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BISHOP DOANE'S ADDRESS:

THE YOUNG AMERICAN.

The Young American;

HIS DANGERS, HIS DUTIES, & HIS DESTINIES:

THE ADDRESS,

AT

BURLINGTON COLLEGE,

July 4, 1853,

THE SEVENTY-SEVENTH ANNIVERSARY

OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE,

AND THE SEVENTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE FOUNDING OF BURLINGTON COLLEGE:

BY THE

RT. REV. GEORGE WASHINGTON DOANE, D.D., LL.D.,

PRESIDENT.

INQUIRER PRESS, PHILADELPHIA.

1853.

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BURLINGTON COLLEGE,
July 4th, 1853.

RT. REV. AND DEAR SIR:

Upon the conclusion of your Address, delivered, this day, in Burlington College, the undersigned were appointed a Committee, to wait upon, and request from you, a copy of the same, for publication.

We trust, that, to the favour already conferred, you will add that of complying with our request; in order that the many, not present upon this festive and instructive occasion, may be enabled to read, and meditate upon, the wise forecast displayed in the sage counsel, this day, afforded us.

We remain,

With sincere respect and affection,

J. T. MORTON,
W. R. MONTGOMERY,
HENRY C. CAREY,
Committee.

RT. REV. G. W. DOANE,
Bishop of New Jersey, Riverside.

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THE FOURTH OF JULY,

AT BURLINGTON COLLEGE.

The anniversary of the National Independence had its customary welcome, at the College. The blessings, which the day commemorates were acknowledged, cordially, but quietly. Not without grateful recognition of the Academic birth day, which was seventy years behind the National.

At nine, in the morning, the students assembled at Riverside, to congratulate the President. They were received by him on the Green Bank, in front of the Library, in the presence of the numerous family of St. Mary's Hall, and many friends of the neighbourhood, and from abroad. The following Address was made by Gideon J. Burton, of the Senior Class:

Right Reverend President:

Once more, we come, the children of your common care, on our country's natal morn, to tender you the tribute of our gratitude and love. With more than usual pleasure, we greet your cheerful countenance and much loved form, to-day. In the dispensations of an all-wise Providence, you have been separated from us, for a season: and we now rejoice at your restoration, with renewed health and vigour, we hope: as we know it is, with new, and more entire devotion, to your Herculean labours.

We celebrate, to-day, with more than twenty millions of freemen, the birthday of our liberty. We commemorate the anniversary of that morn, on which our brave forefathers flung forth to the winds of Heaven, that "Declaration," which made despots quake with fear, and tyrants tremble on their thrones. This day is fraught with sacred memories. It is to us, as Americans, the brightest of all days, the Queen of festivals. Seventy-seven years ago, on this day, those glorious words were uttered, which will re-echo, in never dying reverberations, to the utmost bounds of earth; and that mighty work commenced, whose influence will be felt, "till the last syllable of recorded time."

Thanks to the over-ruling hand of a kind Providence, the return of this anniversary finds us at peace with one another, and with all the world. May it long continue so. May these anniversaries roll round, till they can be counted by centuries; and find our country still the

same. And may it ever be ours to advance the cause of liberty; not by the force of arms, but by the resistless power of influence. And this vast continent, from the everlasting hills of ice, which hem in the North, to the boundless ocean which surrounds the sunny South, shall become one grand temple of liberty.

But, while we rejoice in the blessings of freedom, and recline beneath the broad tree of liberty, we do not forget those noble men, those dauntless heroes, those self-sacrificing patriots, who have bequeathed to us this precious legacy. May their memories be entwined more closely about the fibres of our hearts, as their glory shines brighter and brighter, on each returning anniversary of this day! And, what is more than all, may the example of their stern virtues, their patient endurance, and self-denying toils, in the cause of liberty, lead us to follow in their steps; and make us daly prize that freedom, which we now enjoy. Let us not blind our eyes to the dazzling light, which emanates from the immortal names of Adams, Jefferson, Hancock, Henry, Hamilton, and every star in that bright constellation, which revolves around Washington, as its great central Sun. When fiery fanaticism rages, and lawlessness abounds, in days of darkness and uncertainty, let us resort to them, as to our Delphi; and, by their wise oracles, let us evermore abide. While we take them for our guides, and walk beneath their light, there is no fear for our country.

But, Right Reverend Sir, we celebrate to-day a double festival; the anniversary of our Independence and the founding of our College. We blend, to-day, in one, the twofold character of the Christian and the Patriot. It was a happy coincidence, that our College was first opened, on the birthday of our liberty. The same spirit which urged our brave forefathers, trusting to the Lord of hosts to establish this Republic, animated its open-hearted founder. Yes; with the same unwavering faith, and trusting to the good cause, did you lay the foundation of a College, to bring up Christian freemen, to be "a bulwark of our Church and State." And, year by year, have you, by precept and example, instilled into our minds the ennobling principles of true Christian patriotism. Nor have your labours been in vain. The precious seeds which you have implanted in our bosoms, will hereafter bring forth their golden fruits. And, though you have

> "Fallen on evil days, and evil tongues,
> With dangers, and with darkness compassed round;"
> "Bate" not "a jot
> Of heart, or hope, but still bear up, and steer
> Right onward."

And may the reward of your patient endurance, and self-denying toils, be as rich as they deserve!

The President replied, in substance, that he was truly grateful for the cordial greetings, which welcomed him, from his first recreation, to his accustomed labours, with new self-devotion. On what other day, could a College for the training up of Young Americans so fitly open its doors? Never, while he had charge of it, should the double celebration fail of its observance; and never, he trusted, while the world endured. He had seen the suggestion, that the celebration was all right; but why still read, from year to year, the Declaration of Independence? It was well meant, that thought, no doubt; but not so well considered. That was a historical document. It rehearsed wrongs which, then were real. It justified the Fathers of the Republic, in the bold ground which they then took, and kept. So far as the suggestion had been made in kindness to the Mother Country, he went as far as even the farthest. But he knew the English heart. It was an honest heart. It was a manly heart. And it liked us none the less for doing just as they would have done. The Declaration never must be left out, at Burlington College.

After lusty cheers for the Right Reverend President, the Senior Orator, and the Committee of Arrangements, the procession returned to the College. At one, the Declaration was read by J. C. Garthwaite, jun., of the Senior Class; and the President delivered his address before an audience, which more than filled the largest hall. The music, in the intervals, was excellent: as the name of Mr. Cross will testify. Mr. Dempster, by universal request, sang, in his inimitable manner, "The Star Spangled Banner," accompanied by the band, and the audience joining heartily in the chorus; and afterwards, "A man's a man, for a' that." When this was done, the Honourable John S. Littell, of Germantown, was called to the chair; and, on motion, a Committee, J. T. Morton, Esq., Col. Montgomery, and Henry C. Carey, Esq., was appointed to request of the Bishop a copy of his Address, for publication. In putting this motion, Mr. Littell made an animated and eloquent address, concluding with the following sentiment, which he hoped would be received with the ardent greetings, which the name had lately wakened, at an English University:

"George Washington Doane, D. D., LL.D., President and Founder of Burlington College; Founder, also, and Rector of St. Mary's Hall; Bishop, Statesman, Poet: the Wykeham of his country, no less by his achievements, than his wrongs. *Palmam, qui meruit ferat!*"

The reception was as cordial as the mover's generous heart could have desired: his eldest son, an alumnus of the College, leading the "Three times three."

The guests proceeded, then, by invitation of the Committee—Thomas W. Ryall, J. Watson Webb, Jr., John F. Mines, and Henry O. Clagett, whose admirable arrangements received universal commendation—to the Refectory of the College: where an excellent collation, beautifully served, and cordially appreciated, closed a most agreeable day.

In the evening, as we learn, the Alumni present held a meeting—the Rev. Professor Doane, of the Class of 1850 (the first) in the Chair, and Mr. Hobart Chetwood, of the Class of 1851, Secretary—when arrangements were made for the organization of AN ALUMNI ASSOCIATION; and for an annual celebration, on the day before the Commencement, September 28. Mr. George M. Miller, of the Class of 1850, was appointed orator; and Mr. Hobart Chetwood, his substitute. GOD speed the officers, Alumni and under-graduates, of Burlington College!

THE YOUNG AMERICAN.

It cannot be questioned, for a moment, that there are geographical responsibilities. Peculiarities of position, peculiarities of climate, peculiar political institutions, historical peculiarities create, continue, and enforce, local relations and national duties; in a word, GEOGRAPHICAL RESPONSIBILITIES. It is the sentiment of that old Laconian adage, "Σπαρταν ελαχες ταυταν κοσμει." *Sparta is your birth-place: make it your pride to honour it.* It kindled in St. Paul's great heart, when, to the chief captain at Jerusalem, who gloried in the Roman citizenship, which he had obtained, for "a great sum," he answered, with sublime sententiousness, "But I was born free!" And, how it blazed, in those few burning words, which old Hugh Latimer spoke, to his brother Bishop, at the stake, "Be of good cheer, Master Ridley, and play the man; we shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England, as shall never be put out." It is the very spirit of what David sang to his angelic harp, in that proudest pæan, which patriotism ever prompted: "Jerusalem is built as a city, that is at unity in itself." "O, pray for the peace of Jerusalem; they shall prosper, that love thee. Peace be within thy walls, and plenteousness within thy palaces. For my brethren and companions' sakes, I will wish thee prosperity." The sentiment, of which I speak, with its resulting duties and responsibilites, is as true of America, as it ever was of Sparta, Rome or England. I shall not be extravagant to claim for it a deeper and a truer truth; more stringent and more urgent. For, in the first place, the accountability of every nation is in exact proportion to its capacity for influence, with other nations. And, in the second place, the whole amount of a nation's responsibilities is distributed among its citizens, in the exact ratio of their several capacities for influence. The chronological position of this nation among

the tides of time; its geographical situation, between the two great oceans, bridging the space which separates them; its vast extent; its various and infinite resources; the expansive nature of its free institutions; with the immense machinery, which science puts at its command, through steam and magnetism, combine to confer on it an influence, which never yet has been attained by any nation: combine, therefore, to lay on us, who are its citizens, an individual responsibility, which never fell before on the inhabitants of any country. I propose, to-day, and here, to look this serious subject fairly in the face. It is the day to do it: for it is the anniversary of that, which, seven-and-seventy years ago, first made America, a name among the nations. It is the place to do it: for here we train up young Americans. More than enough, we have all heard of "Young America." I come to speak to you, my friends, of YOUNG AMERICANS. The theme of my discourse, to-day, will be

THE YOUNG AMERICAN;

HIS DANGERS, HIS DUTIES, AND HIS DESTINIES.

I. Young people do not like to hear of dangers; for the very reason that they are more exposed to them, and are least competent to meet them. But their elders must be faithful; and, at the risk of being regarded tedious, must forewarn them of the perils of their lot. Especially, must I be faithful to the Young Americans, who are assembled here: honoured, as I have been, with the most sacred trust that human life confers; and held, as I am, by all the pledges of a man, a father, and a Bishop, to train them up, as patriots and Christians.

i. The most immediate DANGER of the Young American is *over-estimation of himself*. It is incident to a young nation. It is incident to a prosperous nation. It is especially incident to a nation, so prosperous, while it is yet so young. There is a moral atmosphere developed in such circumstances, akin to what the chemists call the *nitrous-oxide*, or exhilarating

gas. It mounts into every head, and lifts it quite above itself. The nation is run away with by it. It touches the grave statesman, and the hero of a hundred fights. We boast instinctively. We are born, boasting. It cannot be that young men will not catch the epidemic of the nation; and run riot, in self-esteem and self-reliance. There is no tendency more dangerous, as there is none more disagreeable. True greatness lives with deep humility. The best exponent of a man, for deeds of valour and of enterprise, is that of our gallant Miller; when, directed to a desperate attempt, by his commander, he replied, "I'll try, sir!" And he did it. The Young Americans, whom I address, I earnestly exhort, to watch themselves, in this behalf; and to chastise this overweening estimate of self. A quiet moderation is the surest token of the greatest moral energy. You see it in that greatest man of modern times, who was, for half a century, the bulwark of his country's greatness; and whom a weeping nation buried, but the other day, beneath the dome of old St. Paul's: her Wellington, beside her Nelson. You see it, even more conspicuous, in our greater Washington. Scrutinize his career, criticise his letters, anatomize his character. You cannot find one trace of self-conceit. You cannot find one trait of self-reliance. To his well-balanced greatness, his wise humility, his true heroic modesty, we owe, through God, our freedom and our power. The qualities that won them are the qualities to keep them; and to make them fruitful through the world and through the ages, in blessings on mankind.

ii. A kindred DANGER, the result of this, to which the Young American is liable, is *haste*. The progress of this nation has been so rapid, that time has seemed to be of no importance to it. And, then, the whole machinery of the age aims, as near as may be, at its annihilation. But this is very dangerous. When God made the world, He made it in six days. It might have sprung as instantaneous as the light. And, when He would complete the plan of its redemption, He took four thousand years for the developement of that, which, in the counsels of the Godhead, was complete, before the

Fall. These are lessons to our hearts. No real greatness is spontaneous. The oak is not the monarch of the woods, short of a thousand years. And man, the monarch of the world, is first an embryo; and then an infant; and then a child; and has half-measured his allotted years, before he is full grown. No matter in what it is—in letters, in science, in art, in war, in government, in anything that is to be for real greatness—time must be taken; and deliberate thought and patient labour be employed. Think of the studies of Sir Isaac Newton. Think of the touches of Raphael. Think of the chisel of Canova. See, by what lengthened process, Rome grew up to be the mistress of the world. Contemplate the slow march of England's greatness. And remember how the Fathers of our Republic waited and watched, and toiled and prayed, before the hour was reached, that consecrates this day. And, then, pursue their blood-stained footsteps, through the seven years' war, by which the issues of that hour were consummated and made perpetual. The Young American that would do justice to his name, must learn to wait. What he can do well off-hand, he can do better with deliberation. There is no royal road to real greatness; and, if there were, republicans should not adopt it. We have greater issues, in our hands, than ever came before the Congress at Vienna. And they are *in our hands;* with only God above us. Here, only, of all nations of the world, the voice of every man may be potential. And, on us, it is incumbent, above all other nations, to aim at doing the most, not only, but at doing it the best. The Young American must study. The Young American must work. The Young American must wait. He must not hasten to be wise, or to be rich, or to be great. God never hastens. "*Patiens, quia eternus.*" Patient, because eternal.

iii. The third of the peculiar DANGERS of the Young American, and the last, that I shall now mention, *is the tendency to violence.* From liberty to license, though as utterly unlike as light and darkness, the progress is too easy, and too rapid. The over-estimate of self, the impatience of time, the strong

arm, with blood upon the hand: these are the natural steps to recklessness and ruin. It is a sad confession, that our national character has rushed, with fearful haste, to this red, ruthless, refuge of our maddened nature. Not a day, that does not bring to us the record of some deed of blood. I do not speak of midnight murders, and the violence of drunken and licentious brawls: but of the fierce outbreak of the passions, among those who, by the hostages which they have given to life; the trusts which they are holding for their kind; the leading men of the republic—its statesmen, its judges, its senators—are responsible for the best example and the holiest influence. I mean no sectional reflection. If the destructive tendency, of which I speak, prevails more in some quarters than in others, it is common, everywhere; and is spreading, from the focus, all around. And, wherever it prevails, it is in dereliction of the same social duties and religious obligations; and ruinous alike to our national character, and to our political institutions. Nor does the evil rest in private circles, or confine itself to streets and neighbourhoods. It infects the councils of the Republic. It embarrasses the deliberations of the Cabinet. It threatens to involve the nation, and perplex the world. It is an evil of the greatest magnitude. It needs our utmost vigilance, our best exertions, our most fervent prayers. Especially, must it be urged on Young Americans to keep themselves from violence and blood. There is a tiger, in our fallen nature, which is ever ready to rush on to rapine. It must be watched, and curbed, and crucified, and killed: or it will have its wild, mad way. Youth is the time to meet and mortify this fearful evil. The brawling and contentious boy will harden into the man of butchery and blood. The meek, the gentle, the patient, the self-controlled, in youth, will be the firm, the fearless, the indomitable, in manhood. Such David was; and such was Washington.

II. i. It is the DUTY of the Young American *to cultivate his mind, to the full extent of his best opportunities; not suffering his physical strength to be neglected and impaired.* No-

where, as in America, is general intelligence so accessible, and so influential. Nowhere, is ignorance so disgraceful, and so dangerous. All, it is true, cannot attain to what is justly called *a liberal education*. But there is opportunity for some degree of it, to all. The only limit should be the opportunity. And, for the most part, the resolved nature makes its opportunities. There is a tendency among us to lower the standard of education. There is a fallacy, even in places where one would not think to find it, that, by aiming lower, and spreading out more widely, a greater result will be obtained. As if the broad, low wash, that sleeps so sluggishly in Holland, were as available for healthful use, and wholesome distribution, as the fresh springs of our Alleghenian ranges. As if the streams of learning, any more than streams of water, would run up above their source. Rely upon it, to depress the grade of learning, is to weaken its power, and lessen its influence. Smattering comes of it, and superficialness, and sciolism. To bring together the most favoured, and the least, level these up, rather than bring those down. Where the colleges attain the highest reach of useful learning, the academies will come the nearest, and the common schools do best. In the first place, you can command the ablest teachers; and, in the second, you offer the greatest stimulus. What is of easy acquisition is of light appreciation. Difficulty stimulates exertion. The mushroom comes up, in the night: but never is more than a mushroom. Let the Young American labour for the highest education he can reach: at college, if he can get there; if not, at the best school. When there is no school for him, there is Franklin's garret above him, and Franklin's example before him. The great Samuel Lee, Professor of Arabic, in the University of Cambridge, was a journeyman carpenter. But he loved learning; and he pursued it, as lovers do. When he had earned enough, he bought a book: when he had mastered it, he sold it, and procured another; and so on. And he became among the most distinguished of the learned men of Europe. It is a lesson which every one may learn, and every one apply: and with so much more

ease at this time, when books are so accessible and cheap. Only, let the Young American eschew the light and fashionable reading of the day. The best of it is syllabub and sugar candy. Too much of it is arsenic and prussic acid.

It is a fault of Young Americans, to neglect, and so abuse, their physical constitution: and, unhappily, it is not confined to the industrious student. The hours of recreation, when the mind should be relieved, and the body invigorated, are given to the last novel: and health and strength are wasted, while the mind is diluted, and the moral principle perplexed, if not perverted. Our English scholars set a good example to the Young American. The brisk and animating walk, the athletic cricket ground, the contest of the oar: these are the tonics of their vigorous arm; these the developements of their broad, manly chest; these the cosmetics of their fresh and glowing cheek.

ii. It is the DUTY of the Young American *to imbue himself with the principles of the Constitution.* Party divisions are the danger of our day; and parties, now, no more for principles, but for the spoils. It is a mortifying thing, to say that our present administration, to which I cheerfully accord my unreserving confidence, has spent more time, and taken more trouble, in the distribution of the offices under the government, than in considering the domestic interests and foreign policy of the country. I do not lay it to them, as an administration. It is the sin and shame of the times. Government has really come to be considered as an institution to distribute patronage. And, this, in six-and-sixty years. I seriously regard it as the most disgraceful and most dangerous error of the age. Unless it be reformed, it will first corrupt, and then destroy, the republic. The remedy for it is in the simple, earnest, child-like reference to the Constitution. I do not think it a misuse of sacred history, to say, this is the wood by which the bitter waters of our Marah must be sweetened. Offices, indeed, there must be, to carry on a government: but office is the instrument, alone; and they who hold it, but the incidents. The end is the public

virtue and the public happiness. The human means, the faithful application of the principles of our incomparable Constitution. Such, of a truth, it is. A legacy from our forefathers, scarcely second to the freedom, which enabled them to make it; and to perpetuate which it was made. Let the young American study the Constitution. Let him acquaint himself with its history.* Let him imbue himself with its principles; let him contemplate them in action, as they were seen and felt, in Adams, Hancock, Franklin, Washington. And let him resolve to live by it, as they did; and, if need be, to die for it, as they were prepared to do. So shall it be worth while to be Americans. So shall the name of Young American go down to after ages, "an inheritance forever." And so shall other names and other nations, while they admire our virtues, be emulous of our example; until American shall be the watchword and the war-cry of true liberty, throughout the world.

iii. It is the DUTY of the young American *to aim at the highest moral excellence.* The utmost learning, that the longest life could realize, would fail to make a man. Nor is it in the power, even of our incomparable Constitution, to make or keep men free.

> "He is a freeman, whom the Truth makes free;
> And all are slaves, besides."

Temper, passion, lust, avarice, revenge: these, and the like, are the enslavers of our race. Look at Antony, in the arms of Cleopatra. Look at Napoleon, among the rocks of St. Helena. Look at the Shylocks, who have shut their souls up in their iron chests. Look at the petty tyrants, who make their homes, hells, to themselves, and all that groan under their sway. The freeman must have conquered, first, himself. The love of money, the love of honour, the love of pleasure,

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* I cannot deny myself the pleasure of alluding to the admirable Address, before the Constitutional Convention of New Jersey, by the Hon. Richard Stockton Field. I have already challenged him to produce from his rich store a volume, for our young men. It should be the FIELD-Book of the Constitution.

are instincts of our fallen nature, and tramplers on the ruins of its fall. The young American, who would do just honour to his noble name, must vindicate himself from these. He must subdue his passions; he must control his tempers; he must regulate his desires. "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report: if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise," he must "think on these things."

iv. And, that all these things may be so, since otherwise they cannot be; it is the DUTY of the young American to *sanctify himself, his attainments, and his opportunities, by religious principles, professed and acted on.* All other hopes and uses are in vain, to these great ends. "It is not in man that walketh, to direct his steps. To purchase freedom for the race, the redemption of the Cross was necessary. To achieve the freedom of the individual, the sanctification of the Spirit must be added. That is of universal truth which David says: "Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? Even by taking heed thereto, according to Thy word." The young American that is not "the child of God," must disappoint the hopes of his inheritance, towards others; and find them disappointed in himself. The wood, the hay, the stubble, the earthly, the human, the mortal, called by whatever name, will perish in the fire, by which our nature must be tried. Only the gold, the pure, the virgin gold, will bear the fiercest furnace; and come purer from the flame. To dare to be religious, in an evil world, is the true daring of the soul. And to confess the Crucified and bear His Cross, in meekness, but in unshrinking firmness, among men, is to subdue the world, and conquer by that sign.

III. Who shall attempt to sketch the DESTINIES of young Americans, who shall avoid these DANGERS, and discharge, in good fidelity, these DUTIES to their country and their kind? Suppose this picture could be realized, but in the little band, who gather in these walls. Suppose that you, my children,

could go forth from these academic shades of patriotism and piety, to be the Young Americans, whom I have drawn. What firmer compact, than the Macedonian phalanx ever reached. What steadier progress. What more glorious victory! And, should it be so, and the banner which you raise, where the dear Cross should sanctify the Stars and Stripes, become the rallying flag of Young Americans, throughout the land, what measure to the influence for good. What limit to the power to bless! Think of the time, when you are called to being and to duty. Think of the land, where God has cast your lot. Think of the Constitution, and the principles, of which you are to become the trustees for your kind. The stage of life, upon which you enter, is a continent. The guns, which ushered in this morning, rolled their thunders, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The Star-spangled Banner, which is unfurled, to-day, is wreathing itself into a rainbow; which rests upon two oceans, and encompasses a hemisphere. What lands are to be peopled! What seas, what bays, what lakes, are to be traversed! What rivers are to be bridged! What mountains are to be tunneled! What myriads are to be taught! What millions are to be saved! See how our Commerce is extending, to the Southern half of this great Continent, the principles of our institutions, and the influence of our manners. See how the Chinamen are meeting us, half way, at San Francisco. See how the Commerce of all Europe and all Asia is settling upon our Republic, as the channel for its transit, or the mart for its accumulation. See how the heathen hordes of the whole Eastern world are opening for us the way to preach to them the Gospel of Salvation, and to outvalue to them "the wealth of Ormus and the Inde," by "the unsearchable riches of Christ." See, too, how, at this great juncture, in commerce and religion, the arts are tasked, the elements are chained, the powers of Heaven are enlisted, to overcome all difficulties, and make impossibilities possible. What a field for energy, for enterprise, for valour! What a field for the triumphs of science, the trophies of civilization, the conquests of the Cross! What a field, what a

boundless field, what a glorious field, for young Americans! Gird up your loins, dear children of my hearth and heart, to enter in, and occupy it. "Be sober, be vigilant;" "quit you like men, be strong." Lead on, in Christ's name, and for His Church, the vanguard of the march of civil and religious freedom. Remember the Cross upon your brow. Be mindful of the Bible in your hands. Go to be comforts to your homes, and blessings to your country, and lights to your age. Go, to be freemen of the Cross, and patterns of your times, in patience, and peacefulness, and purity. Go, and approve yourselves, in patriotism and piety, as worthy to be YOUNG AMERICANS.

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