

although we never saw the inventor, we are convinced of his existence, and we admire his skill; and shall we not believe in the existence and admire the skill and intelligence of the inventor of the engine or car of our Earth, which moves through space at the rate of about sixty-eight thousand miles an hour, laden with oceans, cities, forests and about ten hundred millions of passengers; and mark you, there is no tremulous jars from friction or contact of parts, no collisions or accidents, no wearing out of machinery or breaking of wheels, but all moves on harmoniously from age to age. Again we praise the sculptor who makes out of a block of marble the exact figure of a man, or the artist who is enabled to paint on canvas the finer shades and blendings, tints and hues of the setting sun's reflecting rays upon the azure of the sky, or the beautiful blossoms in the month of May, the verdure of the Sward, the beauty of a Rose or the grandeur and beauty of the hillside or the Forest; and though you may never have seen the artist; his work proves his existence and his skill; but when we consider that these are but copies, and that out of the same material the original has been produced, shall we fail to recognize the existence of that great divine Artist, who has not merely given expression to form, but has endowed it with power to move and grow, and even to reproduce itself? Is there no evidence of Divinity there? Does the cold, lifeless piece of Statuary demonstrate the intelligence of its maker or formulator, whilst the active, living man