

THE TYRO.

VOL. I.

WOODSTOCK, JULY, 1873.

No. 4.

Religious.

Evening Meditations.

'T WAS night. I left the lonely watch of the sick-room and wandered out for an hour's meditation. I sat me down and breathed the prayer, "Shew me thy ways, O Lord; teach me thy paths, lead me in thy truth and teach me." There was not a cloud in the sky; the stars were again "marshalled on the nightly plain." They appeared just the same as last night; just the same, doubtless, as they did thousands of years ago, when they looked down upon Judea's hills, and upon that Eastern housetop where David was walking to and fro, while his mind wandered among the worlds above him, and he said, "When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained; what is man, that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man, that thou visitest him?"

I asked, Who set those lights in the dome of the sky? And my mind went back: "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. All things were made by Him; and without Him was not anything made that was made." Jesus, then, made those star-worlds, and put them there. How powerful and glorious is Jesus! And my soul sang:—