when Britannia's bulwarks are swept from the sea, and the lonely Thames sweeps moaning by the ruins of the ad-
orned city, as rolls the Svinus now, and as the yellow River, but their

glory has not all deserted. To-day in

many a village school over ages un-

are the Trojan walls, and the wandering

of Greece, and the roots of unhappy Dido

are again remembered.

Gentlemen may call this revolution if

they like, but it is true. The power of

thought is so apparent that had it

not been contrasted with the power of

action, it would be useless to have en-

trusted the lot in opposition. But the pow-

er of action is gigantic. Man like the o-

cean is forever heaving, struggling, retz-

ing. The longing to do something better

than what we are is inherent in all

the sons of men, and man too in us.

The principle of action knows no bounds;

Thus is nothing except what the eternal law

of Nature has forbidden that it will

not attempt, nothing at which it will be