

ocean is the symbol of a divine idea—the swelling prairie, the rocky cordillera, the teeming populations of land, and sea, and air, are the utterances of divine conceptions—the stirring leaf, the basking butterfly, the glistening pebble on the strand, are thoughts of the Infinite, crystallized in visible things, thrown down before us to arrest our attention—strewn over our pathway to provoke our curiosity and arouse the powers of the soul.

We have listened to the recital of the pebble, and its simple story has turned our thoughts backward over the flight of ages, and disclosed a marvelous unity running through the long series of revolutions and innovations to which our domestic planet has been subjected. We have read the epic of the trilobite, and have learned of a Deity inaugurating plans in the infancy of our earth which are still in process of consummation. We have lighted the vistas of the fleeting ages. We have studied the records of universal empires, and the monuments which perpetuate the memory of powerful dynasties. We have seen the procession of living forms pass by, and discovered them marshaled by a single leading Intelligence. We have witnessed the progressive development of the physical world—its successive adaptations to its successive populations, and its completion and special preparation for the occupancy of man, and have learned that the whole creation is the product of one eternal, intelligent *master purpose*—the coherent result of ONE MIND.

What higher subject of contemplation than the world-phenomena which express the thoughts of the Creator? What nobler history to study than the annals of races and revolutions in which the Almighty purpose, instead of human will, has been the controlling power? What antiquities more awe-inspiring than the ruins of continents and the tombs of races whose splendid dynasties passed their