

and animals live, and all around it flows an ocean of salt water. But then, beyond this there comes a second circular or ring-shaped continent, and then another ocean. But, strange to say, this is not salt water, or fresh either, but milk! In like manner there are five more continents, and oceans, one after the other, and outside of all there is a range of mountains. These mountains form the end of the universe. Two of the oceans, as I have said, are of salt water and milk; but the other five are made of curds, ghi or melted butter, sugar-cane juice, spirits of wine, and fresh water.

This is the common geography of the Hindoos. But, ages back, a few men wiser than others in India had come to the conclusion that the world must be round, and not flat. They could not, however, get rid of their old notions about Meru and the seven oceans and continents, and so they made Meru sink almost as far below the surface of the earth as it rose above it. They supposed that this mountain formed the axle round which the earth turned like a wheel. One hemisphere, or half of the globe, was, they said, the habitable world; and, on the other, the seven continents and oceans of land and water.

So foolish are they and ignorant of God's works, as well as his word. But so it almost always is when people have not the Gospel. The little Christian child knows far more than the wisest heathen. How sad their condition! Let us do what we can to teach them the truth concerning the God who made all things, and the Saviour who died for all men.

LUTHER'S LETTER TO HIS LITTLE SON.

"GRACE and peace in Christ to my dearly beloved little son. I am glad to know that you are learning well, and that you say your prayers. So do, my little son, and persevere; and when I come home I will bring with me a present from the annual fair. I know of a pleasant and beautiful garden into which many children go, where they have golden little coats, and gather pretty apples under the trees, and pears, and cherries, and plums; where they sing, leap, and are merry; where they have also little horses with golden saddles and silver bridles. When I asked the man that owned the garden, 'Whose are these children?' he said, 'They are the children that love to pray and to learn, and are pious.' Then I said, 'Dear sir, I have a son, he is called Johnny Luther; may he not come into the garden, that he may eat such beautiful