

infinite space, reads the history of unknown worlds; and, as it were, casting aside the veil of futurity, opens by the light of the glimmering stars the book of a second prophecy.

The sciences revealed by nature are like the links of a great chain reaching from the earth upward far into the starry heavens, thus connecting the finite with the infinite, each link growing stronger and brighther, till the final links are lost in space, or seen only by the light of the distant stars. How perfect in the minutest detail are the arrangements of the natural forces and laws. Like a well oiled machine, perfect in all its appointments and functions, the great universe rolls on through the lapse of centuries. The years come and go with unfailling precision; and their ever-recurring seasons take their places with unvarying exactness.

With continual tread the great host of human beings travel on, keeping step, was it ere, with their throbbing hearts, which are beating funeral marches to the grave. Generation after generation are swept away by the invisible reaper, and others spring up to take their places. Nations are born in a day, and as quickly pass away. Empires rise and fall; and yet, Time continues his ceaseless march, oblivious to the fact that his pathway is strewn with the tottering ruins of the pomp and glory of unnumbered centuries.

But how insignificant, in comparison with the works of God, are the most brilliant triumphs of man's genius and skill! With all boasted progress, he has failed to produce the smallest of God's created objects. The combined workshops of the world cannot make so much as a blade of grass, a flower or a grain of sand. It seems but fitting that man, who was the last and most wonderful masterpiece of the Divine hand, should take a low and humble seat, and exclaim, with the inspired psalmist, "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handiwork."

