

that we would seem able to pierce them through with the hand, and then gathering suddenly into a thick, fierce and angry mass, bursting into forked flames, and threatening destruction. But what marvellous beauties lie hid in the clouds, just before and soon after rain! Sometimes the whole mass is broken into small fleecy particles with jots of the deepest blue between, the edges and projecting parts of each fleece glowing with burnished gold, or some part of the cloud is full of a light which seems almost heavenly and supernatural, whilst the rest is wrapped in sober gray. Then there is what Homer justly called "rosy-fingered morning," and the faint pink of the aurora borealis, with its pyramids of light shooting up, and ever changing places.

On my visitations I have sometimes travelled through rain all the morning, and just before sunset, have reached the borders of the river St. John. Then suddenly the storm would break away to the eastward, and on the western side of the river the sun bursting forth, would clothe the hills and trees and plants, and even the grass with a mist of burnished molten gold, so that each object stood out distinctly, and seemed to come close to the eye, glorious as the streets of the New Jerusalem, which is said to be "all gold, transparent as glass." Meanwhile the river, darker than ever, from the clouds which overcast its waters, murmured sullenly along, like that dark stream which we must all cross to pass to those golden streets and regions of unclouded sunshine, sullied by no impurity, never overcast by clouds of doubt and sin and sorrow. You all remember the poet's beautiful line,

"How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank."

But sweeter still it sleeps upon the lake, when all its brightness seems concentrated in one beautiful spot in the distance, whilst every thing on the surrounding hills is high, and dark, and still. What can be more beautiful in colour than the full moon on the sea, as the waters laugh and dance and play with its beams; or than the sunsets on our own river, with ever-changing hues of orange, green, and purple, as if the whole depth of the water were coloured; or than the indigo mist that rises from the little mountain stream, which thread-like winds its way among the hills, and is gradually lost to sight:—even as the silent prayer from a poor man's heart finds its way into the ocean of God's love.

These are a few of the beauties of Nature, which I have described as I have seen them, but which require a far keener observer, and a livelier pen to do them justice.

Now do you imagine that these innumerable beauties of order, harmony, form and colour, are bestowed upon mankind