

ONE THING WE DO NOT WANT.

We do not want a New Bible. Many an old volume of human lore has been rendered obsolete by the discoveries of a succeeding age. But all true science does homage to the Bible. We need not be apprehensive that the ever-widening circle of human literature will trench on the hallowed ground of divine revelation. We have no misgiving lest light from that region of nebulae, the "milky way," should extinguish the beams of the "Sun of Righteousness;" or lest "the chemistry of the stars" should disturb the harmonious elements of inspiration. Standing on the "Rock of Ages," we are conscious of no tremor from the hammer of the geologist; nor do we fear that the hieroglyphics of the archæologist may invalidate the chronology of Moses. Exempt from the mutations which pertain to mere human philosophy, the Bible, stereotyped from heaven, remains alike the glory of all lands and of all times:—

Most wondrous book! bright candle of the Lord!
 Star of eternity! The only star
 By which the bark of man could navigate
 The sea of life, and gain the coast of bliss!

TEN MINUTES LOST FOR EVER.

The following anecdote of John Wesley will bear repeating:

The diligence of Mr. Wesley in redeeming time has been often noticed, but it is scarcely possible for those who were not intimate with him, to have a just idea of his faithfulness in this respect. In many things he was gentle and easy to be entreated; in this, decided and inexorable. One day his chaise was delayed beyond the appointed time. He had put up his papers and left the apartment. While waiting at the door, he was heard to say, by one that stood near him, "have lost ten minutes for ever."

MISSIONARY OBJECTS.—The propagation of the gospel, the advancement of science, and of industry, the perfection of the arts, the diffusion of knowledge, the happiness of mankind here and hereafter—these are the blessed objects of Christian missions; and compared with these, all human ambition sinks into the dust—the ensanguined chariot of the conqueror pauses—the sceptre falls from the imperious grasp—the blossom withers even in the patriot's garland. But exertions like these need no panegyric; they are recorded in the heart whence they sprung, and in the hour of adverse vicissitudes, if ever it should arrive, sweet will be the odor of their memory, and precious the balm of their consolation.

RELIGION OF YOUTH.—True religion gives ever a beauty and grace. In old age it is sunshine cast on fallen towers and ruined arches; beauty added to deformity and decay. But in youth it is sunshine cast on blowing flowers and enchanting scenery; it is beauty added to beauty, to make brighter and more lovely that which was already so.