

WHERE IS GOD ?

"One thing which weighs with me against pessimism and tells for a benevolent Author of the universe is my enjoyment of scenery and music. I do not see how they can have helped in the struggle for existence. They are gratuitous gifts."—HUXLEY.

WHERE wildness bleats on whitened mountains drear,

On sunny plains where honeyed music hums,

And where the human reason reads—in every sphere,—

A spirit dwells, and no man knoweth whence it comes.

'Twas early morn : I heard no voice nor sound—

A strange suggestive stillness filled the room,

While reason glanced at structured things around,

The sheltering house and common things of home.