

came, sees a raisin in the cake. "Oh (says he), madam, how old is this cake?" "I made it yesterday," is the reply. "Oh, but madam, this raisin grew on some vine surely, and my knowledge and experience teaches me that vines do not grow in a day." But, the lady insists that she made the cake yesterday, saying, "If you wish to know how I compounded it, step into my kitchen and you will readily learn all about it." By and by we may be permitted to step into the Lord's kitchen or laboratory, there perhaps commence to take lessons in these matters, as we now may by stepping into the iron-master's shop, there to learn how he takes the different classes of ore, and by putting them through a certain process they are formed into pig or railroad iron. He speaks, he directs, and out comes his material at his command. We go into his shop and learn how this is done; we have not got far enough yet to know how these materials were brought together, how they were compounded. But it is enough for us to know that it has been done, and that somebody has done it; and we might as well say the railroad iron had no creator, nobody to design it, or command the elements to go together, as to say there is no God, because we have not the privilege of going right straight into his laboratory to find out how he commanded the elements together. We go down to the sea coast of old Salem or Boston; we see ships start out to sea properly officered and manned, under sail or steam, or both. In the course of a month, the same vessels return to port; and by and by they make another voyage, in about the same time. We see other ships start out, and it is a much longer or shorter time before they return. We know not where they have been or the several orbits in which they have been moving, but we know

that they return. And although we may not know whither they have been, or whence they came, the time they have made, etc., the crew that manned them, and the captain that steered them, and the power behind them, all that commands them, know all about it. And yet our own observations should teach us that there was somebody that directed them, their movements were not the work of chance, but of design; that others perform their work and somebody has purposed it. And although we may not be able to measure the distance of the heavenly bodies, nor comprehend the extent of their revolutions, we see and know enough to convince us that they are all regulated by and subject to law; so that their laws are so well understood as frail mortal man, that even the number of them can be counted, and their movement understood, and their times and periods calculated.

Now, would not a man be as senseless to say, there is no God, as to say, there is no shipmaster that guides the course of the vessel, and no shipowner that controls them. Their periods are appointed by him who lists to direct them. So with man. As the Apostle Paul has said: "He giveth to all life, and breath, and all things.

And hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth, and hath determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation."

What is the fountain from which we drink knowledge, is it from books? I say yes, if we have within us the inspiration that enables us to cull the good from the bad, the truth from the error, storing up that which is worth retaining, and casting away the dross. For we find that books are oftentimes a labyrinth of folly and human weakness; for men write as they talk, and they talk as they think. And when