

are examined, the more do they multiply and enlarge. It must be, therefore, only a glance that we can now take. I feel like the man who has undertaken to exhibit in one short hour the mazes and the beauties of an extensive series of gardens and parks, where the labor of centuries has been expended in collecting, arranging, and ornamenting the fruits and the flowers of every clime, and in forming every variety of alley, terrace, and arbor, of cascade, lake, and fountain. The conductor, as he hurries his visitors through one enchanting and mazy spot after another, can only pluck here and there a flower, or point to the clustering fruit, or to some charming landscape. This is all I can hope to do, as we move at railroad speed through the wide fields of science.

I begin with the science of mind, which, although abounding in unprofitable speculation, still presents us with many important and wonderful truths. There is reason to believe, for instance, that no idea which ever existed in the mind can be lost. It may seem to ourselves to be gone, since we have no power to recall it; as is the case with the vast majority of our thoughts. But numerous facts show that it needs only some change in our physical or intellectual condition to restore the long-lost impression. A servant girl, for instance, twenty-four years old, who could neither read nor write, in the paroxysms of a fever, commenced repeating fluently and pompously passages of Latin, Greek, and Hebrew; and it afterwards appeared, that in her early days a learned clergyman, with whom she lived, had been in the daily habit of walking through a passage in his house that opened into the kitchen, and repeating aloud the very passages which she uttered during her fever. How many interesting inferences crowd upon the mind in view of such facts! What an amazing power do they prove to exist in the soul! And what