

the sea, yet the Lord will not forsake the work of His hands;" for this has been literally their history. In this they hold forth an omen of hope to the people of God in that once happy land through which these hills extend, and who now mourn the evil times on which they have fallen. The mountain plants may teach them, that though the floods of strife should rise even to the tops of the hills, and leave but scattered islets to mark the place of a united land, their rock is sure, and their prayers will prevail. The power that has waked the storm is after all their Father's hand. For years a cry has risen high above these hills: the cry of the bondman who has reaped the fields and received no hire. That cry is sure to be heard in heaven whatever other prayers may go unanswered. An apostle tells us that it enters directly into the ears of the God of Sabaoth, and is potent to call down the day of slaughter on the proud ones of earth. The prayer of the slave has been answered; and the tempest is abroad sweeping away his oppressors and their abettors. Yet God rules in all this, and those whom He has chosen will be spared even like the hardy plants of the hill tops, to look again on a renewed and smiling land, from which many monsters and shapes of dread have forever passed away.

But last of all, the alpine flowers have a lesson that should come near to all of us individually. They tell us how well natural law is observed as compared with moral. Obeying with unchanging fidelity the law of their creation, they have meekly borne the cold and storms of thousands of winters, yet have thankfully expanded their bosoms to the returning sun of every summer, and have not once forgot to open their tiny buds, and bring forth flowers and fruit, doing thus their little part to the glory of their Maker and ours. How would the moral wastes of earth rejoice and be glad, did the sunshine of God's daily favours evoke a similar response from every human heart.