

the mind experiences in discovering the means to seize and comprehend some of the oppressively vast cycles which geology discloses. Here is a geological age—the Post-Tertiary Age—unfinished, it is true—which we almost possess the means of measuring. The life of our race reaches back beyond grand geological events. We have some notion, from the progress which our race has made during the period of written history, what must have been the duration of its infantile tutelage. Nay, the records of the Somme and the Tinière, as we now decipher them, afford us a common measure of the age of man and the duration of the Post-Tertiary. The vast changes that have transpired upon the coast of China, the shores of the Mediterranean, and other parts of the world, since man has been a beholder of geological history, seem to carry us back into the midst of the grand events which we have so solemnly and wonderingly contemplated from our seeming distance. These geological intervals, after all, are appreciably finite. The discovery affords a sensible relief to the mind so long oppressed by the contemplation of cycles which lose themselves in the haze of eternity.

One farther thought crowds itself into the company of these reflections. It is a thought of the growing perfection and exaltation of our race. How have we struggled through many ages, upward from companionship with beasts, from clothing of skins or bark, houses of caves, implements of chips of flint, a vague consciousness of a Superior Being—like the polyps' sense of light felt through all its body—through all the grades of pupilage, all the degrees of civilization, all the heights of mental and moral exaltation up to man as he now is! What a picture of progress is here! How abject once—how exalted, how spiritualized, how God-like now! Is not man approaching nearer to God? How vastly less of the brute—how infi-