

will be discovered ; and, while conducting this examination, let it be remembered that it is a book which speaks of everything ; which describes nature ; which recites its creation ; which tells us of the waters, of the atmosphere, of the mountains, of the animals, and of the plants. It is a book which teaches the first revolutions of the world, and which also foretells its last. It recounts them in the circumstantial language of history ; it extols them in the sublimest strains of poetry ; and it chants them in the charms of glowing song. It is a book which is full of oriental rapture, elevation, variety and boldness. It is a book which speaks of the heavenly and invisible world, while it also speaks of the earth and things visible. It is a book which nearly fifty writers, of every degree of cultivation, of every state, of every condition, and living through the course of fifteen hundred years, have contributed to make. It is a book which was written in the centre of Asia, in the sands of Arabia, and in the deserts of Judea ; in the court of the temple of the Jews, in the music schools of the prophets of Bethel and Jericho, in the sumptuous palaces of Babylon, and on the idolatrous banks of Chebar ; and, finally, in the centre of the western civilization, in the midst of the Jews and their ignorance, in the midst of polytheism and its idols, in the bosom of pantheism and its sad philosophy. It is a book whose first writer had been forty years a pupil of the magicians of Egypt, who maintained the doctrine that the sun, the stars, and the elements, were endowed with intelligence ; that they reacted on the elements, and governed the world by an influence ever going forth from them. It is a book whose first writer preceded by more than nine hundred years the most ancient philosophers of Greece and Asia ; who lived long before Thales, and Pythagoras, and Zaleucus, and Xenophon, and Confucius. It is a book which carries its narratives even to the hierarchies of angels, even to the most distant epochs of the future, and the glorious scenes of the last day. Search

among its fifty authors, its sixty-six books, its nearly twelve hundred chapters, its almost thirty-two thousand verses, search for only one of the thousand errors which the ancients or the moderns committed when they speak of the heavens or of the earth, of their revolutions, or of their elements ; search, but you will find none.—*From the German of Gausсен.*

AN UNUSUAL OCCURRENCE.

A friend has stated to us the following circumstances, which will doubtless be read with attention :—

A boy, eleven years old, recently died in this city from the bite of a mad cat. For a whole year after being bitten, he suffered little or no pain from the wound. At the end of a year it began to inflame, and he became very sick. He suffered exceedingly, and as is usual in such cases, could not bear the pouring of any water or coffee in the room where he was.

He was a Sunday-school scholar, and in his affliction many pious friends called to see him. Our informant was among the number. He found the lad much resigned to the will of God. He asked, "Is there pain in heaven?" On being told "No," he said, "I am glad of it, for I am going there. Jesus appeared to me last night, and told me he should take me to heaven, and that I should die at five o'clock to-morrow, P. M." He lamented that he had done two very wrong things—he had once wronged another boy out of a cent, and he had sworn or used profane language ; but he trusted that the Saviour had forgiven him.

He then seemed much concerned for his brother Jacob. He said, "What must I do for J., he is a bad boy?" He then rose and went to Jacob's bed, awoke him out of sleep, and talked to him about his sins, entreating him to be good, to honor his parents, to go to Sunday school, and to repent and seek the Lord. He then kneeled down and prayed fervently for his brother.

Although his friends feared that he