; history.	IL LUS' TRA TED, made apparent.
DIC' TA TED, suggested.	I DOL' A TRY, worship of idols
MY THOL' O GY, system of fables	TRANS FORM A' TION, change.
respecting heathen deities.	DIS SEM I NA' TION, a diffusing.
MA TE' RI AL ISM, opinion that	SU PER NAT' U RAL, above nature.

1. HO' MER, a celebrated Greek poet, who flourished about 900 before Christ. His most celebrated work is called the Iliad.
2. JU' NO, a celebrated goddess, who is represented as the wife of Jupiter.
3. DI A' NA, the goddess of hunting. She is represented as a strong active maiden: bearing on her shoulders a quiver, and in her hand a bow or hunting spear.
4. LON GI' NUS, a celebrated Greek critic, who flourished in the middle of the 3d century, and was beheaded by the emperor Aurelian, A. D. 273.

THE BIBLE AND THE ILIAD.

FRANCIS WAYLAND.

1. But considered simply as an intellectual production, who will compare the poems of 'Homer with the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testament? Where, in the Iliad, shall we find simplicity and pathos which shall vie with the narrative of Moses, or maxims of conduct to equal in wisdom the Proverbs of Solomon, or sublimity which does not fade away before the conceptions of Job, or David, of Isaiah, or St. John?

2. But I can not pursue this comparison. I feel that it is doing wrong to the mind that dictated the Iliad, and to those other mighty intellects, on whom the light of the holy oracles never shined. Who that has read his poem, has not observed how he strove in vain to give dignity to the mythology of his time? Who has not seen how the religion of his country, unable to support the flight of his imagination, sunk powerless beneath him? It is the

unseen world, where the master spirits of our race breathe freely, and are at home; and it is mournful to behold the intellect of Homer, striving to free itself from the conceptions of materialism, and then sinking down in hopeless despair, to weave idle tales about Jupiter and ²Juno, Apollo and ³Diana.

3. But the difficulties, under which he labored, are abundantly illustrated by the fact, that the light which he poured upon the human intellect, taught other ages how unworthy was the religion of his day, of the man who was compelled to use it. "It seems to me," says Longinus, "that Homer, when he describes dissensions, jealousies, tears, imprisonments, and other afflictions to his deities, hath, as much as was in his power, made the men of the Iliad gods, and the gods men. To men, when afflicted, death is the termination of evils; but he hath made not only the nature, but the miseries, of the gods eternal."

4. If, then, so great results have flowed from this one effort of a single mind, what may we not expect from the combined efforts of several, at least, his equals in power over the human heart? If that one genius, though groping in the thick darkness of absurd idolatry, wrought so glorious a transformation in the character of his countrymen, what may we not look for, from the dissemination of those writings, on whose authors was poured the full splendor of eternal truth? If unassisted human nature, spell-bound by a childish mythology, have done so much, what may we not hope for, from the supernatural efforts of pre-eminent genius, which spake as it was moved by the Holy Ghost?

QUESTIONS.—1. With what inquiry does this piece begin? 2. What is the next inquiry? 3. To what did Homer strive in vain to give dignity? 4. What is it mournful to behold? 5. How are the difficulties under which he labored illustrated? 6. What quotation from Longinus?

LESSON CLXXIII.

WORDS FOR SPELLING AND DEFINING.

DAR' ING, boldness; courage.	PREC' I PICE, steep descent.
RECK' ED, heeded; regarded.	MAR' SHAL ING, arranging.
A VAILS', profits.	CON VULS' IVE LY, with violent agitation.
IN VOL' UN TA RY, spontaneous.	A BAT' ING, diminishing.
IN' CI DENT, event.	DE LIB' I OUS LY, wildly.
TRANS PAR' ENT, clear; pellucid.	IR RES O LU' TION, indecision.
EC' STA SY, excess of joy.	DI SHEV' EL ED, hanging loosely.
UN DU LA' TIONS, wavings.	POR TRAY' ED, described.
IN DI CA' TIONS, signs.	

1. PE' RI, among the Persians, was an elf or fairy, fancied to be a descendant of fallen angels, and awaiting only the termination of the penance enjoined, to return to the bliss of Paradise.

THE THUNDER STORM.

GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

1. I never was a man of feeble courage. There are few scenes of either human or elemental strife, upon which I have not looked with a brow of daring. I have stood in the front of the battle when the swords were gleaming and circling around me like fiery serpents in the air. I have seen these things with a swelling soul, that knew not, that recked no danger.

2. But there is something in the thunder's voice, that makes me tremble like a child. I have tried to overcome this unmanly weakness. I have called pride to my aid; I have sought for moral courage in the lessons of philosophy, but it avails me nothing. At the first low moaning of the distant cloud, my heart shrinks and dies within me.

3. My involuntary dread of thunder had its origin in an incident that occurred when I was a boy of ten years. I had a little cousin, a girl of the same age as myself, who had been the constant companion of my youth. Strange, that, after the lapse of many years, that occurrence should be so familiar to me! I can see the bright young creature, her eyes flashing like a beautiful gem, her free locks streaming as in joy upon the rising gale, and her cheeks glowing, like a ruby, through a wreath of transparent snow.

4. Her voice had the melody and joyousness of a bird's, and when she bounded over the wooded hill, or fresh green valley, shouting a glad answer to every voice of nature, and clapping her little hands in the ecstasy of young existence, she looked as if breaking away, like a free nightingale, from the earth, and going off where all things are beautiful like her.

5. It was a morning in the middle of August. The little girl had been passing some days at my father's house, and she was now to return home. Her path lay across the fields, and gladly I became the companion of her walk. I never knew a summer morning more beautiful and still. Only one little cloud was visible, and that seemed as pure, and white, and peaceful, as if it had been the incense-smoke of some burning censer of the skies.

6. The leaves hung silent in the woods, the waters in the bay had forgotten their undulations, the flowers were bending their heads, as if dreaming of the rainbow and dew, and the whole atmosphere was of such a soft and luxurious sweetness, that it seemed a cloud of roses scattered down by the hands of a 'Peri, from the afar-off garden of Paradise. The green earth and the blue sea lay around, in their boundlessness, and the peaceful sky bent over and blessed them.

7. The little creature at my side was in a delirium of happiness, and her clear, sweet voice came ringing upon the air as often as she heard the tones of a favorite bird, or found some strange and lovely flower in her frolic wanderings. The unbroken and almost supernatural stillness of the day continued until near noon. Then, for the first time, the indications of an approaching tempest were manifest.

8. On the summit of a mountain, at the distance of about a mile, the folds of a dark cloud became suddenly visible, and, at the same instant, a hollow roar came down upon the winds, as if it had been the sound of waves in a rocky cavern. The cloud rolled out like a banner unfolded upon the air, but still the atmosphere was as calm, and the leaves as motionless, as before; and there was not even a quiver among the sleeping waters to tell of the coming hurricane.

9. To escape the tempest was impossible. As the only resort, we fled to an oak that stood at the foot of a tall and ragged precipice. Here we stood, and gazed almost breathlessly upon the clouds, marshaling themselves like bloody giants in the sky. The thunder was not frequent, but every burst was so fearful, that the young creature who stood by me, shut her eyes convulsively, and clung with desperate strength to my arm, and shrieked as if her heart would break.

10. A few minutes, and the storm was upon us. During the height of its fury, the little girl lifted her finger toward the precipice that towered over us. And the next moment the clouds opened, the rocks tottered to their foundations, a roar like the groan of the universe filled the air, and I felt myself blinded, and thrown I know not whither. How long I remained insensible, I can not tell; but when consciousness returned, the violence of the tempest was abating, (>) the roar of the winds was dying in the tree-tops, and the deep tones of thunder-clouds came in fainting murmurs from the eastern hills.

11. I rose, and looked tremblingly and almost deliriously around. She was there, the dear idol of my infant love, stretched out upon the green earth. After a moment of irresolution, I went up and looked upon her. The handkerchief upon her neck was slightly rent, and a single dark spot upon her bosom told where the pathway of death had been. At first, I clasped her to my breast with a cry of agony, and then laid her down, and gazed upon her face almost with feelings of calmness.

12. Her bright, disheveled hair clustered sweetly around her brow; the look of terror had faded from her lips, and infant smiles were pictured there; the rose tinge upon her cheeks was lovely as in life; and, as I pressed them to my own, the fountains of tears were opened, and I wept as if my heart were waters. I have but a dim recollection of what followed. I only know, that I remained weeping and motionless till the coming twilight, and I was taken tenderly by the hand, and led away where I saw the countenances of parents and sister.

13. Many years have gone by on the wings of light and shadow, but the scenes I have portrayed still come over me, at times, with terrible distinctness. The oak yet stands at the base of the precipice, but its limbs are black and dead, and the hollow trunk looking upward to the sky, as if "calling to the clouds for drink," is an emblem of rapid and noiseless decay.

14. A year ago, I visited the spot, and the thought of by-gone years came mournfully back to me. I thought of the little innocent being who fell by my side, like some beautiful tree of Spring, rent up by the whirlwind in the midst of blossoming. But I remembered,—and O, there was joy in the memory!—that she had gone where no lightnings slumber in the folds of the rainbow-cloud, and where the sunlit waters are broken only by the storm-breath of Omnipotence.

QUESTIONS.—1. What does the author of this piece say of his courage? 2. What would cause him to tremble? 3. From what did his dread of thunder originate? 4. Can you relate the principal incidents that occurred?

LESSON CLXXIV.

WORDS FOR SPELLING AND DEFINING.

AS CEND' AN CY, control.	TER RA' QUE OUS, consisting of
PRO PENS' I TIES, tendencies.	land and water.
MYS' TER IES, wonders.	STRA' TA, beds; layers.
SA LU' BRI OUS, healthful.	MI' CRO SCOPE, optical instru-
DO' CILE, tractable.	ment to magnify objects.
DO MAIN', dominion; empire.	DIS PORT' ING, playing.
PA' GEANT, show; spectacle.	TRANS FORM' ED, changed.
PRI' MAL, first; primeval.	STU PEND' OUS, amazing.
CON VUL' SIONS, violent agitations.	RET' I NUE, train; attendants.
THROES, pangs; agonies.	IL LIM' IT A BLE, boundless.

HUMAN KNOWLEDGE.

EDWARD EVERETT.

1. What is human knowledge? It is the cultivation and improvement of the spiritual principle in man. We are composed of two elements; the one, a little dust, caught up

from the earth, to which we shall soon return; the other, a spark of that Divine Intelligence, in which and through which we bear the image of the great Creator. By knowledge, the wings of the intellect are spread: by ignorance, they are closed and palsied, and the physical passions are left to gain the ascendancy.

2. Knowledge opens all the senses to the wonders of creation: ignorance seals them up, and leaves the animal propensities unbalanced by reflection, enthusiasm, and taste. To the ignorant man, the glorious pomp of day, the shining mysteries of night, the majestic ocean, the rushing storm, the plenty-bearing river, the salubrious breeze, the fertile field, the docile animal tribes, the broad, the various, the unexhausted, domain of Nature, are a mere outward pageant, poorly understood in their character and harmony, and prized only so far as they minister to the supply of sensual wants.

3. How different the scene, to the man whose mind is stored with knowledge! For him, the mystery is unfolded, the veil is lifted up, as, one after another, he turns the leaves of that great volume of creation, which is filled, in every page, with the characters of wisdom, power, and love,—with lessons of truth the most exalted,—with images of unspeakable loveliness and wonder,—arguments of Providence,—food for meditation,—themes of praise.

4. One noble science sends him to the barren hills, and teaches him to survey their broken precipices. Where ignorance beheld nothing but a rough inorganic mass, instruction discerns the intelligible record of the primal convulsions of the world; the secrets of ages before man was; the landmarks of the elemental struggles and throes of what is now the terraqueous globe. Buried monsters, of which the races are now extinct, are dragged out of deep strata, dug out of eternal rocks, and brought almost to life, to bear witness to the power that created them.

5. Before the admiring student of Nature has realized all the wonders of the elder world, thus, as it were, created again by science, another delightful Instructress, with her micro-