

millions of times in area to be seen at all, is as perfectly adapted to its sphere as a swallow or a man. The great Power that wrought nature impressed the evidence of His care as much upon invisible organisms as upon peopled constellations. Could it be otherwise? As if the Care and Sovereignty of the Infinite could cease where our poor eyes must cease to follow! As if He, whose glory is above the heavens, would evolve *anything* over which His dominion would not stretch or His infinite benevolence be diffused!

No brethren, I turn from David to Christ in *this* matter;—from the human poet in a human mood to the Divine Instructor. Stand by the margin of that sheltered slope in Gallilee, its verdure tinted with the hues of flowers—and harken! It is Christ that speaks: “Consider the lilies of the field how they grow, they toil not neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these: WHEREFORE if God so clothe the grass of the field...shall He not much more clothe you?” Oh! that is a profounder insight! No suggestion of imperial splendours that cannot stoop to atoms there! David’s wonder, is the flutter of a human feeling; Christ’s assurance is the placid utterance of a Divine truth. God cares for the lilies; but ye are more than lilies; then fear not for God cares for *you*. Study the *power* of that lesson; look at the beauty and the force of the illustration. See Solomon in his glory. He is robed and crowned and canopied with the richest and the rarest from the farthest land and sea. How came that splendour there? Did earth and air and sky combine, in unintelligent caprice to glorify the voluptuous King? *No*; it was the result of intelligence, wisdom, will, design. Then behold the *lily* in its outer beauty and its inner life. Whence came it? Was it chance—the fortuituous concourse of soulless atoms smiting each other in their reckless onrush,—that produced the lily and preserves it? *No*—affirms the