

o' yer wing." He turned round to me, and I could see that his eyes were swimming in moisture.

"Can he be other," he said, "than a good and benevolent God who gives us moments like these to enjoy? O, my friend! without these sabbaths of the soul, that come to refresh and invigorate it, it would dry up within us! How exquisite," he continued, "how entire, the sympathy which exists between all that is good and fair in external nature and all of good and fair that dwells in our own! And oh, how the heart expands and lightens! The world is as a grave to it, a closely-covered grave; and it shrinks and deadens and contracts all its holier and more joyous feelings under the cold, earth-like pressure. But amid the grand and lovely of nature, — amid these forms and colors of richest beauty, — there is a disinterment, a resurrection, of sentiment; the pressure of our earthly part seems removed; and those senses of the mind, if I may so speak, which serve to connect our spirits with the invisible world around us, recover their proper tone, and perform their proper office."

"Senses of the mind!" I said, repeating the phrase; "the idea is new to me; but I think I can catch your meaning."

"Yes; there are, there must be such," he continued, with growing enthusiasm. "Man is essentially a religious creature, a looker beyond the grave, from the very constitution of his mind; and the sceptic who denies it is untrue not merely to the Being who has made and who preserves him, but to the entire scope and bent. of his own nature besides. Wherever man is, — whether he be a wanderer of the wild forest or still wilder desert, — a dweller in some lone isle of the sea, or the tutored and full-minded denizen of some blessed land like our own; —