

which there are 15,000 panes. Of the iron columns, there are 190 on the ground floor, and 148 on the second. In its form, it is at its base an octagon, or eight-sided, and above it has the form of a cross at right angles, the four naves or wings extending north, south, east, and west, and the centre is surmounted by a vast dome of great beauty, 148 feet high. The length and breadth of the building are each 365 feet, and it covers four acres. The inside is cream-colour, with pictures and statues in every direction. Water and gas are carried by pipes into every part of the building; and when lighted up in the evening it presents a shining and splendid appearance. This vast building, with its long galleries and magnificent stairways filled with all manner of useful, curious, elegant, and wonderful objects; its brilliant and stately look from without, surrounded by a vast throng of people coming and going; in a word, the crystal palace is an object to excite the wonder and admiration of every beholder.

And I sometimes think, if a crystal palace is so beautiful and attractive, what would a crystal city be? There is a city like crystal, which we read about, very glorious, and people every year are making pilgrimages to it.—Have you read about it in your geography? No. Did you ever see any body that returned from it? No; and perhaps you will say you never heard of it before, for it does not make much stir. Yet it has twelve gates of pearl, and the streets are of pure gold as it were transparent glass; it has no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine upon it, the light is like unto a stone most precious, clear as crystal. But the most striking fact about this city, and that which forms such a strange and remarkable contrast with New York, or New Orleans, or any other city which you know of, is, that

there is there no death, or sorrow, or crying, neither any pain; no little child cries there, it has no need of tears; once there, it is an all-happy child for ever and for ever.

We notice also there are some strict rules about who shall enter into this city, and who shall not. "There shall in *no wise* enter into it any thing that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie; but they that are written in the Lamb's book of life." O how pure must it be within. And now, do you know where it is? "Ah yes," you say, "it can mean only one place, and that is the heavenly city, and I must have all my sins washed away in order to go there." Yes my child, no one but the Lord Jesus Christ can give you a passport to this bright abode; hear his call, join his company, love him, follow him, and you shall enter those everlasting gates with songs and great joy. Will you not press into this crystal city?

THE SPECTRE.

I remember, when a boy, reading a story of a traveller, who arrived in the dusk of the evening at a place where two roads met, and was greatly alarmed by what appeared to him at a distance to be a frightful ghost, dressed in white, with arms extended, ready to seize him in his frightful embrace. Cautiously advancing, however, he soon discovered that what appeared to be a terrible monster, ready to clutch him, was only a *guide-board* to direct him on his journey. Such are the afflictions that often befall us in this life. Seen at a distance, in the feeble light of our dim faith, they are frightful apparitions that alarm and terrify us; but, in the event, they prove so many friendly guide-boards that a wise and gracious Providence has placed by the wayside to guide us on to glory.