

2. PERSONAL POWER OF THE BIBLE.

This collection of books has been to the world what no other book has ever been to a nation. States have been founded on its principles. Kings rule by a compact based on it. Men hold the Bible in their hands when they prepare to give solemn evidence affecting life, death, or property; the sick man is almost afraid to die unless the Book be within reach of his hands; the battle-ship goes into action with one on board whose office is to expound it; its prayers, its psalms are the language we use when we speak to God; eighteen centuries have found no holier, no diviner language. If ever there has been a prayer or a hymn enshrined in the heart of a nation, you are sure to find its basis in the Bible. There is no new religious idea given to the world, but it is merely the development of something given in the Bible. The very translation of it has fixed language and settled the idioms of speech. Germany and England speak as they speak because the Bible was translated. It has made the most illiterate peasant more familiar with the history, customs, and geography of ancient Palestine, than with the localities of his own country. Men who know nothing of the Grampians, of Snowdon, or of Skiddaw, are at home in Zion, the lake of Gennesareth, or among the hills of Carmel. People who know little about London, know by heart the places in Jerusalem, where those blessed feet trod which were nailed to the Cross. Men who know nothing of the architecture of a Christian cathedral can yet tell you all about the pattern of the Holy Temple. Even this shows us the influence of the Bible. The orator holds a thousand men for half-an-hour breathless—a thousand men as one, listening to his single word. But this Word of God has held a thousand nations for thrice a thousand years spell-bound; held them by an abiding power, even the universality of its truth.—*Rev. F. W. Robertson.*

3. THE UNITY OF THE BIBLE.

The Bible is one revelation, woven together with a wondrous variety of texture and hue, but with a yet more wondrous unity of design and execution. It is a Titanic arch, built upward from each side with precious marbles of divers qualities and veinings, from heaven's own quarries, culminating far up on high in glorious symmetry and strength, where Christ, the keystone, locks the massive structure in eternal rest, and crowns it with divinest grace. It cannot be tampered with. It is incapable of reconstruction. It cannot be built down to a smaller model. To attempt this is to tumble it into a mass of ruins.

4. THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

That the mind of man may be worthily employed and taken up with a kind of spiritual husbandry, God has not made the Scriptures like an artificial garden, wherein the walks are plain and regular, the plants sorted and set in order, the fruits ripe, and the flowers blown, and all things fully exposed to our view; but rather like an uncultivated field, where, indeed, we have the ground and hidden seeds of all precious things, but nothing can be brought to any great beauty, order, fulness of maturity, without our own industry; nor, indeed, with it, unless the dew of his grace descend upon it, without whose blessing this spiritual culture will thrive as little as the labour of the husbandman without showers of rain.—*Dr. H. Moore.*

5. THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB'S ARMY.

Dr. Milman never allows his faith to be easily imposed upon by plausibilities, but he illustrates the destruction of the army of Sennacherib, from a remarkable classical coincidence. Our readers are aware that Herodotus refers to this miracle, ascribing their destruction very absurdly to a number of field mice gnawing asunder their quivers and bow-strings. Dr. Milman has pointed to one of those coincidences so often confirming Scriptural story; it seems, according to Herodotus, the mouse was the Egyptian hieroglyphic symbol of total destruction. Herodotus was, no doubt, misled by this; he saw the shield, the quiver and the bow, the symbols for a great army, in conjunction with the field mouse, and then supposed this to be the minister of their destruction, confusing the symbol of completeness with the cause. We cannot but notice upon this, how often some such little reading not only confirms a scriptural story, but throws light upon a difficulty; the statement of Herodotus seemed to us marvellous, when we read it as boys; the reading of Dean Milman plainly reveals the cause of the garrulous old Athenian's mistake.—*The Eclectic.*

The foundation of all political happiness is confidence in the integrity of man; and the foundation of all happiness—temporal and eternal—reliance on the goodness of God.

X. Miscellaneous.

THE DUMB CHILD.

She is my only girl;
I asked for her as some most precious thing,
For all unfinished was love's jewelled ring,
Till set with this soft pearl!
The shadow time brought forth I could not see,
How pure, how perfect, seemed the gift to me!

Oh! many a soft old tune
I used to sing unto that deafened ear,
And suffered not the slightest footstep near,
Lest she might wake too soon;
And hushed her brothers' laughter while she lay.
Ah! needless care! I might have let them play.

'Twas long ere I believed
That this one daughter might not speak to me;
Waited and watched—God knows how patiently!
How willingly deceived.
Vain love was long the untiring nurse of Faith,
And tended Hope until it starved to death.

Oh! if she could but hear
For one short hour, till I her tongue might teach
To call me mother, in the broken speech
That thrills the mother's ear!
Alas! those sealed lips never may be stirred
To the deep music of that holy word!

My heart it sorely tries,
To see her kneel with such a reverential air
Beside her brothers at their evening prayer;
Or lift those earnest eyes
To watch our lips as though our words she knew,
Then move her own, as she were speaking too.

I've watched her looking up
To the bright wonder of a sunset sky,
With such a depth of meaning in her eye,
That I could almost hope
The struggling soul would burst its binding cords,
And the long pent up thoughts flow forth in words.

The song of bird and bee,
The chorus of the breezes, streams, and groves,
All the grand music to which nature moves,
Are wasted melody
To her; the world of sound a tuneless void;
While even silence hath its charm destroyed.

Her face is very fair;
Her blue eye beautiful; of finest mould
The soft white brow, o'er which, in waves of gold,
Ripples her shining hair.
Alas! this lovely temple closed must be,
For He who made it keeps the master key.

Wills He the mind within
Should from earth's Babels-clamor be kept free,
E'en that His, still, small voice and step might be
Heard as its inner shrine,
Through that deep hush of soul, with clearer thrill,
Then should I grieve? O, mourning heart, be still!

She seems to have a sense
Of quiet gladness, in her noiseless play;
She hath a pleasant smile, a gentle way,
Whose voiceless eloquence
Touches all hearts, though I had once the fear
That even her father would not care for her.

Thank God it is not so!
And, when his sons are playing merrily,
She comes and leans her hand upon his knee,
O, at such times, I know,
By his full eye, and tones subdued and mild,
How his heart yearns over his silent child.

Not of all gifts bereft,
Even now. How could I say she did not speak?
What real language lights her eye and cheek,
With thanks to Him who left