

Light, travelling without impediment, moves with the velocity of 192,000 miles per second. Moving, with this velocity, it would require nearly four years for a ray of light to move over a space which lies between the earth and the nearest fixed star. It is a thought full of sublimity that when the eye is turned towards the starry worlds, it penetrates to depths so far remote in the surrounding universe !

How great is the Divine Author who made and who constantly sustains all !

How desirable is holiness, for it is in perfect harmony with the design of all these works !

How direful is sin, for it is the spirit of discord, of ruin, and death !

Farewell to Thebes.

BY PROF T. C. UPHAM

The oar is dipping in the waves

That bear me on their watery wings :
Farewell to Egypt's land of graves !

Farewell, the monuments of kings !
They died—and chang'd the living throne
For chambers in the mountain stone.

I trod the vast sepulchral halls,

Designed their lifeless dust to keep,
And read upon the chisel'd walls

The emblems of their final sleep ;
And learned, that when they bow'd to die
They hoped for immortality.

Dark was the way. *They knew not how*

That other life would come again,
To rend the flinty mountain's brow,

That overlooks the Theban plain.
But if a right their hearts they read,
'The rocks at last would yield their dead.

O, yes ! the instincts of the heart,

In every land, in every clime,
The great, ennobling truth impart,

That life has empire over time.
Death for eternal life makes room,
And heaven is born upon the tomb

They saw the end, *but not the way*—

The life to come, but not the power ;
And felt, when called in dust to lay,

The doubt and anguish of the hour,
O, Christ ! by thee the word is spoken ;
The power is given ; the tomb is broken.

Longing for Soul Rest.

"Return unto thy rest, O my soul !"

There are times when the soul of every one is oppressed with the weariness of living. What profit hath a man of all his labor which he taketh under the sun ? Living to most who live earnestly, is rowing a boat hard up-stream ; it is full of excitement and stimulus to the vigorous arm and determined eye. There is joy in strife, and pride in overcoming. But still, there are hours when the oar slackens and the arm is listless. One does not want for ever to contend with the mad race of waters, and longs to put out of the current into some quiet cove where sunbeams glitter in golden rings, and overhanging trees make green shadows and soft whisperings—it longs for a rest.

There are such internal sheltered nooks and shadowy dells, breezy and fragrant with restful images in almost every soul—some place to retreat into for quiet thoughts. Is it not so, my friend ? You are a mother, perhaps, with more than Martha's care, cumbered with much serving. The arranging and harmonizing of a family, the meeting conflicting claims, the endless work of compromising and peace-making among young and vigorous wills, the guiding inexperienced servants and entertaining guests, and withal, the heavy anxiety to train aright that which never dies ; these of necessity oft bring weariness, and there are times when you are sick of all together. But perhaps sleeping in the cradle is a joyous, beautiful creature, over whom, as yet, sin or sorrow has no power, ever sweet and good, gay and loving, and when every thing else is wearisome your thoughts repose there ; your heart, like the dove that found no rest for the sole of her foot, folds its wings and is at peace in that cradle.

In America, our prosaic work-a-day country, this rest can refresh but few ; but "as he who hath no oblation chooseth a tree," so even here nature