

CÆTERIS paribus, that man is living nearest to the object of his existence, who has the most sympathy with his fellow-creatures. How many stop to ask themselves the first question propounded in the Westminster Catechism for children—"What is the chief end of man?" Whatever the answer may be, it should be sought after, and no education or educational system is complete which does not set a man digging for it as he would dig for a hidden treasure. Indeed, a man has not so much as begun to be educated unless he has begun to study this problem.

One of the grand objects of man's existence is to *sympathise with his fellow-creatures*. If he fails here, a part of his life is *lost*; if he lops off this branch from his moral nature, he destroys a noble and vital part of his own being. And here is included not merely that animal sympathy which in some degree at least even the most brutal must possess, nor yet merely that spasmodic sympathy which cringes at misery when it is in sight, or vividly represented; but that thoughtful, constant, aggressive sympathy which springs fresh from that perennial source which we have learned to call the human *heart*; that sympathy which loves to sympathise, which breaks down the rougher, melts the icier, and bursts through the sterner passions of the breast, which faces and quells storms of righteous (!) indignation; which is the sworn foe of all selfishness, scepticism, and hardness of heart; which by its very purifying presence and its ever-broadening flow acts upon and wears and washes away that filth of pride, and false conceit, and distorted, hollow self-esteem which lie at the base of every system of caste that curses our land to-day; which, springing from the overflow of a large heart and gentle spirit, goes forth to share in the grief and happiness of all, diminishing the one and augmenting the other, and which, while it abhors the evil, yet encircles and embraces the impoverished, the haggard, and even those who have sunken low to an abandoned state in the moral and social scale.

Instance a case squarely opposed to the above. A man(?) goes out into this world that is so full of pain and pleasure. With neither does he have the slightest sympathy. His hand is as cold as steel, and his heart is a mighty iceberg. Joy excites his jealousy, affection his scorn, and from suffering he turns, untouched, away. Wherever he lays down his cold hand, pleasure is dampened, grief is aggravated, pain

intensified; his presence congeals affection, and his face darkens the very sunshine that plays in the hearts of children. Even the woman to whom ostensibly he has given his heart receives only a selfish affection, and she is little more than the disappointed, devoted slave of a cold, glistening giant. Of course this is the picture of a man whom we never saw. But who would care for the faintest assimilation to his character? Who would be willing so much as to inoculate the back of his little finger with a melted drop from this monster's frozen heart? The world is cold enough now, without any more amphibious walking icebergs breaking upon us from their dens in the unpeopled North. There is little enough of happiness without any churl or one blighting blast from the mouth of a demoniac man. There is enough of suffering now, and enough of wounded spirits, without any inhuman, human trampler who loves to bleed more spirits or any careless angelic mortal who would thoughtlessly add more pain by a single biting word.

We do not advocate here by any means the annihilation of that hand of justice, without which in this upset world all social institutions would be crushed to the last fabric; nor do we urge the suppression of any truth, however cutting it may be, so long as that truth is kind and useful. But there is the highest authority for saying that however righteous and necessary our accusations may be, they should not be *railing* accusations. Every word of truth and truthful reproof should be, not indignantly *hurled*, but spoken in *love*. The hero of truth may be firm and stable as a rock, immovable as the base of Gibraltar, as positive as the pronouncer of the Sinaitic law, as faithful and true as flint and steel, and yet he must always be **PATIENT AND GENTLE TOWARD ALL MEN.**

Or take the man who is not an aggressive aggravator of human misery, or an active diminisher of human joy, but who just shuts himself up within himself, and never persecutes anybody, nor helps anybody, nor loves anybody but himself. He is not a recluse, for without some commerce with other men he cannot eat and succeed in business. He may not be uncourteous, for that would be bad policy. He may be strictly honest, for honesty pays. But he lives, eats, works, laughs, cries, all solely for himself. He injures nobody, relieves nobody, pities nobody, makes nobody happy. Of course no such monster is extant. We would not insult the reader by asking