

Imagination is a

mental power of extensive influence ---.

When properly directed it may be made to contribute to the culmination of all that is virtuous

and noble in the human character. By its

power we can enter into the wants and feelings

of those in distress, and participate in their

sorrows, thus it may be the means of cultivating the best affections of the heart. A very able writer has justly observed, that those deficient

in Imagination, though they may be free from anything unjust or dishonorable, are apt to be cold, selfish, and contracted, regardless of the feelings and indifferent to the distresses of

others ---. A well cultivated Imagination not only improves the character and exerts an influence over the affections of the heart, but it is also a source of continued enjoyment, by its power we can gather sweets from nature's store, and charm away the hours,
"Not a breeze flies o'er the meadow

Not a cloud inhibes the setting sun's effulgence;

Not a strain from all the tenants of the warbling
Shade ascends; but whence our bosoms can partake

Fresh pleasures unreproved"

By the powers
of imagination we may transport ourselves to any part of the world, we may view the scenes of days that have past and gone forever We may stand on the ruins of mighty cities, and think of all their past greatness and glory. We can visit the country of the poets

The Imagination.

gladdened by their prosperity; and does not the sympathetic heart know more of pleasure than of pain; Who would wish to be exempt from this sympathy of soul. to be alike insensible to the buoyancy of the gay, or the sorrows of the broken hearted. With such a callous and selfish heart, though all the honors of the world and all the wealth of Peru were ours, we would be strangers to true and genuine happiness. If the friendly and sympathetic affections were struck out of the moral world, what a gloomy, solitary and selfish world it would be. It would be like extinguishing the sun from the firmament whose genial warmth; calls into life , the fruit , the plant, the flower. Who would wish to live unconnected with a solitary being by the ties of sympathy

and love, or who would wish a heart that never expanded with joy or sunk with sorrow at the prosperity or adversity of a friend; that never felt one tender sentiment or warm affection move. Oh, is there a being on earth that possesses such a heart; if there be such I envy not

their lot but "Give me a heart to feel another's woe

To hide the fault I see,
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy shown to me."