poet—after Milton and Dryden—has told them, that—

'The boy is father of the man,'

and thus libelling the author of their existence. Not only are the foundations dug and laid in boyhood of all the knowledge and the feelings of our prime, but the ground-flat, too, built, and often the entire second story of the superstructure, from the windows of which the soul, looking out, beholds nature in her state, and leaps down, unafraid of a fall on the green or white bosom of earth, to join with hymns the front of the procession. The soul afterwards perfects her palace—building up tier after tier of all imaginable orders of architecture, till the shadowy roof, gleaming with golden cupolas, like the cloud-region of the setting sun, sets the heavens ablaze."

Animated, encouraged, guided by such examples, the reader may surely learn to climb the Hill of Knowledge—that hill which Coleridge has described in melodious verse:—

"The Hill of Knowledge I essayed to trace;
That verdurous hill with many a resting-place
And many a stream, whose warbling waters pour
To glad and fertilize the subject plains;
That hill with secret springs, and nooks untrod,
And many a fancy-blest and holy sod
Where Inspiration, his diviner strains
Low murmuring, lay; and, starting from the rocks,
Stiff evergreens, whose spreading foliage mocks
Want's barren soil, and the bleak frosts of age,
And Bigotry's mad fire-invoking rage,
We will climb,
Cheering and cheered, this lovely hill sublime!"