that in this respect also it is peculiarly fitted for the habitation
of man. We are told that within three miles of the cen-
ter of the East Indian city of Singapore, some of the in-
habitants are annually carried off by tigers; but the traveler
can lie down in the woods at night almost anywhere in
North America without fear of wild beasts.

These are encouraging testimonies, if the moon looks
larger here than in Europe, and the horizon looks larger
also. If the heavens of America appear infinitely higher,
and the stars brighter. I trust that these facts are sym-
bolic of the height to which the philosophy and poetry
and religion of the inhabitants may one day soar. At
length, perchance, the immaterial heaven will appear as
much higher to the American mind, and the intimations
that star is as much brighter. For I believe that climate
does this effect on man. There is something in the moun-
tain air that feeds the spirit and inspires. Will not men
grow to greater perfection intellectually as well as phys-
ically under these influences? Or is it unimportant how
many foggy days there are in his life? I trust that we shall
be more imaginative, that our thoughts will be clearer,
farther, and more etherial, as our sky—our understanding
more comprehensive and broader, like our plains—our in-
tellect generally on a grander scale, like our thunder and
lightning, our rivers and mountains and forests—and our
hearts shall even correspond in breadth and depth and
grandeur to our inland seas. Perchance there will appear
to the visitor something, he knows not what, of ecstasy
and gladness, of joy and serenity, in our very faces. Else to
what end does the world go on, and why was America discov-
ered?

To Americans I hardly need to say—

"Wesward the star of empire takes its way."

As a true patriot, I should be ashamed to think that Adam
in paradise was more favorably situated on the whole than
the backwoodsman in this country.

Our sympathies in Massachusetts are not confined to
New England; though we may be estranged from the
South, we sympathize with the West. There is the home
of the younger sons, as among the Scandinavians they took
to the sea for their inheritance. It is too late to be studying
Hebrew; it is more important to understand even the slang
today.

Some months ago I went to see a panorama of the Rhine.
It was like a dream of the Middle Ages. I floated down its
historic stream in something more than imagination, under
bridges built by the Romans, and repaired by later heroes,
past castles and cities whose very names were music to my
ears, and each of which was the subject of a legend. There
were Ehrenbreitstein and Rolandseck and Coblenz, which
I knew only in history. They were ruins that interested me
chiefly. There seemed to come up from its waters and its
vine-clad hills and valleys a husked music as of Crusaders
departing for the Holy Land. I floated along under the
spell of enchantment, as if I had been transported to an
heroic age, and breathed an atmosphere of chivalry.

Soon after, I went to see a panorama of the Mississippi.
ship where one primitive forest waves above while another primitive forests below—such a town is fitter to raise not only corn and potatoes, but also poets and philosophers for the coming ages. In such a soil grew Homer and Confucius and the rest, and out of such a wilderness comes the former cutting locusts and wild honey.

To preserve wild animals implies generally the creation of a forest for them to dwell in or roost in. So it is with man. A hundred years ago the wild beasts roamed in our streets peeling from our own woods. In the very aspect of those primitive and rugged trees there was something, a taming principle which hardened and consolated the fibres of men's thoughts. And already I should have estimated for these comparatively degenerate days of our native village, when you cannot collect a load of bark of good thickness and we no longer produce tar and turpentine.

The civilised life, Rome, England—have been sustained by the primitive forests which anciently centered where they stand. They survive as long as the soil is not exhausted. Also for human culture little is to be expected of a nation, when the vegetable mould is exhausted, and it is compelled to make manure of the bones of its fathers. Then the poet sustains himself merely by his own superfluous fat, and the philosopher comes down on his narrow bones.

It is said to be the task of the American "to work the virgin soil," and that "agriculture here already assumes proportions unknown everywhere." I think that the farmer displaces the Indian even because he renders the

ship where one primitive forest waves above while another primitive forests below—such a town is fitter to raise not only corn and potatoes, but also poets and philosophers for the coming ages. In such a soil grew Homer and Confucius and the rest, and out of such a wilderness comes the former cutting locusts and wild honey.

To preserve wild animals implies generally the creation of a forest for them to dwell in or roost in. So it is with man. A hundred years ago the wild beasts roamed in our streets peeling from our own woods. In the very aspect of those primitive and rugged trees there was something, a taming principle which hardened and consolated the fibres of men's thoughts. And already I should have estimated for these comparatively degenerate days of our native village, when you cannot collect a load of bark of good thickness and we no longer produce tar and turpentine.

The civilised life, Rome, England—have been sustained by the primitive forests which anciently centered where they stand. They survive as long as the soil is not exhausted. Also for human culture little is to be expected of a nation, when the vegetable mould is exhausted, and it is compelled to make manure of the bones of its fathers. Then the poet sustains himself merely by his own superfluous fat, and the philosopher comes down on his narrow bones.

It is said to be the task of the American "to work the virgin soil," and that "agriculture here already assumes proportions unknown everywhere." I think that the farmer displaces the Indian even because he renders the