

are not the millions of years in which the geologist symbolizes the age of the world.

Nature thus, on every side, launches us forth upon the borders of infinity. We flutter about like insects on a flower-bed, and stand awed before the "boundless prairie," the "primeval forest," or the "shoreless ocean." We speak of planetary distances and stellar pathways, but our efforts to compass thoughts like these are as the navigation of the paper nautilus upon the heaving bosom of the broad Pacific.

And yet such quantities are not imaginary. Such intervals as millions of ages *will be passed*; such intervals *have already passed*. To the eye of that all-comprehending Intelligence whose works these are, whose plans these are, millions are but molecules in the constitution of a universe; the lifetime of a planet vanishes as a thought. To a being who is Infinity, the very units of measurement are infinity; one stroke of the hand is infinite space, one step of progress is infinite time.

Where, then, is perpetuity? The untutored savage looks upon the ancient forest as all-enduring. His fathers sat beneath the shade of the self-same tree as stretches its arms above his own squalid hut. The poet sings of the "eternal hills," or fancies that in the ocean he discerns "the image of eternity." The philosopher thought he had demonstrated that at least the solid earth should endure forever, and the coterie of planets should not cease to waltz about their sun. But at length we discover not only that forests appear and disappear—not only that the mountains crumble away from age to age, and Old Ocean himself has limits set to his duration—but even yonder burning sun is slowly waning, and the very earth is wearily plodding through the mire of ether, and we can foresee the time when, with all her energies wasted, the fire of her youth extinguished,