pretation of God is displaced by external definitions made by priestly orders and ecclesiastical authority; the outer sense is appealed to by imposing ceremonials, and the divine overflowing is lost amid the literal structure and dramatic ritual. Nature is persistent as a spiritual inspiration but external noises prevent her low sweet harmonies from being audible. Instead of letting her teach and lead us we impose our intellectual interpretation upon her. She will not reveal her riches when pursued with gauges, measures, and microscopes, but will bestow her boundless wealth upon the patient seeker after truth that comes into touch with her spirit.

We have elevated ranges of thought in our lives which are like chains of material peaks as contrasted with the surrounding levels. "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help." We live too much on the lowlands of our natures. If we linger upon the hills of elevated thought, and dwell among the summits of spiritual aspiration, our lungs will become accustomed to their rare and pure atmosphere. We delve in the glens and caves and then wonder that life is so cloudy and our horizon so narrow. The universe is a reflector of divine adornment, and is everywhere garnished with gems. We are invited to admire its beauty, inhale its fragrance, adore its color and symmetry, and through them to share in the depth and overflow of deific goodness.

"God has not made some heautiful things, but beauty is the creator of the universe."

Nature may always be trusted, for natural laws are divine methods; each successive season is a benediction in a changed form. When spring awakens a quickening impulse of life, and bursts the bars of wintry frost, she transforms the face of nature, and clothes it with a wreath of fresh life and beauty. Every seed and bulb has within it a promise of the resurrection; every flower is a suggestion, and each unfolding leaf an expression of exuberant life, which everywhere manifests the divine redundancy. Nature's ministry soothes and heals human infelicities; she fits herself into man's angular spaces, smooths