

will roll, in swift succession, over the astonished earth; what new pulses of life will beat into the old and dismantled seats of former ages, carrying back, from the home of the Pilgrims, a new and better civilization into the very cradles of the human race. We are conscious that God is moving, even now, in an unusual manner, among the nations, and that the world has already passed into another and more amazing stage of its development in the history of human progress. The horoscope of cycles has just marked another triumph over the elements, in linking the two mightiest nations of the earth in closer bonds of sympathy, and marshaling the energies of both for the disenthralment of the race. Not till the shout of earth's happy and free millions shall ascend to heaven, will the mission of the Pilgrims be fully accomplished. We look abroad upon the other nations of the world, some of them groaning under the heaviest burdens, some of them meditating revolution and change, some of them groping in the night of ignorance and barbarism, some of them in the wane and wrinkle of hoary decrepitude, and we look to the land of the Pilgrims, and lo! by her grand old hills and rushing streams, there stands, like the angel of the Apocalypse, upon the land and sea, a gigantic form, in the fresh vigor and fair glory of trustful and exultant youth, all girt as a giant to run a race, all prepared, with heaven's own armor, for the furtherance of God's great designs, of reclaiming and redeeming the world.

This, then, is the *mission*, and for this was this wide land opened—for this were three nations sifted, that