

skinned rhinoceros wallows in the marshes ; the squat hippopotamus rustles among the reeds, or plunges sullenly into the river ; great herds of elephants seek their food amid the young herbage of the woods ; while animals of fiercer nature,—the lion, the leopard, and the bear,—harbour in deep caves till the evening, or lie in wait for their prey amid tangled thickets, or beneath some broken bank. At length, as the day wanes and the shadows lengthen, man, the responsible lord of creation, formed in God's own image, is introduced upon the scene, and the work of creation ceases for ever upon the earth. The night falls once more upon the prospect, and there dawns yet another morrow,—the morrow of God's rest,—that Divine Sabbath in which there is no more creative labour, and which, "blessed and sanctified" beyond all the days that had gone before, has as its special object the moral elevation and final redemption of man. And over *it* no evening is represented in the record as falling, for its special work is not yet complete. Such seems to have been the sublime panorama of creation exhibited in vision of old to

" The shepherd who first taught the chosen seed,
In the beginning how the heavens and earth
Rose out of chaos ;"

and, rightly understood, I know not a single scientific truth that militates against even the minutest or least prominent of its details.