is Mystery; he bows down in the submission of utter ig-

But men of science have read the laws of the sky. And the next day this passenger beholds the captain looking at the clock, and taking a note of the place of the sun, and with the aid of a couple of books composed of rules, and mathematical tables, making calculations, and when he has completed them, he is able to point almost within a hand's breadth to the place at which, after unnumbered windings, he has arrived in the midst of the seas. Storms may have beat, and currents drifted, but he knows where they are, and the precise point where, a hundred leagues over the water lies his native shore. Here is reason appreciating and making use of the revelations (if we may so call them) of science.

Night again shuts down upon the waste of the waves, & the passenger beholds a single seaman stand at the wheel, and watch hour after hour, as it vibrates beneath a lamp, a little needle, which points ever as if it were a living finger

to the steady pole,

This man knows nothing of the rules of navigation, noth ing of the course of the sky. But reason and experience have given him Faith in the commanding officer of the ship—faith in the laws that control her course—faith in the unerring integrity of the little guide before kim.—And so without a single doubt, he steers his ship on according to the prescribed direction, through night and the waves And that faith is not disapointed. With the morning sun, he beholds far away the summits of the grey and misty highlands rising like a cloud on the horrizon; and as he nears them, the hills appear, and the lighthouse at the entrance of the harbor, and (sight of joy) the spires of the churches and the shining roofs, and among which he strives to detect his own.

CHRIST IN THE GARDEN.

By a young Lady.

While nature was sinking, in silence to rest; The last beams of daylight shone dim in the West: O'er fields, by pale moon-beams, to lonely retreat, In deep meditation, I wandered my feet.