

seem to recognize in the scarred surface of our satellite.

Dare we look onwards to yet later stages in the history of our earth? Truly it is like looking beyond death; for now imagination presents our earth to us as an inert mass, not only lifeless as at the beginning, but no longer possessing that potentiality of life which existed in her substance before life appeared upon her surface. We trace her circling year after year around the sun, serving no useful purpose according to our conceptions. The energy represented by her motions of rotation and revolution seems to be as completely wasted as are those parts (the whole save only one 230,000,000th portion) of the sun's light and heat, which, falling on no planet, seem to be poured uselessly into desert space. Long as has been, and doubtless will be, the duration of life upon the earth, it seems less than a second of a time compared with those two awful time-intervals—one past, when as yet life had not begun, the other still to come, when all life shall have passed away.

But we are thus led to contemplate time-intervals of a yet higher order—to consider the eras belonging to the life-time of the solar-system itself. Long after the earth shall have ceased to be the abode of life, other and nobler orbs will become in their time fit to support millions of forms as well of animal as of vegetable existence; and the later each planet is in thus "putting on life," the longer will be the duration of the life-supporting era of its own existence. Even those time-intervals will pass, however, until every orb in turn has been the scene of busy life, and has then, each after its due life-season, become inert and dead. One orb alone will then remain, on which life will be possible,—the sun, the source whence life had been sustained in all those worlds. And then, after the lapse, perchance, of a lifeless interval compared with which all the past eras of the solar system were utterly insignificant, the time will arrive when the sun will be a fit abode for living creatures. Thereafter, during ages infinite to our conceptions, the great central orb will be (as now, though in another sense) the life of the solar system. We may even look onwards to still more distant changes, seeing that the solar system is itself moving on an orbit, though the centre round which it travels is so distant that as yet it remains unknown.

We see in imagination change after change, cycle after cycle, till

Drawn on paths of never-ending duty,
The worlds—eternity begun—
Rest, absorbed in ever glorious beauty,
On the Heart of the All-Central Sun.

But in reality it is only because our conceptions are finite that we thus look forward to an end, even as we seek to trace events back to a beginning. The notion is inconceivable to us that absolutely endless series of changes may take place in the future and have taken place in the past; equally inconceivable is the notion that series on series of material combinations passing onwards to ever higher orders—from planets to suns, from suns to sun-systems, from sun-systems to galaxies, from galaxies to systems of galaxies, from these to higher and higher orders, absolutely without end—may surround us on every hand. And yet, as I set out by saying, these things are not more inconceivable than infinity of time and infinity of space, while the idea that time and space are finite is not merely inconceivable, but opposed directly to what the mind conceives of space and time. It has been said that progression necessarily implies a beginning and an end; but this is not so where the progression relates to absolute space or time. No one can indeed doubt that progression in space is of its very nature limitless. But this is equally true, though not less inconceivable, of time. Progression implies only relative beginning and relative ending; but that there should be an absolute beginning or an absolute end is not merely inconceivable, like absolute eternity, but is inconsistent with the necessary conditions of the progression of time, as presented to us by our conceptions. Those who can may find relief in believing in absolute void space and absolute unoccupied time before some very remote but not infinitely remote epoch, which may in such belief be called the beginning of all things; but the void time before *that* beginning can have had no beginning, unless it were preceded by time not unoccupied by events, which is inconsistent with the supposition. We find no absolute beginning if we look backwards; and looking forwards we not only find an absolute end inconceivable by reason, but revealed religion—as ordinarily interpreted—teaches that on *that* side lies an eternity, not of void