

wisdom, and where is the place of understanding?" what is the answer? Even as it was years ago. The geologist drills and bores through stratum after stratum, and digs and delves far "deeper than plummet ever sounded," only to return and tell that "the depth saith it is not in me." The voyager covers the sea with ships, with sail and paddle-wheel, and Archimedes' screw, they speed north and south, and east and west, and round about the pendent globe. Many run to and fro, and knowledge increases. What the foam-crested waves will not tell, the abyss may reveal, and with net and dredge, and diving-bell, the "dark unfathomed caves of ocean" are searched through, and gazed into, and "gems of purest ray," and monsters who never saw the sun, are brought into the "light of common day." But above all the stir and strife of man's endeavour, the murmuring billows lift their voices, and "the sea saith, it is not with me." The chemist gathers together every object which has shape or weight, or volume, living or dead, and with fire and with furnace, and potent agent, and electric battery, tests and assays it. But when "victorious analysis" has done its best he replies, "It cannot be valued with the gold of Ophir, with the precious onyx or the sapphire. The gold and the crystal cannot equal it. The price of wisdom is above rubies." The naturalist wanders through the pathless forests of far distant lands, and with pain and toil grows familiar with the habits of everything that lives; but after he has gone the round of all creation in search of wisdom, he answers with mournful aspect, "It is hid from the eyes of all living, and kept secret from the fowls of the air." The anatomist makes the writhing animal agonize under his torturing hand, and slays it, that perchance in the page of death the mystery of life and of wisdom may be found written; but he will venture in reply to say no more than that "Destruction and Death say, we have heard the sound with our ears."

But while all the oracles of science are silent on this great question, lo! through the thick darkness a ray of light descends, and a voice, solemn, yet benignant, proclaims to us as it did to the first anxious seeker after truth, "The fear of the Lord, that is wisdom; and to depart from evil, that is understanding."—*Review.*

## Poetry.

### SABBATHS.

Bright shadows of true rest! some shoots of bliss!  
 Heaven once a-week;  
 The next world's gladness prepossessed in this;  
 A day to seek  
 Eternity in time; the steps by which  
 We climb above all ages; lamps that light  
 Man through his heap of dark days; and the rich  
 And full redemption of the whole week's flight.  
 The pulleys into headlong man; time's bower;  
 The narrow way;  
 Transplanted paradise; God's walking hour;  
 The cool o' the day;  
 The creature's jubilee; God's parle with dust;  
 Heaven here; man on those hills of myrrh of flowers;  
 Angels descending; the returns of trust;  
 A gleam of glory after six days showers;  
 The Church's love-feasts; times prerogative  
 And interest  
 Deducted from the whole; the combs and hive,  
 And home of rest;  
 The milky way chalked out with suns; a clue  
 That guides through erring hours, and in full story;  
 A taste of heaven on earth; the pledge and cue  
 Of a full feast, and the out-courts of glory. VAUGHAN (1695).