

SUNDAY SCHOOL BARRER

for

TEACHERS

AND

YOUNG PEOPLE.

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The Sabbath.

BY H. E. Q.

O DAY of all the days the best !
O day of joy and peace and rest !
When free from worldly toil and care
We hasten to the place of prayer.

'Tis there we meet the One Divine ;
Be that my only thought, and thine ;
Thy holy temple is to me
A sacred place to worship Thee.

With reverent heart, humble and meek,
Thy loving favour we will seek ;
The promised blessing there to claim,
Because we come in Jesus' name.

Then let Thy face upon us shine,
And fill our souls with love divine,
That every heart a shrine may be
Where we will worship only Thee.

The pardon of our sins we crave
From Him who came a world to save ;
The peace, the promised peace is given,
An earnest of the rest of heaven.

Frontier, Que.

The Bible Read Consecutively.

BY JOHN IRELAND.

I BEGAN last Easter and ended on the third of October. This is the third time I read it consecutively ; the first time was in 1857, and the second in some intervening year, I forget

what. My object in the first reading was to improve my conversational ability, for, as a common school-teacher, I frequently met with clergymen. The second reading was to learn its literature, for, for a teacher not to have read the Bible, was not to improve his reputation. The third reading had for its object, to see if it really is the *word of God*. I concluded that, if true, it can stand criticism, provided the criticism is itself true. I read it very carefully, marking many verses to be used in future reference. It can be thoughtfully read in a year, but a lifetime is too short to digest its full significance.

I dwelt a long time on the first three words, "In the beginning." I inferred that there was a beginning, that there was a point in the deep past, when things that are were not. I then looked at the other side, the atheistic, the materialistic, "that matter never had a beginning, that it can never have end since it could no more end itself than it could begin itself." There is no relief in this view, it is much more complicated than the view given by the Bible. It altogether transcends man's comprehension, that a material thing could be made of *nothing* ; there are no examples, yet the alternative is even more difficult. We cannot at all conceive how a thing could have had no beginning, yet some one of the two hypotheses must be the true.

The Bible is full of mystery, full of miracle, full of majesty, I might add, full of mercy. There is a positive proof of *design* pervading the whole visible creation. I conclude that God is the author of the Bible, and that it is better for us all to be than not to be.

LET our prayers ascend morning and evening.
Let our days begin and end with God.—*Channing.*