

derive from a virtuous education. Oh, my dearly beloveds, have you properly considered the very 'great utility of filial piety; how great and just the debt which we, especially who have been blessed with virtuous parents, owe them, who have so abundantly toiled for our good, whose watchful care protected us in the helpless period of infancy, and in our childhood mourned over our little griefs, rejoiced in our innocent delights, and administered to us the healing balm in sickness, and instilled into our minds the love of truth, of virtue, and of wisdom. Oh, cherish every sentiment of respect for such parents; they merit our warmest gratitude and esteem. If, then, gratitude is a debt so justly due to our parents, how much more to our Creator, to whom we are indebted for all the numerous blessings we enjoy, even life itself. It is not that I wish to assume a degree of superiority in knowledge that I write to you in this manner, but when I consider the many advantages I have been blessed with of becoming virtuous, not only from a good education, but also from the many examples and precepts I have received within the bands of society, and from a clear manifestation of my duty in my own breast, I am surprised and ashamed to find that I have so little availed myself of them, and as I am the oldest, to whom you may have looked in some measure for an example, I have to acknowledge the injustice I have done you by setting no better a one; I say when I thus consider my own frailties I also suppose you, with the rest of mankind, are perhaps subject to like frailties, therefore I have thus written to you, not as teaching, or reproving, but merely as reminding you of those important truths which claim our serious attention. Oh, my dearly beloveds, is it possible that we who have been blessed with so many advantages of becoming eminently good, do yet in reality remain upon a level with the uninstructed and vulgar part of mankind? Have we so long gazed at the temple of virtue without

advancing one step towards it? Are we smitten with the beauty of holiness, yet regardless of its attainment? The partiality of a brother and self-approbation incline me to hope the reverse is true, that by having learned to think we shall be qualified to act, and that the rectitude of our conduct will be equal to our improvements in knowledge. May that wisdom which is justified of her works be our guide through life, that we may be qualified to enjoy all the happiness that may flow from the many advantages we are blessed with.

Please to give my love to my dear parents and the rest of the family. That I be not further tedious to you, I shall conclude with assuring you that I remain, your ever sincere and very affectionate brother,

MERRITT PALMER.

SHAKESPEARE.

The world's history is composed of men who stride in majesty across the great channel of human shrewdness. But the nation's *literati* are directed toward that soul who can best reveal to man, the passions, hopes and fears that ever haunt the human breast. Who is he who has so skillfully allowed his brain to act as a camera for humanity? Who, indeed, is he, who stands in mother England, and from thence sees the world? The best judges of Europe and America would answer—Shakespeare. Of this Stratford Bard of ours, perhaps the opinion one sometimes hears is verging on the idolatrous, and yet the right one after all. On the whole we know not such a vision, such a faculty of thought, as reposed in this one man. Such a calmness of depth; such a placid, joyous strength, all things imaged in that great soul of his, true and clear as in an infathomable sea! Carlisle calls Shakespeare the "Hero Poet"—and well may he term him thus. In portrait painting, in delineating men and things: