

in plant or flower breathe forth to us the feeling of some Unseen Artist? Does not each living type give the impression of being a beautiful work of art, with its own distinct design, colour, and atmosphere? It is as if the Eternal Motherly Tenderness were for ever coming forth from within the veil of the spiritual world, and, revealing itself in a golden radiance to the eye that beholds it,—saying to us in 'still small voice' as it draws near in the night of time,—It is I, My Children, be not afraid!

“But the senses afford no sufficing revelation to the soul. She cries out still for the Living God. We require a richer and fuller communion; and we find it in the historic revelation. In Jesus Christ the Infinite not only is revealed as a Person, but as One 'full of compassion.' And there has been a connected series of events, from the beginning, in which God has similarly made Himself known, 'as He does not unto the world.' Susceptible souls have been admitted within the veil of material nature, and have ascended as Moses on Horeb to see the Love which is Invisible. How precious the records of this progressive revelation! See how God once made Himself known to Abraham. How friendly, how conversable a Being was there! How unlike the Brahminical Deity who hides himself beyond the stars, caring nought for poor mortals. This 'household God' visits Abraham at every stage of his history. He imparts the first impulse of emigration from Chaldea, as He starts the swallows on their journey to the southern skies. He welcomes him into Palestine with new and grander visions between the hills of Shechem. He communes with him by night on the uplands of Hebron, and expounds to him the prophetic meaning of the spangled firmament,—'So shall thy seed be.' He even comes to him in the guise of