

soil sparkles with riches. Wealth, science, and philosophy, all these she possesses in superabundance, and yet cannot use—from this single but fatal difficulty—that she has not space to use them. Our very power enfeebles us; we have not room to bring our giant-strength into play. We tower in altitude and expand in bulk beyond the narrow pedestal that sustains us. Like seedlings, planted so close as to impede each other's growth, we only require transplanting, and we shall darken the earth with our shadows."

"Yes, and it is not unworthy of remark that the very causes—at least the most powerful of them—which now necessitate this 'dispersion,' have been the inevitable consequences of this accumulation, and have grown up with it."

"Exactly so, my friend. All the arrangements of Divine wisdom resemble the movements of a complicated machine—every one of which sustains manifold relations to every other and to all—while all are really most harmonious amidst seeming confusion. Christianity is to take possession of the earth; and she herself, by her influence on human character and human society, generates the very power by which she is to achieve her triumphs. The elements of this power are at length accumulated; and then it is found that the very process of accumulation has generated with it, and at last silently developed those very causes which will ensure their use. England is, and has been for some time in a position which compels her to seek outlets for her superabundant population; she has found them, and has already sent vast multitudes to every part of the globe. Each year the number is increasing, in an almost arithmetical ratio."

"Well, it must be admitted, that, if the destinies of England be what you imagine, no nation could have been more magnificently furnished for the accomplishment of this stupendous project. Every facility has been provided simultaneously with her wants; a vessel has been building for the freight. She has an empire, 'on which,' as has been truly said, 'the sun never sets.' She affects, directly and indirectly, the interests of the nations with which she comes in contact, far more deeply than any other can; the white sails of her commerce overshadow the ocean, and bear her, as on the wings of the morning, to the uttermost parts of the earth. Her facilities of intercourse, and locomotion, (after all, the great desideratum in a material world,) are beyond all calculation, and still increasing. Well, the glory of being such a herald of the millennium is, as you say, merely in the eyes of patriotism, worth no little suffering. If we are doomed to martyrdom, there is a martyr's crown."

"Aye, Horatio, if England were to perish now, she would have well earned her meed of glory. I feel convinced that England is destined to achieve much more yet; an increasing amount of population, of knowledge, and of wealth, is leaving England each year; and the time of flood-tide is still far distant. Not only is the ceaseless axe of her pioneers heard throughout the depths of the North American forests; but every quarter of the globe, and every variety of clime attest the enterprise of her children. Her travellers are penetrating the eternal snows of the north, and the hitherto inaccessible myteries of interior Africa; her colonies stud the shores of both the eastern and the western worlds; while her merchants and her emigrants heroically pitch their tents, (no matter how savage the people, how inhospitable the clime,) wherever enterprise can set a foot or industry command wealth. And who shall say, what is the collective amount—the sum total of knowledge, art, science, power, and, above all, *religion*, which thus annually flow out of England, to modify the opinions and to mould the character of every nation under heaven? Nay, if we look at New Holland, we see that even the very vices of England are pressed into the service of civilization! As though every particle of our soil were too precious to be lost, the very scum and refuse of our population is, like other refuse, swept off to fertilize a barren waste. The very convicts of England (strange destiny!) will, perhaps, be the patriarchs of a great and powerful nation."

"And yet how little of all this is directly connected with the advancement of religion."

"True, my friend, but all of it is *indirectly*. How many years would it have taken (speaking after the manner of men) to achieve, by Missionary efforts, the spiritual conquest of North America? And even when the savage does not yield his *territory* to the European, who can calculate the *facilities* which *directly* and *indirectly* this perpetual contact with the civilized world gives to the Missionary's efforts?"

"And how long shall these 'raughts from our own population be necessary?"

"Who can tell? Of this, however, we may rest assured,—that the exaction will be continued until the inscrutable designs of Providence are accomplished. Perhaps after having parted, by a gentle and easy process, and, by many outlets, with that superabundant population which, though worse than useless to us, are the 'riches' of the world, England having thus fulfilled the purposes for which Providence decreed at once her glory and her sufferings, may long flourish in a green old age,—seated as queen upon the waters, in the tranquil enjoyment of a