

why the deeper interest excited in the mind of every correct thinking observer as he contemplates some authentic memorials of remarkable events and persons? Is it not an evidence that our bosom has a chord within it, fitted to receive exquisite impressions from such objects? The relic, however intrinsically contemptible, has a history in it, and that history is a fountain of emotion.

Why that deep interest which man feels in visiting the scenes of those wonderful events which stand prominently forth in the annals of the past? Is it not, that the scene is the memento of the action, and has its history graven upon it, "as with an iron pen and lead on the rock?"—And if the traveller bring away from the scene any objects that shall keep it in his remembrance, or that shall excite in those to whom he may give it, on his return to his native country, a livelier remembrance of that scene and its history, some benefit results from the indulgence of a natural sentiment, even though fancy be a busy prompter,—provided always fancy be chaste and enlightened and religious in her sketchings. Has he brought me a stone from Ararat? It may be that on it the Ark rested, while yet the deluge rolled darkly and sadly over the desolated world.—Has he brought me a worn fragment of gopher wood from one of its peaks? It may be (why should it not be?) a portion of the ark in which God shut up with his own hand the stock of a