

consider the splendors of Him, so nobly described in the language of Paul, "Who only hath immortality, who dwelleth in light which no man can approach unto, whom no man hath seen nor can see." When Moses was entreating God for the Israelites after their idolatrous worship, he made use of this petition—"I beseech Thee, show me Thy glory." And if the universal voice of humanity had offered this prayer to the great Architect of the universe, they could not have received a more striking manifestation of Divine glory than that which has been the result of astronomical research within the last few hundred years. The sun which illumines us by day, represented in the beautiful mythology of the ancients as Apollo with his flaming chariot and steeds, turns out to be a vast sphere of light nearly a million and a half times as large as our earth; while at night the innumerable lights which before were dissolved in the brighter blaze of the sun, are discovered to be innumerable worlds, some of them vastly larger than the sun itself! the number is incomputable, and they are separated by distances which may be placed in figures and words, but which no human intellect can comprehend. And the farther we go the more wonders we find. As we penetrate with the glasses deeper and deeper into the "void profound of unessential night," small glimmering points expand into more worlds—thin mists open out into families of worlds. Still we see others twinkling in the distance! The wild dream of the German poet seems to be more than realized,—“God called man from his dreams into the vestibule of Heaven, saying ‘come up higher and I will show thee the glory of My house.’ And to His angels who stood about His throne He said, ‘Take Him, strip him of his robes of flesh, cleanse his affections, put a new breath into his nostrils; but touch not his human heart, the heart which fears and hopes and troubles.’” A moment and it was done, and the man stood ready for his unknown voyage, under the guidance of an angel, with sound of flying pinions, they sped away from the battlements of heaven. Some-

times on the mighty angel's wings they fled through Saharas of darkness:—wildernesses of death. At length from a distance, not counted, save in the arithmetic of Heaven, light beamed upon them—a sleepy flame, as seen through a hazy cloud. They sped on in their terrible flight to meet the light; the light with lesser speed came on to meet them. In a moment the wheeling of planets, then came long eternities of twilight, then again on the right hand and on the left appeared more constellations. At last the man sank down crying, “Angel I can go no further. Let me down into the grave and hide myself from the infinitude of the universe, for end there is none.” “End there is none?” demanded the angel; and from the glittering stars that shone around them came a choral shout, “End there is none!” “End there is none?” again demanded the angel: “and is it this that awes thy soul? I answer—end there is none to the universe of God! So also of Him who makes it there is no beginning!”

We think that a consideration of these glories in a proper frame of mind is enough to awake pleasurable sensations even in the most stoical. But there is a material difference between astronomy and other sciences in this respect. In most others we are required to tread our way through a labyrinth of details and big words, that might have made Quintilian gasp and stare; before we reach the centre of enjoyment and hence, either through weariness we stop before we arrive there, or if we do hold on our way patiently to the end, the mind is encumbered with particulars, etc., and thus the scene loses its effects. But with astronomy the case is different; the wide gates of the infinite are opened, and its glories immediately disclosed to our view: there is no intervening medium to perplex our sight.

Let us now turn our attention to another of the worlds which science lays before us—that revealed by the microscope. Here the glories of the Creator shine quite as resplendently as they do in the Heavens; here we see as much true greatness as in the gigantic spheres