

of matter, and the crush of words, much more the heavenly music, brightening in the noontide blaze of Christian philosophy, hath weakened that bewildered dream from the shadows of uncertainty, to the sublime realities of the eternal world!

## PART II.

WHILE ages on ages have crumbled from Time's hoary frontlet, and (in the language of poetry) the stars have grown dim with watchfulness, the children of men, disunited in prospect or policy, have wandered into divers regions, and given birth to new nations and empires;—

A remarkable derangement of constitution, aspect, and stature, has given frequent occasion for abstruse and desultory enquiry, but Naturalists have found an easy solution in the mutation of climate, custom, and food, or in morbid and hereditary affections. So that whether we refer to the dwarfish myriads that inhale the inclemencies of the Polar regions, the Laplanders, Esquimaux, Somoied Tartars, Nova Zemblians, Borandians, Greenlanders, and people of Kampt-skatka; or to the slothful effeminate inhabitants of Southern Asia;—or to the wrinkled Aborigines of the Chinese and Japanese Empires;—or whether we sigh over the fate of the unhappy African;—or struggle to decypher the recondite history that lingers with the dim old sound of America;—or pause with the fair Europeans to admire the blessings associated with civilization; all doubtless are of one primeval ancestry, "bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh!" Hence nations the most adverse and dissimilar have some peculiar traits which identify lineage. Thus the Afghans of India, in language, physiognomy, and habit, are but a vitiated edition of the antient Israelites: and the Satys or Golden Age of the celebrated Brahmins being an obvious education of Paradisiac perfection, presents the fairest inferential testimony in support of my theory. They have further in one of their Temples a bas-relievo exhibiting the similitude of a Deity incarnate engaged in sanguinary conflict with a huge and terrific serpent—and again He is represented as standing with His right foot on the head of the monster in token of absolute victory. But (what has naturally awakened more interest than all) the Froquois, a savage people found in the trackless wilds of North America, have preserved a traditionary fragment comprising a succinct but curious account of the seduction of the first woman, and of its fatal effects in the disposition of her immediate progeny as resulting in the horrors of fratricide. †

And now, if in addition to Biblical narrative, a continuity of collateral facts involving peculiarities of condition, custom, and character, may not fairly develop the consecutive bond of uniting the mass of mankind, an alternative still remains for the Scholast. We premise that every Hebrew noun is derived from a verb usually called its Radix or Root, whence emanate not only the noun, but all the diversified flexions of the verb itself, its ideal import, meanwhile unfolding some essential property of the thing designated or of which it is an appellation:—Then observe that is requisite, in order to ascertain the primordial signification of any word to trace it to its root, which in Hebrew and Arabic is generally expressed by a triad:—and thus, the names of all nations, whether European, Asiatic, African, or American, may, with a similar infallibility to that of mathematical demonstration, be traced through their respective channels to the three conspicuous roots, Shem, Ham and Japheth:—the legitimate result of which laborious but interesting research being a universal consanguinity, so far back, at least, as the earliest era of the post deluvian world.

## PART III.

DIVINE revelation with its finger of light here points through the faded vista of olden time of the hoary

ancestor of the human family, and the soul, startled into recollection, would return to the bowers of Eden and ponder o'er the unblotted history of man. But alas, he who was throned in delegated sovereignty and the ambrosial sweets of terrestrial paradise,—who bore in the radical harmony of his being the impress of God—whose towering mind was susceptible of all the refined enjoyments of a virtuous immortality,—is, clouded alas, with storm, and curtailed by the wrath of heaven. By the basest desertion from—by the foulest ingratitude to that benevolent Being, to whom he was indebted for the very rudiments of his existence—the last moral trace of heaven was blotted from his degraded nature, and the wretched delinquent for ever forfeited the favour of God! The remotest posterity of apostate Adam, shackled with inglorious bondage, and involved in degradation, misery and ruin are cradled amid groans of agony, and the alphabet of their pilgrimage begins with a tale of tears. And how frequently do the very buds of our existence but languish in withering bloom, then bow their heads and die!

Century after century hath been rocked to oblivious slumber, and nations and empires lie mouldering beneath the cloud of their dreamy history. Generation after generation is hurried along like the tumultuous billows of a storm swept ocean—At the cradle and the grave with ceaseless succession are thronged by the passing multitudes. Our fathers, where are they? and the Prophets, do they live forever? "All flesh is grass, and the glory of man is as the flower of the field—the grass withereth, and the flower thereof fadeth away,—but the word of the Lord endureth for ever!"

Then what is man? The inhabitant of a floating speck in the ocean of infinity—his life a changeable dream in the cradle of time—Time itself is but a fragment of eternity broken off at both ends!

Yet life is big with awful import. 'Tis either the twilight of Immortal Day or the shadowy prelude of a deathless Gloom!—And where shall we strike the balance? where shall we dwell for ever?

The only response we can woo from the voice of nature is the hollow echo that lingers with broken tombs. With what melancholy cadence it gives back the enquiry where shall we dwell for ever?

And yet the problem, though deep and darkly mysterious, is capable of solution. That holy Light which broke through the mystic clouds of Calvary hath sent its rays through the ghostly passage, and lighted up a Beacon for the weary traveller on the dim and distant shore! Yes, Divine Revelation in its original and lofty sublimity, assures us that Jesus Christ hath counterworked death, and illustrated life and incorruption through the Gospel!

Yet human responsibility is not a tale of fiction. It has for its author the Infinitely Wise Jehovah. "The hour is coming in which all that are in the graves shall hear his voice and come forth; they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation."

How vastly important then that the modicum of time allotted to our probationary estate be sacredly improved! how requisite an experimental acquaintance with the doctrines of eternal truth—with that repentance which must necessarily precede the Gospel faith which is essential to the work of holiness—and with that "holiness without which no man can see the Lord!"

BATHURST.

EXAMPLE is more forcible than precept. My people look at me six days in the week to see what I mean on the Sabbath. Take heed unto thyself and thy doctrine, so shalt thou both save thyself and them that hear thee.—Cecil.

\* Genesis iii. 15. † Genesis v. 8.