

pressed with great and solemn emotions, until, all glowing with feeling, we desire to bear our part in restoring her to the golden prosperity of early times. The whole eastern continent abounds in classic shrines, memorials of deep interest, and natural beauties peculiar to itself.

America never can become venerated in the same sense as the old world. The imposing flow of ages has swept over it, but history breathes no record of the remote past replete with memorable incident, and pictured in the semi-luminous drapery which lapse of years lends to acts of doubtful excellence. No orator, or poet has celebrated the mighty achievements of the warriors and statesmen who once figured on this continent. We have only a modern history to look back upon. Though that history does recount deeds of many, really mightier than Cæsar and Alexander, and some imbued with a spirit akin to Paul's, yet our cities are comparatively new, our institutions in their infancy, and we, as a people, must travel in spirit to the halls of the ancients to satisfy our love of the venerable and magnificent, — a love which finds ample material upon which to expand, and grow vital when we turn to the vivid imagery of Sacred narrative, and follow the pen of inspiration back to Eden, whose "loftiest shade," like a vanishing picture of beauty, lures us onward to creation's dawn when "the morning stars sang together and the sons of God shouted for joy." This love for the old world grows with our growth, our hearts send out fibres that cling to the cross and the sepulchre, and thence rise to the new Jerusalem to be nourished near the river of life.

America, though comparatively modern in history, and lacking the fascination which gathers around the eastern world, is rich in resources for perfecting the human intellect, and feeding that admiration of the lofty and grand which is implanted in our hearts for a wise and benevolent purpose.

The idea that so vast a continent lay becalmed ages upon the bosom of our earth, that the waves of the Atlantic made ceaseless music upon a beach extending hundreds of miles, while the Pacific, the father of oceans, kept time in mountain surges upon the opposite shore has something of the sublime about it. Vain man dwindles into his true position when we realise that this vast expanse of country, so lovely and diversified, lay centuries, for aught we know, undisturbed in its virgin purity, beautiful