

dispersed,—while all within, and around us, participate in the enjoyment.

The proneness of man to attribute a superabundance of wisdom to what is termed, the light of nature, is evinced on the present subject equally with others of a less momentous nature. Relative to a future state, we conceive that undue stress is rested on the argument, that the doctrine has obtained “the consent, or belief of all nations.” Although this truth, doubtless, is a confirmatory evidence, that it is not *contrary to reason*, yet, does it fully substantiate the fact, that it is *not above reason*. We unhesitatingly admit, that it is not repugnant to human reason, but we contend, that the loftiest conceptions of the mind of a finite being, never could have clearly discovered, or have fully grasped this amazing theme. Admitting that almost all grades and classes of men, from the refined Philosopher down to the grovelling Cannibal, have as with one voice, given their assent to, and professed their belief in this doctrine (alas! in how mutilated a form,) still, have we forgotten, whence these ideas have been derived? What were the Elysian fields, and the shades of Tartarus, so frequently mentioned in the writings of the heathen, but notions of heaven and hell, which, on account of their being transmitted by tradition through so many generations, have been blended with so much that is “earthly, sensual, and devilish.”—Most unequivocally then, should it be unannounced, and most explicitly ought it to be believed that “life and immortality, are brought to light by the Gospel.”

The darkness and gloom brooding over the sepulchre can be dissipated only by the lamp of revelation;—the fear hanging around the grave, when the words of consignation are uttered, “Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust,” can be dispelled only by the glorious prospect, so distinctly revealed in the page of inspiration. Nothing can assuage the sorrow attendant upon the departure of a friend, except the consoling declaration pronounced by the Redeemer, and which still reverberates through the mansions of the dead, “I am the resurrection and the life.”

In reference to Eternity, the bliss of immortality is to be considered. On this delightful subject, learning has employed all her knowledge;—language, all her beauty;—eloquence, all its persuasion;—imagination, all her strength;—poetry, all her splendour;—anticipation, all its delight;—and piety, all her feeling;—and yet, what faint descriptions do these united efforts give of the ineffable glory and supreme delight, beheld and enjoyed around the throne of God. Humiliating though the confession be, that here “we know but in part, and prophesy but in part,” yet as it is founded in truth, so it forces from us the further acknowledgement, that with regard to this bliss, but little can be advanced, except in a negative way.

The sacred writers indeed, while attempting to exhibit the unfading glories of the New Jerusalem, as well as to detail the enjoyments of its favoured citizens, exhaust all the eulogy of inspiration, and then, overwhelmed by the splendours of the heaven they would fain delineate, record their own inadequacy, saying “It doth not yet appear