

of all, and the profound or total ignorance of many, in which he spends the short-lived years of his present existence—to the boundless, but here, the unopened capabilities which lie up in him, for the comprehension of truths that never once draw his attention on this side of death, for the contemplative enjoyment both of moral and intellectual beauties which have never here revealed themselves to his gaze. The whole labour of this mortal life would not suffice for traversing in full extent any one of the sciences; and yet, there may lie undeveloped in his bosom a taste and talent for them all—none of which he can even singly overtake; for each science, though definite in its commencement, has its out-goings in the infinite and the eternal. There is in man, a restlessness of ambition; an interminable longing after nobler and higher things, which nought but immortality and the greatness of immortality can satiate; a dissatisfaction with the present, which never is appeased by all that the world has to offer; an impatience and distaste with the felt littleness of all that he finds, and an unsated appetency for something larger and better, which he fancies in the perspective before him—to all which there is nothing like among any of the inferior animals, with whom, there is a certain squareness of adjustment, if we may so term it, between each desire and its correspondent gratification. The one is evenly met by the other; and there is a