

"Lo, I am with you always," in fire, in prosperity, and in adversity.

God in very deed dwells with man. Angels are waiting; said Jesus, "If I were to ask, I should have twelve legions of angels." And it seems to me that just outside this something that surrounds us and keeps us from seeing, the angels by legions are waiting. Is it visionary? No, for this blessed volume tells me the angels of the Lord camp round about them that fear Him; not only come to visit, but come to camp around them. Invisible wings are hovering near us, invisible intelligences are all around us; they bear us in their hands, lest we should dash our foot against a stone. So I say the providence of God is certain. But oh, how unwilling we sometimes are to interpret those providences. We can interpret them very easily, if they are helping us onward in our own selected course, but if they are on the other side, we do not estimate them so readily as providences. And yet what we call the affliction may be the greatest advantage; what we deem the misfortune may be the greatest benefaction; for God only can see the end from the beginning. The punishment which a mother may give to the child may be for its greatest benefit, and though for the moment it is distasteful, in after life it may be felt, that what the mother did was caused by her abounding love and superior knowledge. God watches over us more than a mother. His dwelling place is around us and in us; and why should it be thought strange that God should touch our hearts? It seems to me as though in the progress of the world, as man is learning more and more, God gives him lessons on this very subject. Man is acted on in every part of his nature by the unseen. For instance, why is it, if he steps just off the edge of a platform, he finds himself injured? He steps off the roof of a house, and he will be dashed to pieces. What is it? A strange something you call gravitation, that holds him to the earth. This earth, the moon, the planets, we know, are so held; and yet no man ever saw the chain that binds the

earth to the sun. If God binds every particle of matter in my body to the sun, the great center a hundred millions of miles away, can He not bind my spirit to Himself? If the sun attracts every particle of matter in my frame, may not God attract me? If the very unthinking, unfeeling matter a thousand miles down in the center of this earth is held and bound to the other great bodies of the universe, is it unlikely that the great Spirit might draw my spirit toward Him? Is there anything unreasonable?

Then again, I go to the sea. I put my family on board the vessel. I am not at all disturbed; I know there may be storms; but the ship is staunch, and then the pilot knows where he is going. He is not going on rocks; the ocean has been sounded. He is not going to the wrong port; there is a needle in the compass that guides him. And what is that needle? A little piece of steel, that has no thought and no power of any kind, but it has been touched with a magnet, and now it turns northward. And relying on that which no man has ever seen, it sends its company safely across the sea. What is that power? It is invisible. We may not explain it, and yet it does bind and control matter. And if God can touch a piece of steel that can neither see nor feel nor think, and it responds to the influence, may He not touch my mind, my soul, my thought, by His Holy Spirit, and make it respond to His will? Is there anything unreasonable in it?

And then again, I cannot explain it, but yonder in the sun there seems to be an explosion of gas, or a strange combustion somehow. We have only noticed it, apparently, lately, but when one occurs every one acquainted with the telegraph knows that every one in the telegraph office feels it. Every magnetic needle feels the power of that combustion of gas yonder in the sun. Who can explain it? We do not feel it nor see it. We learn afterward that there was one, but every one watching the needle finds it trembling and quivering under an influence yonder in the sun. Can a needle be made to feel a