

greater includes the less, and thus you proceed to establish the rotundity of the earth. So you must not look at one parable or text; "let the word of Christ dwell in you *richly*."

"I have not time to read the Bible through." I will not grant it in reality, but suppose I admit it argumentatively. Every man has time to read the Bible through, as a matter of fact. But take one book, and read it through. Let me tell you what I did the other night, and let me invite you to do the same. I took the Book of the Revelation of St. John the Divine, and read it through at once, right away. I never stopped from the first verse to the last. And it was a grand lesson. I used to look over the book, and pick out bits here and there, and I could make nothing of it. It is the story of to-day and to-morrow and the third day, written in great, grim, wonderful types and symbols. And every now and then there was a great green place, with fountains and trees, and I lingered there, and said, "I know that bit." When he was showing the locusts out of the smoke, "and the sound of their wings was like the sound of chariots," I said, "I cannot follow him there." But when I came to, "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us in His own blood," I said "Wait there; I know that part." When he spoke of the woman "clothed with the sun," and "a time, and times, and half a time," and six, and six, and six again, and all these figures piled up before me, I could not understand it; but when he said "I saw One, and on His vesture and on His thigh was written 'King of kings and Lord of lords,'" I said, "Wait there; that is familiar." When I read of the trumpets and the vials and the horns and the woes, I could make but little of them; but when the writer said, "I saw an angel flying through the midst of heaven, having the everlasting Gospel," I looked with the eyes of my heart, and I hailed that messenger as a friend.

So, if you will read through this great Book, I do not promise you will understand it all, and give a clear logical statement and proposition about every part of it. Nothing of the kind. You will come out dazed, bewildered, stunned, as if the thunder of heaven had struck you. And yet when you have time to recover your breath, and cleanse your vision, you will say to your friend, "Do go! Be where I have been, and go at once. There is nothing like it."—*The Christian*.

(From the *American Messenger*.)

TO MY BIBLE.

Come to my heart, thou casket of the Lord,
Full of the radiant jewels of His word;
Blest eyes that see and fingers that unfold
These words of rubies and these leaves of gold.

Ye oracles that, from Jehovah's throne,
Bright on the eyes of ancient prophets shone,
Be ye my guide, ye truths of God unroll
And with divine instruction cheer the soul.

Thou light in darkness, hope for hearts oppressed,
Quick, let me take thee to my troubled breast,
My health, my life: oh, power of words divine
To heal the wounded spirit, speak to mine.

Salvation's King, here show thy radiance bright;
With faith, love, hope, my yearning spirit fill;
Say to my wayward thoughts, *I am the Light*;
Say to my restless passions, *Peace, be still*.

A weary pilgrim, here I seek repose;
Athirst for life, for me this fountain flows;
All other springs, all other streams are dry;
Here, at life's river, I must drink or die.

F. M. C.