

is a beautiful poem. You cannot see the poetry in the flowers as the horticulturist reads it. A great artist studied the poetry of the storm as he was lashed to the mast; but the storm is to us a solemn dirge. The mingling of the elements strikes terror in our hearts, and there is no beauty or grandeur in them for us. God's work in nature was made by Him harmonious as a poem. To His eye it is a poem still, and in spite of man's marring He still can say, "Very good." From a beautiful necessity God is love, and the touch of His heart is seen at our feet.

Man is of God's making. You are of divine origin, a specimen of the handicraft of the Almighty. You are an act of God, your mind an expression of His thought, and your life His breath. You are more than a clod of earth, for the stamp of divinity is still left upon your body. You are His workmanship, a poem of God. The yearning of your heart after Him, as a child after its mother, shows that you were not made to live among mire and walk on thorns, but to dwell above palaces among the stars. All nature is your servant. You were made a little lower than the angels, the central figure of creation, lord over all animal creation, and it is your privilege to have God dwell with you. There is no need that the Maker should engrave His name upon you, as a manufacturer