

—which seizes hold on infinity—which, though chained in flesh, spurns its fetters, and feels evermore that it is the offspring of God—the brother of angels—the heir of perpetuity—and will soon shake its shambles down amongst the rubbish of decaying worlds, and dwell superior to the mutations of matter and the revolutions of the ages? What, in comparison with the crumbling of mountains and the decay of worlds, is the being possessed of such a consciousness and such a destiny? Who shall tremble at the wreck of matter, when, in perpetual youth, he shall outlive suns, and systems, and firmaments, and through the ceaseless cycles of material history shall see creation rise upon creation—the ever-recurring mornings of eternal life?