

eyes, and bodies without heads—all shew that youth is not trained in the way he should go.

Let us cast our eye on the great panorama of the world. Here is a picture of shy, lean, haggard poverty, lingering with her ignoble progenitors, sloth, drunkenness, and gluttony—all foul children of an evil school. Here is grim, ghastly, ghostly *Disease*, nourished by ignorance and evil habits leading the pale horse. Here is a company of giddy youth, full of rioting and profanity, blind with sensuality, confident in the hope of materialism, running swift in pursuit of the foolish woman as fools to the correction of the stocks. They know not that the dead are there, and that her guests are in the depths of hell. There are mothers weeping over the erring, and fathers whose gray hairs come down to the grave in sorrow, lamenting the evils that have bereft them of their children, and put out the light of hope. Then among the gloomy crags, in the deep shade in slimy pits, in dark, gloomy haunted caverns, when closely pursued, flees the burglar, the incendiary, the assassin. Here they hide their ill-gotten gains, and secrete their implements of wickedness. Here are the tears of the Christian martyrs; there the blood of patriots; these are tyrants that tremble over the spoils of the innocent; those half-clad laborers are slaves; here are idolaters; here are they that deal in men's souls, and make merchandise of the weak; these are politicians exhibiting to the people large advertisements, bearing upon the outside retrenchment, reform, liberty for all, while upon the inside are a school of fishes, a gold-headed cane, and silver plate. There is a tumultuous mob, and yonder the smoke of a terrible battle; there horses stand in blood up to their bridles, and widows and orphans fill the earth with mourning.

The ancient world tells that what is has been. The rude heaps of crumbling, dingy, time-worn walls, the massive broken columns, the moss-covered towers, the ivy-grown palaces, the pyramids and fallen idols—tell that myriads sleep who were struck down by the bolts of the Almighty for the very sins that rest so heavily upon us. Each nation that has passed has looked upon its own greatness, and blessed itself with the cheering words—“This kingdom is without end.” We cherish the same idea, that we are to become an extraordinary people, whose course is onward and upward without bound, but still the same mighty