

another's burdens, to weep with them who weep, exalts this natural instinct into an evangelical virtue, and recommends it to our culture.

Whatever, then, tends to contract or enervate the sympathetic feelings of our nature, may be justly suspected of seducing us from the path of our duty; if it be religion, we may be sure that such a religion is not from God. If we become hard-hearted to our own flesh from particular views of honor and interest, we may be no less certain that our ideas of honor and interest are most erroneous. If our sympathy be confined to our kindred, favourites, or fellow subjects in its very utmost extent; if all beyond these limits be cold insensibility, or slender emotion: where is the proof that we still possess the unadulterated sentiments of nature, or act on the generous maxims of true religion?

Thou shalt love thy Neighbour as thyself, is the second commandment in the law. Do you ask, as did the lawyer spoken of in the text, *Who is my neighbour?* From the reply of the illustrious teacher of the world, we learn that every man is thus nearly related to us, that whoever wears the human form challenges our respect, and, being found in a state of wretchedness, is entitled to relief.

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