

THE DIVINITIES.

AS we take the telescope of science and gaze away down the vista of the past ages, lined on either side with the monuments of long forgotten empires, there we see looming up in retrospective splendor from its far distant centre, the effulgent radiance of Him who filleth all in all—of Him who swung the stars within the abyss of the eternal space, and before whom the very highest intelligences of creation veil their faces and pay the ascription of Holy, Holy, Holy! He, in the magnitude of His glory and grandeur has not forgotten to write His autograph on every atom of His workmanship; on the upper and under surface of each page of geological strata; on the leaves of both sacred and profane history; nay, on every atom from the centre of creation to its outer circumference is daguerrotyped in imperishable beauty, the character and attributes of the plastic power that moulded them. The very stars in their ceaseless course transcribe upon the ethereal dome of the eternal space a language that might well inspire the noblest minds with wonder and with love. The wonderful harmony, the marvellous order, the exquisite beauty of workmanship, and the incontrovertible evidence of design that seems to pervade the whole realms of creation, are surely ample evidence that some superior order of intelligence must have pre-existed all forms of existing matter. What but an Intelligence could light the nocturnal theatre of the universe with stars, and hang the sun, like a chandelier, within the mid-day concavity of heaven, at whose beckoning even the inanimate creation is summoned to life and action. According to the sacred narrative the primitive condition of man was one of faultless purity and holiness. Man within the portals of Eden, invested with every attribute that was essential to his well being and happiness. What ineffable joy it must have been for man! To sit at the feet of Omniscience and bask in the sunlight of God's infinite glory! On the other

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