

they succeeded in enslaving their higher powers to the service of their lower nature, that now they can find no delight in beholding the works of the inimitable Artisan. To such I speak not—they would not hear me; but to the young—to those whose tastes are yet uncorrupted by the gaudy tinsel of the world of fashion and pride—to them I would address a word of advice. If you would possess a source of unfailing pleasure—if you would know of a fount of perpetual freshness—seek acquaintance and familiarity with the handiwork of the Creator, as seen everywhere in this beautiful world. It is a study that one never tires of; it is ever opening fresh springs of wonder and delight to the humble student.

If to any one branch of study, and to any one text-book, I am indebted more than to another, it is to this—the study of God in his works, and to Paley's work on Natural Theology, as opening up the subject to my mind, in all its freshness and beauty. I love to recall the hours spent in the study of that work, under the instruction of one, whose mind and heart were fully imbued with its spirit. Every recitation was a new pleasure; and the profit derived from those lessons I trust I bear with me yet.

But, while I have said so much in favor of studying the book of nature, I would not be understood as advocating the neglect of that younger, but more *precious* book, THE BIBLE. By no means; for I truly believe, that till one is imbued with the spirit God's word, he is not capable of reaping the largest benefit from the study of nature. Rather let these, like sisters, go hand in hand—the younger ever leading the way—inasmuch as Nature, being here blind herself, can in no possible way show to us the "*way of life*." But with Revelation for a guide, she will point to us many beautiful illustrations of the wisdom and goodness of the Great Being who is the Father of both. Let us seek to know more of Him in his works here; and hereafter, if we are his children, we shall be taken to see Him in that bright and glorious world, of which the poet says:—

"The stars are but the shining dust
Of his divine abode."

S. E. H.

Montreal, August, 1854.