

## THOUGHTS BY THE SEASIDE.

I sat at eve upon the pebbly shore :  
 The round, red sun had faded in the west,  
 Leaving soft cloudlets of the palest rose  
 Where he had lingered : and the evening breeze  
 Was hushed to tender sighing, and the tide  
 Was gently sinking to its lowest ebb,  
 While the lone sea-birds mourned its failing strength  
 In plaintive notes, whose tones were consonant  
 With the sad inner voice of my thoughts.  
 The desolate shore stretched far and wildly forth  
 'Tis bare brown arms to embrace the truant sea,  
 Which still receded from the longing touch ;  
 While o'er the echoing boundless waste I heard  
 Deep sounds, like rolling of his chariot wheels,  
 As though he mocked the lonely waiting shore  
 With parting promise of his quick return.

And thus, I thought, thousands of human hearts  
 Waste vain desires upon th' intangible :  
 Grasping at Friendship, faithless summer-bird,  
 That swift takes wing when winter clouds appear ;  
 Pining for Love, that frail and perishing flower ;  
 Dreaming of Hope fulfill'd—ah, where's the heart  
 Can chronicle the truth and constancy  
 Of Hope's delusive smile?—thirsting for joys  
 Which in the tasting vanish ; feeling void  
 In the poor craving breast still asking more,  
 And destined never to be satisfied.

But, while I thus sat musing, lo ! there came  
 Into my sadden'd soul a thought of peace :  
 " Is there not friendship closer than a brother's,  
 Undying and unchangeable as are  
 Those lofty mountains, which to thee appear  
 Almost to reach the skies ? Is there not love  
 Boundless and fathomless, and vast as is  
 Yon distant ocean, stretching out afar ?  
 Are their not promises which never fail  
 The soul that trusts in them ; and hopes whose fruit  
 Is tenfold sweeter than our heart's desire ?  
 Thou knowest where to look—none ask in vain ;  
 And, having once attained those precious gifts,  
 Thou'lt seek no more the world's vain fleeting joys."

J. F. P.

## CONFIRMATION OF SCRIPTURE.

It is distinctly asserted in the Book of Daniel, that at the time of the Fall of Babylon, the city was ruled and defended by Belshazza, and that he was feasting with his lords when the final assault was made by the Persians, and was taken and slain. It so happens that early historians record that the last king of Babylon was named Nabonadius, and that at the time of the fall of the city he fled to a city named Borsippa, where he was made a prisoner, and instead of being slain, was treated with much kindness by Cyrus. This contradiction was seized upon by sceptics in order to prove that the Book of Daniel was simply a romance, and could lay no claim to inspiration. Those who held to the integrity of the Word of

God, were unable to find any reply to such denial, but were satisfied to wait till God in His own time should furnish an answer. And sure enough it has come to pass, for out of all this confusion and uncertainty a very small and simple discovery has adduced order and harmony in the most remarkable way. A small slab has been found upon which the facts of the history of Babylon at this time are recorded. From this it appears that Nabonadius was actually the King of Babylon when the city was taken, but that he had associated with himself on the throne his son Belshazza, allowing him the royal title. Thus while Nabonadius commanded the forces in the field outside the city, Belshazza conducted the defence within the walls, was taken and slain as recorded by Daniel. Surely the very stones have risen out of the dust, and raised their long-buried voice to establish and confirm the integrity and inspiration of the Word of God.—*Historical Evidences of the truth of the Scripture records. By George Rawlinson, M.A.*

## THE SILK-WORM.

ON being shown some silk-worms, kept by a boy in a box, and fed with mulberry leaves, Gott-hold thought with himself : And so it is a worm that ministers to men the means of luxury and pomp ! I could wish that no ribbon were ever sold or put on, until such a worm was shown and contemplated. Perhaps this might lead some to reflect how absurd it is for one worm to ornament himself with what another spins, especially considering that at last, with all his glory, he must become the prey of worms. For the rest the silkworm obeys the instinct which is common to all the caterpillar tribe. When it has eaten its portion, and lived its time, it looks about for some corner in which it may lie down, unseen and undisturbed, and die. There it immures and developes itself in its web, and all the stores which it has gathered serves no other purpose than to make for it a burying-place. Alas, ye children of men ! you, too, eat and drink, and accumulate fortunes, and strain every nerve to become great in the world ; but all this issues at last in the necessity of choosing for yourselves a grave. Happy is he who, from this insect, learns in time to forego temporal things, and bends all his thoughts to consider how he may at last die in peace !

Thou faithful God ! my chief anxiety is for my soul, and the best thing I can do for it is to wrap and clothe it in the fair, white silk of Christ's righteousness. Grant that, like a beautiful butterfly, I may one day burst forth, and wing my way to the life eternal,—*From the German.*