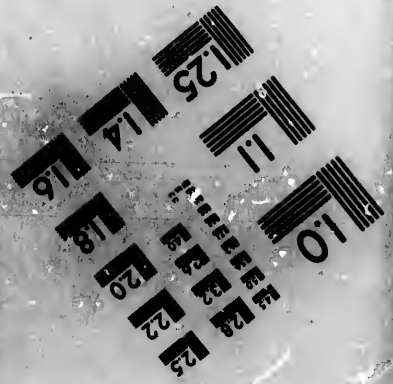
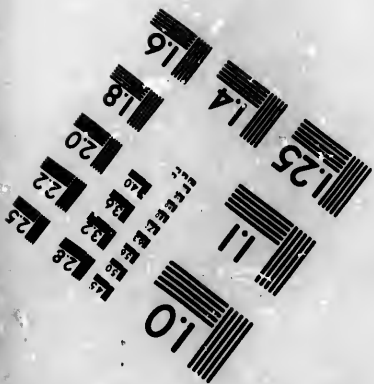
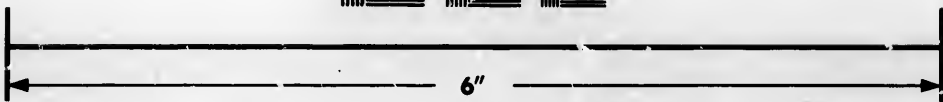
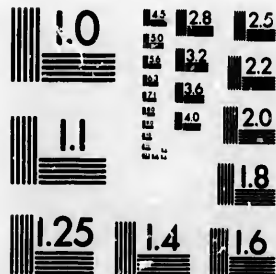


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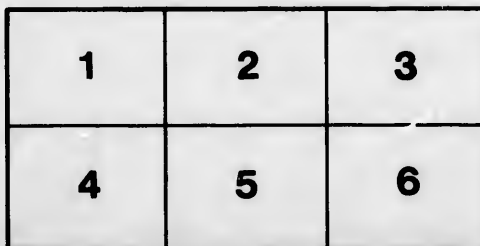
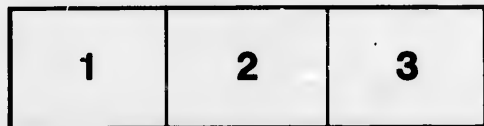
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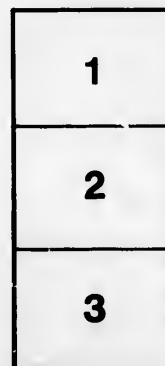
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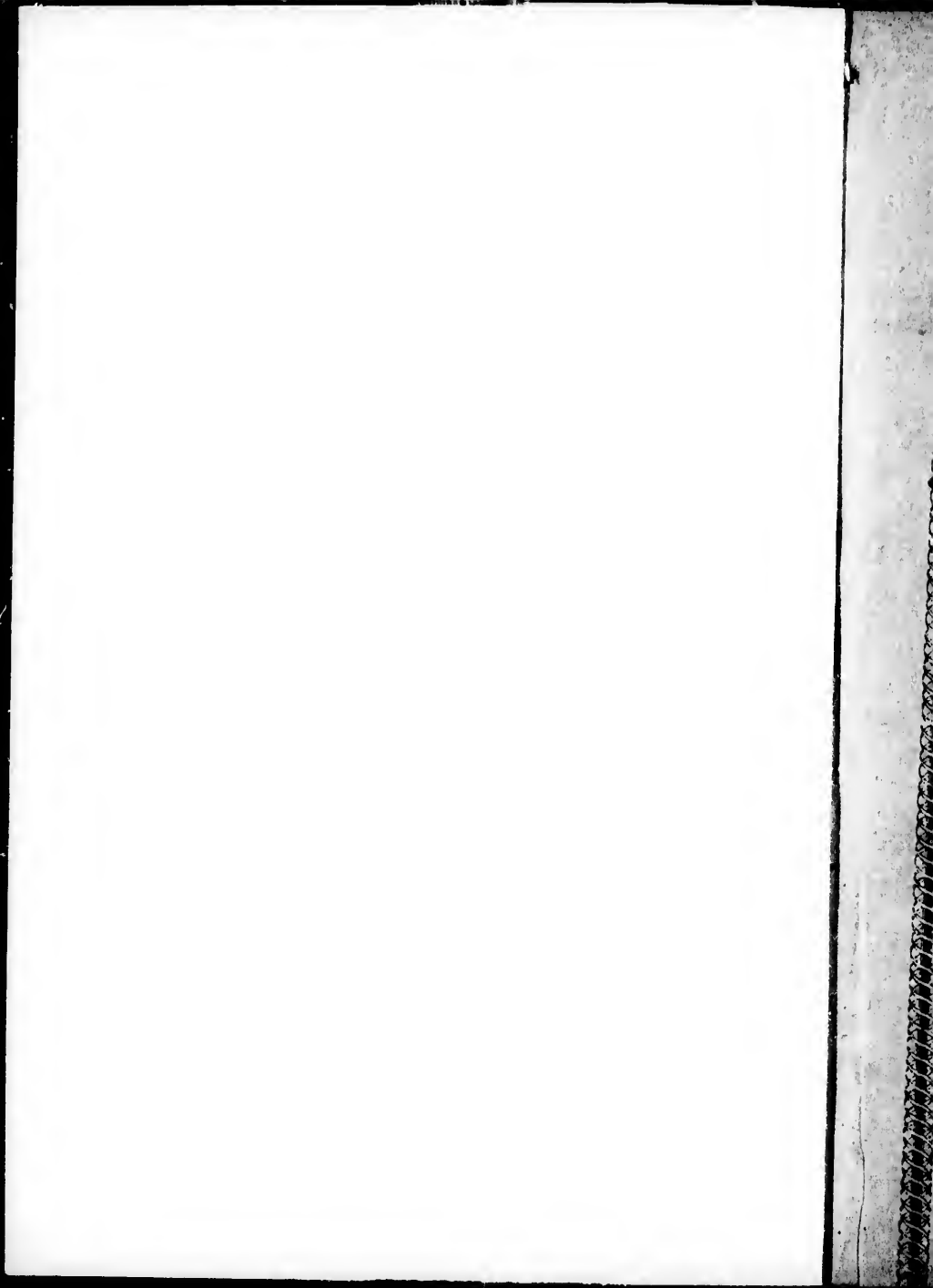
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LECTURE

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

SAINT JOHN

EARLY CLOSING ASSOCIATION

AT THE

HALL OF THE MECHANICS' INSTITUTE,

BY

HON. JOSEPH HOWE,

NOVEMBER 28, 1859.

PRINTED AT THE OFFICE OF THE MORNING NEWS: AND TO BE HAD AT ALL THE BOOK-STORES.

LECTURE.

YOUNG MEN OF NEW BRUNSWICK!—Asked to address you on this occasion, how could I refuse? A compliment is conveyed in the request, but the pleasures of this meeting, permit me to assure you, are mutual. You desire to see a veteran, of whom you have heard and read somewhat—perhaps to trace the snow-fall of time upon his brow, and to speculate upon the reality of his power to move and sway opinion. I am delighted to look into your young faces, and to read in your flashing eyes the future destinies of this noble Province, in which I have ever taken so deep an interest.

You must not expect from me an oration. "I am no orator, as Wilmot is." Though I have had some practice, I have rarely spoken, except when I had something to do. If I could have got it done without speaking I would have held my tongue. Where I could not I was compelled to reason, and perhaps sometimes to declaim, like other people, rarely having much time to prepare; but, doing my best, if, as almost always happened, my heart was in the business of the hour. But, what have I to do here? To give you pleasure? Would that I could! But I knew enough of Boyhood—remember too well its heady impulses and sweet attractions, not to dread the competition which any grave senior must dare who enters upon this task. Confess, honestly, are there five of you who would not rather be rowing a boat, galloping a pony, or catching a cricket-ball, at this moment, than listening to me? Nay, is there one, who would give up a moonlight walk, with a pair of blue eyes sounding the depths of his soul, for all the lecturers on this continent, Edward Everett and Ward Beecher not excepted? Yet, as you have, at some sacrifices, I know, given up your youthful sports, and come here this night to do me honor, I would, as I have already

said, gladly give you pleasure. By delivering a Lecture, perhaps I might not succeed, and I do not feel that my own life has been so faultless as to entitle me to lecture anybody; but my heart is full, and I know you will believe me when I say that I wish yours could be made better by the overflow of feelings, which, at the sight of your young faces, it is not very easy to control.

I have much to say to you, not as "one having authority," but in kindness and mutual trust, confiding in your sympathy and good sense. Every man of my age has much to say to every youth he meets—much that some try to say, who do not always succeed, for the simple reason that they lecture austere, sententiously, or too long, and young men are not apt to learn much from those who weary them, or of whom they are afraid. Well-meaning people often try, rather roughly, to "put old heads upon young shoulders," and do not always succeed. I should like to change my old head for a younger one for this night at least; that I might mingle with you without restraint, and win you by companionship. What I have to say I would say cheerfully, and in the merry ringing tones of boyhood. I would like to make you wiser and better, by winning you to accept and dwell upon the little that I am competent to teach.

You have Fathers and Mothers: may they be long spared to you! Mine are dead. What would I not give for the restitution of privileges which you enjoy, and I trust sufficiently value! How precious, to me, would be even an hour of intercourse with parents, whose hearts, at sometimes pained, whose affluence of affection I never perhaps could measure, till my own parental cares taught me to do them justice. The first thought that rises to my lips when I see an ingenuous youth in whom I take an interest, is, "Honor thy Father and thy Mother" not only for the sake of the promise, which accompanies the command, "that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee," but for many other reasons. How tenderly they watch over us, from the moment when the first wailing cry appeals to their sensibilities, to the parting hour, when they close our eyes in sorrow and agony of heart; or when, self-condemned, we stand beside their death-beds, to realize, perhaps for the first time, the conviction that we have too often slighted the affection upon which the grave is about to close. Let us cherish our parents, and love and venerate your parents, then, young men of New Brunswick. This is the beginning of wisdom. Obedience is a simple duty, but obedience is not enough! Seek to return,

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by anxious solicitude and tender care, the watchful affection that they bestow on you. You can never repay them for the waking hours they have given to your helpless infancy; the playful tenderness with which they have trained you in early life; the anxious toil by which they have provided for your maintenance and education; the sacrifices they have made to establish you respectably in the world. See that your conduct fulfills their just expectations. As you cling around their knees, let them gather hope and consolation from your every word and act and glance. When separated from them let thoughts of home be ever present to your minds, and, when most strongly tried and tempted they will preserve you pure and undefiled. I was once nearly drowned, in swimming across the North West Arm, a broad ocean inlet, upon the banks of which I was born. I was attacked by cramp and should have gone down, but looking up at my father's cottage, I thought of the sorrow and suffering that my death would inflict upon its inmates; I struck out boldly; the spirit conquered the flesh, and I reached the shore. The thought of home saved me. It will save you amidst the trials and temptations of active life. When most beset, in your hour of greatest peril and greatest weakness, think of home—of the parents whose hearts will be wrung with anguish if you sink. Summon the resources of the soul; strike out with energy; and, trust me, you too shall reach the shore.

Second only to the duty which you owe to your parents are the obligations which good hearts and good taste will recognize in your intercourse with your young companions. Show me the youth who is respected and beloved by his playmates, and I will show you the one who will be respected, popular, useful and successful in after life. Be true and candid, courteous and obliging, to each other, and the habit, once formed, will "grow with your growth and strengthen with your strength." A want of sincerity or of manners is detected as easily and resented as keenly in the boy as in the man. He who makes the most friends when he is young will have the most to cheer and aid him in the active struggles of busy life. He who makes the most enemies will have the keenest rivalry and the fewest chances of success.

As I am addressing a body of young men who have their own way to make in the world, and their own fortunes and reputations to win, there is one point, of some importance, which may not be often pressed upon your notice, but which is worthy of some attention. I refer to the treatment of servants, and of those in humble stations, who may be taught

cheerful obedience by courtesy, as surely as they will be rendered morose and negligent by coarseness and ill-temper. I never allow a member of my household to speak rudely to a servant. I never do it myself; and in a pretty extensive intercourse with the world, I have discovered that, in the best regulated establishments, domestic and commercial, it is never done. I sailed in a ship once, and, from the commencement to the end of the voyage, the captain did nothing but scold and bully the men. When he read the Church Service on the quarter-deck, on Sunday morning, he would curse the sailors in one breath, and ask forgiveness of their sins in the next. "John," said a nobleman of the highest rank, in my hearing, "will you have the kindness to shut that door?" and his politeness, even to a domestic, struck me as adding lustre to his title. These may seem to be small matters, but remember how large a class they affect. Servitude is hard enough; let us soften its rigors by courtesy, and win the cordial co-operation and hearty sympathy of the humbler classes by generous consideration for their feelings.

To those who employ you, you are bound, in all honor and good faith, to be obedient and respectful. Study their interests and they will study yours. Learn rapidly the range of your proper duties and labor to extend it. Whatever is given you in charge despatch with energy, assiduity and zeal, and prepare to assume higher responsibilities, that you may merit promotion. From your entrance into an establishment consider the business your own, and act as if it was. It will be in time if you are vigilant, frugal and intelligent. In a new country the poor boys of one generation are the rich men and prosperous citizens of the next. Whatever may be your occupation make yourselves masters of it. Examine the general principles applicable to it, and study it in all its details. Treat your employers with deference, and customers with promptness and civility, and long before you have grown to manhood there will be men's places ready for you. A lazy boy, in the country, once complained to me of want of employment, and asked what he should do. I told him to pull out the stump in front of his father's door, and then to work outwards, attacking all the stumps and stones he could find, till he had doubled the value of the farm. It is a good rule, in any sort of business, to begin somewhere and work outwards. George Stephenson did this, and his biography should be in the hands of every young man who wishes to succeed. He began life as a poor boy in a colliery, with two pence per day for his wages. This was his first base of operations. But

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he did his duty, and earned his wages, and soon began to work outwards. By industry, and by doing well the little that he had to do, he soon doubled and trebled his income. He was passing rich when he could earn a shilling a day. He learned to mend shoes and watches, and in his leisure hours earned enough to buy books and commence his education. When entrusted with the care of a small engine, he took it to pieces every week and cleaned it with his own hands, and thus became familiar with its mechanism and powers. He studied practical hydraulics, and detected the defects of the common pumps used in the works. When a valuable mine was flooded, he suggested improvements and cleared it of water. Step by step he rose in the estimation of all around him. He was entrusted with a mine, and when there was an explosion of fire-damp, he lowered himself down the shaft, rallied the terrified workmen, and, at the risk of his life, built a brick wall, which shut out the air, smothered the fire, and saved the property. By this time, you will perceive, he had worked outwards a long way. He was known far and wide, as a man of energy and varied resources. His old fellow-workmen were proud of him, and capitalists consulted him and paid him well. Out of that explosion of fire-damp he wrought an increase of reputation. Hundreds of colliers had been blown up, but he was perhaps the only one who reflected seriously how explosions might be prevented. He constructed a safety lamp, and divides to this hour, with Sir Humphrey Davy, the merits of that useful invention.

Stephenson now turned his attention to the rough tram roads in use about the mines. He increased their power by better grades, and greater stability of construction. He examined the rude locomotives, that others had invented, and which were so inefficient that horse power was generally preferred. He improved them, and having convinced himself of the latent powers slumbering in the locomotive and the rail, set resolutely about the herculean task of teaching all the world. How he taught them, and how brilliant was the success which crowned his efforts, all the world knows. If you have not read George Stephenson's life, get it, and study it forthwith. I do not know the other book in our language, so calculated to inspire a young man with the laudable ambition and steady perseverance so indispensable to success in any walk of life.

Though Providence does not vouchsafe to every man the brilliant success which Stephenson achieved, still a fair and

moderate degree can almost be commanded by ordinary pains-taking and perseverance in any pursuit. If there be capacity there is no reason why the results should not be brilliant. I took a poor Irish boy out of the streets, who had no parents, and who could neither read nor write. I taught him to do both; and before he was out of his time he taught himself French and Latin. He is now one of the best speakers and writers in a neighboring Province, and has held high offices in the country where he resides. He owed his success to the readiness with which he availed himself of the means of instruction within his reach. He began where he happened to find himself placed; and worked outwards, which is true wisdom.

If I found myself in a bank, a counting-house, or a merchant's store, I would begin by studying my employers first, and then everybody on the premises with whom my daily duties brought me into communication. I would do this that I might avoid giving offence, and know how to make myself most useful and acceptable; not by mean compliance and sneaking servility, but by doing the right thing at the right moment, with general acceptance to all concerned. I would then master the interior economy of the establishment, taking care to understand the duties of the particular branch entrusted to me first, and to perform them with vigilance and faultless accuracy. From the desk at which I sat or the counter at which I stood, I would work outwards, till I knew the contents of every book, of every shelf, of every vessel and warehouse, that came legitimately within the range of our operations, till I knew the value of everything we bought and sold—the face of every customer.

Dumas' novels, billiards and bowling-saloons, are all very attractive, but we cannot live by these; and our first range of study should include those things by which we are to live. Aye! and perhaps by which others are to live. We may have a Father, broken by the storms and struggling with the cares of life—now lifted on a momentary wave of prosperity, now fainting in the trough of the sea. How jolly we shall feel when we can stretch out a helping hand and bear him into port!

We may have a widowed mother, to whom even the little we can earn in boyhood may be indispensable; whose heart we can break, or save from breaking, by our behavior—by our failure or success. Who would not work for her by day and night? What are the mysteries of double entry—of day book and ledger? Who cannot count notes and keep cash

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correctly? Who would not study exchanges, and weigh and balance against each other all the coins in the world, rather than see that dear old mother, so severely tried, live for one hour longer in the shadow of the dark cloud? Who would bow down the Heavens upon her head, and by heartlessness, idleness, inattention, inaccuracy, profligacy or fraud, so darken her horizon, that seeing no bit of blue anywhere—no streak of light—feeling

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is

To have a thankless child,

she gives up the battle of life, and turns the plaits of that mourning cap towards the wall that no one may see her die.

We may have sisters, ay, a group of them—bred in comfort, perhaps in luxury, and we are orphans all. The mourning time is past, and the craps and black bombazine have been laid aside. The spring is coming, and sunshine and exercise have revived the roses upon their cheeks, and there are roses once more on their bosoms and in their hair. God bless them, how beautiful they are! So graceful, so natural, so good—with quick perceptions and keen sensibilities—so hopeful, so loving, so confiding. God help them! How little they know of the hard, coarse, exacting, selfish world, into which, but for our industry, economy and forethought, they may have to descend. Then, how good they have been to us. How they have sang to us when we were sad, and laughed at us when we were wifful. How they have taught us pretty accomplishments and gentle manners. How they have charmed us from strange oaths and coarse expressions, picked up in the streets. How they have taught us to love home, by the overflowing of natural affection, as the Greek was taught architecture by the exuberance of vegetable life. And now, for our means are scanty, shall that home be broken up? We thought we were richer than we are, but there were old mortgages, dusty and indisputable, with accumulated interest that we knew nothing about, and two-thirds of what we thought was ours was swept away in a month, and now comes the question—shall that home be broken up? Let it, in the name of common justice, if it cannot be honestly maintained. But it can, and if it can, is there a young man here that would not make the effort? Is there one who would not pace wharves and warehouses in all weathers—who would not keep books, study prices current, measure calico, or count treasure, from year's end to year's end, to preserve that nest, till the beautiful birds have found other playmates and protectors—have been borne off upon the

wings of even stronger affection than our own, and have made room for another dearer to us than even the group for which we have toiled.

And who is this new inmate? Wait a moment till I ask if there is a young man here who would leave that old father to be overwhelmed with the cares of life; who would turn, by his misconduct, that crimped cap towards the wall; who, at the tavern, the saloon, or the gaming-table, would waste the means by which those sisters might be maintained and kept together; who would spend, on his person or in criminal indulgence, the money by which their independence might be secured; who would see them descend, step by step, to earn their bread by new employments—to bury one cherished hope after another—to mingle with coarse companions—to be dependent—“to bear,” what is worse than “the proud man’s,” the proud woman’s “contumely”—to shrink before the eye of reckless profligacy, perhaps to fall beneath the pressure of circumstances, and the seductive arts of simulated love, with poverty in the background—to have the cheek’s rose withered by the hot breath of lust; the soul’s purity exhaled in the presence of the impure? There is no such young man here; but if there was, by all that is reputable and enterprising, if a gun could be got in St. John, we would strap him to the muzzle of it, and blow him far into the Bay, to be eaten by the sharks.

Having satisfied our consciences, and vented our just indignation on this point, let us see who the lady is just entering upon the scene. Who can she be? Why our young friend’s wife, to be sure, who comes home at last to fill up the measure of his happiness—to take the place of mother and sisters who are gone, or who are provided for—to preside over his household—to guide, deftly and well, his domestic affairs, and take care of what he earns—to lie in his bosom, and share his confidence, till either or both shall die.

Aye, and she comes with a light heart, because she knows that he who was true to his young companions—to his master—to his parents—will be true to her. She knows how he toiled for his mother and sisters, when but a boy; how can she distrust his energy and resources now that he is a man?

This is a delicate topic, and perhaps I should not touch it. A humorous countryman of mine tells us of a Connecticut parson’s daughter, who, upon being told that she was too young to be married, replied, “But, father, you are too old to understand the question.” You may think me too old to give advice, but if I am not I would counsel every young man in

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this Association to look hopefully forward to the period when he can make some virtuous maiden a bride. In the impressive language of Burns, I would say :—

The glorious love of weel-plated love,
Luxuriously indulge it;
But never tempt th' illicit rove
Tho' naething should divulge it.

I pass the quantum of the sin,
The hazard of concealing.
But, oh ! it hardens a' within,
And petrifies the feeling.

The same writer elsewhere tells us :

I've paced much this weary mortal round,
And sage experience bids me this declare,
If Heaven one draught of heavenly pity spare—
One cordial in this melancholy vale,
'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair
In others' arms breathe out the tender tale,
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale.

Of these delicious and innocent pleasures take your share, and take it while you are young. Making love need not hinder you from making money or acquiring knowledge. If I meet a young man strolling about, in what the Scotch call "the gloaming," with a pretty girl hanging on his arm, and her little bit of a bonnet very close to his face, I have more faith in that youth, more hope of him, than I should have if I found him with a flushed face at a bar, swearing strange oaths, with a black pipe in his mouth, and boasting of some feat of which he ought to be ashamed.

As the beautiful waves seize the rough rocks upon the sea-shore, and roll and wash them about, till they are polished and useful, so are we polished and refined, whenever we come within the range of woman's powerful fascinations and gentle influence.

There are two classes of women that young men should avoid—those who are not to be named to ears polite, but who are painted by a master's hand in the 7th Chapter of Proverbs ; and those, who, though virtuous enough, would as surely ruin them, by their wretched vanity, fondness for dress, extravagance and pride. There was sea-room enough between Scylla and Charybdis for those who knew the way, and there will be girls enough in the world for you all, if you give both these classes a pretty wide berth.

Rich men may do as they like, because if they marry dressy and extravagant women they can afford the luxury ; but I am talking to young men who are poor, and who have their

fortunes to make ; and I say to you, in all sincerity, that, much as I love and reverence the other sex, I would rather see either of you dead and borne to an early grave, than married to one of those senseless, nerveless, frippery pieces of vanity and deception, who have a passion for spending money faster than any honest person can earn it—who would coin a man's heart, waste his capital, blast his credit, and send him to the pistol or the jail, rather than not outshine other fools, equally erring and insecure, and gratify tastes and propensities which they know ought not to be indulged. A mariner might as well try to steer by the aurora borealis, as a young man try to prosper with one of those illustrations of extravagance by his side. Blondin might get across Niagara with a man upon his back, but I never saw a youth start across the stream of life, with an armful of female vanity and vexation of spirit, without finding the waters gurgling above his head before he got half way over.

Shakespeare has put into seven lines the rules by which anybody may choose a horse. I wish I could put into seventeen the rules by which good wives might be chosen. I am not writing a chapter on matrimony, but if I were, I would perhaps advise you to choose a companion, with some health, a good head, some heart, and gentle manners—who has had a good mother—one who is thrifty and fond of home—whose beauty is not always paraded on the side-walk—whose accomplishments include plain cooking and housewifery ; and who does not bargain for a three story establishment, before she is married, but who is content to commence the world with you, with £20 worth of furniture, and a brace of rooms. When you find a girl like this, fold her to your bosom and pop the question as soon as you can.

But, you may ask me is there nothing for a young man to do, but to attend to business, work for his master, or his family, and get a wife ? And I answer yes, two other things, very essential—to keep his body in vigorous health, by constant exercise, and by manly sports suited to his age, and to cultivate his mind. A strong and vigorous body is the first condition of success in all the pursuits of life. If blessed by Providence with good health be careful to preserve it—if your constitution is delicate, strengthen it by temperance, air and exercise. Out of door employments are favorable to health, but if your occupations are sedentary, counteract the tendency to sluggishness of the blood. Cricket, base, rackets, fishing, shooting, skating, billiards, quoits, boxing, fencing, rowing, dancing, arc, in themselves innocent and admirable relax-

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ations, if you have leisure for them; and if you get up a gymnasium, you may have leaping, swinging and climbing, and many other innocent sports and games, at small expense.

Every man should learn to back a horse, to swim, and to shoot with pistol and rifle, while he is young. Nobody can tell, at what moment he may be called upon to save his own life, or the lives of others, by these accomplishments; and when your country calls on you for defence, if you have them, she does not find you unprepared. Walking costs nothing, but shoe leather, and long walks invigorate the body and clear the head.

Thousands of young men, particularly those bred to the professions, die of dyspepsia and other kindred ailments, because they neglect the laws of health. The fine developments of the human frame which ancient sculptors have preserved, resulted from the public games and martial exercises of Greece and Rome. The ancient Roman brought out the perspiration upon his body at least three times a day. The field sports and village games of England keep up the vigor of the race, and when Englishmen go abroad they illustrate "the metal of their pastures."

You share the mingled blood of three or four of the foremost nations of the world. Your climate is healthy, and with a little care you can always keep your bodies in high condition. The process is simple, by which a boxer brings a man up to the highest point of physical hardihood and endurance. The formula is easily learned and not soon forgotten. It includes only cleanliness, air, plain food, regular hours and hard exercise. Bred to a sedentary occupation, and compelled to follow it closely as the condition of success, I should have been dead long ago, had I not counteracted its inevitable tendencies by constant attention to exercise in the open air. After a gallop of twenty miles, a walk of ten, or an hour's hard work in the racket-court, I could always study and write for three or four days and nights, if there was a necessity for so severe a strain. When there was not I spent at least two hours of every day upon my feet.

Clever men, with feeble constitutions, are here and there dotted about the world of literature and science, of law, of medicine, or of trade. But these exceptions to the general rule prove nothing. These men would all have been more able had they been more robust. The masters of the world have generally been men of vigorous and sound constitutions. Take care of the body, and the mind may be cultivated to the highest reach of its capacity. To be happy you must be

healthy ; and good health, as a general rule, is the first condition of success in any pursuit.

As respects your studies, it is impossible to lay down any general rules applicable to all cases. Much depends on circumstances—on leisure, opportunities, time and place. Young men, whose parents can afford to give them a regular education, can do nothing better than go industriously through the best seminaries in the Province. But I assume that most, if not all of you, have passed the period when scholastic education is within your reach. Henceforward, then, you must depend upon your own exertions, and educate yourselves. Is this possible? To my mind there is nothing more easy.

I never went, but to a Grammar School in the summer months, and left it to go to work before I was thirteen. All that I know I have learned since, by reading, conversation, travel, and the utterance of thought. Printers, in my time, had no Early Closing Association, and during the ten years that I gave to the mechanical departments of the business, I often worked, particularly in the winter months, from fifteen to eighteen hours a day. Yet, even in the busiest years of my life, from thirteen to three and twenty, I found time to read a good many books. During the twelve years that I edited a public journal, though a great deal of time was frittered away in newspaper reading, and in small controversies incident to an editor's life, I read much of history, national and constitutional law, political economy, biography, and any quantity of reviews, novels and light literature, and yet I did a day's work almost every day.

Since 1840 I have been constantly engrossed with public business ; often up to my eyes in the fire and smoke of politics—frequently too much engaged to open a book during the day, and yet I have managed to read three or four hours almost every evening, and to enlarge my intellectual range by travel and observation. You can all do as much—many of you a great deal more, if you set resolutely about it. There is not a young man here who cannot give his day to business, take a couple of hours for exercise, and yet give three or four to books and conversation before going to sleep.

One good rule I can give you : Never read or think in bed. Tom Moore tells us

That Richerand, the French physician,
Declares the clock-work of the head
Goes best in that reclined position.

But my experience is against the practice. Weary yourselves with exercise and study, and then go to sleep. Wellington

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observed, that "when a man turned in bed it was time to turn out of it;" and I do not believe that a merchant who thinks all night of his business will have his head very clear to transact it in the morning. "Divinity, lie there!" said the parson, who stripped off his cassock, that he might trounce a rude fellow who had insulted him; and, when I throw off my coat at night, I say to business and politics, "lie there," and rest the mental machinery till the following morning.

But, you may ask me, what ought you to read? You might almost as well ask me what you are to eat. Some ingenious author has written a book entitled "What to eat, drink and avoid." What to read or not to read is the difficult question of the day. Our ancestors partially settled it by burning a bad book by the hands of the common hangman. But this was before the invention of power presses, and the general diffusion of education. You can buy a broker's list of uncurrent notes anywhere. What a pity it is that we cannot purchase a catalogue of books that nobody should read.

Certain works are yet prohibited in despotic countries, but, however stupid or mischievous, they are admitted if they contain nothing against the government. Now, what we want is an "inspection law," under which books may be examined and condemned, not for being dangerous to this or that form of civil polity, but for being stupid, unreadable and exhausting to the human mind. Good books might be classed as they class ships at Lloyd's, and bad ones should be branded as offenders against the laws of sound literature and common sense. But there is no such tribunal, except the Reviews, and they are often written in the interests of party or of the publishers, so we are left to find our own way as we can.

Fortunately, we have what are called "standard works," in every language, and abundance of them in our own. Stick to these, and you cannot go wrong. "Knowledge," says Disraeli, "is like the mystic ladder in the patriarch's dream. Its base rests on the primal earth, its crest is lost in the shadowy splendors of the empyrean; while the great authors, who, for traditionary ages, have held the chain of science and philosophy, of poesy and erudition, are the angels, ascending and descending the sacred scale, and maintaining, as it were, the communication between man and heaven."

What you should read must depend a good deal upon what you are to do. There are certain general facts, in history, geography and the sciences, which every merchant, every respectable mechanic, every gentleman, is expected to

know. We must master these, because, without them, we cannot mix in society, or get along at all. The more we can accumulate of these general facts, which underlie all business, and form the vertebrae of the mental structure, the better prepared shall we be to make further advances, in any direction. A certain acquaintance with ancient literature, which, by the aid of good translations, is accessible to all, can hardly be dispensed with; and we must know something of the best writers, British and American, who have illustrated "our land's language," and without a knowledge of whose finest passages we can hardly enter a drawing-room or sustain a conversation.

Thus far we must tread common paths, and thanks be to Providence, and to the great men who have gone before us, they are very attractive. You all remember Walter Savage Landor's beautiful lines upon the sea-shell:—

Shake it, and it awakens, then apply
 Its polished lips to your attentive ear,
 And it remembers its august abodes,
 And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there.

It is thus that an old book murmurs to us of the heroic ages, in which it received its polish and inspiration. Wordsworth, speaking of the common blessings and charities of life, says:

Believe it not!
 The primal duties shine aloft like stars;
 The charities that soothe, and heal and bless,
 Are scattered at the feet of men like flowers;
 The generous inclination, the just rule;
 Kind wishes, and good actions, and pure thoughts;
 No mystery is here, no special boon
 For high and not for low, for proudly graced
 And not for meek of heart. The smoke ascends
 To heaven as lightly from the cottage hearth
 As from the haughty palace.

The same may be said of our genuine English literature. There is not a lad in the Province who cannot earn and spare a shilling. With that shilling he can buy an English classic, and, before he has got it by heart, he can earn another shilling and buy another book. The day has gone by when literature was confined to the cloister and books were chained to the desk. The noblest thoughts, the most solemn truths, the choicest imagery, are, by a kind Providence and "the unlicensed liberty of printing," "scattered at the feet of men like flowers." See that you gather your share, my young friends, and then let us look round and see what is next to be done.

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eable to every pursuit. A young merchant should read Adam Smith as carefully as a young student at law reads Blackstone. The best books on banking, currency and exchange should also be read: The commercial dictionaries are full of facts; and the best mercantile magazines, the London Economist, and other kindred publications, contain much valuable information. Prices current, though dull reading, should be daily glanced over, because, upon the rise and fall of stocks and commodities, profit and loss depend.

To young men who are studying law I need say nothing, because their course of reading will be prescribed by the gentlemen in whose offices they labor, and be guided by the nature of the examinations they are to pass. To those who intend to devote themselves to civil and mechanical engineering, a familiar acquaintance with the mathematics may be regarded as indispensable. Young sailors should study navigation, the use of instruments, and those branches which are prescribed by Act of Parliament, or by the regulations of the Board of Trade.

But, to all I would say: "Begin somewhere, and work outwards." Get to the heart of the matter which lies nearest to the pursuit by which you are to live. Desultory reading may be useful, but read with a purpose, and aim at definite results. Sir James Stephen, whose death I notice in the papers with some regret, was for many years Under Secretary, at the Colonial Office. He studied history assiduously, while overwhelmed with departmental labour. When he retired, on a pension, he became Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge. Sir James lays down a sound rule for successful investigation: "Take a basis. I took the history of Europe from the overthrow of the Roman Empire;" and he gives to all, who desire to study their country's annals, this sound advice: "I hold that no man can have any just conception of the history of England who has not read, and meditated, and learned to love, the great poets of England." Sir Archibald Allison, whose great work is perhaps familiar to you all, says: "Literature has been the delight, but it has not been the occupation of my life, and the works which have procured for me the high honor which I now enjoy, have been but the amusements of evenings, after days spent in laborious occupations." If these great men could discharge, with accuracy and zeal, the daily duties of life, and yet rise to distinction in departments of human knowledge which those daily duties did not necessarily include, what is to hinder you from mastering all the know-

ledge which bears upon the pursuits by which you are to live, and from winning distinction, either within or beyond their range, by a wise appropriation of your time ?

Thomas Carlyle, the most original essayist of the day, whose restoration of Cromwell to his true place in English history, is a national service for which we should all feel grateful—whose great work on the French Revolution has been translated into all languages, was the son of a Scotch farmer, and he pursued his solitary studies, for years, on a Nithsdale farm, with nobody to talk to but the minister. What a lesson may you not learn from a single passage of his early life. "When I was a student," he says, "I resolved to make myself master of Newton's Principia; and although I had not, at that time, knowledge enough of mathematics to make the task other than a herculean labor to me, yet I read and wrought unceasingly, through all obstructions and difficulties, until I had accomplished it; and no Tamerlane conqueror ever felt half so happy as I did when the terrible book lay subdued and vanquished before me." If a poor Nithsdale boy could thus master the most difficult work in the language, what may you not do, my young friends, by steady perseverance and a right application of your powers ?

Discard, at once and forever, the absurd idea that "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing." "If you cannot," says Thomas Campbell, "grasp the circle of the sciences, grasp what you can." Dismiss from your minds, also, the belief that labor is a curse. If it be true that an idle brain is the devil's workshop, the brain that works the hardest, in right directions, must elevate its possessor nearest to the angels, who love most in proportion to their knowledge; and bow with greater reverence before the throne of the Creator, as they comprehend more clearly, day by day, the mechanism of the universe and the laws by which it is controlled. "Labor," says Henry Glassford Bell, "is twice blessed." It blesses him who toils, and those who are enlightened and benefitted by his industry.

There is one view to be taken of your obligations, my young friends, which I have not touched. Far above all earthly considerations of self, of home, or of family—second only to the duties which you owe to God, are those which your country has a right to claim.

Where does the sun its richest radiance shed ?
Where are the choicest gifts of Nature spread ?
On what blest spot does every simple flower
Bear to the sense a charm of magic power.
While Fancy clothes with beauty every hill,

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And music murmurs in each crystal rill ;
While all the eye surveys can charms impart,
That twine, unbroken, round the generous heart.
'Tis where our household gods securely stand
In the calm bosom of our native land.

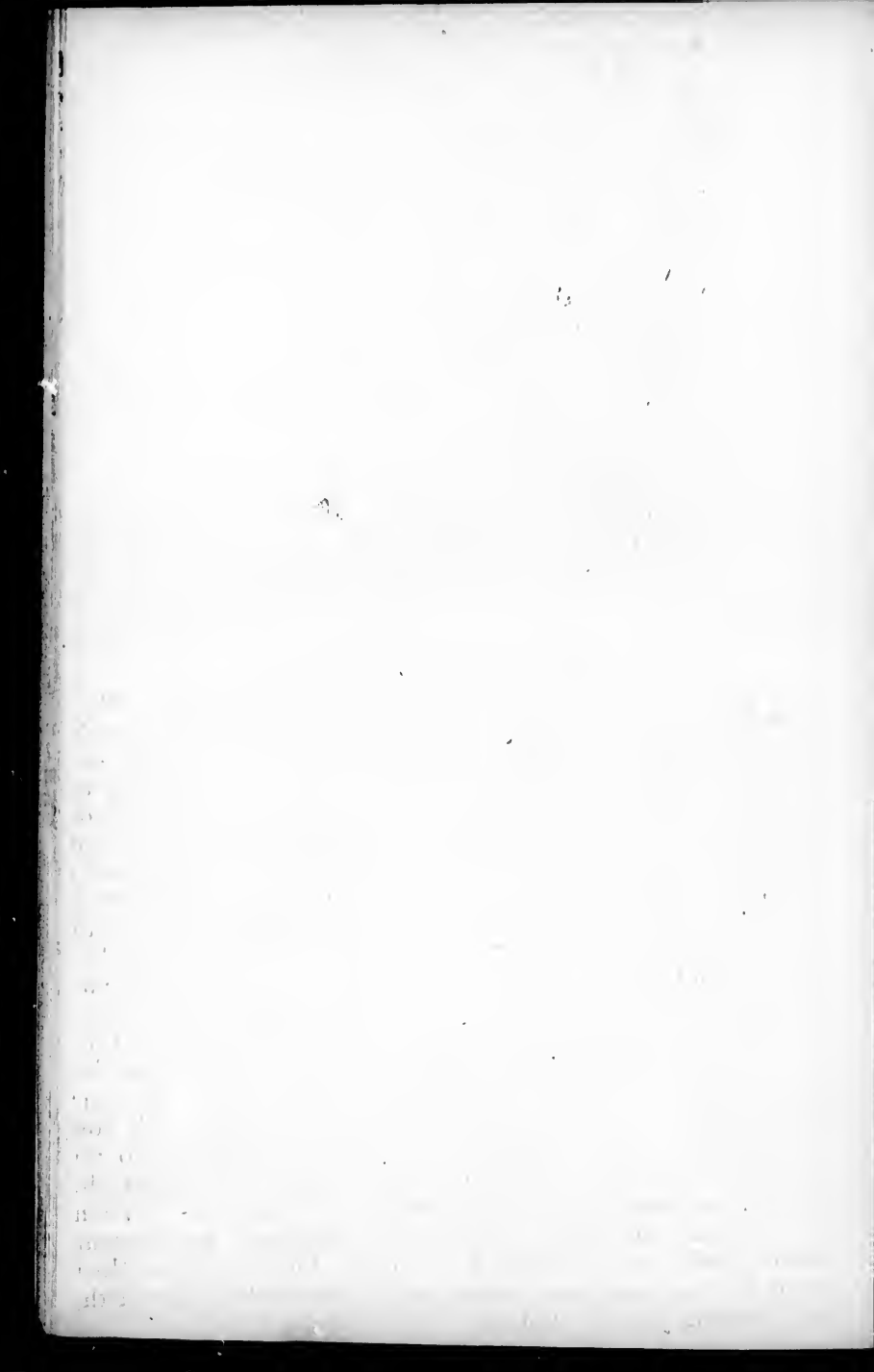
Where rest the honored ashes of our sires,
Where burn, undimmed, our bright domestic fires ;
Where we first heard a mother's silvery tone
And felt her lip, enraptured, meet our own ;
Where we first climbed a doting father's knee,
And cheered his spirit with our childish glee.

Yes, there's a feeling, that, from pole to pole,
To one dear spot still fondly links the soul.
Exiled from home Foscarei pined and died ;
And, as the Hebrew, by Euphrates' side,
Thought of the scenes that blest his childish hours,
Canaan's shady groves and rosy bowers,
The founts of feeling, filled in other years,
Poured o'er his wasted cheek a flood of tears.
The wandering Swiss, as through the world he roves,
Sighs to behold the Alpine land he loves ;
And even Lapland's rude, untutored child,
With icy pinnacles around him piled,
Slumbers in peace upon his lichen bed,
Though the gaunt wolf may howl around his head.

The poet truly adds :—

And bless the feeling, for it ever leads
To sacred thoughts, and high and daring deeds.

May it be so, in all your cases, my young friends. May New Brunswick ever possess, in full measure, the rich inheritance of her children's love ; and may you ever act under the strong conviction that there is a noble country, presently to become a nation, whose great heart may be wounded or strengthened by your behaviour. "What will they say in England?" was Nelson's first and last thought. Let your's ever be, what will they say in New Brunswick? What will they they think in the Provinces? Store your minds with knowledge ; be not ashamed to do your country's work day by day, and to live thereby ; but master every noble accomplishment within your reach, and "be ready—aye ready." Tell could not have hit the apple if he had not learned to shoot, nor could David have vanquished the Philistine if he had not learned to sling. See that you have arrows in your quiver and pebbles in your sack, when your country calls you to exertion. British America is rapidly expanding into an Empire. Her future is full of hope and promise for you all. Every man's hour for exertion sounds at some time. When yours sounds, be ready ; and, in the meantime, in all your labors, studies and amusements, may the blessing of the Most High descend upon you, fitting you for the trials of the earth, and training you for Heaven.



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