

"So was I," echoed her father, in his thought.

"O! there's my dear old woman's house; that little bit of a tiny place, that used to be a shop, you know. No, you *must* go and see her."

So, true to his promise, the minister sprang out, and Minnie, all eagerness, led him in. An aged woman, very neat, very smiling, arose from a desk where she was writing, and welcomed them warmly.

"I am not busy, you see," she said, laying down her pen, and forthwith she began to talk of the last Sabbath sermon with a beauty of language that quite astonished the pastor.

"It is very strange I have not seen you before," he said.

"I knew you had enough to do, with such a large flock," she replied.

"But where do you sit?"

"I have been in the last pew but one on the left side; your sexton showed me that one, and I have, ever since I have been there, sat in it. It is, however, so inconvenient that I believe, as I have made up my mind to attend your church, I shall hire a seat farther up.

The pastor's cheek burned. He remembered the old, solitary woman in the poor-seat.

"Father is getting money for the missionaries; don't you want to give him some?" asked the minister's little daughter, innocently.

"Yes, dear—I'm sure I do. I've just twenty dollars of my annuity left. I was wondering how I should dispose of it, for you must know I have taken to the freak of giving it away in my old age. I can support myself by copying. Till the Lord takes away my strength, all the money belongs to him."

"Is not this too much?" said the pastor, taken quite by surprise.

"It is the Lord's," said the old lady—"do with it for Him, as it seemeth to thee good."

That visit was one of prolonged, of unexpected interest. The old lady repeated parts of the history of her life. She had been a wealthy, learned and ambitious woman. Her place had been in courts, and about royalty. But terrible reverses had chastened and elevated her spirit, and she had brought ambition, learning, and what little wealth she had, and laid it at the foot of the cross. Never did the pastor enjoy a richer intellectual or spiritual feast.

The wealthy lawyer and his family continued for many months to attend the society under Mr. Ivers, then the summer came, and they flew like birds to a watering place. The church was never richer for them, but while the old lady, who had attracted no attention beyond a little curiosity, remained on earth, her worldly wealth and her godly walk and conversation were full of untold benefit, and caused more than one thoughtless church member to blush for their want of interest in the patched old lady who sat in the poor-seat.—*Examiner*.

LOSS OF THE ALEXANDRIAN LIBRARY A BLESSING.

"Scholars and artists have mourned for ages over the almost universal destruction of the works of ancient genius. I suppose that many a second rate city, at the time of Christ, possessed a collection of works of surpassing beauty, which could not be equalled by all the specimens now existing, that have yet been discovered. The Alexandrian Library is believed to have contained a greater treasure of intellectual riches than has ever since been hoarded in a single city. These, we know, have all vanished from the earth. The Apollo Belvidere and the Venus de Medicis stand in almost solitary grandeur, to remind us of the perfection to which the Plastic Art of the ancients had attained. The Alexandrian Library furnished fuel for years for the baths of illiterate Moslems. I used, myself, frequently to wonder why it had pleased God to blot out of existence these magnificent productions of ancient genius. It seemed to me strange that the pall of oblivion should thus be thrown over all, to which, man, in the flower of his age, had given birth. But the solution of this mystery is found, I think, in the remains of Herculaneum and Pompeii. We there discover that every work of man was so penetrated by corruption, every production of genius was so defiled with uncleanness, that God, in introducing a better dispensation, determined to cleanse the world from the pollution of preceding ages. As when all flesh had corrupted his way, he purified the world by the waters of a flood, so, when genius had covered the earth with images of sin, he overwhelmed the works of ancient civilization with a deluge of barbarism, and consigned the most splendid monuments of literature and art to almost universal oblivion. It was too bad to exist, and he swept it all away with the bosom of destruction."—*Dr. Wayland*.