

to each of you, that the Two Books are very much alike: they are both full of instruction, and they both demand our careful study. The Book of Nature tells us much about God, and if we love him, we will not fail to peruse it. Everything in it was made for a purpose, and he who discovers the nature and use of even the smallest of God's works, whether it be a snowflake of winter, or a summer insect, honours God, no less than he, who enlarges our knowledge of the Bible. God is, and can be worshipped, everywhere. And while you enjoy yourselves amid the works of his hand, if you are led, through them, to contemplate his goodness, his wisdom, or his power, you are worshipping him as truly, as if you were singing psalms in his praise. While you gambol on the lea, then, think of Him who decked the green sward for you to frisk upon. While you listen to the songs of the merry birds, up in the branches, think of Him who taught them to sing. While you chase the butterfly from flower to flower, think of Him who painted its wings. And as you gaze at the bright sun, think of Him who hung it out in the sky, in all its glory, and tell me, is not the God of Nature, good, and wise, and great? Is he not a God worthy to be feared? But if we are to study the one book, we are not to neglect the other.—The Bible is God's second issue to us, and if we may so speak, it is his best. It is a gift from the heart, and it is stamped with *Love*. He has sent it down to us from heaven, on different occasions, and the least we can do, is to read it, and to read it all. If a friend were to send you a letter from a distant country, what would he think of you, if he heard that you never had taken the trouble to peruse it? He would have just reason to be offended.—And so has God if you never read his Bible. It is the bounden duty of each of us, to study it well. Many of its consoling passa-

ges should be committed to memory, and laid up in the heart; for when the sight begins to fail, the almond tree to flourish, the silver cord to be loosed, and when the wheel is giving way at the cistern, they will then be to us sweeter than honey, than the honeycomb, better than rubies; and all the gold that is to be desired is not to be compared to them. Go and learn wisdom from that little Irish boy, who had his Bible burnt. A priest once entered his cabin, and found him busily engaged in reading. He asked him what book that was, which was so engrossing his attention. The boy replied "It is the Bible." The priest told him to throw it away, for it was not a book for boys. The boy refused, adding that it was the best book in the world, and the best book for boys. At this, the priest snatched it out of his hands, and threw it into the fire, and stood by, until he had seen the last of it. But on turning round to the boy, he saw him smiling. "Why is it, he asked," that you smile, while I burn your book?" "Ah!" said the little boy, "you have burnt the book, but you cannot burn that verse, that I learnt about Jesus, how he says, 'Come unto me all ye that labour, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest,' you can never burn that verse out of my mind." O! be advised to imitate that boy, get the precious texts of Scripture riveted in your hearts, when you are young, and they will go with you through life, and land you safely in eternity. Study the Scriptures, for they alone are able to make you wise unto salvation.

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Knowledge and good parts, under the management of grace, are like the rod in Moses' hand, wonder-workers; but turn to serpents, when they are cast upon the ground and employed in promoting earthly designs.