

— promontory beyond promontory, — island beyond island, — stretch out in sublime succession into that boundless ocean of eternity, whose sumless, irreducible area their vast extent fails to lessen by a single handbreadth, — that awful, inconceivable eternity, — God's *past* lifetime in its relation to God's finite creatures, — with relation to the infinite I AM himself, the indivisible element of the eternal *now*. And there are thoughts which arise in connection with the ampler prospect, and analogies, its legitimate produce, that have assuredly no tendency to confine man's aspirations, or cramp his cogitative energies, within the narrow precincts of mediocre unbelief. What mean the peculiar place and standing of our species in the great geologic week? There are tombs everywhere: each succeeding region, as the eye glances upwards towards the infinite abyss, is roughened with graves; the pages on which the history of the past is written are all tombstones; the inscriptions, epitaphs: we read the characters of the departed inhabitants in their sepulchral remains. And all these unreasoning creatures of the bygone periods — these humbler pieces of workmanship produced early in the week — died, as became their natures, without intelligence or hope. They perished ignorant of the past, and unanticipative of the future, — knowing not of the days that had gone before, nor recking of the days that were to come after. But not such the character of the last born of God's creatures, — the babe that came into being late on the Saturday evening, and that now whines and murmurs away its time of extreme infancy during the sober hours of preparation for the morrow. Already have the quick eyes of the child looked abroad upon all the past, and already has it noted why the passing time should be a time of sedulous diligence and expectancy. The work-day week draws fast to its close, and to-morrow is the Sabbath!