

continent could not wipe out. The blood of the thousands and hundreds of thousands who fell on the hundred fiercely-contested fields of the "Great Rebellion," and the traces of the manful struggles which they waged, were all washed out by the next spring rains, while even the ripple-marks of the age of Saurians, and the impression of the rain-drops of the passing shower, are perpetuated in all their distinctness through ages. Man's history is not written on rocks and river shores. His monuments are not footmarks imprinted on the soil and sands of earth, but achievements of moral and intellectual labor, less perishable than the visible records of the ancient Saurians, because inwrought into the lineaments of the indissoluble soul.

Even the imperishability of the records of the long extinct reptile suggests honor, and encouragement, and hope to the mind of man. For what are these Saurian footprints so carefully preserved, when man is the only intelligence that can duly ponder their significance? Are they not the materials of thought which Providence has kindly stored for a thinking race? words of revelation touching the vast movements in which he has been concerned? gleams of light, which stream far down the avenues of the past, and disclose to our astonished eyes embodied forms moving like spectres of night across the marshes and along the shores of mid-eternity? Well might the heavenly-minded Hitchcock symbolize these teachings by the hinging of a pile of rocky leaves into the similitude of a book. And happily did chance or Providence direct the building of some of the sheets of this rocky volume into the walls of the University at Middletown, where the student, wearied and befogged in the perplexities of human dialects, could look upward to the library-stones of his *alma mater*, and refresh his soul with the interpretation of the language of the Omniscient.