

that ourselves have of their own evidence. His utterance, in fact, has evoked from the cell of their imprisonment, remembrances, which but for him, might never have been awakened; and which, when thus summoned into existence, are so many vouchers for the perfect wisdom and truth of what he tells. A thousand peculiarities of life and character, till then unnoticed, are no sooner heard by us, although for the first time in our lives, than they shine before the mind's eye, in the light of a satisfying demonstration. And the reason is, that the materials of their proof have been actually stored up within us, by the history and experience of former years, though in chambers of forgetfulness—whence, however, they are quickly and vividly called forth, as if with the power of a talisman, by the voice of him, who no sooner announces his proposition, than he suggests the by-gone recollections of our own which serve to confirm it. The pages of the novelist, or the preacher, or the moral essayist, though all of them should deal in statements alone, without the formal allegation of evidence, may be informed throughout with evidence, notwithstanding; and that, because each of them speaks to the consciousness of his readers, unlocking a treasury of latent recollections, which no sooner start again into being, than they become witnesses for the sagacity and admirable sense of him with whom all this luminous and satisfying converse is held. It is like the holding up of a mirror, or the response of an echo to a voice. What the author discovers, the reader promptly and presently discerns. The one utters new