

THE  
PRESBYTERIAN EDUCATION REPOSITORY.

1859.

ARTICLE I.

CHRIST'S FAVOUR TO LITTLE CHILDREN.

BY THE REV. MATTHEW HENRY. 1713.

“ And he took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them, and blessed them.”  
MARK 10 : 16.

APPLICATION was made to our Lord Jesus when he was here upon earth, on a great variety of occasions : some we find imploring his favour upon one account, and some upon another ; some for themselves, and some for their relations ; some for the body, and some for the soul : thus was fulfilled the prediction of the dying patriarch concerning Shiloh, that “to him shall the gathering of the people be.” Gen. 49 : 10. And be it observed, for the encouragement of all who humbly and in faith apply themselves to him, of the multitudes that spread their complaints before him, he never sent any away from him ashamed of their hope in him ; he gave them all an answer of peace ; and they had what they came for.

But here in this paragraph, of which my text is the close, we have application made to Christ upon an errand different from any other, but such a one as those who know the heart of a parent, a Christian parent, will be glad to be encouraged and directed to come to him upon, and will therefore bless God that it is here upon record. There were those who brought “young children to him, that he should touch them,” verse 13. In St. Matthew’s Gospel it is said, “they desired that he would put his hands upon them, and pray.” Matt. 19 : 13.

Who they were that brought these children, we are not told ; whether their parents or not : it is most likely they were, for who should show so much concern for them as they ? Nor are we told what number of children were brought, nor whether they were all of one family, nor just of what age they were ; but as to that, St. Luke tells us they were *τα βρεφειν*. Luke 18 : 15. It is the word,

young people of your charge under the solemn impression that they are one day to be men and women, to be a blessing or a curse to the Church and the world, and heirs of an eternal heaven or hell; and that your mode of treating them may have a governing influence in making them the one or the other.

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ARTICLE III.

THE WORK OF EDUCATION.\*

BY THE REV. LEROY J. HALSEY, D.D., OF LOUISVILLE, KY.

“And the Lord God took the man, and put him into the garden of Eden, to dress it and to keep it.”—GENESIS 2 : 15.

It is a very significant and important fact, that even in his sinless, unfallen estate, while blest with the beauty of Eden, and the joys of innocence, man had a work to do, an employment assigned him by his Maker. It seems to have been a sort of type, foreshadowing the destiny that awaited him after the fall. At any rate, it is a proof that he was made for an active existence; not to be a drone, but a worker in the great hive of human life.

It is interesting to notice that the employment assigned him was culture, the dressing and the keeping of that beautiful garden, on which God himself had so recently wrought. And had he kept his high estate, this daily work of his hands would never have become irksome. It would have been a labour of love. It would have gone on with ease and comfort to the body and the mind; and each day's employment would have yielded new pleasures to an existence that the Lord had blessed.

But at the fall the scene was all changed; the sphere of his labour, as well as its joy-giving nature was changed. He was driven out to till the ground; from that day forward to dress and keep a wider, and far more difficult garden, even the garden of a world that, for his sake, had been cursed with the thistle and the thorn. “In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground.” You will notice, however, that though the field of labour was changed, his great work was still *culture*,—the constant culture of the ground, till he should mingle with its dust.

And from the moment in which he began to cultivate the soil, he

\* Commencement Sermon, at La Grange Synodical College, Tennessee. By L. J. HALSEY, D.D., Pastor of Chestnut Street Presbyterian Church, Louisville, Ky. Preached on Sabbath, 4th July, 1858, and now published, by request, in “HOME, THE SCHOOL, AND THE CHURCH.”

had still another garden to cultivate, another and nobler work to do. It was the garden of his own heart and mind. The young and tender growth of his own rising posterity, bone of his bone, and flesh of his flesh, with a nature like the soil, all exposed to the thorns and thistles of sin, now had to be dressed, and kept, and cared for, by the watchful hands of constant culture. And that work was education.

Thenceforward, through all ages, to the end of time, there were two great fields of human labour, the SOIL and the SOUL: two great and divinely appointed works for the men of all generations to do, to cultivate the soil and to educate the soul; and thus to dress and keep the great garden of the world.

And between these two grand departments of human labour, there has always been a striking and beautiful analogy: so that in the Scriptures of God the one is perpetually referred to as the type and illustration of the other. It would be tedious to enumerate the multiplied parables and similes of the Bible, such as those of the sower, the vineyard, the barren fig-tree, the wheat and tares, the mustard-seed, the harvest-field, in which the culture of the soul of man is illustrated by imagery drawn from the culture of the soil.

So intimate, indeed, is this analogy, that the words cultivation and education might be, and often are, used as convertible terms.

To cultivate is to till; to educate is to bring out. You cultivate the soil; and what is that but to open it, to put good seed into its bosom; and, under heaven's influences, to develop, or bring out, or educate its resources, in the budding bloom of spring, the waving harvests of summer, and the mellow fruits of autumn? You educate the soul; and what is that but to open it likewise, to put in the good seeds of truth and virtue, and under the gracious influences of heaven, to develop and cultivate its resources into all that is blessed and beautiful in the generous impulses of youth, the wisdom and power of manhood, and the ripe experience of old age?

Does the cultivator work a change in the aspect of the world? The educator makes a similar and still greater change. Look out upon the green fields of summer to-day, and tell me what power hath made them thus? What hand hath wrought this miracle of beauty and of comfort, where once spread out, over hill and valley, an unbroken wilderness, with nothing but the tread of the Indian, the howl of the wild beast, and the sighing winds of winter, to disturb its long repose? It was the genial hand of culture, the culture of the soil.

And what hand was it that had power to raise man above the brute and the savage, and thus enable him, at a touch, to transform the wilderness into a fruitful field, and make the earth rejoice and blossom as the garden of the Lord? The plastic, cultivating hand of education.

Now the Bible everywhere recognizes this great twofold work which we have to do as cultivators and as educators, especially that which we have to do as Christian educators, to whom God has committed the training of the rising generation.

We are constantly exhorted to diligence in this great work. "Go ye into the vineyard, and whatsoever is right, I will give you." "In due season we shall reap if we faint not." "He that worketh receiveth wages." "Take this child and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages." "For we are labourers together with God; ye are God's husbandry, ye are God's builders."

Yes: it is man's lot upon the earth to labour, to eat bread by the sweat of his brow, and to endure the wasting, daily toil of a worker amid the machinery of life. But it is, at the same time, man's high prerogative to be a co-worker and a fellow-labourer with his God in all his work. It is Christianity too, that has invested him with this distinction. For it is Christianity that has turned the sin-entailed curse of labour into a blessing, by making it contribute to the glory of God, and man himself, the chief instrument in the diffusion of that glory.

In the ages that are past, God himself has been a worker in the world. He hath wrought much and gloriously here in person; and we see on every side his curious handiwork. But he has left much still to be done; left it on purpose for us to do. And it is Christianity that reveals to us this high purpose of God, and calls us, one and all, to the glory of being God's husbandmen and fellow-labourers.

You will observe that, both as cultivators of the soil and educators of the soul, we are co-workers with God.

One of the most striking passages in Hugh Miller's last work, "The Testimony of the Rocks," is that in which he represents man as the only one of all the living beings that God has ever placed upon the earth, who has been found capable of improving it, and has set himself to the task of adding to the beauty, and carrying out the plan of his Maker's work.

He is the only builder and husbandman that has ever done anything to diversify and adorn the face of nature, since God left it. For he is the only creature who has been capable of entering into God's conception of his work. He alone has had the will to work, and the wisdom to work, intelligently and effectively. Save the reef of coral, the nest of the bird, the cell of the honey-bee, the cocoon of the silkworm, the rude dam of the beaver, and such frail structures, all the tribes of animals, big and little, that ever existed, have lived and died, and left the aspect of the world precisely as they found it. They have added nothing to it even as solid or enduring as their own bones.

Man alone, educated man alone, has striven to improve it; has changed its aspect; has added to its beauty; has developed its resources; has laboured to carry forward the designs of God. For

this end he has tamed the ferocity of the brute, and taught him also how to work; has harnessed the elements of nature to his wheels, and made them also contribute to the work. But he is still as he ever was, the chief tiller of the fields, the master-builder on the temple, the dresser and the keeper of the garden. And without him no work would be done.

And so he has wrought with God and for God in all the labour that is daily done beneath the sun. Under his plastic, persevering hands the valleys are exalted, the mountains levelled, the crooked made straight, and the rough places plain. At his bidding cities rise, commerce spreads her sails, agriculture speeds her plough, manufacture drives her thousand wheels, art builds her temples, while the harvest waves with golden grain, the wilderness rejoices and blossoms as the rose, and the world becomes what God intended from the first that man, his fellow-labourer, should make it,—a scene of beauty, a home of comfort, a habitation of joy, a garden of the Lord.

Is this a great and important work, this outward material cultivation, which I have attempted so briefly to sketch, and to which the voice of Divine Providence and of Christianity has ever been calling man as a dresser and keeper of the garden? Do you feel it to be a work essential to your comfort, to your country's welfare, and to the very existence of all civilized society? I have a much greater work of which to speak; a work without which not one shred of all this outward material glory could ever have existed; or existing can long be continued. There is a higher companionship with God in working than this. There is a work for man to do within himself, a work upon his own person, upon the person of his fellow-men, and above all, upon his posterity, his children and his grandchildren, unto the third and fourth generation. There is a physical, intellectual, moral, and spiritual work to be done for ourselves, for our children, and for one another, which is as much more precious than anything else that can be done beneath the sun, as this human body is more precious than all other material objects, or as the soul is more precious than the body, or as the interests of eternity are more precious than any interests of time. And that work is education, physical, intellectual, and moral, or the training of the whole nature of man, for his whole mortal and immortal destiny.

This is the grand work which the Gospel of Jesus Christ seeks to accomplish in spreading the glad tidings of salvation around the globe. This is the great labour of love revealed in all the Scriptures, to be carried on in all the earth, and to be finished only with the end of time, which the Son of God, about to leave the world, committed to his Church, when he said: "Feed my lambs; feed my sheep." "Go ye, and teach all nations." "Go ye into the vineyard and work."

Yes, the Church, with all her ministry, her officers, her means of

grace and instruction, is nothing less than a vast educational establishment, ordained of God, for carrying out this great work. And every man, in virtue of his connection with it, is a fellow-labourer with his God. "And the field is the world."

Let us now take a brief survey of this work which the Christian educator has to do. Let us go into his grounds, and look around upon this growing garden of human nature, which the Lord has commanded him to dress and keep, with even greater diligence than he has ever tilled the soil.

It has three separate departments, all however conjoined, and opening into each other, through embowered walks and borders of living green. These are the physical, the intellectual, and the moral apartments: the garden of the body, the garden of the mind, and the garden of the heart. And these three are so arranged, as to rise gradually and gracefully, with step on step, and terrace after terrace, the one above the other, like those celebrated hanging gardens of ancient Babylon, which were once the glory and the wonder of the world.

Here all the flowers of beauty bloom; here all the trees of knowledge grow; here all the seeds of virtue must be sown; here all the fruits of holiness, sweet to the taste and grateful to the eye, the grapes of Eschol, the corn of Carmel, or the olive of Jerusalem, must be borne, if they are ever borne at all. And the work of culture is such, that more hands than one are needed to bring anything to perfection. For while the great master worker is God himself, yet all parents have an important part to do. Theirs is the very first part; and there can be no effective work without them. All professional teachers, from the primary school to the college, have another important part to do; and there will be no high and finished culture without their aid. All the ministers of God, and other religious instructors, have another essential part to do; and there will be no culture that shall last for eternity without their influence. And the young themselves, in every family, in every school, in every college, have an indispensable part to do. Whoever else may work, there can be no successful working unless they work. For they too are the dressers and keepers of all these gardens, and without their co-operation all other agents fail.

But see! here is first this garden of the physical frame, lowest in the scale, and earliest to be cared for, in the opening spring of life, but never to be neglected as long as we live. Here is this outer tabernacle of clay, called the body, so "fearfully and wonderfully made," this delicate mechanism of flesh and blood, nerve and muscle, in which we dwell, and by which we do all our earthly work, this erect and yet elastic column of bone and sinew, surmounted by its "dome of thought, and palace of the soul," so frail, so fair, so flexible, and yet so strong amid a thousand dangers that threaten its dissolution, that it seems immortal till its work be done, this moving microcosm of the universe, which we call ourselves, so

perfect in all its inward functions, so symmetrical in all its outward adaptations, so diversified and beautiful, as a specimen of God's skilful handiwork; this living, breathing, human frame, wasting away every moment, and yet, at every moment recruited, till it runs its threescore years and ten, and sinks into its kindred dust. This is one of the apartments of our garden which must be dressed and kept by the genial hands of constant culture. From morn till night, in sickness, in health, in infancy's helplessness, in youth's glad spring-time, through all the hot summer of manhood, in the mellowing autumn of old age, even down to the winter of death, this work of physical education goes on, and can never cease till we cease to breathe. But its chief labour is needed in the period of childhood and youth. Its great object is to develop and train the bodily powers to their greatest perfection, to keep them in health and vigour, to make the most of them, and so prepare us for the great responsibilities of life.

And let no friend of education, no parent or teacher, think that it is an easy or an unimportant task to keep this garden well, to keep out all the seeds of disease and impotence, to keep down all the foul weeds of indolence and self-indulgence, to exterminate the thorns and brambles of bad habits, and in their place to develop the highest physical health, and strength, and beauty.

Let us consider that the human body, when it came forth fresh from the hand of its great Architect, was a chronometer, wound up to run a thousand years, perhaps forever; and, with careful culture, there is no reason why it should not run its threescore and ten now. It is a harp of a thousand strings, which once vibrated in heavenly harmony to every touch of the Divine Artist; and which, even now, after the rude, discordant hand of sin has swept its chords, is still attuned to give forth melodies, now joyous and now mournful, as long as its presiding minstrel dwells within.

II. But there is another and higher ground to cultivate. Our physical nature leads, as through an open door, into a nobler sphere. It is the sphere of the intellect, it is the garden of the mind. These bodies, however curiously wrought, would not have existed but for that immaterial essence, the mind, which God breathed into Adam, to make him a living soul. We possess an intellectual nature, as distinctly marked as our physical frames; and yet, as much elevated in power and glory above the body, as the body itself is elevated above every other material thing, animate and inanimate, that the Lord hath made.

It is the seat of thought, the shrine of feeling, the home of reason, the centre of volition, the fountain of all intelligence, all high and noble faculties, all intuitive and acquired knowledge, all that mankind, in every age, have revered and gloried in, under the various titles of art, eloquence, science, literature, genius, wisdom, philosophy, and learning.

If our physical nature, with its five senses as so many open win-

dows, admitting the light of heaven, the music of earth, the beauty of the universe, and all the joys that material things can yield to the inhabitant within, is a study and a wonder to us as long as we live; how much more wondrous and glorious must be that inner inhabitant, for whose residence this physical temple was reared from the dust, and for whose enjoyment these windows of the senses were opened into the outer world! The body, however perfect and beautiful, claims kindred with the dust: this claims kindred with the skies. Nay, it is this that distinguishes us as the very offspring of God. Man's intellectual nature outshines the sun.

Weighed in the balances of true dignity and worth, it is as much above all material things, as the human thought is above brute force, or the living man above that senseless marble, to which no artist's chisel can ever give the breath of life.

"The sun is but a spark of fire,  
A transient meteor in the sky—  
The soul, immortal as its Sire,  
Shall never die."

And this is the high, immortal nature which is to be taken at its earliest dawn in infancy, and developed to its full-orbed power and glory by the genial hand of education. Here is the great office and work of the professional teacher: to dress and to keep this garden of the youthful mind; to cast into its fresh, virgin soil the seeds of useful knowledge; to open it by exercise to the genial sunshine of truth and the gentle dews of heavenly grace; to eradicate, by early and wholesome discipline, the springing tares of error and the foul weeds of ignorance; to impart to it all those rich and blessed influences that are to be found in the learning of the past and the experience of the present; the treasured stores of wisdom, ancient and modern, classical and scientific, human and Divine.

To get this high culture of the intellect, literary, classical, and scientific, is one of the grandest of all the attainments of youth. For in nine cases out of every ten it is, and in all it might be, the certain passport to a life of influence, honour, usefulness, wealth, and glory among men. The poorest parent in our land, who toils for his daily bread, may well afford to toil on, not only by day, but also by night, if he may thereby secure the means to give each child of his love a thorough education. And the humblest child in our land, if he has but this, will need no other legacy to make him feel on a perfect equality with his fellow-men. I know of no equalizer of the fortunes of men so great as education. It makes men brothers and equals who were wholly unequal before. This it does, not by making any poor, but by making many rich; by taking the lowly, and raising them up to fit companionship and equality with the wise and the noble.

And what a transformation, what a development, what a miracle



of power does this educating process work upon a human mind ! The change of the infant's body to manhood is as nothing compared with the change from raw, unlettered ignorance to that full-orbed and glorious heritage of thought which a liberal education bestows. You have looked on nature's miracles from year to year, in all your fields and gardens, a little seed developed into a flower beautiful enough to have bloomed in Eden, a mere germ in the soil transformed into a thousand fragrant, luscious apples, rivalling those of the ancient Hesperides, a petty acorn, changed into the tall oak of the forest, with his "broad green crown and his fifty arms so strong."

All these are wonders wrought by the hand of culture. But they are all insignificant, compared with that great change which is wrought by the hand of education, when the rude, dormant, and untutored intellect of a child (it may be your own child, or that of the most ignorant parent in the land), is trained and developed to the full majesty of the man of letters, the man of science, and the man of thought; the boy who, but for this, would have lived and died "unknowing and unknown," becoming ere long a philosopher like Davy and Franklin, to bring to light the hidden secrets of science, or a statesman like Webster, Clay, and Calhoun, expounding the constitution of his country, and guiding it on to glory; or a successful war-worn veteran, like Washington, Jackson, and Scott, delivering it in the hour of its peril; or an heroic young adventurer like Kane, planting his country's flag beneath the pole, and filling both hemispheres with his imperishable name; or a bold, burning preacher of the cross like Spurgeon, lifting up his beseeching voice to myriads in the metropolis of the world; and, at the same time, the daughter (for education is no respecter of persons, but open alike to all), the loved daughter, who otherwise would have been "born to blush unseen, and waste her sweetness on the desert air," becoming the refined and accomplished woman, ready to wield the sceptre of a queen, if not like Victoria over millions, at least like your own mother, over her own happy household; or ready, it may be, to wield the pen of instruction with Hannah More, or sweep the chords of melody with Felicia Hemans, or go forth with Florence Nightingale and Harriet Newell, on those perilous yet glorious missions of love and mercy, to which the genius of Christianity has ever called her, as the ministering angel of our fallen world.

These are the triumphs, the transformations, the miracles, that education is working out every day, just to the extent to which men will give it time and scope to work. If it has not wrought them for you, in your family, for your child, it is because you or your ancestors have been blind to that which, excepting only the salvation of the soul, is the greatest work of man beneath the sun.

III. But this is not all. There is yet another garden in man's

nature to dress and keep for God. Above all physical beauty, above all intellectual power, there is a higher glory still. There is a third degree of grandeur in the scale of man's pre-eminence over all terrestrial creatures. It is his moral and spiritual nature. It is his capacity for religion. It is that part of his nature which connects him with eternity.

If this world were his only sphere of being, education would still be the important thing that we have represented; every jot and tittle we have spoken of physical and intellectual culture, and much also that we might say of moral, would still stand in all its force. But " 'tis not the whole of life to live, nor all of death to die."

There is an eternity before us, and it is as much the purpose of God that we should be taught and prepared here for that eternity, as that we should be trained in childhood for the duties of this world. Eternity is more certainly before the man, than manhood before the child. We are as certainly the citizens of two worlds as we are the possessors of two natures. It is not more certain that we have bodies to be trained and minds to be instructed, than that we have souls to be saved, that is, to be educated for eternity in the knowledge of God.

Education, therefore, is essential to our souls; as much so as to our minds and bodies; nay, more. One grand object in all physical and intellectual education over and above all its influence on the present world, is that it may contribute to this higher, spiritual training of the soul. And where it is rightly regulated, it always does so contribute. For these three gardens, rising one above the other, the body, the mind, the soul, are after all but one Eden; they all belong to one great Proprietor, they all exist for one great end,—that they may be for the praise, and glory, and enjoyment, of him who made them. And the case is such, that if any one of them be well kept, the others must be constantly dressed also. If any one of them be neglected, the others suffer instant injury.

But as there is a lower, so there is a higher sphere than mere intellect. "One star differeth from another star in glory." And this moral, spiritual nature is the crowning glory of all. It is, in man, the source and centre of all that we call character. It is the seat of that "righteousness and true holiness" in which he was originally fashioned after the image of God, and which alone can give him true happiness on earth, or in heaven: "that which was lost in Paradise, that which in Christ is found." And unless it be found, and then well kept, the whole garden remains in utter ruin.

Thought is sublime. The power of thinking is a grand approximation towards the nature of God. A great genius, richly endowed with this wondrous faculty,—a Galileo measuring the heavens, a Newton revealing the laws of matter, a Milton soaring to the throne of Deity, a Dante descending to the regions of woe, a Bacon expounding the principles of philosophy, a Shakspeare holding the

mirror up to nature, all these are exhibitions of power far higher in the scale than a Hercules performing his monstrous labours, or a Samson carrying off the gates of Gaza, or the fabled giants of the classics, piling Pelion on Ossa, and Ossa on Olympus.

But virtue is sublimer still. True holiness is a nobler gift than even genius. For it is not genius, thought, or fancy, but virtue, that constitutes the blessedness of heaven, and can alone make a heaven on earth. 'Tis this that makes man but a little lower than the angels, and gives him a title to immortality. Intellect, without this, may, indeed, raise him above the brute; but it will be only the bad pre-eminence of the fiend.

Yes, God has a husbandry in the world; many gardens, many vineyards, many fields to cultivate, and many hands too, to dress and keep them. But of all on earth, it is the well-ordered garden of the human heart in which he most delights to dwell. 'Tis this that yields him the sweetest and the most abundant fruits. Watered with the gentle dews of heavenly grace, redeemed from every poisonous plant of sin, adorned with trees of holiness that yield their fruits every month, embowered in fragrant flowers and groves of living green, that invite devotion every day, and ever gilded by the soft sunlight of immortality, this cultivated garden of a Christian heart is now the truest and best Eden on earth, the fittest type of the Paradise above.

And it is the great work and office of every Christian educator, whether parent, teacher, or minister of God, to begin early, and make the most of this garden; to take the child, and through all the springtime of youth, to sow the good seeds of heavenly wisdom, to eradicate the roots of sin, to exterminate every noxious growth of angry and malignant passions, to seek sedulously for those influences that come down from above like the rain and the sunshine, and alone are able to restore the lost image of God to the soul, to nourish and cherish every plant of holiness, and every tree of beauty, and every vine that beareth fruit, to make glad the heart of God and man, and thus to prepare the soul for usefulness on earth, for glorifying and enjoying God forever in the heavens.

Such is a brief outline of that threefold work of education (far higher and nobler than the cultivation of the soil, noble as that is), which God has committed to our hands, as the labourers in his vineyard, the dressers and keepers of his garden.

To impart this education is a perpetual and ceaseless work; more so even than agriculture, for this goes on while the fields are locked in the chill embrace of winter. To impart this education fully and adequately to all, the Church, the State, the parent, the teacher, the minister of God, all other men, may well combine all their wisdom and all their energy. For it is the life of all society, the salvation of our country, the right arm of the Church's power, and the only effective safeguard of the young.

No time, no talent, no toil, no expense should be spared in the

accomplishment of such a work. No day you labour in your fields, not a blow you strike into the soil, not a dollar you spend upon it, is so sure to bring back a full return and reward you a hundred fold, as that which you bestow on this work. It is the true wealth of the nation, as it is its glory and salvation. There is no right cultivation even of the soil, where the culture of the soul has not gone before.

For this end, let the State erect her public schools all over the land, and carry the rudiments of education to the humblest dwellings of the poor. For this end, let individuals and communities everywhere endow and foster their own institutions,—the Scientific High School, the Classical Academy, the Female Seminary; the more the better.

For this end, let the Church of God, as understanding the importance of the work, and responsible to God and the country for that which we have seen to be the highest department of it, let her take the lead, and with a liberal hand plant and endow her Colleges and Seminaries wherever they are needed.

And for this end, let all the friends of liberal learning, of their country, and of the rising generation, rally to the support of these colleges, that they may open their halls of science, and fling wide the gateways of knowledge, to the rich and to the poor. For, after all, it is the college, or university, that must lead the van of learning, and even of common school education, in every land. You can do nothing successful for education in any country without that higher culture, that liberal, classical, scientific culture, of which the college is the type, and for the defence and diffusion of which the college is and ever has been set. All other education, all other learning, is dependent on that as the head, flows from that as the fountain, builds on that as the corner stone, grows from that as the parent tree, springs out of that as the producing cause. You can never educate any people without the high culture of the college. Even in the cause of popular education, one college is worth a thousand common schools; because the college will create the schools. The schools alone could never create the college, any more than the stream can flow higher than its fountain head.

From the day that "Moses was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians," down to the present hour, this high classical culture of the college has existed side by side with the Church, and face to face with all civilization; essential alike to the progress of the Church, the true life of the State, and the highest development of the individual.

Holding these views as to the overwhelming importance of education in general, and collegiate education in particular, and of the intimate connection of the Church of God with both, it is with no ordinary pleasure that I stand here to-day, in the presence of this assembled multitude, and surrounded by these friends and patrons of learning, to take part in the first commencement exercises of the

young but flourishing College, which has been planted amongst you by the liberality of your citizens, and under the auspices of your Synod. May your past wonderful success be but the omen and the pledge of a bright career, and a glorious destiny! May you make this College a garden of the plants of the Lord's choosing. May you so dress it and keep it, that the voice of the Lord God shall ever be heard in it at the cool of the day, not in terror, but in love. May you so dress it, and keep it, that the Owner, whenever he cometh, shall find much good fruit on every branch of every vine. May you so dress it and keep it as to find an ample recompense for all your labour, in the good you do on earth, the good that shall follow you in heaven.

But, not to detain you too long, let me now conclude with a few practical thoughts for the young themselves, who are the subjects of all this education. On this great day, the anniversary of our country's freedom, I would desire to speak a word for their benefit. I have said already, my young friends, that, whatever others may do, without your hearty co-operation no effective education can be gained; at least by you.

And now I beg you to consider, that each one of you, in your own person, is intrusted with the care of these three gardens, physical, intellectual, and moral, and every day and every hour you are dressing and keeping them, or neglecting to do so. Remember, then,

First. That you must plant *good seed* there, not tares; and you must plant at the *right time*. Spring is the right time for most seeds. It would be vain to plant them in the winter. And so there is a springtime in your existence; and that is youth. In this morning of life then sow thy seed. And be sure to sow good seed; the good seeds of knowledge, such as you will find in the book of God. You will pluck no precious fruit and reap no golden grain in after years, without good seed in the soul, any more than in the soil.

Remember, secondly, that you must *stir the soil*, to make the seed grow. It is not enough to sow even good seed. The best seed in the world will come to nought without culture. You must daily dig the ground by hard study; you must diligently stir the soil; that is, exercise all your faculties of body, mind, and heart.

Remember, thirdly. That you must *keep down the weeds and grass*. You may have good ground, good seed, and do hard work; but if you spare the weeds and grass you cannot raise a good crop. They will be sure to eat out all the good seed. They will become the masters of the whole plantation. Now the weeds and grass are such as these: indolence, sloth, idleness, self-indulgence, frivolity, selfishness, all bad habits, all bad passions, all false sentiments and opinions.

Remember, fourthly. That you must let in freely into your garden the fresh air, the genial sunshine, the gentle dews, and the

soft showers of heaven. That is, feeling your dependence upon God, you must seek those influences that come from without, and from above. Paul may plant, Apollos water, but God only giveth the increase. You must be generous, liberal, pious, patriotic. You must learn to live for others, live to be useful, live for your country and for God.

You must not fence in the garden of your soul with a high wall of self-conceit, ambition, and exclusiveness, nor overshadow it with a thick covering of pride, covetousness, and misanthropy. No good fruit ever ripened in such an atmosphere, under such an inclosure, any more than under a upas-tree.

Did you ever visit the Mammoth Cave? You have all heard of it. What would you think to see a man carting in rich soil there, laboriously digging it, laying it off in smooth beds, sowing the best seed in the world there, and then going in daily to watch for a crop in the shade of those everlasting walls of rock? That is what the young man is doing, whose soul is pent up in the narrow bounds of self-conceit, exclusiveness, and pride. No, my young friends, that will never do. Fling away selfishness, fling away ambition. "Let all the ends thou aimest at be thy country's, thy God's, and truth's."

Let all the gentle breezes of philanthropy blow into the garden of your soul, let the bright sunlight of a common humanity and brotherhood shine full upon all its plants, let the distilling dews of evening and morning devotion, and all the refreshing showers of celestial grace, descend in copious effusion there; and thus shall you bear fruit that both God and man shall delight in.

Be diligent, be faithful, be active, ready for any work. Make the most of life, by making the most of life's young springtime. "Learn to labour, learn to wait." Labour as with heaven in sight; labour and study as hearing God's own animating voice above, ever crying to you, "Servant of God, well done!"

Then,

"Higher, higher, will we climb  
Up the mount of glory,  
That our names may live through time  
In our country's story;  
Happy when her welfare calls,  
He who conquers, he who falls.

"Deeper, deeper, let us toil  
In the mines of knowledge—  
Nature's wealth and learning's spoil  
Win from school and college;  
Delve we there for higher gems  
Than the stars of diadems.

"Onward, onward, will we press  
Through the path of duty;  
Virtue is true happiness,  
Excellence true beauty;

Minds are of supernal birth,  
Let us make a heaven of earth.

"Nearer, dearer, bands of love  
Draw our souls in union,  
To our Father's house above,  
To the saints' communion;  
Thither every hope ascend,  
There may all our labours end."

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#### ARTICLE IV.

### DESIGN OF WOMAN'S EDUCATION.\*

BY THE REV. EDWARD E. RANKIN, OF NEW YORK CITY.

WHEN we look with interest upon a magnificent building, our admiration is awakened, not alone by its grandeur or beauty, but because we comprehend, in some measure, the genius and skill of the architect whose work is before us. The massive walls, the lofty pillars, the majestic dome, were all in his mind when the foundation-stones still slumbered in the quarry. Beneath his direction the work has been commenced, continued, and completed; and when his ear is deaf to all sounds of human praise, the memorial of the master builder may long stand in the walls he has erected. Seldom do we read a more eloquent sentence than that inscribed upon the tomb of Sir Christopher Wren, within the cathedral of St. Paul, in London, which he planned, and where he was buried: "*Lector, si monumentum quæris, circumspice.*" (Reader, if thou seekest his monument, look around.)

Yet how many of the grandest works of human art have fallen into ruins! Upon the broken columns and arches of temples and palaces that once stood strong and beautiful, the ivy now climbs untrained. Amidst the most exquisite tracery of sculptured stones the swallow has made her nest. He who would perform a labour and perfect a work that shall remain when time and destruction have swept away all earthly structures, must seek for materials more enduring than those of which perishing buildings are composed. Nor are such materials wanting, for we see them around us to-day, and we have often encountered them.

Several years ago I stood beneath the dome of St. Paul, near to the monument bearing the inscription I have repeated. It was a festal day, upon which thousands of the youth and children of London were gathered within that immense cathedral. The scene was one never to be forgotten, and the melody of their mingled voices,

\* An Address, delivered at the RAYMOND INSTITUTE, Carmel, N. Y., June 30th, 1858, and now published by request.—Ed.