

impressive. The choir, as they passed in procession, sang that beautiful hymn, "The Church's one Foundation, etc." The Metropolitan said the appropriate prayers, the vast audience responding. The builder made the stone plumb and straight, and as the venerable bishop struck it with a silver trowel he said, "In the faith of Jesus Christ we place this foundation stone; in the name of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, Amen." The whole service is very beautiful, but too long to give you here, and as we stood under the soft August sky and joined in the prayer and praise, we thought of that great Temple in Heaven of which Christ is the Light and Life as well as the Corner Stone to which may God in His great mercy bring us all.

When the service was over, a great many went up to look at the foundation stone, and a few placed their offerings on it, amounting to fourteen hundred dollars.

In the evening we had a grand service at St. Luke's Cathedral Church. An hundred white robed choristers, clergy, men and boys, walked in procession to the chancel, again singing, "The Church's one Foundation, etc." The whole service was choral; and then Bishop Seymour gave us an address, which I wish you could have heard. Your cheeks would have glowed, your eyes sparkled and your hearts burned as ours did at the stirring eloquence of this gifted prelate.

And so ended a day much to be remembered in Halifax, and I trust that the little account I have given of it may prove of some interest and benefit to you all.

HOW TO DESTROY THE BIBLE.

FIRST, get rid of all the copies in all the languages—there are 160,000,000 copies, say, of the Old and New Testaments in one book and in portions of the book—you must have all these piled together in a pyramidal mass, and reduced to ashes before you can say you have destroyed the Bible. Then go to the libraries of the world, and when you have selected every book that contains a reference to the Old and New Testaments, you must eliminate from each book all such passages; and until you have so treated every book of poetry and prose, excising all ideas of grandeur and purity and tenderness and beauty, for the knowledge and power of which the poets and prose writers were indebted to the Bible; until you have taken all these from between the bindings and turned them to ashes, leaving the emasculated fragments behind; not until then have you destroyed the Bible. Have you done it then? Once more. Go to all the courts of law, and having sought out the pandects and codes, you must master every principle of law, and study what it may have derived from the Old and New Testaments, and have all such passages removed from the codes of jurisprudence. You must then go to the galleries of art throughout the world, and you must slash and

daub over and obliterate the achievements that the genius of the artist has produced—not until then have you destroyed the Bible. Have you done it then? What next? You must visit every conservatory of music, and not until the world shall stand voiceless as to its masters, not until then have you destroyed the Bible. Then you must visit the baptistries of the churches, and from the baptismal roll you must erase all Christian names—the names of John and Mary—for they suggest the Scriptures, and the register is stamped with the Bible. Have you done it then? No. There is one thing more you must perform. There is one copy of the Bible still living. It is the cemetery of the Christian. The cemeteries, while they exist, are Bibles, and to suppress the book, to let not a trace of it be discovered, you must pass from gravestone to gravestone, and with mallet and chisel cut out every name that is Biblical, and every inspiring passage of Scripture graven thereon. To destroy the Bible you must also blot from the memory of every Christian its promises and comforts. Not until you have done all this can you destroy the Bible.—*Selected.*

GETTING THE WORST.

A BOY came to the door of a lady's house, and asked if she did not want some berries, for he had been all day gathering them.

"Yes," said the lady, "I will take them." So she took the basket and stepped into the house, the boy remaining outside, whistling to some canary birds hanging in their cage on the porch.

"Why don't you come in and see that I measure your berries right?" said the lady; "how do you know but I may cheat you?"

"I am not afraid," said the boy, "for you would get the worst of it."

"Get the worst of it!" said the lady, "what do you mean by that?"

"Why, ma'am," said the boy, "I should only lose my berries, and you would make yourself a thief. Don't you think that would be getting the worst of it?"

The boy was right. He who steals or does anything wrong or mean just to gain a few pennies or a few dollars, loads himself down with a sin which is worse than all the gain. Let this be borne in mind: The one who does a wrong to another always gets the worst of it.

THE COMPASS TO STEER BY.

"WELL, my boy, so you are going to try your fortune in the city? I tell you it is a dangerous ocean to launch your craft on," said a man to his neighbor's son.

"Yes, sir," answered the lad, taking his Bible from his pocket; "but you see I've got a safe compass to steer by."

"Stick to it, stick to it!" cried the man, "and the enemy may blow hot or blow cold, and he can't hurt so much as a hair of your head."