

what streams of knowledge and of salvation are at this moment flowing out from the little island of Britain, over more than half the globe ! and what almost countless millions feel the giant strength of her arm !

But is there any thing peculiar in Anglo-Saxon blood, which enables that race to rise higher in intellect and art than any other ? Surely not ; for even now other races compete with them. The present state of that race, then, is only a fair index of what the whole world is capable of becoming — nay, of what it might have been, almost from the beginning, if it had not perverted the gifts of Providence. Indeed, even among the Anglo-Saxon race, there is, at this moment, an immense waste of mind, as I shall attempt to show in the sequel ; so that even their brilliant career of knowledge and civilization is far inferior to what the whole world might have exhibited in past ages, if man had not been recreant to his powers and privileges.

But from a picture so bright and fascinating, turn back your eye, and see what the world has actually been during the six thousand years of her history. Read that history ; and what is the prominent idea which remains upon your mind ? It will be war — merciless, heart-withering war ! Read again ; and retain the next strongest impression, and I know you will say the second time — nay, the third time — that the clangor of war drowns every thing else. But consult the history once more, to ascertain what have been the employments of man during the intervals when they have paused amid their conflicts, and you will find the crafty and ambitious few engaged in intrigues with one another, and in riveting more firmly the yoke of oppression upon the necks of the ignorant and abused multitude. These are the items, I say, that constitute ninety-nine hundredths of the history of man.