

lamentations of Ramah may yet be wailing among distant stars, giving a terrible significance to the old warning that man has to account for every idle word at a future reckoning.

All these marvels, facts and fancies, must attract the active and imaginative minds of our day. It is a matter of vital moment that those who are laudably jealous for the cause of revealed religion, should not needlessly place themselves in opposition to the fullest and freest enquiry, and the most impartial search for facts and phenomena on the part of science.

"Every good gift and every perfect gift cometh down from Him with whom is no variableness or shadow of turning." He who richly endowed the mind of a Newton to elucidate his laws, of a Butler to deduce profound analogies from His courses in nature, has not, we may trust Him, given choice gifts of perception and demonstration to our Murchisons, Lyells, Millers or Logans to dishonour his works or to falsify aught that he has revealed to his creatures. Let us have faith in our great truths, and not do them or ourselves the foolish injustice of treating them as dependant on the truth or falsehood of any received theory of Astronomy, Cosmogony or Chronology.

No record of æons and æons of ages brought up from the deep heart of earth; no trace of man's work, or of his bones in ancient gravel-bed or protozoic formation, will ever induce the world to surrender its heritage of glorious truths under the New Dispensation. The most sceptical has failed to give any plausible origin, apart from direct inspiration, for the wondrous system that rose pure, and white, and lucid,—a veritable City of God, shining in stainless beauty and majesty, like His Spirit over the dark waters of an effete and perishing Paganism, of blank Atheism, or pantheistic extravagance. Men will not surrender the "Father's house of many mansions," for Stygian rivers and Elysian meadows, or Islands of the Blessed, that shine so drearily in Horatian song or Platonic vision.

Even those who cling most closely to their favorite "Immutability of Nature," and speak doubtingly of miracle and portent, still cherish in their heart the great home-truths of Revelation. These great beacon lights of Time and Eternity still shine, and ever will shine, over the waste of speculative doubt and hinted impossibility, even as when the multitude of the heavenly host, the long drawn lines of Seraphim and Archangel, effulgent in the white light of Paradise, were swallowed up in the black depths of night, and the quiet stars unmoved