

the silver coin which bore the image and superscription of Alexander, and wondered why I had called it venerable. Why? since twenty populations had possessed the earth, since the relics of those bucklered fishes had been animate, and this coin—why, it had been stamped in the last part of the lifetime of the twentieth population; and there were nineteen before it which had become extinct.

And so my feet were lifted up from earth; I was pil-  
lowed upon a bright cloud, and floated in eternity. And I saw the long history of the world I had left stretching backward from the spot where I had left it, till it vanished from view, like the track of a railroad on the boundless prairie. With the flash of a thought, I pursued it over millions of ages, till I saw it dissolved in fire—till luminous vapors rolled up and rested upon the bosom of infinite space. In this cloud of fire the track of terrestrial history lost itself, and I dared not plunge through the flame in search of a beginning.

Then I thought, here at length is the dwelling-place of antiquity. What is this which men call ancient and venerable? Would that the scales could be removed from our eyes! Would that the fog would lift, and men could once look out upon the magnitude of the universe—the majestic span even of terrestrial history—the might, the greatness, the wisdom, the glory of that Intelligence which, at a glance, takes in all space, all time past, and all time to come!