

her blood curdled in her veins, her sister planets in their graves or hurrying toward them, she herself shall plunge again into the bosom of her parent sun, whence, unnumbered ages since, she whirled forth with all the gayety of a youthful bride.

Such is the position to which science conducts us. We feel that we stand here upon sure foundations. We have no means of measuring accurately the length of eternity's years, but we know they exceed ours a million-fold. We can clearly translate the watchword of the hosts of space. "*Not for perpetuity*" is written upon every lineament of the solar system. We contemplate the matter of the system aggregated into a cold and blackened mass at the centre. No more sun, no more planet, no more satellite, no more comet, or meteorite, or zodiacal luminosity, but winter, and the silence of death, and the darkness of Nature's midnight, penetrated only by starlight, whose maternal source may even then have been blotted out—a solitary grave upon a distant plain, in the midst of the howling desolation of an arctic winter.

But imagination, indefatigable, with wing unwearied while yet there remains another height to scale, pausing here but an instant, throws her glances still beyond. Into that remoter eternity which stretches still beyond the sepulchre of the solar system her vision penetrates. Shall we venture to delineate the vicissitudes which she sees transpiring in that deeper depth? They are the figures of things but faintly limned against the curtains of infinity. But yet there is no religion which forbids us to reproduce that ethereal vision. Let us exhaust the revelation of Nature, and seize upon knowledge which lies next door to the supernatural world.

Astronomy calls every star a sun, and declares that our solar orb is but one in a firmament of suns. When we