

which hastened to my shade. In my bosom I have concealed and protected the brood of young birds as they lay and rocked in their nests. In the storm, I have more than once received into my body the lightning's bolt, which had else destroyed the traveller. The acorns which I have matured from year to year, have been carried far and wide, and groves of forest oak can claim me as a parent. I have lived for the eagle which has perched on my top—for the humming bird that has paused and refreshed its giddy wing, ere it danced away upon the air—for the insect that has found a home within the folds of my bark: and when I can stand no longer, I shall fall by the hands of man, and go to strengthen the ship which makes him lord of the ocean, and to his dwelling, to warm his hearth and cheer his home. I live not to myself.

On the mountain side comes the silver brook, in the distance, resembling a ribband of silver, running and leaping as it rushes joyously down. Go ask that leaper, "What are you doing?"

"I was born high up in the mountain,—but there I could do no good: I am therefore, hurrying down, running where I can and leaping where I must, but hastening to create the sweet valley,—where the thirsty cattle may drink,—where the lark may sing on the margin,—where I may drive the mill for the conveniencies of man, and then widen into the great river and bear up his steamboats and shipping, and, finally, plunge into the ocean, to rise again in vapor, and perhaps come back in the clouds to my own native mountain to live my short life over again. Not a drop of water comes down my channel on whose bright face you may not read, 'none of us liveth unto himself.'"

Speak to that solitary star that hangs in the far verge of heaven, and ask the bright sparkler, "What are you doing?"

"I am a mighty world. I was stationed here at creation, and had all my duties marked out. I was among the morning stars that sang together when all the sons of God shouted for joy. Here I hold my place, and help to keep other worlds balanced and in their places. I send my bright beams down to earth, and the sailor takes hold of the helm and fixes his eye on me, and finds his way across the great ocean. Of all the countless host of my sisters stars who walk forth in the great space of creation, not one,—no, not one lives, or shines for herself."

And thus has God written upon the flower that sweetens the air, upon the breeze that rocks that flower upon its stem,—upon the rain-drop that refreshes the smallest sprig of moss that lifts its head in