

re-peopled world, of which as concerning the flesh Christ came?—Has he brought me a sundried brick, or the skeleton of a cornorant, or a stuffed satyr from the ruins of Babylon? It has inscribed on it the record of prophetic fulfilment. And what are the ruins of Nineveh, or Thebes, or Persepolis, but so many huge relics, consisting of mounds, and excavated chambers, and broken columns, and fallen temples, which no one can look upon without brighter illuminations of the past, and sadder reflections on the mutability of all human grandeur. These are the sepulchral monuments of nations, and we are summoned by nature and history, taste and religion, to read their inscriptions and to moralize on their fate.

But parting from those grander memorials of nations and great events, there is something still more touching in some of the humbler monuments which love and friendship have raised to perpetuate the memory of the departed, at least to redeem that memory for a time, from an all devouring oblivion. The Egyptians and the Hebrews were remarkable for the care with which they protected their dead. They ever parted from the body with a sorrowing reluctance, and were unwilling that it should lose a place in their remembrance. They kept it long in the death chamber, ere they carried it away to the sepulchre; and the more opulent tried by the most ingenious arts to arrest the process of dissolution, and to preserve upon the lifeless frame all that

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