

yond, innumerable myriads of planetary systems rolling in the immeasurable expanse. These spacious heavens, like the Infinite one, are unlimited. He fills the immensity above, and the great depths beneath.

As we looked at the reflected grandeur of the moon, increasing in splendour as she ascended the arch of heaven, looking proudly upon us, as if conscious that she was the Queen of Night; as we viewed the glittering orbs that filled the crystal concave with a flood of brilliancy, and as we beheld all this scene of magnificence reflected in the ocean beneath, we thought of the Creator's glory and wisdom which are so beautifully reflected in all His works. Truly, the heavens declare the glory of the Lord, and the firmament sheweth His handiwork, and His path is in the mighty waters.

Our thoughts turned from the magnitude and mysteries of creation, to meditate upon the greater mystery of God manifest in the flesh. We could not but ask, as we thought of the child Jesus in Bethlehem's manger—the homeless wanderer among the mountains of Palestine—the condemned sufferer dying the shameful death of the cross. Can this helpless infant be the creator of this vast universe? Is it possible that the "man of sorrows" is the perfect Deity? Who can believe that He who is in death's severest agony, is the self-existent and omniscient Jehovah? Faith, like the magnetic needle, when slightly affected by counteracting influences, wavered, but soon regained its true position. It beheld the star that heaven lent to guide to the spot where the infant Saviour lay. It listened with the wondering shepherds to the angelic messenger declaring the birth of Christ the Lord, and heard the multitude of heavenly choristers chanting the praises of God and His good will to man. It witnessed the sick restored to health, the blind for the first time looking upon the loveliness of heaven and earth, the deaf