ng them that nole of their al welfare." riter, "has Uhristian suand friendproach, that nese things, relieve, not n, but like-

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But, perhaps, even now, the question may be asked, "Who is my neighbour?"

Let us, then, briefly consider to whom this term is applicable. Our families and relatives are those who may be called our neighbours, in the highest sense of the word. No one will question the reasonableness of the command in their case; for he who denies to them that affection, which even instinct acknowledges to be their due, not merely offends against the spirit of Christianity, but outrages the feelings of human nature.

Those, to whom we are united in the bonds of friendship, also demand our love. Nor will their claim be refused by any one who knows that endearing sympathy which exists between those that are bound together by this tie—that identity of feeling and almost community of thought, which produces a sweet participation in each others' pursuits or pleasures—a warm and tender interest in each others' joy or sorrow. In truth, the love of our friend, who is but a second self, is almost as natural as the love of ourselves.

Again, there are those, whose conduct to us claims our gratitude in return; and to such we should accord the love which flows from that pure and sweet spring, the cherished memory of kindness.

But there is yet another class, who may, with peculiar propriety, be designated by the word whose significations we are considering. They need not the ties of relationship, the attachment of familiar intercourse, or the sense of gratitude to enforce their claims on our affections. That they have breathed the same air—that they have trod the same soil—that they are our coun-