

incantations vain. Instead of diminishing her influence with the people, they made it still greater. She remained in the place unharmed, until her father came for her and took her back to her home, "in the fulness of the blessing of the gospel of peace." Her teachers say of her, "Hundreds have for the first time heard from her lips of the Saviour's love. Sometimes more than threescore women have gathered around her in the streets, hungering to hear of the way of life; and so eager have been their inquiries, that she has often deprived herself of necessary food and rest, that she might give them the bread of life."

Let this beloved Katarinka not be forgotten by those who have power with God, and know the worth of prevailing prayer.—*Amer. Bible Society Record.*

READ THE BIBLE—READ IT ALL.

Dr. Parker, the well-known pastor of the City Temple, Holborn Viaduct, London, having spent a vacation on the Continent, lately gave his impressions and the lessons he had derived from a temporary absence from home, he stated that he was more than ever convinced of the necessity for purely Biblical preaching, —the exposition of God's Word in all its scope and simplicity. The following Sunday morning, accordingly, his theme of discourse was the Bible. Having quoted the passages—"Search the Scriptures," "Let the Word of Christ dwell in you richly," "The sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God," and remarked on the unity, cohesion and entirety conveyed by the phraseology of these texts, he proceeded;—

THE BIBLE ought to be read right through. It is only then you can know the music, the swell, the cadence, the rapture and sorrow, the triumph and tears, of God's Word. What would you know of your boy's letter, if you were to read the superscription on Monday, to look at the signature on Friday, and read a little in the middle of it three months afterwards? I get tired towards the end of July and I go away to the mountains. I take the Bible with me; I read it *through*, and I feel as if I had never seen the book before. I have spent most of my life in reading and expounding it, yet it seems as if I had never seen it. It is so new, so rich, so varied, the truth flashing from a thousand unexpected and undiscovered points with a light above the brightness of the sun. And that summer reading of the Bible is what I call tuning the instrument.

If anybody does not believe the Bible, he has never read it through; he may have read a little here and there, with general commentaries and criticisms between, but he has not read the whole. Once two men said, "We will disprove the conversion of Paul." They read it through—and wrote a book in proof of it. So will God deal with all destructive critics who really make themselves masters of the situation they intended to overthrow. . . .

It is wonderful, if you read the whole, how it gets hold of you somewhere. I have tried it; and I appeal to you who know best, whether you will willingly let it drop out of your fingers, when it has once got into the movement and necessity of your being.

Suppose you should ask a man to read this Book clean through at one sitting. What would his notions be? I do not ask him the memory of particular texts, but I would say, "What are your general notions?" I should not be surprised to hear him say:—"It is a *very* solemn Book. There were deep soundings in it that made me shudder with a chill the like of which I never felt before."

What more? "The infinite reluctance with which God gives up man; that struck me in reading the Book from end to end. The pain, the yearning of God, the moan of a mother, the cry of a broken heart—it was very wonderful. I felt in reading it as if God were putting out both His arms, straining His eyes after me, and crying out to me, 'Come back!' I cried at some parts of it myself; I forget just now where they were, but I think you will find the tears on the pages here and there even yet. It seemed as if God was saying, 'Image of my countenance, upright like myself, susceptible of immortality,