

Man's power is not as God's, yet it is God-like, as that of the creature made originally after his own image. The strength of man's arm is small, but his power is not in his loins. The Athlete in the arena strikes a blow, his opponent staggers or falls, and the unthinking crowd shout and clap their hands. But do you see that iron messenger thundering through the air, a human thunderbolt. A shell from an Armstrong gun, striking down the thick rampart of granite, piercing far into the inert earth, bursting and scattering in fragments, the masonry which had resisted all the efforts of the elements for hundreds of years. What is the puny arm or the weak fingers compared to this. We see his power in the thundering car, wheeling through space at the rate of sixty or eighty miles an hour, carrying with it hundreds of human beings, or in the mighty ship, rising like a monster out of the earth, moulded into shape and beauty, and at last a knitted mass bound to the earth by a weight of 20,000 tons, lifted gently from its foundation and sent away into its watery element. There is a true and living grandeur in this power, intellect moving sluggish matter, in a way more extraordinary than that of the magician's wand. But there is a power, higher, better, wider, and more enduring, than this born of the vaunted intellect of man. There is a power which has its seat in the heart, which ennobles and dignifies humanity, which warms into happiness and gladness the human soul, the power of doing good, the power of creating and spreading and deepening human sympathies—the power of love, an active and all pervading agent, which breaks down the hardest hearts and makes them soft as that of a little child. Matter may resist all man's ingenuity, all his skilful appliances of art and philosophy, but the power of a sympathising heart, is irresistible, everything goes down before it. The hardened malefactor weeps and worships and is brought back by it within the circle of humanity. The poor outcast, shivering under the un pitying elements, meets it, and is taken in its arms, warmed and clad, and the heart from which every feeling but that of despair had been driven, is ready to burst with joy and gratitude. Oh! the power of genuine goodness, of having sympathy with poor humanity! It conquers and draws around us the brute beasts—it

encircles with happiness the life of the young—it wipes away the tear of bitterest agony, and wakens the song of hope and comfort in the home of misfortune. The glazing eye of sickness, even when that sickness is unto death, owns its reality, and lightens, even in the agonies of suffering, with a momentary consciousness of a feeling of happiness. It is true there is an imposter which sometimes assumes its name, and puts on its dress, but has little or nothing of its nature, which does its work in words, and professions. The power of sympathy, is a silent electric power, gushing and coursing in a pure and constant current from heart to heart, unseen, but oh how deeply and strongly felt. Let him tell who has been laid for long and weary months on a bed of sickness, while some fond mother or devoted wife, or affectionate and never wearied sister, has cooled his burning temples, or moistened his parched lips, or eased his weary pillow, or sat by him the whole night and every night, watching for the slightest chance to soothe or comfort, or when she could do no more, to raise the silent prayer heard only at the mercy seat, or weep in silence and secrecy, turning away lest the scalding tears should be witnessed by their beloved cause. Yet are they known, and even these are comforting in the hour of weakness and suffering. We have said that this is the power of sympathy, but there is also an officious and impertinent pretender, which as we said often assumes its office. Look at that rich man's door, and you may see one standing, with faultless dress and well considered bearing. One little daintily gloved hand is raised to the knocker, while the other holds a pearl card-case. The door opens, and a simpering enquiry for —— is made, an enamelled card is handed in, the door is shut, and with it the outward sympathy, shammed for a few moments. Or it may be that even the couch of distress is reached, and the whispered babble and the inane regret and the hypocritical hope are decently gone through, according to the rules of the world's courtesy, but they fall dead upon the ear. They are but the husks of sympathy—the outward seeming, the empty bubble, the fruit fair to look at but all rottenness within. It is a holiday sympathy which tires of reality—which can express a regret, but cannot bind a sore; which can speak con-