

the desert,—upon the the ocean that rocks every swimmer in its dark chambers.—upon every penciled shell that sleeps in the caverns of the deep. no less than upon the mighty sun which warms and cheers millions of creatures that live in his light,—upon all his works he has written, *none of us liveth to himself*. And probably, were we wise enough to understand these works, we should find that there is nothing, from the cold stone in the earth, or the minutest creature that breathes,—which may not in some way or other, minister to the hapiness of some living creature. How reasonable then that man,—to whom the whole creation, from the flower up to the spangled heavens, all minister,—man who has the power of conferring deeper misery or happiness than any other being on earth,—is it not reasonable that *he* should live for the noble end of living—not for himself—but for others.

Usefulness, usefulness, to *get* good and to *do* good should be the aim of every christian: to communicate the largest amount of happiness in his power, to strive to resemble that Being who pours his rains and his dews upon all, and whose tender mercies are over all his works. He loves a cheerful giver, and is himself a cheerful giver. On the desert where no man is found he sends his dews, though the arid sands drink them up. On the lofty mountain where human footstep never trod, he hangs his mantle of light, and paints the icy summit with a pencil dipped in his warm sun-beams. In the ocean bed, so deep and low that no human being has found even a grave, there has He walked as He arranged the shells, and painted them all in heaven's own colors. In the heart of the lamb, and in the heart of the insect, has He poured the vial of joy and gladness, and made creatures happy which will never know or praise their benefactor. In the wilderness has He been, and planted the flower, and taught the feathered songster to whistle his wild notes of joy. We might have had a sun lesser in magnitude, and shedding less light and glory, and we could have lived. We might have had no moon to walk the sky at night, and pour the soft silver of her light over the earth, and we could have lived. But in all He does, God delights in giving us an example of cheerful beneficence. Over innumerable myriads of creatures, he pours, from generation to generation, the rich expressions of his benevolent heart; and *that* man who would enter into his joy—the highest joy in the whole creation—must imitate him, and live to do good."

"The lips of knowledge are a precious jewel."