

of the upper reaches of that awful tide of continuity which had no beginning, and of which the measured shreds and fragments constitute time, we had become jealous lest even God himself should have wrought in it during other than a brief and limited space, with which our small faculties could easily grapple.

‘Oh, who can strive
To comprehend the vast, the awful truth
Of the eternity that hath gone by,
And not recoil from the dismaying sense
Of human impotence! The life of man
Is summed in birthdays and in sepulchres,
But the eternal God had no beginning.’

There are two great infinites,—the infinite in space and the infinite in time. It were well, surely, to be humble enough to acknowledge it accordant to all analogy, that as He who inhabits eternity has filled the one limitless void—that of space—with world upon world and system upon system, far beyond the reach of human ken, He should also have wrought in the other limitless world—that of time—for age after age, and period after period, far beyond the reach of human conception.