

THE Bible is a book. Its name intimates that, while it is one of a numerous family, it takes precedence of all others,—it is a Regal Book.

In a world so full of wonders there is no wonder-worker to be compared with a book. The achievements of the electric-telegraph are justly considered the most marvellous among the modern triumphs of science. By means of it a person in London can, at this moment, converse with a friend in Paris or Brussels almost as easily as if he were in the next room. And were the whispering wire extended to Australia, a message from Sydney would reach London with the speed of the lightning's flash. This is most wonderful. But then suppose we should hear of a contrivance by which one man could speak to thousands, or even millions of men, at the *same moment*, though they be in a thousand different places—out on the broad heaving bosom of old ocean, in the depths of American or Australian forests, or by their quiet fire-sides and happy homes; and suppose too it should make his voice reverberate in the ears and hearts of men centuries after he had crumbled into dust, should we not pronounce the telegraph a mere childish contrivance compared with this? Such a discovery has been made. Here is a common place thing made from old rags and covered with ink; but it is a more potent wonder-worker than Aladdin's Lamp or wishing-cap of fairy tale. On its pages are stamped "the thoughts that breathe and words that burn" of its author; and on these thin leaves they are scattered over the world, enter palaces and cottages, and centuries after the hand that wrote them is crumbled into dust, the little book keeps the writer still lovingly conversing with his brothers on earth. Do I want to converse with good old John Bunyan—I have but to take up his "Pilgrim's Progress". "Call me up Samuel" said Saul to the enchantress of Endor: and lo! for once, there

the great'