

bonfire will furnish warmth for the lifetime of an ephemeron. A molten lava-stream consumes a hundred years in cooling. The great globe of the earth, which is cooling now at the rate of a degree in thirty-five thousand years, was once a sphere of molten granite, and has consumed time enough to pass from that state to this. The sun is so vast that, though he began to cool at a still remoter epoch, the temperature retained to-day is 46,000 times as high as that of the surface of our planet. The epoch when his rays will be sensibly weakened is at a distance expressed by millions of years.

What thoughts rise upon us as we utter these words! We hang here upon our planet, poised in the midst of infinite space and infinite time. Whence we came, we know not; whither we are bound, hope and faith only can reveal. We open our eyes for a moment, like an infant in its sleep, and anon they are closed; or, perchance, like the waking somnambulist, in his fall from the house-top to the pavement, we rouse to an instant's consciousness of the rush of events and the coming crash—and the busy activities of Nature move on as if we had not existed.

A few days since, a friend of mine exhibited to me a silver coin dug up from the rubbish of the hoary East. It was rude, irregular, and begrimed with age. Upon one side was raised the image of a Grecian warrior. Above the head I could trace, with difficulty, but with certainty, the Greek letters which spelled the name of Alexander. Venerable coin! thought I; and my imagination wandered back through twenty-three centuries, till I saw the Issus and the Granicus, and the hosts of Darius melting before the fury of the Macedonian conqueror. I felt transported back to antiquity. But then I remembered the Nineveh marbles upon which I had gazed, and the black and skinny mummies that had looked out at me from their withered