

The unstained silvery whiteness of the lily, the deep crimson of the rose, the dark and velvety blue of the violet, the bright yellow of the wall flower and the marigold, are but specimens of the rich and gorgeous hues that delight us with a sense of beauty and variety. The fields and lawns, with their bright green, spotted with white clover and crimson-tipped daisies; the meadows, with their buttercups, and all their peculiar flowers; the woods, with their fresh spring verdure, and their flaming autumnal robes; and the mountains, at one time bathed in a deep azure, at another shining with golden sunlight, all exhibit the marvellously varied touches of that pencil which none but the Omnipotent can wield.

This universal variety is not merely a display of infinite skill, but is equally beautiful, pleasing, and useful. It adds immensely to our enjoyment of nature, and greatly enhances our idea of God's creative attributes. It furnishes us with the means of discrimination, without which the earth would be to us the scene of confusion.—Were there only one colour, and were every mountain, for example, of the same shape, or every shrub and tree of the same size, how dull and monotonous would be every landscape! And if every human face were exactly alike, how should we be able to distinguish a friend from an enemy, a neighbor from a stranger, a countryman from a foreigner? Or, to take an example still more impressive, were the powers and passions of every individual mind in every respect similar, that diversity of character and pursuit which constitutes the main spring of society and civilisation would not be found. In all this there is adaptation and wise design.

Thus, amidst apparent uniformity, the necessary variety every where obtains.—Nor does this variety ever run to excess. Utter dissimilarity is as rare as complete resemblance. All things are beautifully and usefully varied; but they also all wear the distinguishing marks of the same great Artist, and can all be arranged into classes, the individuals of which bear to one another the most curious and intimate resemblances. There is in nature a uniformity that is as beneficial as variety itself. The leaves, flowers, and fruits of a tree or shrub, though infinitely varied in their figure and appearance, are yet all so much alike, that they can easily be referred to their parent species. All the animals of a kind have each their peculiarities; but every individual can at once be recognized by the naturalist's practised eye. Thus has the Author of all things so blended variety and uniformity together, as to delight, yet not bewilder us, with exhaustless novelty; to enable us to class his works into great groups of genera and species, and thereby to exercise our powers of reason and observation in tracing the delicate resemblances and disagreements that meet us in all our inquiries. In the classification of these resemblances and disagreements philosophy is mainly employed;

ed; and but for them the active and enquiring mind of man would find no motive for the exertion of its loftiest powers. We live and move in a world of inanimate substances, infinitely diversified in form, colour, and chemical properties, and intermingled with organic structures that ascend from the extreme of simplicity to all that is wonderful and complex in contrivance, and that possess almost every conceivable diversity in their essential qualities as well as their modes of existence; and to bring order out of this seeming confusion,—to observe, to generalise, and to classify,—to note the limitless variety of created things, and yet to discover the divine harmony that pervades them all, is the noble province of the philosopher, and even of the humblest lover of nature, who would enjoy aright the objects of his love, and adore with due intelligence the great Author and End of all.

O Lord! every quality of thy works is the result of infinite wisdom. The grand diversities of the seasons, with all their distinguishing characteristics, the beautiful harmony and unlimited variety of nature, alike evince thy goodness and demand the gratitude of man.—*Philosophy of the Seasons.*

Moses on Mount Pisgah.

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(Published by request.)

Moses was denied entrance into the land of Canaan. Though he had braved the wrath of Pharaoh, renounced his worldly expectations, periled his life, and led on the hosts of Israel for forty years through the wilderness, for the sole purpose of reaching the promised land, his eyes were never to be gladdened by the sight. He had escaped the wrath of his pursuers—the pestilence that swept so many thousands to death—the bite of the flaming serpents that strewed the camp with so many thousands more—even the decay of the body itself—to die at last by special decree in sight of the very object of all his toils—the anticipated rest from all his labors. The sea had been passed—the murmurs of the people borne with—the long, weary desert travelled over—forty years of the prime of life exhausted, to secure one single object, and then he died with that object unreachd, though spread out in all its tempting loveliness before him.

Angry when the people clamoured for water—daring to carry out the commands of the Lord in a petulant manner—assailing the people hastily, without sanctifying them for the great miracle about to be performed—addressing them roughly, and claiming the credit of the miracle, though, perhaps, unintentionally, saying, "Must we bring water out of the rock?" and smiting, in his vexation, the rock twice instead of once, as he had been commanded, and thereby injuring the antitype—

Moses had so displeased the Lord that he denied him entrance into Canaan.

In whatever relations we behold Moses, with the above single exception, he is ever the same sublime and majestic character. Noble by nature, great by his mission, and greater still by the manner in which he accomplished it, he ever maintains his ascendancy over our feelings. We see the fiery promptings of the heart that could not brook oppression, in the bloody vengeance he took on the Egyptian who would trample on his brother. Preferring the desert with freedom, to the court of Pharaoh in sight of injustice, he led the life of a fugitive. Called by a voice from heaven to go back to deliver his people, he again trod the courts of the King of Egypt.

But not in the presence of Pharaoh when he withstood the monarch to his face, and brought down the thunders of heaven on his throne—not on the beach of the sea, with one arm upraised toward heaven, and the other stretched out over the water, while the waves that went surging by, stopped and crouched at his feet—not in the midst of the raining manna—not in the lifting of the brazen symbol in the midst of the flying serpents, while the moan of the suffering and cries of the dying struggled up from a mighty encampment—not when, between the mountains, his stately form shone in the light of the blazing, fiery pillar, while the tread of the mighty multitude shook the earth behind him—nor even when he stood on shaking Sinai, his guard the thunder, and his vesture the lightning, and talked with the Eternal, as friend talketh with friend—not in all these awful relations does he appear to be so majestic and attractive as in the last event of his life.

Behold the white tents of Israel, stretched over the plain and swelling knolls, at the foot of Mount Nebo. It is a balmy, glorious day. The sun is sailing over the encampment, while the blue sky bends in love over all things. Here and there a fleecy cloud is hovering over the top of Pisgah, as if conscious of the mysterious scene about to transpire there. The trees stand green and fresh in the sunlight; the lowing of cattle rises through the still atmosphere, and Nature is lovely and tranquil, as if no sounds of grief were to disturb her repose. Amid this beauty and quietness, Moses assembled the children of Israel for the last time, to take his farewell look, and leave his farewell blessing. He casts his eyes over the leaders beside, and over the host, while a thousand contending emotions struggle for the mastery in his bosom. The past, with its toils and sufferings, rose up before him; and how could he part with his children, murmuring and ungrateful though they had been, whom he had borne on his brave heart for more than forty years? Self-collected and calm he stood before them, and gave them his blessing. He made no