

than in the present happy event. He alone sees the end from the beginning, and He more than sees it; for in his unchanging righteousness, and infinite goodness and wisdom, has He ordered and determined it all. *Our* histories relate to but the past; in *His*, the chronicles of all the future are also recorded. We write in *our's*, as their latest event, that there has been born an heir-apparent to the British crown, and our remoter hills still reverberate the echoes which our congratulations have awakened; in *His*, the circumstances of the birth are not more minutely laid down than the details of the funeral. There is a coffin in the distance that lies in the gloomy solitude of a royal vault; and the golden tablet that rests on the lid bears a date and an age well known to Him, for his own finger hath inscribed it. To us all is dark, but what so natural for creatures whose birthright is hope, whose privilege and whose nature it is to look both before and behind, to dwell upon the past, and anticipate a hereafter! What so natural for them as to let their thoughts out upon the future, and to imagine where they cannot see!

Our children are around us,—the bright eyes, and silken locks, and rosy cheeks of infancy. Is there no pleasure in saying to them, Listen to these sounds,—to that distant peal of the city bells, and that measured sullen boom of the cannon: there has been a king born, who is to be your king, though, we can trust, not ours, for we are old enough to remember the birth of the Queen, his mother. But he is to be *your* king, and in happier days, we would fain hope, than those of either the present or the past. The world will not be always what it has been: misery will not be for ever the prevailing state, nor unhappiness the o'ermastering feeling, nor evil the dominant power. There is a time coming, foretold by the Spirit of God, when wars, and violence, and crime, and misery, shall cease,—when men shall live together as brethren,—as the children of one family; and the knowledge