

hidden meaning; the truest and purest patriot, is he whose capacity of feeling is commensurate with the extent of a people's sufferings; the most successful painter, is the man whose talent and fancy already glow with the picture, his pencil is about delineate. Did we not possess this gift of spontaneous sympathy, of how much happiness would we be assured! Is a deed of heroism purposed in some far and foreign land; is a valuable and useful life rescued from the jaws of death; is a scientific problem solved at imminent risk, instantly on receipt of the tidings are we not all transformed into heroes and philanthropists? Do we not all feel as if we could and would do and dare to the utmost in the good cause; and the bells jingle out our sympathy, and the bonfires speak of our joy with their crackling tongues of fire, and fets embrace, and fluids are forgotten, as men of diverse opinions, and parties and grades throng around the festive board. Can we not for instance, transport ourselves far back in the years that that are gone, and stand in facing amidst that group of sad and tearful soldiers who watched the dying moments of Wolfe on the heights of Abraham?—do we not sympathize to the full with those who wept over the shattered corpse of Moore, as they lowered it by the light of the lantern and shrouded in the warrior's cloak, into its last resting place? And has not the whole heart of the civilized world been agonized with grief as expedition after expedition, investigation after investigation failed to discover aught but the tombs and a few relics of that band of heroic mariners who perished amid the ice and snows of the Arctic seas? On the other hand, is a victory won, and the Heights of Alma crowned after a severe struggle, by a victorious army, then, on a sudden, are we not beside ourselves with joy? Do not our tumultuous rejoicings, our feats, our salvos of artillery, our blazing windows, our loud hurrahs, the eloquence of our tongues and faces abundantly declare our participation in the rapture of the soldier's triumph? Or, is that enterprise successfully imitated which is destined to unite two countries in bonds scarcely less intimate than if nature had never subdued them, is not the shout which broke through the midnight air on the shores of that lovely bay, over so signal and so marvellous a success, caught up and echoed by a million voices, as from city to city, from kingdom to kingdom, from empire to empire, the glad intelligence bounds and thralls along with the speed and impetuosity of lightning? Whence arises our enjoyment of history, both past and contemporary, our deep and abiding interest in the sayings and feelings and actings of our fathers and brethren, of all ages and of all nations? Whence originates that love of locality, intensifying as we grow in years of experience, confining itself within limits, but embracing all within these limits, that love of locality, that patriotism which has inspired so many author's hearts and so many noble deeds?

Why is ever the inanimate soil of our native land so comparatively dear to us—the mountains, the lakes, the streams, the scenes of battle and of song, all the landmarks of our country's history, all the sources of our country's fame? What strengthens in a tenfold degree, the ties which bind a man to his kindred, to the members of his family, which render his home sacred to him as a sanctuary or a shrine, which make him toil and sweat and plan and devise day and night, for those near and dear to him?—in a word, what is the source of all that is generous and noble in human life and action, of much that is great in the workings and developments of human thought, of all that elevates us beyond the influence of the gross and the real around us, of many of those pleasures of imagination and hopeful anticipations of the future, which like gleams of sunshine, so frequently illumine our path and cheer our weary pilgrimage? Is it not this capacity of feeling with and for others, of rejoicing with those that rejoice, of weeping with them that weep, of participating in the joys and sorrows, the pains and the pleasures of our fellowmen? Little as we are in general, accustomed to reflect, few and fleeting and far apart though the meditative pauses of our lives may be, the universal prevalence and general tendency of this instinct cannot fail to have influenced the most careless and least observant of us all. It is noble, it is virtuous, it is a main ingredient in the cup of earthly happiness to sorrow with the sorrowful, to rejoice with the glad.

And is there not a bias akin to this manifest in the lower departments of nature—animate and inanimate? In physics we have the attraction of cohesion, wedding together the particles which compose the solid globe we live on—the attraction of gravitation drawing atoms that would otherwise be some eccentric towards the centre—the centripetal and centrifugal forces whereby planet sympathizes with planet, system with system, and all combining to form that one silent, impalpable, but mightiest power which binds together the units which compose the universe of God—which causes the morning stars to sing in their courses, and evokes the rapturous admiration of the sons of God. In the realms of animate nature too, we may discern abundant traces of the operation of the same law. Animals love to sleep to feed, to herd together, to consort and associate with each other, and in many instances it is equivalent to the acutest pain, to sickness, even to death, to cut off an individual from communion with its fellows. Fishes swim in shoals, birds flock together in countless numbers, the herbivorous animals, the deer, the buffalo, the bison, migrate from pasture to pasture, in vast herds, even those creatures which live by preying on their weaker brethren and are supposed to be of an unsocial and morose disposition, must to a limited extent, be included within the general roll. So universal is this law of love among the lower order of creatures, that the apparent ex-