

Creator ; they crowd upon us from every side—wherever we turn our eyes, there we read them. They are inscribed on the blue dome of Heaven, and on the gorgeous cloud turrets of the western sky—on the rocky cliffs which record the memories of long buried ages, and on the green sods which cover the last new made grave. The materials with which the Eternal writes his name, and the style of his handiwork are evermore the same ; whether in the golden characters of the mine, or the metallic lustre of the hills, science recognizes its Author's hand, and admires with reverence his matchless autograph.

