

sun, not immaculate indeed, but full of glory, and destined for a long time to rule the day. Then appeared a milder luminary; foremost in the train of evening, and delightful to look upon, as reflected from the volumes of Cowper. And a noble train of kindred lights, most of them indeed lesser stars, have since shone in the literary heavens, bearing the names of Watts, Heber, Montgomery, Young, and others; to which I might add several lights that have dotted the darkness of our western hemisphere. We were also startled, not long since, by the flash of a meteor shooting athwart the eastern heavens, and having marked out the Course of Time, vanishing from sight, —

“As sets the morning star, which goes not down
Behind the darkened west, nor hides obscured
Among the tempest of the sky, but melts away
Into the light of heaven.”

Nor ought I to omit to point to that noble luminary, which, for so long a period, has been burning with a mild and steady light above the lakes and mountains of Northern England, and which gives us some foretaste of what the literary hemisphere will be when poetic inspiration shall consent to receive a higher inspiration from the fountain of Scripture — far purer than Castalia. To bring about that golden age of poetry, should be the grand object of its cultivators; especially of those who can claim the *nascitur, non fit*. Then, and not till then, will it be seen how noble an auxiliary to virtue and religion is the poetic element in man.

There is another department of polite literature that has been, still more than poetry, monopolized by vice and irreligion, and which, I fear, will be still harder to reclaim. To minds averse to close thinking, to those whose tastes and habits are all artificial, and who have never acquired a relish for