

grev locks soften with their silvery outlines, hard and horny palms. Heads are bent reverently, and through the solemn hush, up to the angels who minister in the good homes, are wafted simple prayers, and they bear them to the Father. Now curtains are ungathered and shutters locked, but between crack and crevice gleam out their yellow rays—from the sick room—from the student's chamber—from the kitchen, rich only in cleanliness—come those little ministers of light. And they stream out—out over the white fences, over the brown hedges, clear through to the water's brink. And there clustering about the silver wake of the moon, they dance and glitter till the rustic bridge frightens them away with its shadow—till departing day's drowsy glance melts into sleep and twilight is ended.

The Word and the Works of God.

No man can claim to be a devout believer in the word of God, who cannot habitually see the hand of his Father in all his works, who cannot behold him in the opening day or closing night, in the revolution of the planets and the seasons, in the bursting buds of spring, and the ripening harvests of autumn—aye, in every passing cloud and every beam of light. Nay, I carry the test of genuine piety and religious attainments still further. We must not only contemplate God in the shining heavens, and mark his path in the rolling deep—not only see his fatherly presence in the glow of night, in the mist upon the valley—in all the scenes of nature, fair, glorious, and grand, but we must also learn to behold him in the world of events; that world in which we are participators and recipients. He intended that, to a considerate mind, everything in life should possess a solemn meaning and a high instruction. No circumstances to be accidental; there were to be no good and evil chances; and all was to be good, though for different ends and by different means. The lake, covered

with the daffodils glancing in the wind and sunshine, was not only intended to flash on the outward, but also upon the inward eye; the forests bending beneath the breeze, and the harvests waving like the undulations of the sea; and the evergreens relieving the grimness of winter, and the little daisy that starts up along every path, were each and all to have alike a kind ministration to the various aptitudes and moods of our minds, and to the anxieties and aspirations of our souls. All was to be reviewed, studied, and remembered as pictures of Divine goodness, by which we gain

“That blessed mood,
In which the burden of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world
Is lighted; that serene and blessed mood,
In which the affections gently lead us on—
Until the breath of this corporeal frame
And even the motion of our human blood
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body and become a living soul;
While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of all things.”

Aye! a blessed mood, sent for to bring peace with every spirit of holiness,

“And teach us how to find
A shelter under every wind,
And hope, for times that are unkind
And every season.”

No, it was not intended that we should walk over God's fair earth and beneath his spreading skies with our faces prone to earth, beast-like, and like merely animate machines, breathe his air and partake of his unbounded and countless gifts, and never recognise the hand that sustains them and us by them. This is to live without a God in the world. This is a practical Atheism, whether existing out of the church or in it. And it is also to live without hope: doomed to bear the burdens, perform the tasks, and share the miseries of life, without the cheering sense of a paternal presence ever over us, and a glorious reward ever before us.