

of the present system under which we live—some looking towards, as well as longing after immortality—some mysterious but yet powerful sense within every breast, of the present as a state of confinement and thralldom, and that yet a day of light and largeness and liberty is coming. We cannot imagine of those who live without the scope of Christianity, that they have any very precise or perhaps confident anticipations on the subject. But certainly there is abroad even among them a dim and a distant vision of better days, of a brighter and a blander period that is now obscurely seen or guessed at through the gloom by which humanity is encompassed—a kind of floating anticipation, suggested perhaps by the experimental feeling that there is now the straitness of an opprest and limited condition, and that we are still among the toils and the difficulties and the struggles of an embryo state of existence. It is altogether worthy of remark, that, in like manner as throughout the various countries of the world there is the very wide impression of a primeval condition of virtue and blessedness from which we have fallen—so there seems a very wide expectation of the species being at length restored to the honours of their original excellence, and the world being recovered to the same health and harmony and loveliness as before. The vision of a golden age at some remote period of antiquity, is not unaccompanied by the vision of a yet splendid and general revival of all things. Even apart from revelation, there floats before the world's eye the brilliant perspective of this earth being at length covered with a righteous and