

Pastor and People.

THE GREAT SUNDAY SCHOOL HYMN.

BY REV. DUNCAN MORRISON, D.D.

ENGLISH HYMN.

There is a happy land,
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day :
O, how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is our Saviour King ;
Loud let His praises ring,
Praise, praise for aye.

Come to this happy land,
Come, come away ;
Why will ye doubting stand,
Why still delay ?
O, we shall happy be
When from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall live with Thee,
Blest, blest for aye.

Bright in that happy land
Beams every eye,
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die :
On then to glory run ;
Be a crown and kingdom won ;
And, bright above the sun,
Reign, reign for aye.

LATIN TRANSLATION.

Est felix patria
Hinc, hinc, longe ;
Stant sancti gloria
Clamor die.
O quam suave canant,
Regis decus celebrant ;
Laudes ejus resonant,
Laus, laus aien.

Venite gloriam ;
Nunc, nunc veni,
Ad urbem auream ;
Cur dubii ?
Purgati tenebris,
Repleti luminis,
Beati erimus
Per secula.

In clara hac terrâ,
Quâ oculus lucet,
Et omnis mens pura,
Pater ducet.
Venite Dominum,
Venite stephanum,
Regnare in eum,
Per secula.

The author of "The Happy Land" is Mr. Andrew Young, an elder of the Greenside Parish Church, Edinburgh, and a successful Sabbath school worker, though over four-score years. He has lost nothing of his early interest in children, and not long since he took part in a service got up for them in Albert Hall, Edinburgh.

The hymn was written in 1838, and so it reached its jubilee in 1888, rolled up its fiftieth year of blessed work ; the results of which eternity alone can unfold. Mr. Young embraced the occasion of his hymn's jubilee to issue through the press—Religious Tract Society—an illuminated card containing the hymn ; and so in this quiet way gave a new impetus to a song which has proved to be of great blessing to the world.

No hymn that we know of has met with greater honour ; no one has stirred the depths of social life among the English-speaking race and coloured the thought of the rising generation to such an extent as

There is a happy land
Far, far away, etc.

The fact that it has been translated into nineteen different languages and that it is to be found in all the hymnals pertaining to Sabbath schools that we know, is evidence of its great popularity and unfading power.

But how came such a hymn to be written ? What English model had the poet for such verse ? What put it into the head of that quiet elder of Greenside Parish Church, Edinburgh, to write in terms so bright and felicitous, reminding us of the steady, well-measured tramp of a military escort accompanied with the tip of the drum or the touch of the cymbal ? In the sharp, well-balanced *ictus* of some of the old Greek tragedies, the strophe and the antistrophe of Sophocles or Euripides we have something like a parallel to this hymn, but how came Mr. Young to take such a model or fall upon such a model ? The secret of the power of this hymn is certainly not in the thought, beautiful as that is, for there is nothing new here—nothing striking or evangelical here. And so we raise the question : How came this author to alight upon a form of verse that has given to the hymn, commonplace as the thought may be, such an amazing popularity ?

The answer is that though the thought is commonplace, it is the greatest and grandest that can take possession of the soul, and secondly, it was written in adaptation to an old Indian melody that blended with the music of the forest long before Sabbath schools were ever dreamed of. It was written very much as the hymn was written :—

Oh for a closer walk with God, etc.

From time to time the poet Cowper heard an old cobbler whose window looked into the garden where the "Task" and other poems were chiefly written, humming over the old tune

Ludlow while he stitched and drew his rosin ends. Hearing that soft, sad strain from day to day, his thoughts, that had recently taken a melancholy turn, found, at length, expression in that great hymn which the Church will not let die as long as there are sad hearts to be cheered and holy aspirations to be satisfied. In a similar manner was Mr. Young guided in his verse in giving expression to his hymn, which has taken the heart of Christendom. That old Indian melody to which we refer—the song of the Aborigines, the theme of their joy and the vehicle of their superstition—had at length made its way to Edinburgh. This Mr. Young one night happened to hear in a drawing-room, concerning which an anonymous writer says in substance that his musical ear was arrested by its bright and strongly-marked phrases. It took possession of him, and it was repeated again and again. He found no relief until his thoughts and feelings took rhythmic form. Hence the birth of this celebrated hymn.

Another link in the chain of its history—a Mr. Gall, an intimate friend of Mr. Young, and a member of the publishing firm of Gall & Inglis, casually heard it performed, and so it came into print. It met a want, for there were few hymns for children fifty-three years ago. It has done a great work. It has been translated, as has been said, into nineteen different languages. My readers have sung it, and many have been blessed thereby, and its mission is not yet ended. It has never brought the author a penny, but how great is his reward ! Who can contemplate its history without saying : God is here of a truth ? It has been a power in the youth-fut heart, and it has been a power in the heart of men—men cold, cynical, logical—refusing to listen to the preacher, but not insensible to the truer logic of the heart. All ranks and conditions of men, the rich and poor, the learned and the unlearned, have been moved by its bright and striking monotones. What an illustration of this in the case of Thackeray as given by Professor David Masson. Walking one day in a slum district in London, this gifted writer, dealing so much in romance, but often finding truth stranger than fiction, he suddenly came upon a band of gutter children sitting on the pavement. Sallow was their look, dirty and torn their raiment, but they were singing. And what was the song of those sad children ?

There is a happy land
Far, far away.

He drew nearer to the children and the tender-hearted cynic burst into tears.

A WORD TO MOTHERS ABOUT BOYS.

Some of you have probably seen an old "St. Nicholas" picture with the legend,

I am my mamma's lady-girl,
And I must sit quite still.

It is not impossible to make a lady-boy. Many mothers have done it. But it does not pay. You will find plenty ready made ; far more than the world has the slightest use for.

Live largely. Do not force your gallon boy into a gill measure unless you desire dynamite results.

In any large nature you will find more faculties packed away for future use than a boy can comprehend. Here and there the inner man bursts out in great disproportion to any known cause, and if you are a timid mother you think the end of all things is at hand. Wait a bit. Great explosions of temper are hard to bear, but like thunderstorms they make a wide, clear space all about, and health-giving breezes follow along with sunshine. Take courage.

Let your boy run and climb. Of course you are afraid : all mothers are. But that has nothing to do with it. Patched clothes, bruises and scratches are more becoming to a boy than flabby muscles, and a visible fear of hurting himself. I knew a little fellow who was encouraged to climb a ladder to the top of the house when he could just reach from rung to rung. "Hold on," the father said, "and be careful where you step." And he never thought of falling. Years afterward he attributed his clear-headed fearlessness to his somewhat heroic training.

Do you never see a boy who must never do this or that, never run too fast, never get tired, never soil hands or clothes—a boy to whom dirt is as sinful as a lie ?

Perhaps you would be interested in such a boy grown to negative manhood.

"My boy," said an old lady to her neighbour, "never made any trouble. I could set him down anywhere, and he'd set and set."

"And he's never done anything but set for forty year," commented the neighbour rehearsing the story.

Let your boy play baseball and football, and work out the animal in him. If he is too daring, encourage him. He likes to see you gasp. The thing that you do not oppose will soon lose all the charm of forbidden fruit. The conceit will work itself clear before long. All ferments are frothy at a certain stage, and bottling is unsafe. There is great apparent waste in Nature's methods. She frequently supplies a barrel of energy to a pint of accomplishment. She is generous with boys because she is fond of them. Do not be afraid to follow her lead.

Boys alone are but sorry savages—yet here again is Nature ready with her remedy. She knows very well what she is about when she sets them in families, boys and girls together.

You have all seen boys who were cooped up from other boys, like a sort of tame flock kept from wild beasts. You

have doubtless seen them grow to manhood in leading strings, without the slightest knowledge of the material they have to deal with in the world.

While your boy is under your control let him come in contact with his kind, and learn how to deal with them, and how to be dealt with. His follies will be pruned with a sharper knife than you would dare use. His words will be proved by his deeds. He will take the consequences of his actions.

Perhaps he lords it over a younger brother at home. Let him try it with one of his own size. Of course he will be hurt. In the fields, Nature puts poison and antidote side by side. Teach him to bear things manly.

Thank God that it is not often in your power to destroy his self-respect, though I have seen mothers whose lives were spent in the attempt. A boy is proud to keep back tears. Self-control can grow on very poor soil if you give it a start.

If your boy learns to skate, to swim, to row a boat, do not be like a hen flapping on the bank because her one duckling has taken to the water.

Make sharp distinctions between things and principles, if you are rearing men. Your boy must be made of very poor stuff if you cannot teach him to be truthful, upright and loyal. Preach to him the gospel of affirmation, not negation. Get his confidence at all hazards, and keep it. Know all his follies, all his sins by his own willing disclosures ; but do not confound the two. Teach him to require of you all knowledge ; and get it that you may impart it to him. All knowledge is safe from fathers' and mothers' lips. Fill his mind, his heart, his soul so full of good, and of all high and holy ambitions, that nothing evil can find a crevice to creep in at.

You may have years of doubt. It is not well. God does not make even a tree in a dozen years. Is not your boy of more value than many trees ? Sow your seed in hope, and wait lovingly, as well as patiently, for both the early and the later rain.—*Alyn Yates Keith, in Sunday School Times.*

HUMILITY.

A sense of unworthiness is very desirable and commendable. Some of you are destitute of it. I dare say you think it a mean and miserable thing. You suppose it would injure your manliness, lower your self-respect and dampen your courage. Dear friends, the manliness which feeds on sin is a poisonous fungus, which grows out of the rottenness of a corrupt heart. May it be taken away from us !

I commend a sense of our unworthiness because it is a sense of what is true. When a man thinks himself unworthy before the Lord, his thoughts are right. When he feels that he could not be saved by the merit of his own works, for his works are faulty and defiled, then he judges according to fact. Whatever result a thought may have upon us, whether it makes us happy or makes us sad, this is a secondary matter ; the main point with an honest mind must always be : Is it true ? If it be a truthful thought, I ought at once to entertain it, cost me what it may.

In the next place, note that a deep sense of unworthiness is no proof that a man has grossly sinned. It may be viewed in quite the opposite light ; if the man had been heinously wicked, his conscience would have lost its sensitiveness, and he would not in all probability have felt his unworthiness so keenly. Do not judge men by their estimates of themselves ; or if you do, take this as your guide, that he that humbleth himself is to be exalted, and he that exalteth himself is to be abased. He that is great is little. Let him that is little to himself be all the greater with you. God loveth not those who boast ; He hath filled the hungry with good things, but the rich He hath sent empty away.

I commend this sense of unworthiness because it has a tendency to make a man kind to others. He who thinks himself everybody thinks another man nobody. If a man be proud, he will say : "I am a man under authority, having soldiers under me ; and I am not to be worried by having sick boys to look after." Sympathy, tenderness and the valuation of others are strangers in the house of the proud ; but they take up their abode with those who think themselves unworthy. Beloved, it is well to think little of yourselves, for then you will have more thought to spare for the sorrows of others. The great man, the very great man, the highly-deserving man, the person who is right honourable and worshipful personage, rides rough shod over his fellows and crushes them without compunction if they lie in his way and may hinder his design ; but the consciously unworthy man, the man who feels that he owes everything to the mercy of God, and must still depend upon that mercy and that mercy only, will be tender and gentle towards this fellow-sinner and speak comfortably unto them.

We commend again this sense of unworthiness because it makes a man lowly towards the Saviour. Of all things that are contemptible, a proud bearing towards the Lord Jesus is the most hateful ; yet it is by no means unusual. Some seem to fancy that Jesus is their servant, at their beck and call ; and they talk about His salvation as though He ought to give it, and they could claim it for themselves and all mankind. Our right state of heart, when dealing with our Lord Jesus, is that of the penitent washing His feet with tears, or of the leper who fell at His feet and worshipped Him. If we would come to the Saviour of sinners, we must come as sinners. We must come as humble petitioners, and not as those who proudly fancy that they have a claim upon the grace of God.

A sense of unworthiness is exceedingly useful, because it puts a man where God can bless him.—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

CLEVER WOMEN

quite realize that by the great law of progress something is always being brought out to make life pleasanter. The latest thing introduced is the "Health" undervest for ladies, made from the very finest Australian wool, and which every good doctor in Canada agrees is a perfect safeguard against cold, whilst being at the same time well fitting, warm and luxurious. When you go down town step into any first-class dry-goods house and ask to see these goods. If you do not see the word "Health" plainly stamped on the article, don't buy it, as it will not be the genuine article.