

## SURPRISES IN BIBLE READING.

The Bible is a well which is always ready to slake any one's thirst for living water, but whose depth no man can sound. Whoever is both diligent and sincere in the study of the Bible is sure to find ever fresh instruction and pleasure. Unfortunately, the Bible is often studied with diligence without sincerity. The letter of its truths is conned in order and by rote, while the heart of the reader remains blind to their spirit. But the most formal and drowsy student of the Bible cannot help being sometimes surprised by finding something that goes to his heart of hearts. Suppose he is listlessly thumbing its leaves, or looking for a verse, to which he has seen a reference in a newspaper or a book. While he is turning over some of the books with which he is not familiar—Hosea, it may be, or Micah—his eye falls on a striking verse which he does not remember to have seen before. Perhaps it is a verse which exactly meets his deepest present want, carrying out a certain train of thought, or quickening his flagging devotion; soothing and nerving him to resignation, or hinting at some active duty; seconding him in a struggle with temptation, or revealing to him errors and sins which lurked unexpected in his heart. The verse crosses his path like a ray of sunshine on a cloudy day, the brighter for being unexpected. As he reads it again, he is amazed that he never before noticed it. He gladly accepts its teachings; they become incorporated into his experience, and will have an influence on his character through eternity.—*Examiner*.

## GOD IN LITERATURE.

There is only one true source of happiness, and that is—God. Is it unfashionable, is it sentimental, to bring that name into a story such as mine? If I wish to stamp these pages with power, who is so powerful with beauty, what so beautiful, as the Author and Finisher of all things good and beautiful? He gives soul to harmony. His is the grand music of the forests, the oceans, the heavens, eternity. Men and angels sing before him. He touches earth but to make it bud and blossom, and laugh in fruits and flowers. He sends his angels to sing in the infant ear of Beethoven, and forthwith the world is rich with his undying song. He groups men as a skilful artist groups flowers, giving to each the tints and perfume of different gifts, yet harmonizing all. He is the wondrous chemist who brings from all sources of suffering, crime and deformity, the purest essences of life. Why, then, should he not be spoken of, and his dealings with the human heart? "What have I to do with God?" asks the unbeliever. Only this, that you can do nothing without him. Even in that wild wail of anguish that seems forever smiting heaven—that comes from the helpless and deserted who live in endless drudgery, and feel cold damps and hungry gnawings, and where there seems only discord and hopelessness, despair—these, hereafter, in the great Master's oratorio, will be found, perhaps, to be the most triumphant halleluiahs. As garments may be washed white in blood, so out of the heart's agonies may be wrought the grandest anthems.—*Mrs. M. A. Denison*.