

the calls of benevolence, or feelingly alive to the beauties of nature—we should take for our case some other kind of emotion, so common, perhaps, as to be ignobly familiar, and on which one would scarcely think of constructing aught so dignified or so serious as a theological argument. Yet we cannot help thinking, that it most emphatically tells us of the teeming, the profuse benevolence of the Deity—when we reflect on those homelier and those every-day sources, out of which the whole of human life, through the successive hours of it, is seasoned with enjoyment; and a most agreeable zest is imparted from them to the ordinary occasions of converse and companionship among men. When the love of novelty finds in the walks of science the gratification that is suited to it, we can reason gravely on the final cause of the emotion, and speak of the purpose of Nature, or rather of the Author of Nature, in having instituted such a reward for intellectual labour. But we lose sight of all the wisdom and all the goodness that are connected with this mental ordination—when the very same principle, which, in the lofty and liberal *savant*, we call the love of novelty, becomes, in the plain and ordinary citizen, the love of news. Yet in this humbler and commonplace form, it is needless to say how prolific it is of enjoyment—giving an edge, as it were, to the whole of one's conscious existence, and its principal charm to the innocent and enlivening gossip of every social party. Per-