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-courser 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.