

and claims the mountains as her property. She knows every nook and dell and is familiar alike with lake and streamlet. It is she who paints the flowers, and gives grace and beauty to the trees. All that we can admire in Nature or in Art is under her dominion. The beauty and magnificence of architecture, the splendor of painting and the harmony of music are but so many contributions to her store of charms. The productions of earth, the power and motion of the elements, the grandeur of all the heavenly bodies, all lead to her glory.

Having thus briefly glanced at the admirable connection which Christianity revealed as existing between God and His works, and having pointed out how Nature retains that impress of perfection which it received at His almighty-hand, I shall now instance the high appreciation of it by two of the most eminent poets, though most neglectful of referring the glory of their songs to God.

Byron, in his description of a thunder-storm in the Alps, has the following passage :—

“—Far along  
From peak to peak the rattling crags among  
Leaps the live thunder. Not from one lone cloud,  
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,  
And Tura answers, through the misty shroud,  
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud.  
How the lit lake shines, a phosphoric sea !  
And the big rain comes dancing to the earth !  
And now again tis black—and now the glee  
Of the loud hill shakes with its mountain mirth,  
As if they did rejoice o’er a young earthquake’s birth.”

Shelly describes the “Early Dawn” in these appropriately beautiful lines :—

“The point of the one white star is quivering still,  
Deep in the orange light of the widening morn,  
Beyond the purple mountains ; through a chasm  
Of wind-divided mist, the darker lake  
Reflects it. Now it wanes—it gleams again—  
And as the waves fade, and as the burning threads  
Of woven cloud unravel in pale air—  
Tis lost ! And through yon peaks of cloud-like snow  
The roseate sunlight quivers ; hear I not  
The Æolian music of her sea-green plumes  
Winnowing in the crimson dawn ?”

Surely it was to such men, who being more gifted, became more iniquitous than the ordinary children of men, that the