

flood, become the ministers of desolation. Even mute and inanimate things are subject to the power of a decay—under which many of them, and these the loveliest in nature, do sicken and expire—and so exemplify that death which likens them to those who are immediately above themselves in the scale of creation. The inferior animals too are all under the law of mortality—and not a few of them under that law of their sentient and organic nature by which, in obedience to a tyrant appetite, they go forth upon each other in mutual fierceness to raven and to destroy. And with man also, the seeds of mortality are in his tainted constitution—they are born with him—and they lie undeveloped, and sleep in mysterious embryo among the curious receptacles of an infant bosom. Throughout all her domains, in short, Nature hath taken on a hue of sickliness—and the very elements are charged with disease—and even that ground which might have offered a soft and flowery carpet, for the impress of ethereal footsteps, hath gathered into a rugged and intractable temper—and more especially man, has been doomed by the very nobleness of his endowments, by the greater reach of his forebodings and the finer sensibilities that belong to him, to a larger participation, to a higher pre-eminence in the general distress.

21. There is one alleviation, and an alleviation felt even in bosoms where the light of revelation hath not entered. There is the mingling of a strange undefinable hope with all this helplessness. There is a sort of vague undefinable impression, we think, upon all spirits, of some great evolution