

different parts of the world ; but conjecture is soon to give place to certainty—awful, appalling, overwhelming certainty. While they gaze, the appearance which excited their curiosity rapidly approaches, and still more rapidly brightens. Some begin to suspect what it may prove, but no one dares to give utterance to his suspicions. Meanwhile the light of the sun begins to fade before a brightness superior to his own. Thousands see their shadows cast in a new direction, and thousands of hitherto careless eyes look up at once to discover the cause. Full clearly they see it, and now new hopes and fears begin to agitate their breasts. The afflicted and persecuted servants of Christ begin to hope that the predicted long-expected day of their deliverance has arrived. The wicked, the careless, the unbelieving, begin to fear that the Bible is about to prove no idle tale; and now fiery shapes moving like streams of lightning, begin to appear indistinctly amidst the bright dazzling cloud which comes rushing down as on the wings of a whirlwind. At length it reaches its destined place. It pauses, then suddenly unfolding, discloses at once a great white throne, where sits, starry resplendent, in all the glory of the Godhead, the man Christ Jesus. Every eye sees him. Every heart knows him." Thus the eye of imagination has kindled in view of the great day. Is it too much for us to ask the reader, if, when his eye caught amid the evening shadows, the "pure pellucid beam" of the recent comet, its front of fire had portended dire judgments to the world, what would have proved his confidence, in what was placed his safety? "But of the times and the seasons, brethren, ye have no need that I write unto you. For yourselves know perfectly that the day of the Lord so cometh as a thief in the night. For when they shall say, peace and safety, then sudden destruction cometh upon them, as travail upon a woman with child, and they shall not escape. But ye, brethren, are not in darkness, that that day should overtake you as a thief."

*The voice of the Comet says, how glorious is the dominion of God.* We feel that there is a tendency in men to be attracted by objects that are showy, are unusual, rather than by those that are steady and constantly enjoyed. The glories of the heavens every night sing in our heedless ear, "the hand that made us is divine." If only once in a generation, or in a hundred years, the matchless beauty of celestial scenery was disclosed, then the event would be watched for and recorded with deep interest. Since, however, this volume is ever open, many hardly read its lines; yet when a fresh illustration vivid and striking appears, the effect can hardly be resisted. How strikingly, then, has this shred of glory from the vesture of the Almighty, of which we write, borne to our hearts the greatness of God's dominion! His is an arm full of power. The most erratic bodies are guided by his hand. Far out into the depths of a vast infinitude his presence controls. Whither shall I flee from thy presence? Plowing the boundless skies leads to no spot beyond the ken of his Omniscient eye. He fills heaven and earth. In calm dignity the works of God speak his praise. Great and marvellous are all thy works, Lord God Almighty. Look at the Sun marching on its glorious way. How silently the Moon steps amid the splendour of the bespangled vault of heaven! Glory has looked down through the pavement of heaven expressing calmly, silently, and powerfully, the majesty of the Almighty. The pyrotechnics of heaven lead us to cry—"Great God! how infinite art thou! What worthless worms are we!"

Further, *the Comet comes to tell us of the supremacy of law in the universe of God.* As a dread traveller through the regions of immensity, however