

waters run, the power of God, all are there. The supernatural and the natural touch everywhere and intermingle.

What is matter, force, spirit, who can tell? There is a point at which external embodiment begins, but it is further back than our earliest view of it. Life is life before we know it : and when discerned at first it is not plant nor animal, nor can we find just where this or that begins. The Eternal Power is at work in all these things, in new transformations by force, in novel distributions of substance, making and unmaking ; but the process is always masked. The most skilful observer detects no difference between work directly Divine and that by use of means. Probably a visible creation of matter would seem nothing more than a coming into view of the unseen, somewhat like the condensation of invisible vapour into steam : nevertheless, the Eternal is the very essence of nature ; and this constitutes the naturalness of the supernatural.

One force is used by another force, and transformed into yet another. Noise by modulation and rhythm becomes music. The greater and smaller vibrations of ether, by their varying velocities, produce light ; these lights combined are the white splendour of day. The laws of matter prelude the laws of light ; and life, in its higher symphonies of thought and will, enters the domain of responsibility whose final seat of judgment is in the coming time. Our sense of right and wrong is not only a reflection of what other men think, good and bad ; but the bad casts that shadow in the future which men fear ; and the good throws that finer light, our chiefest joy, by which we know of Eternal Power working for righteousness.

As we watch the flowers opening to the sun, vigorous in new life, beautiful in colour, sweet in fragrance ; we learn of an energy beyond flowers, beyond men, and greater. The realistic presentation passes into sentient perception, thence comes intellectual conception, so we know of things in relation to other things, and of our own intellectual power as a sparklet of wisdom in the world. Then we find that matter is as a great organic nerve in the universe ; space is an infinite