

and rounds out his broken and imperfect outlines, and like a grand orchestral accompaniment supports and harmonizes his uncertain operations.

“ To him who in the love of nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language ; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty ; and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness ere he is aware.”

What responsive soul can witness the splendor of a glorious sunset without being lifted out of his lower self and inspired by its unearthly riches? Who can study the masses of fleecy cloud-forms, piled like Alps upon Alps, refulgent with the rays of the setting orb, and not feel the suggestion of the power by which the Sun of righteousness illumines the mist and fogs of man's deeper nature. The purity of nature appeals to all that is pure in humanity. She softens her angles, repairs her rents, carpets her bare spaces, covers her excrescences, and sweetens all taint and corruption. She embroiders her rocks with mosses and lichens, and her running brooks are crystalline in their purity until made turbid by man's artifice ; her chemistries rectify all decay and transmute and sanctify all deformity. Her many voices in a diapason of praise are forever rendering tribute to their author, and thereby interpreting his love and beneficence to the children of men. His constancy is typified by every blossoming rose, and every violet of the woods teaches the lesson of childlike trust and faith ; the hills and mountains are symbols of his strength and majesty ; he is the substance of all things.

“ In Thee enfolded, gathered, comprehended,
As holds the sea her waves—Thou hold'st us all.”

The scale of nature is infinite. When we attempt any intellectual solution of her mysteries we are confronted by the fact that no absolute knowledge is possible, while of relative information we may build up a vast structure. The absolute is