

the Inspired Writers. How very agreeable, therefore, must it not be to one who feels an interest in the Word of God—and who does not?—to be in a position, from previously acquired knowledge, to understand exactly the references, illustrations, figures, and various allusions which are so thickly strewn throughout the pages of the Sacred Volume. But, how necessary is this, also! for, of little advantage can any species of reading be unless the mind be illumined by the clear unobstructed light of truth shining in upon it. Distorted rays of intelligence, worse almost than total obscurity, only mislead the mind; and instead of strengthening the intelligence, only warp and weaken it—*Via incertam per lunam incerta ibit.*

But besides all this, there is something refreshing in turning aside from the noisy and dusty paths of every day life, and contemplating the ways and manners of other times, and the sayings and doings of people who lived in the dewy morning of this world's life, and fresh, as it were, from the hands of God, the Creator and Father of the Universe.—What was life in their eyes? What did they think and say of it? How did they demean themselves in it? In what aims, ambitions, and practices did they believe, and hope, and strive as the great objects of their being,—as the destiny set before them by Him who alone knew what was good for them; who alone knows what is good for us all? There is much of true interest in all this; especially in an era of the World's history when passion, impulsive and blind,—the head-long striving after wealth, and power, and luxurious ease, and *sensual* gratification would seem to usurp men's whole faculties, and to impel them into a vortex of folly and vanity, not to speak of crime.