

are multitudes of creatures, not one of whom liveth without the Father. Shall He not much more clothe thee? Every moment of such questionings is a confession of want of trust. Conform thyself, thou complaining heart, to the circumstances around thee, and a perception of their fitness, unperceived before, shall soon banish every doubt. Quicken the spiritual eye by a growing love and trust, and no instrument of art, bringing the wonders of heaven to your view in their surprising perfection and beauty, could reveal such tokens of the Father's love, as would then be disclosed even in the mysteries filling it before with painful doubtings. We cannot overstate the implicitness of the confidence, this absolute trust implies. It almost fears to indulge any questioning of the mind concerning the ways of God. Or if it pursue such great enquiries, it is rather because it loves in adoring gratitude to trace the Father's ways, than to seek a foundation in its researches for its deep reliance. It trusts, before it enquires. It trusts still, and equally, though no light come to bless its searchings. Doth not God reign, it asks in its firm, and its joyous hope? And that one supreme, all-comprehending ground of holy confidence, takes up within itself all imaginable specific causes of disquietude and fear, and soothes them to an endless rest. Ah! man may picture to himself bright conceptions of the movements of this holy providence, and of the glorious scenes yet concealed in the bosom of future time. But these are not the foundations whereon he rests his hopes. He may, and how fervently he must sometimes pray for deliverance from present change! I watch for an hour in Gethsemane, and I hear that prayer issuing from the Saviour's lips, in the untold strength of the feeling awak-