

sweep the race from being in a day, the time will come when two men will alone survive of all the human race. Two men will look around upon the ruins of the workmanship of a mighty people. Two men will gaze upon the tombs of the human family. Two men will stand petrified at the sight of perhaps a hundred thousand corpses prostrated around them by the dire hardships which every moment threaten to carry them also away. These two men will gaze into each other's faces—wan, thin, hungry, shivering, despairing. Speech will have deserted them. Silent, gazing each into eternity—more dead than living—an overpowering emotion—an inspiring hope—and one of them drops by the feet of the sole survivor of God's intelligent race.

Who can say what a tide of reflections will rush for an instant through the soul of the last man? Who shall listen to his voice, if he speaks? On whose ear shall fall the accents of his sorrow, his wonder, or his hope? Thrice honored, thrice exalted man! He stands there to testify for all mankind. On him has been devolved the unique duty of uttering the farewell of our race to its ancient and much-loved home. In what words will he say farewell?

The last man has composed his body to eternal rest. The once fair earth is a cold and desolate corse. Nature's tears are ice; she weeps no more. The face of the sun is veiled. It is midnight in the highways of the planets. The spirits of heaven mourn at the funeral of Nature.

Let not the reader be distressed at this picture. The last two men will be neither our children nor our children's children. Our thoughts have been wandering through cycles of years. The clock of eternity ticks not seconds, but centuries. We shall not anxiously measure the sun's intensity from day to day, nor from year to year, lest we be able to discover his waning strength. The embers of a