

years, a thousand years as one day."

Who can gaze upon this weird and wondrous beauty and not feel that God must love beauty for its own sake? We feel instinctively that the Almighty God made this glorious grandeur centuries of centuries before man ever could see it, in order that He, personally, might enjoy its beauty. Just as the garments of Aaron the priest were to be made "for glory and for beauty," so do I think this great

where, however, one is never alone? For there is an abiding sense of the brooding presence of the Almighty, all-powerful, all-loving, all-merciful, that soothes and hushes and quiets the distressed and wounded soul, so that a normal equilibrium is gained and strength restored to return to one's place, manfully to fight one's true battles with the world, the flesh, and the devil. To me this Canyon is the Holy of Holies, the Inner Temple, where each man may be his own High



EASTERN END OF MOUNT OBSERVATION.

Canyon was made as a revelation to man that God loves to make things solely for glory and beauty.

Then its solitude! Ah, who but those who know and love the solitude that shuts out the fever of life, the fretful nervousness that contact with man produces; the rush of busy streets; the cold-heartedness, selfishness, indifference and apathy to others' woes that one must see in great population centres—who but he can tell the delight of this gracious, healing, restful solitude,

Priest, open the sacred veil, and stand face to face with the Divine. And he who can thus "talk with God" may not show it to his fellows, but he knows within himself the new power, calmness, and equanimity which he has gained, and he returns to life's struggles thankful for his glimpses of the Divine.

And yet what words can tell how utterly insignificant man must feel himself to be when he finds himself in the depths of this Great Gorge,