

tria, by far the bravest soldiers of the latter were the brave Tyrolese.

In this country we have no mountains worthy of the name. What a noble sight it must be to see a vast and rugged mass, towering far away into the clouds; its base perhaps encircled with vineyards and orange-groves; its sides, far up, waving with forest trees, and its mighty summit capped with snow undisturbed for thousands of years. You must travel far to behold such a sight, and few of you, probably, will ever have the opportunity of doing so.

Perhaps, then, you will not be displeased to read what I can tell you about a few of the great mountains of the Bible.

Ararat, the mighty Ararat, ought to be the first for various reasons. It is the first mentioned in Scripture; it is the first in its tremendous height, and in its hoary sublimity; it is almost the first in point of importance; for I need not tell you that here the Ark rested, and the natives devoutly believe that it still rests on its awful top. Many attempts have been made to reach its summit, but it is not certain that any one has been successful. What a grand sight this old mountain must be, standing in grim solitude in the midst of a vast plain, rearing its icy crown more than three miles above the surrounding country? The wondering traveller can see it while he is yet a hundred miles from its base, and as he views its icy covering, wonders how the aged Noah could perform the journey down to the place of vineyards. No doubt the God he loved and trusted, helped him and his family on their way to enter once more upon fresh trials and temptations in a new world.

Perhaps you will be inclined to ask me, is the old Ark still there, embedded perhaps in thick-ribbed ice, a prisoner for four thousand years? We cannot exactly tell; but its last vestige has most likely perished many a long age ago.

Many a great storm has since passed over its top; many a mighty avalanche, carrying death and ruin in its train, has thundered down the sides of that old mountain, since all that was living in the world rested on its top. The destroying earthquake, even in our own times, has torn its sides asunder, and changed its whole appearance, so that the poor old Ark, even if it could have weathered the waste of time, could scarcely have escaped so many perils. Does this venerable mountain, though far away, teach us nothing, my young friends but the bare facts I have been telling you? I think, if I had you gathered round me, not a few of you could give an answer to the question. It looked up on Noah, it looks down upon the traveller of to-day, and when a thousand years have gone, its white head will be smooth and bright as ever. What then is the life of man compared with the age of the everlasting hills? Time writes wrinkles even on the mountain's brow, and its vast age is but a glance, a shadow, a passing

thought, balanced against the life of God and that future life in store for us. Ought we not then to try to please the Great Creator of Ararat, and of the universe, so that that unending life may be one of joy unspeakable?

I might tell you of Horeb and Sinai where a mortal man held communication with the great Jehovah, those sacred mountains still viewed with awe and veneration, alike by the traveller and the dwellers around; upon whose sides the pious mother of the first Christian Emperor cut out steps, and dedicated a Christian chapel on the summit of the former. I might lead you a little farther through the wilderness and point with silent finger to Nebo and to Hor, from the former of which the man of God was permitted to see the long cherished land, and then lay down in lonely grandeur to die. On Nebo the Prophet, and the chief, looked on the sun for the last time. On Hor the Priest, the good and kind-hearted Aaron, was stripped of his pontifical robes, and with a sad serenity, went away to die. These lonely mountains are still there, yet no one pretends to point out the lost resting place of these great and good men. No mourning friend was privileged to attend the obsequies of Moses; his eyes were closed by his heavenly Master.

I might tell you of Lebanon, the favored Lebanon, so often mentioned in the Holy Book, and which has afforded some of the finest figures found in its pages. Lebanon, the mountain of beauty, of fragrant cedars and of fierce wild beasts. Lebanon, grand and lofty in stature, stretching far into the land, like a lion with a double mane. Its ample sides, clothed with lofty and perennial cedars, sending forth an unceasing fragrance; the nurse of some noble rivers, the Abana the Pharpar and the Jordan, the latter winding and widening its deep and rapid stream through the land of Canaan, till it loses itself on that lake of desolation, the Dead Sea. we had space, we might tell you much of Lebanon; that its double range of hills stretches away not less than three hundred miles in length, thus enabling us to understand how room and verge enough were afforded to the many thousands of men employed by Hiram and Solomon in hewing down its woods. What mighty men the old world kings must have been! Now days, if fifteen hundred or two thousand men are engaged at one time in one work, it is spoken of by the whole world as something wonderful, but the number engaged on the sides of Lebanon by Solomon alone, for the single purpose of preparing material for his temple, was greater than the whole adult male population of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick united. We may thus have some faint idea of the mineral and vegetable wealth of this mighty range of mountains, and what a work of works this temple of Solomon must have been.

What is Lebanon now? The same still.