

ourselves or our friends, but only manifestations and coverings. Gravitation may not be a spiritual power, but perhaps it is the link through which the spiritual domain rules and moulds the material. *The reason why we see so little of the spiritual world through nature, is because our spiritual faculties are only in an infantile stage of development.* Even in physical existence the range of our sensuous and intellectual consciousness is so limited that, according to modern science, whole universes of being may dwell among us, or be passing through us, of whose presence we know nothing. Their colors, forms, and properties are so subtle that only beings whose senses are far more acute than ours, can be introduced into their society. Weight, size, color, and form are nothing more than subjective limitations. The discharge of a cannon makes no noise if there is no ear within range. It possesses the power to stimulate the listening ear, but the noise has no existence except in the hearing. There are forms of life below us which have but one, two, or three senses. Who can affirm that there are not other existences, invisible and unknown to us, who possess more than the five senses? Science has recently made the startling suggestion that not only below us may exist molecular universes with orders, intelligences, and even civilization, but that above us worlds may be but as molecules of grand universes containing complex systems, organizations, and personalities. Such speculations, in the realm of physical science, have no value unless, by the way of analogy, they may tend to quicken our apprehension of the spiritual verities of which the material universe is but the letter upon the printed page.

Man made in God's image, and linked to and nourished by nature, what glorious opening vistas are before you, in the æons of eternal progress !

Every atom and molecule, in all spaces and combinations, has its own peculiar rhythmical movement, and thus they join in the universal anthem of praise to their Maker. All forms of life are registering their action, and printing their biographies, in the imperishable ether in which we dwell. The