

sion of revolutions, and the final condition of its inhabitants as created in accordance with these changes.

Nothing is more surprising to our measure of time, than the slowness with which the designs of Providence have been fulfilled. But as far as we can penetrate by the light of natural knowledge, the condition of the earth, and with it of man's destinies, have hitherto been accomplished in great epochs.

We have been engaged in comparing the structure, organs, and capacity of man and of animals; we have traced a relation; but we have also observed a broad line of separation between them—man alone capable of reason, affection, gratitude, and religion: sensible to the progress of time, conscious of the decay of his strength and faculties, of the loss of friends, and the approach of death.

One who was the idol of his day has recorded his feelings on the loss of his son, in nearly these words,—“ We are as well as those can be who have nothing further to hope or fear in this world. We go in and out, but without the sentiments that can create attachment to any spot. We are in a state of quiet, but it is the tranquillity of the grave, in which all that could make life interesting to us is laid.” If in such a state, there were no refuge for the mind, then were there something wanting in the scheme of