

fountains of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughters of my people."

Multitudes are perishing; that fact admits neither of doubt nor of dispute. Multitudes are perishing; that fact is as certain as it is terrible. It does not signify what they are or where, the fact is still most horrible and most appalling. Were they savages in the depths of an African wilderness, our common humanity would urge us to send them succor. Were they the most utter strangers, foreign to us in every mode of thought and habit, that can render nations alien to each other, they would still be within the embrace of that common humanity, and its voice would plead for them. Were they most base and worthless, both in character and condition, their misfortunes would give them dignity, and win from us compassion. Were they enemies, and had done us the worst of injuries, not only the precepts of the Gospel, but the sentiments of magnanimity, would impel us to help them in the hour of their agony. But they are none of these. They have given to civilization some of its most quickening elements; some of its most brilliant genins; some of its fairest ornaments; some of its most heroic minds. Numbers of us, here, are bone of their bone, and flesh of their flesh; the fathers who supported our youth, live above, or lie below, the green sward of Erin; the mothers who sang our infancy to sleep with its plaintive melodies, are still breathing its air, or gone to mingle with its saints in heaven. To all of us, of whatever nation, they are kindred in the ties of that solemn existence, which we feel the more intensely, the more it is afflicted. They are a people, too, whose own ears have been always open to the cry of the distressed. They have ever been willing to give, not merely of their abundance, but even of their want; a people whose hospitality is free as the wind upon their mountains, and generous as the rain upon their valleys; the