

us all to earth, shall chill the inmost spirit; when the cheek, now glowing with hope, shall blanch before the fearful visions of the future, and they shall pass away to enter the shadowy palaces of the city of the dead. They know these things; they live in the clear light of realities, startling and profound, whose immeasurable sweep girds the far shores of eternity, and yet *they dream*. No voice from the land of spirits can rouse an echo in their bosom. Marathon and Waterloo may win a name in story, but Sinai and Calvary are voiceless messengers to them. The dark legends of Eld,

"The love of vanish'd ages,
The trumpetings of proud humanity,"

may, perchance, wake a slumbering response from some lethargic loiterer on the crumbling precipice of life; but every immutable utterance of that volume,

"With the eternal heraldry and signature
Of God Almighty stamp'd,"

which tells, that when we who are but the dust of the earth, marred and defiled by the touch of sin, were perishing, the Eter-