

of the Lord shall be everywhere. That time cannot now be far distant; and if good and wise men have calculated aright,—studious and venerable fathers of the Church, who, in poring over the sacred oracles, have arrived, each apart, at conclusions singularly alike,—the dawn may break with no doubtful flush of promise during the reign of the monarch at whose birth three kingdoms are now gladdened; the eastern sky may be reddened by the first glories of that millennial light which shall continue to shine more and more till the perfect day shall have arisen; and even he himself, made wise through the teaching of the Spirit, may be one of those nursing fathers of the Church whose happy reigns prophets have foretold. Are these but the wild dreams of the enthusiast? We may, indeed, err widely in attempting to fix the *time*, but be it remembered that God himself has fixed the *events*.

It were little wonder though men should weary of the present. There are, we doubt not, some of our readers who can look back on the events of sixty years. How has the space been filled? A sullen and doubtful peace had just succeeded the disastrous, we must add unjust, war with our American brethren. It was broken by the fierce and bloody tumults of the French Revolution. Atheism and murder stalked abroad; nation rose up against nation; Europe bristled over with arms; and for eighteen years together, during which millions perished by famine, fire, and the sword, manslaying was the trade of the *civilized* and *Christian* world! Men, as little wise as their rude ancestors, were playing at the old vulgar trick of hero-making, and the progress of the species stood still till the disastrous game was finished. In our own country, times of hardship and discontent succeeded, and poor hunger-bitten men, maddened and blinded by their misery, snatched hold of uncouth weapons, in the vain hope of bettering their condition by vio-