

after invisible things; this fondness for something beyond the barriers of our present existence, if there is nothing but annihilation there? Why this casting forward the unextinguishable thought into the Unknown, if being is not there? Why these aspirations, which are in the bosom of every man, after a more ethereal and perfect nature? Why does imagination so often kindle its fires in the world beyond, if we are not allied to something infinitely greater than anything on earth? Why these pantings after some lasting good, if we have no bond which unites us to the Holiest? Why these golden glimpses of a land garlanded with celestial flowers, which fling their odours on every breeze—the flowers of love and rest, full of divine breathing and full of divine expression? Why these shadowings of the lovely and the true, the dawn streaking so often the horizon of man's soul and illuminating its mysterious abysses with glory, if we are not the sons of the universal King and universal Lord?

Does divine revelation give us any reason for the hope that is within us of a future state of happiness? Paul says: "Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." "By faith Enoch was translated that he should not see death, and