

the magnificent sketches of a prouder and better day for our species that float before the eye of our sanguine economists—and so is every effort to shake off the trammels of antiquity, and to speed if possible with an innovator's hand the amelioration of our race—and so are those lovely visions of a world regenerated into benevolence and purity and peace that certain uninspired prophets love to gaze upon. Each hath a millennium of his own on which he doats and dwells with kindred imagination; and whether we read of the future triumph of virtue by the march of intellect, or are called to look upon it in the perspective of planned and regulated villages—it may well be put down to the craving appetite, or even the strong expectancy that there is in human bosoms, for some bright and beauteous evolution in the history of human affairs.

24. Take these two elements—the actual state of man, and yet the high anticipations that even in spite of death are found to lighten and elevate his bosom—and we should figure the world to be in a state of big and general distress, giving token of some pregnant but yet undisclosed mystery wherewith it is charged, and heaving throughout all its borders with the pains and the portents of its coming regeneration.

25. This seems to be the general aspect of things. The world is not at ease. The element wherein it floats is far from being of a tranquil or a rejoicing character. It hath somehow got out of adjustment, and is evidently off the poise or the balance of those equable movements in which