

dome above them, and its lofty columns around them, and yet hear none of those whispers or echoes, nor feel any of the inspiration of the place, but whose supreme attention is devoted to "the gewgaws and trinkets, the puppet shows and histrionic feats, which fashion, and ambition, and sensuality have surreptitiously introduced there!" How insensible to every noble impulse has his heart become who has neither eye nor ear for the charms of Nature! For she is the kind mother of us all. In her arms were we cradled, on her bosom were we nursed, and her voice falls on every well-attuned ear like the music of heaven. It is indeed the music of heaven; for Nature's harmonies are but a transcript of the divine perfections, and her voice is, therefore, the voice of God.

We fear, however, that such sentiments do not accord with the experience of most Christians. They look upon the system of nature as a field well adapted to regale the fancy, gratify the taste, and delightfully exercise the understanding, but not to warm the heart and feed the spiritual taste of piety. Creation is, indeed, a splendid temple, but it is cold and lifeless. No sacred fire burns upon the altar; no crucified Redeemer is there to fix the attention and absorb the affections; no Spirit of grace speaks gently to the soul. The religion of sentimentalism may flourish by communion with nature; but the piety that saves the soul and blesses the world must seek for its nourishment at the foot of the cross.

True, it is at the cross we must learn how to be saved, and how to save others. But because we cleave with supreme affection to the God of redemption, must we abjure the God of nature? If it feed our devotion to muse on the character of that God who devised and executed the marvellous plan of redemption by a long series of miracles in human history,