

nothing amidst the glories which He had created—yet we could say :

“ That mighty God is ours,  
Our Father and our Friend.”

As we paced the deck on that glorious night, the mind wandered as unchecked by limit as the broad expanse above us. On the rapid wings of thought it darted farther back than the creation of the Universe, when God was wrapped in the solitude of His own greatness. We read the eternity of His existence in His works around us. As old as the ocean may be, yet there was a time when there was no deep for the darkness to cover. Ere the creation of man, those brilliant gems illumined the canopy of heaven, yet before they sang together, God was. The time will come when the great deep will be dried up, and those systems of worlds will all pass away. But Deity will exist: from everlasting to everlasting He is God—the Eternal One !

We thought of His power and His infinitude, until the reason became overpowered, and the mind wearied in searching out God. Whence came these ponderous spheres? Out of what were they created? What supports them in the fluid ether? If their velocity is so great, why do they not dash through the immensity of space? Who can tell their number or define their limits? Revelation alone gives a satisfactory solution to all our queries. From that old book, the Bible, we learn that by the word of the Lord the heavens were made, and all the host of them by the breath of His mouth. He bade them spring forth from nothing, and hurled them on their course supported by nothing, marking their bounds, and controlling their motions by the coercive fiat of His own omnipotence. “ He telleth the number of the stars; he calleth them all by their names.” Fancy sought in vain to find their utmost reach. She soared to the most distant star visible from earth, and beheld far be-