

universe by which we are surrounded? It is the work of an Omnipotent Architect! If so, who is this August Being? Go with me to-night, in imagination, and stand with old Paul, the great Apostle, upon Mar's hill, and there look round you as he did. Here rises the magnificent building, the Parthenon, sacred to Minerva, the goddess of Wisdom. There towers her colossal statue, rising in its majesty above the city of which she was the guardian, the first object to catch the rays of the rising and the last to be kissed by the rays of the setting sun. And yet, I tell you these gods and these divinities, though created under the inspiring fire of poetic fancy and Greek imagination, never reared this stupendous structure by which we are surrounded. The Olympic Jove never built the heavens. The wisdom of Minerva never organised these magnificent structures. I say with St. Paul: 'Oh, Athenians, in all things I find you too superstitious; for, passing along your streets, I find an altar inscribed to the unknown God—him whom ye ignorantly worshipped; and this is the God I declare unto you, the God who made heaven and earth, who dwells not in temples made with hands.'

"No, here is the temple of our divinity. Around us and above us rise Sun and System, Cluster and Universe. And I doubt not that in every region of this Empire of God, hymns of praise and anthems of glory are rising and reverberating from sun to sun, and from system to system,—heard by Omnipotence alone across immensity and through eternity!"—*Professor Mitchell.*

UNPRODUCTIVE READING.

MAGLIABECHI, the Italian, read many books, and had a most retentive memory, he lived as if the only object of his desire, the only end of his existence, and the chief wants of his nature, had been to acquire knowledge. An old cloak suited him as raiment by day, and as a covering by night; and a straw chair was his succedaneum for a table, while another served his uses as a bed. He sat from day to day in his strawy couch, wedged up like a fixture and almost buried alive amid heaps of volumes, usually prosecuting his studies, and abstracted among the multitudinous ideas of his research, till he was overpowered by sleep. Surely then, this Magliabechi became a very well informed, wise and credible person? No such thing. His highest attainments were fully, perhaps flatteringly described in the observations which came to pass current respecting him, "that he was a learned man among book-sellers, and a bookseller among the learned." Magliabechi was a book-worm, nothing more, and of course spun no silk. He attempted to become learned simply by reading, and as he practised neither reflections upon what he read, the communicating of his knowledge to others, nor the reducing of his ideas to purposes of utility, he was in no just sense a scholar as regarded either his personal condition, or his influence upon society. The maxim is a sound one, that "he who thinks to become wise by always reading, resembles a person who should think to become healthy by always eating." Ideas like food, require to be digested; and the mind like the body, need exercise as well as aliment. Reading in order to be profitable, must always be followed by meditation; and if it can be made uniformly subservient both to the instructing of others, and directly to the ameliorating of one's own conduct, it will yield a treble revenue of wisdom. The professing christian in particular, whose religious reading supplies him with a store of knowledge, a treasure of ideas, out of which his private reflections, his conversations with friends, and the actions of his life, continually "bring things new and old, is a party fairly entitled to be called wise and well-informed, and when he subordinates all his researches and all the uses for which he employs them, to the promoting of his Saviour's glory, in the faith and holiness of his own soul, and in the spiritual enlightenment of his dependant and his neighbour, he is then 'wise unto salvation,' and 'a scribe' or a learned man, well instructed unto the kingdom."

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THE BLIND GIRL AND HER BIBLE.

Many years ago, said the Rev. Monsieur V—, when a student in the University of Geneva. I was accustomed to spend the long summer vacations travelling from village to village in my native France, preaching in the open squares the Kingdom of God, distributing his holy Word to those who would accept it, and teaching from house to house the blessed Gospel of Jesus my Master. On such an excursion in the summer of 183—, I entered a little vine-hung cabin in the environs of Dijon. In its low, wide kitchen, I saw a middle-aged woman busily ironing, a boy yet too young for labour, and a girl of some seventeen or eighteen years, of a sweet, serious aspect, plaiting straw. She did