

How can this be the object of the exercise of our most fervent faith? Where in *this* religion would be the place for worship? Do we not seem to hear the apostle's warning?—"And though I have *all faith* so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing."

THE ROADWAYS OF GOD'S RAPTURES

J. D. LOGAN

Soon as the winds blow hither Evening's dewy cool,
 And heaven's twinkling lanthorns begin their wonted rule,
 I run the Roadways of God's Raptures by the light
 Of His star-festoons swung along the lanes of Night;
 Or ride His comet-coursers far, and chase
 The lightning chariots of the All-Encompasser,
 Careering past Aldebaran, Canopus, and the Bear;
 Or dumbly marvel while I watch the All-Artificer,
 Whose forges are candescent with the glory of His face,
 Toss from His Titan anvils a million worlds in space.
 So from my spirit's secret scanning-tower I look above,
 Beholding God's omnipotence—and, lo, Omnipotence is Love!
 For through the overwhelming, soul-appalling while
 The unperturbed and pious Stars benignly smile,
 And win for me from their seraphic silences
 The benediction of a sacramental peacefulness.