

the minute alike,—the falling of a hair from our heads equally with the overthrow of an empire.

II. Let us now inquire, as proposed secondly, in what sense beauty can be affirmed of all events coming from the hand of God. "He hath made every thing beautiful in his time."

Were we interpreting these words as referring to creation, they would be universally understood, and their truth for the most part readily conceded. Few men, and those only persons of a grovelling and low-pitched spirit, are insensible to the beauty which distinguishes the works of nature. The earth is beautiful, in its variety of hill and dale; the firmament is beautiful, whether the sun in its surpassing glory shine there alone by day, or numberless stars tremble in its depths by night; so also is the great sea, now tossed by tempests, and again outstretched in calm and mirror-like expanse. The flowers are beautiful, as they open their blossoms in spring; the trees are beautiful, bending beneath the mellow fruits of autumn; winter is beautiful, with its frost, and snow-flakes, and icicles. Every organism, vegetable or animal, is beautiful. No man ever yet detected an object in nature which had not the beauty appropriate to its place in the material system. The tiniest weed and the most microscopic insect furnish in all their parts matter for the enthusiastic admiration of the naturalist. But the loveliness which distinguishes every feature in the face of creation is not more admirable,—I might even say it is less admirable,—than the loveliness which belongs to every feature in the face of Providence. "Think," the Psalmist writes,

"on the works that he hath done,
Which admiration breed;
His wonders and the judgments all
Which from his mouth proceed."