

conscience and memory of the young pictures of thought and emotion!—pictures, which will speak as the voice of judgment, and be indelible as the handwriting of God! That which we put there will remain there to bless the soul with its truth, its purity, and its beauty—or to blast it with its falsehood, vileness, and its deformity, so long as being endures.

I do not believe, that when an individual belonging to the race of redeemed man, has once entered on the stage of conscious intelligent existence, his mental impressions will ever perish. No portion of memory's volume is written in colors, which, however they may fade in time, the light of eternity will not revive. There is reason to think, that no such thing is possible to the mind as *absolutely* forgetting. In the language of one who is leaving his mark on the age,—“A thousand accidents may interpose a veil between our present consciousness and the secret or overlaid impressions on the mind,—while similar accidents will also come in to rend away the veil. But whether veiled or unveiled, the inscription remains forever—just as before the light of day the stars seem to withdraw—whereas the simple fact, as we all know, is, that a greater light is drawn over them—and that they are only waiting, in unchanged beauty, to be revealed again, when the day-light shall have withdrawn.” [De Quincey.]

Thus, of hand, heart, and intellect the good and the evil will both abide in inextinguishable memory. Nor in ages endless will the accumulations grow into an overload to that faculty.

But in different individuals, the emotions, O how different! Great truths will then show all their glory, and have all their sway,—and none more certainly and clearly than the one, from which we are endeavoring to draw light concerning our duty, and encouragement to righteous and useful labors on the present occasion. To all, who are capable of discerning spiritual things, it will then be apparent, that knowledge alone gives but evanescent and inglorious expansion,—while heaven-born faith, not despising knowledge, but using its help, and reaching forth to things that are before, and embracing mysteries, that lie beyond the bounds of rational analysis, gives true and enduring greatness to immortal manhood.