

about mid-day, I came to a certain fortification nigh unto the brook Chippaway, and I went into a certain inn and did eat bread, because I was an hungry.

Now there was a miracle nigh unto this place, and it was the wonderful work of Him who created the heaven's and the earth, the seas and the fountains of water.

And it was in my heart to go and behold the miracle, and I went and looked, and saw the waters of the river, even the great river Niagara, falling down ninety and two cubits, and I descended the mountain as though it were down by the side of a wall to the waters below the cataract, and the rocks were mighty to behold.

Now, there was an island in the midst of the river, and part of the cataract was on this side of the island, and part on that side, and I walked under the rocks and the waters poured down exceedingly, and there was a great mist went up and watered the face of the earth round about, and it looked like a cloud, and I saw a rain-bow in the clouds, and the rushing of the waters were mighty and caused a great wind underneath the cataract, and it blew the mist upon me like small rain and wet me exceedingly, and the noise thereof was indeed as the sound of many waters.

Now, when I beheld these things I was like one astonished, and I mused thereon and said in my heart, "the hand that made them is divine."

Ye waters that come from afar, with many a curve round hills and mountains, perpetually rolling down this mighty cataract and steadily pressing towards the unfathomable deep, are emblematical of the wisdom and excellency of the great Author of Creation. Ye lofty craggy rocks that surround me, and have sustained the blast of many a thousand years, yet remain as monuments of the dignity and power of your Supreme Architect, and declare that He that made you lives for ever and ever.

And thou arching bow that ornaments yon rising cloud, echoes the language of praise to Him, who, with unclouded majesty, presides over all his works and displays his wisdom in fixing thee in thy appointed place. And it came to pass after I had mused on all these things that I went up from the river by the same way whither I went down, and the country round about was beautiful and fruitful, and every green thing did flourish because of the mist that went up from the dashing of the waters, and distilled as small rain upon them, and I returned by the same way which I came, and lodged at a certain inn that night.

BETHESDA MONDAY EVENING
PRAYER-MEETING, MAY
2, 1892.

Mr. Groves. Jer. xviii, 1-4. It is always interesting to watch a skilled workman at his craft, and often spiritual lessons may be learnt by those on the look-out for them. I have frequently taken my friends to "the potter's house" in Bristol, and beheld this very scene reproduced, for, while in so many other trades modes of working have been completely altered, to this very day three things, in this country, no less than in the East, continue to be used just as mentioned here,—the lump of clay, out of which the vessel is to be fashioned,—the wheel or revolving table,—and the hand of the potter,—the finger and thumb, or in some cases, piece of stick for the shaping. Very great care has to be exercised in the preparation of the clay. Some of it may be got close at hand, but other portions come from a long distance, over the sea often, but there is one point common to all, each ingredient must be reduced to the finest powder possible, grinding and repeated siftings being carried on to secure this end. The need for all this labor was made abundantly evident on the occasion of my last visit.

The potter was at work on a jug. I