would add its tone to the grand chorus of exultant nature. Thus would "the music of the spheres" delight the ear of their Lord.

Who has not stood and gazed at the unspeakable glories of the evening sky, when the sun is sinking to his rest, or walked through the woods after a summer shower and inhaled with delight nature's own perfumes, fresh from the growing vegetation, without instinctively feeling that man, with his legacy and burden of sin, is out of harmony with surrounding nature, pure and perfect from its Creator's hand? Look at that little bee, busy in extracting the nectar from some flower. Who would imagine that it stores its sweet burden in cells constructed according to the most abstruse mathematical calculations? This is such an interesting and significant fact that it may be pardonably enlarged upon. It is well known that a honeycomb conslsts of two sets of cells, one opening on each of its faces, and so, as it were, placed back to back. These cells are hexagonal, thus fitting together without having any interstices, but the bottom of each one of them is a most wonderful contrivance. The cells on one side are not exactly opposite those on the other, but the bottom of each abuts against the wall of the opposite one. Yet this is not the most astonishing evidence of the mathematical instinct with which the bees are endowed. The bottom of the cell is not flat, but is formed of three planes inclined to each other and to the wall at constant angles, so as to make the centre the deepest part. Now, these angles were carefully measured by Maraldi and found to be equal to 109° 28' and 70° 32'. Meanwhile König had proved by very intricate calculations that the best angles, under the circumstances, at which plane surfaces could be inclined so as to resist a pressure of this kind with greatest possible strength and economy of material was 109° 26' and 70° 32', a truly marvellous result. The bees and the mathematicians differed only by 2' of a degree or 1-1080oth part of the whole circle, an infinitesimal space in such a small thing as a cell. But which was wrong, even in this minute fraction, the bee or the mathematician? We shall see. MacLaurin, the Scotch mathematician, and friend of Sir I. Newton, investigated the matter and found that by a slight mistake in the logarithmic tables used by König, he was in error to the extent of just two minutes, so the bees were perfectly accurate, showing the wonderful instinct implanted in those workers by the Great Designer of all.

Should not facts like these cause us to look with delighted wonder on God's works, and as we spend the short time alloted to us in this little corner of His great laboratory, waiting and working (to use the faint analogy of the caterpillar) for that grand time, when, after sleeping for a brief period in the chrysalis, we shall arise through the power of Christ our Lord, clothed in that glorious garb of immortality, which the Redeemer has