

brought to feel, if not to conceive of it — to be made to know that we ourselves are barren-minded, and that in Him “all fulness dwelleth.” Succeeding creations, each with its myriads of existences, do not exhaust Him. He never repeats Himself. The curtain drops, at his command, over one scene of existence full of wisdom and beauty; it rises again, and all is glorious, wise, and beautiful as before, and all is new. Who can sum up the amount of wisdom whose record He has written in the rocks — wisdom exhibited in the succeeding creations of earth, ere man was, but which was exhibited surely not in vain? May we not say with Milton. —

Think not, though men were none,  
That heaven could want spectators, God want praise;  
Millions of spiritual creatures walked the earth,  
And these with ceaseless praise his works beheld?

It is well to return on the record, and to read in its unequivocal characters the lessons which it was intended to teach. Infidelity has often misinterpreted its meaning, but not the less on that account has it been inscribed for purposes alike wise and benevolent. Is it nothing to be taught, with a demonstrative evidence which the metaphysician cannot supply, that races are not eternal — that every family had its beginning and that whole creations have come to an end?