

the spheres are single poems in the volume of nature which God composed in His leisure. Nature is the expression of the beauty of God. It cannot be more beautiful than He is Himself. The painter cannot go beyond his knowledge, training and power of thought, and his picture is only the outward expression of his inner nature. The beauty of the landscape is the expression of the beauty of God. The poetry of nature is the strength of the intellect and the fervor of the imagination of the Divine Poet. The beauty of nature is the picture of the holy and unspeakable joy of heaven. That which on earth we call beauty is named truth in heaven. The resources of God are seen in the hidden wonders which He has made and placed in the remotest corners of the earth where man never finds his way. Were an artist to put on canvas the fineness and perfect color of a bit of moss he would secure immortal fame ; but God places in profusion the inklings of His nature in fern and flower, in rock and rivulet. The universe is the canvas for the Infinite Painter. His colors are formed by eternal thought. All nature is divine in its origin, progress and harmony. God has sown His name in the glittering stars of the heavens, and planted it on earth in tender and beautiful flowers. The light that falls with eternal radiance is the shadow of God. Nature