

lation of his own intelligence into the mind of another. A shrewd discerner of the heart, when laying open its heretofore unrevealed mysteries, makes mention of things which at the moment we feel to be novelties ; but which, almost at the same moment, are felt and recognised by us as truths—and that, not because we receive them upon his authority, but on the independent view 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