

In an obscure corner of St. Paul's cathedral is a small tablet bearing the name of its illustrious architect with the legend, "If you desire to see his monument, look around." Here is a Bible and our country is a monument to its power. This does not merely mean that even the overwhelming majority of the people obey it, but that the organic life of the country and the legislative, judicial, and executive acts of the Government, are in accordance with the religion it unfolds and which our people have accepted. On a summer's day, as the writer was riding near a large field, the question was asked, What is the crop, so lustrous in bright yellow? Hardly a green spot appeared. No man, however, would call that a mustard field. It was a wheat field, notwithstanding all the weeds; ploughed, harrowed and rolled, with and for wheat. It yielded over twenty bushels to the acre, too. So this land is a Bible Christian land, and although many and diverse principles obtain; although tares are among the wheat, sometimes overtopping it, the fact abides as to the character of our country. No reason can be given for the slender acquaintance many persons make with the book, but that its purity, and the heavenliness it demands and which should be attractive, become repulsive to minds bent only on self-gratification or full of self-sufficiency. And yet he is a superficial reader who remains unacquainted with it. It is classic among classics. It settles with precision some questions insolvable by geologist, ethnologist, historian and linguist. Some dapper lecturers grow smart in criticising the Mosaic account of creation as being mythical or unlearned, not knowing that its statements are as precise and demonstrative as any proposition in Euclid's geometry. The man who, in this country, remains ignorant of this book can not claim credit for the intelligence befitting this age any more than he who takes no newspaper. It is to us as a people, what the diameter of the earth's orbit is to the astronomer, the base line for the calculations of the whole universe.—*An American Writer.*

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### READING ALOUD.

WHEN people speak of accomplishments, says the *Christian Intelligencer*, they always mean music, vocal and instrumental, dancing, and some knowledge of languages. Yet it seems to us that they should include the art of reading aloud, correctly and gracefully, among them, for this is an art as acceptable as it is uncommon. When we say *uncommon*, we are not to be understood as saying that very few people can read aloud cor-