

that in the old man's words and bearing, which woke up yet deeper and more sanctified feeling. The touching emphasis with which he would repeat, as a sample of musical diction and excellent pathos, such lines as these—

"The path of sorrow, and that path alone,
Leads to the world where sorrow is unknown ;"

or the text of Scripture, reverently spoken ; or the words of thanksgiving to "my Saviour for having so loved little children ;" uttered with hands folded and eyes solemnly raised to heaven, could not but fill the heart with the precious hope that the poet had sought and found a more blessed reality than all his gorgeous visions. Very long hath been thy path of life, O thou venerable man ! and thy songs of sunny "Italy" are now the songs of the olden time ; solitary is thy heart, which has never been surrounded by the sweet youthful sunshine which thou lovest so well ; yet art thou not to be pitied, for all hearts love thee, in thine old age and solitude. Thy "Pleasures of Memory" are ever pleasant, oh, Samuel Rogers !

One very rainy day, when even bright, clean Paris looked dirty and miserable, we found ourselves at the entrance of a stately edifice. Up stairs we went, we and our companion, and were speedily ushered into the presence of one, who, it was easy to discover, had in some way or other "left footprints on the sands of time." We sat down within a lofty library, surrounded by authors of every age and country, and by prints of contemporary savans ; pamphlets were heaped on every chair, and the whole chamber was in a sort of orderly disorder. As we sat there, the rain dashing against the windows, our ears assailed by a mingled torrent of French and English, which was as an unknown tongue to our unsophisticated intellects, our hearts softened by letters from beloved ones, in "a far country" which had just been put into our hands ; it was natural that our thoughts should fix themselves tenderly and earnestly upon the lonely man before us. The tall bent frame, the deeply furrowed cheeks, the nearly sightless eyeballs, the matted, grizzled locks, the touching expression of intense melancholy and disappointment, told of a strangely memoried and chequered existence. And it was so. Those eyes had wept the bitterest tears of bereavement, and gazed unmoved upon pointed cannon ; that hand had directed the heavenward telescope, and signed senatorial mandates ; that voice had instructed from the chair, and rebelled upon the tribune ! It was Arago—the widower, the biographer, the philosopher, the statesman, the republican ! and as we rambled through the spacious halls of the Observatoire, built by Louis Quatorze, and gazed from its summit upon the noble view of that strange, incomprehensible, rebellious, crime-stricken Paris, lying so peacefully stretched out before us, we felt it was just the sort of home we could have imagined for that lonely and majestic man ; and we longed earnestly that the eye-nerve which had been seathed by the shock and lightning of the cannon, levelled against them, might be restored by the great Light-giver, and that the heart, again and again bruised and broken, might be tenderly bound up by the Healer and the Comforter !

A few nights after, when rumours of approaching battle and bloodshed filled the ear and the mind, without exciting the terror with which in dear old Scotland we had imagined such a possibility, we drove along the pretty and gaily-lighted streets and boulevards of Paris. There was a strange contrast and fearful significance, however, in the mounted guards at each corner of the streets, telling of increased danger and increased vigilance ; and our thoughts and conversation were unavoidably led to the horrors of the past and the probabilities of the future, till, upon finding ourselves in the midst of a cheerful home, it was like awaking from a painful dream. Yes—it was that rare thing, a home in Paris—a home in France ! There stood the statesman, the guider of kings, the ruler over the interests of France, deposed from his high estate, it is true, and voiceless and nameless in the cabinets of Europe, but surrounded by loving and beloved, graceful and accomplished sons and daughters, and by attached and admiring friends and relatives. The rooms, though neither large nor lofty, were elegantly furnished, and contained a few good pictures, some of them presents from crowned heads, and a fine musical instrument, sweet sounds from which doubtless more frequently cheered the ex-minister's heart, than in the brilliant, but unmusical hurry of prosperity. The simple, polished, and urbane manners of the author of "Civilisation" and the almost Scotch frankness and kindness of his family—all of whom worship

in a Presbyterian temple—might have made us doubt whether we had really crossed the channel, had it not been for the rapid sounds on all sides of that language which is pre-eminently the language of conversation. Another circumstance also recalled us from the dream of home security, and sent us through the dark night to our hotel, with a relapse into gloomy forboding and melancholy remembrance. In one corner of the room hung a portrait of a venerable lady, the mother of our host, who had died but a short time before, at a very advanced age, and who, during a long life, had worn perpetual mourning in memory of her gallant husband, Guizot's father, who had perished upon a Parisian scaffold.

Then, on another day, we entered the house of that strange medley of poet and patriot, Lamartine. We had seen and watched him in his place in the National Assembly, and now we gazed very earnestly around his dwelling, and carried away many thoughts with us. With all his affectation, and sentimentality, and *Frenchness*, the heart clings to the little child learning and loving the Bible stories at his mother's knee, to the idolizing and motherless son of later years, to the sorely-stricken and bereaved father, to the author ever and anon striking some innermost chord of the soul and spirit, to the lonely eastern traveller, to the fearless orator, standing with folded arms amidst infuriated thousands. The beautiful rooms were adorned with masterly paintings, by the English wife of Lamartine—the mother of "Julia"—who spoke to us with simple and dignified affection of her absent husband, once the idol of the multitude, then in comparative neglect and obscurity. She showed us a magnificent picture and noble looking bust, both bearing a strong resemblance to the man of the present ; but how different, in their proud beauty, to the young weeper over the strains of Tasso, to the merry gatherer of the vineyard grapes, and the tender of the wild goats upon the mountain !—a dreamer it is true, but little dreaming of all the vicissitudes of feeling, of position, of action, which have since been his lot. Something better, we trust, than our national vanity, made us earnestly wish that Lamartine had been born among the heathered hills of Scotland, with an earnest Scottish soul within him.

Genius, without religion, is but as the bird shorn of its wings, as the arrow chained to the earth, as the crown stripped of its gems and gold. Genius, to be all-powerful, all-beautiful, must be clothed with the beauty of holiness, with the diadem of righteousness ; it must drink at the Fountain of Light, in whose light alone it can see light ; it must wonder and adore at the shrine not only of the God of nature, but of the God of salvation ; it must recount the august and heroic deeds of Him, who died for and loved the unlovely and the unloving, and it must work the works of Him who sent it. O ! what sight is so beautiful, and alas ! so rare, as genius and religion united—the rich gift given back in joy and gratitude—the ten talents traded with to the uttermost—the vivid perceptions of gladness and grief subdued and chastened, till they meekly wait for the time of fullest joy and no sorrow—and the mighty influence over heart and soul, friend and brother, stranger and alien, wielded for the winning of unsaved souls ?

It is indeed true that the homes of living genius are instinct with thrilling thought and expression, each sight and sound acquiring a strange power, from having been seen and heard by those so nobly dowered from heaven. Yet is there a home which excites a deeper interest still—a home with narrow walls, within which there is no blazing hearth-fire, no social jest, no cradle song—the long home of the dead ! In one sense, genius can never die ; its words are like the fabled sentences in the frozen regions, which though inaudible at the moment of utterance, resound wondrously through the air in the time of thaw. Its works are like the stately lions and winged bulls of buried Nineveh, which gaze as majestically upon other ages and other countries, as when first hewn from the rocks of a thousand years ago ; its names are not born to die, but, like the floods and the hills, will last while the world lasteth. But the body can die. The eyes that so pierce into our souls with their living light will be quenched ; the lips which speak such thrilling words will be for ever silent ; the brow of loftiest look and deepest expression will be unclothed and ghastly. And the soul can die. Ah, upon none will the second death—the everlasting chains and darkness—come with more vivid and frightful power, than upon those whose very being seemed to consist of light, and life, and liberty ! Who will mourn over the past so acutely as those who "lacked but one thing"—so near and yet so far ? Who will suffer so keenly where