

tellectual greatness of the departed ; and to hear of funeral sermons preached far away, on the very verge of the civilized world, amid half-open clearings in the vast forest, or in hastily erected towns and villages that but a few twelvemonths before had no existence. Nor have all the echoes of the event returned to us even yet. They have still to arise from, if we may so express ourselves, the more distant peaks of the landscape,—from the Eastern Indies, Australia, and the antipodes. Every more remote echo, while it indicates how great the distance which the original undulations have traversed, and how wide the area which they fill, serves also of necessity to demonstrate the far-piercing character and greatness of the event which first set them in motion. Dryden, in describing the grief occasioned by the death of some august and “gracious monarch,” describes it as bounded, with all its greatness and extent, by his own dominions :—

“ Thus, when some great and gracious monarch dies,
Soft whispers first and mournful murmurs rise
Among the sad attendants ; then the sound
Soon gathers voice, and spreads the news around
Through town and country, till the dreadful blast
Is blown to distant colonies at last.”

There have been no such limitations to the sorrow for Chalmers. The United States and the Continent have sympathizingly responded—of one mind in this matter, as of one blood, with ourselves—to the regrets of Britain and the colonies. We have few men left whose names so completely fill the world as that of Chalmers.

The group of great men to which Thomas Chalmers belonged has now well-nigh disappeared. Goldsmith has written an ingenious essay to show that the “rise or decline of literature is little dependent on man, but results rather from the vicissitudes of nature.” The larger minds, he remarks, are not unfrequently ushered into the world in groupes ; and