

XXVII.

SENTIMENT.

WE often meet people regarding whom we are apt to make up our minds. They are ordinary, commonplace, practical personages, we think; anyone may plainly see they have no sentiment about them. Their minds have evidently never soared beyond the environments of their bodies. They have no imagination. We cannot fancy them dreaming dreams or seeing visions. They are altogether prosaic, and entirely lacking in those poetic feelings, that finer touch of sentiment, that lift their owners to a higher plane.

But it is well to be chary of judging from manner and outward appearance. A man may be uninteresting, fat, and talk chickens, whose being is filled with a love for the grand and beautiful in nature. It is quite possible for us to be vastly mistaken in our estimate of our neighbors. We are as likely to overlook their finer points as to overestimate our own.

In the hearts of all men are poetic feelings— aspirations, yearnings, softening memories or tender hopes, regrets and undefined longings. Probably there have lived comparatively few human beings who have not, at some time in their existence, attempted to express their feelings in verse. It may have been very faulty verse. They may not have succeeded, even to