every man, even the very heedless, has incorporate hopes which go far on; there is "a perfect flower for human time;" we are not as—

"An infant crying in the night;
An infant crying for the light;
And with no language but a cry."

-Lord Tennyson, "In Memoriam," liv.

Now, in use of that scientific imagination which discerns the ultimate atoms, though not seen, and can measure those unseen ethereal vibrations which fashion light's peculiarities in the spectrum, whereby we see whatever is seen; look around with that hope which made the apostles of Christ so glad. The created systems of starry worlds are in such vast profusion that we cannot number them; these worlds. every moment under the care and superintendence of God, are more numerous, we think, than all the human beings who have existed, or will exist, to the close of time. These worlds, their physical laws, general features, diversified circumstances, and possibly the minutest movements of myriads and myriads of sensitive and intellectual inhabitants, are governed by never-failing wisdom and power. How then can we doubt that the continuous identity of our soul, not less than the particles of our mortal body, will be preserved by Him whose presence fills the universe? Suppose that the whole family of man numbers more than five hundred thousand millions of souls. to start into new life at the general resurrection. It is reasonable to think that there will be at least a corresponding number of worlds for every one to be, as Adam was, in Paradise; but with better fate, a ruler in the image and likeness of God. We learn from the most advanced knowledge that things are not taken away to be of no more use: they ripen onwards; are parts and portions of a vaster expanse; giving assurance of a larger hope.

We enjoy three kinds of vision: the physical, the mental, the moral. Physical vision affords proof of manifold unseen existences; mental vision discerns in the reason of things a higher reason; moral vision excels both, and pierces to the