

sophers of our world are few, let us rather instance those joys and satisfactions which are accessible to all—and, laying aside those which depend upon sense, let us notice those which depend on the sympathies that reciprocate between man and man, whether in jovial companionship or in the serious and tender relations of domestic society. There is a felt and pleasurable glow even in those more distant exchanges of courtesy that, whether in the bustle of a market-place or along the streets of a crowded city, indicate the acting and reacting of good will between man and his fellows. But when this mutual attraction becomes more adhesive and peculiar—when it strengthens into friendship or love or the affinities of kindred—when from the hilarities of the social board, it passes upward to vows of constancy, or the services of faithful and devoted attachment—when the heart regales itself among the charities of home; and the soberness of age, and the sanguine buoyancy of youth, and the simplicity of sportive childhood, are all blended together under one parental roof into one delightful harmony—then it is that we are called to witness in one of its most blissful conditions, that humanity which has been made so exquisitely and so variously alive to blessedness. Indeed the whole imagery of family life is bright with the promises of enjoyment; and when to these we add the notices that break upon our observation from a more general and extended survey of human intercourse—such as the hearty gratulations of the festive party, and the songs of merry companionship, and these irrepressible gaieties of man responded to by the