

admitted that the joys of life are innumerable—and it were obviously an unconquerable task, should we attempt the description of them. Who can tell those countless diversities of pleasure, which are ministered by the eye and the ear and the other senses—or rather ministered to us by external objects through these various inlets of pleasurable sensation—and, if to these we add the pleasures of taste and affection and intellect, they altogether compose a vast amount and variety of happiness. In the utter impossibility of making a full or distinct enumeration of nature's joys—should we be required but to specify a few—then, at random and among the first which offer to our notice, might we instance the cheerfulness of light, and those manifold hues of loveliness into which it is broken and wherewith it is reflected from the face of our world—and then the glories of Nature's panorama, by every look at which there are souls of finer mould, that send forth a responding ecstasy upon the landscape. And to pass from this order of gratification to another yet higher in the scale, there are the delights of prosperous study—the calm but intense satisfaction wherewith the understanding imbibes of its proper aliment—the zest more particularly of the youthful mind now opening and advancing towards the maturity of its powers, as it hurries on from one perspective to another in the field of contemplation—the charm which none but scholars know, that lies in the march of successful inquiry; and that, not merely in the truths which are attained, but in the very train and exercise of the reasonings which lead to them. But as the philo-