

they were unknown in Israel, although it has been argued from figures on late Jewish coins, that their harp was really a cithara, or Greek lyre. The strings, which were originally of gut, but later of metal, varied in number up to twelve, and even sixteen. The psaltery was like a guitar, with from six to twelve strings, stretched over a skin-covered drum, and played with the fingers. The cymbals were bronze disks of varying sizes, like a soup plate, whose edges the performer struck together with a clanging, crashing sound. The timbrel was the same as the tabret or tambourine. The instrument strangely trans-

lated "cornets" was probably the Egyptian sistrum, which consisted of a thin plate of bronze, or copper, twenty inches long, and two inches wide, bent until the two ends were within a couple of inches of each other. These were firmly fixed in a bronze handle, thus forming an oval loop. Through holes in the sides of this loop, bars of the same metal were passed very loosely, and the ends of them bent into rings, to keep them in. As these bars were some four or five inches longer than the width of the loop, they moved backwards and forwards with a piercing, metallic sound, when the instrument was shaken.

APPLICATION

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Gathered together all the chosen men of Israel, v. 1. How softly they fall, these rain drops! How gentle their pitter patter on the roof and on the frozen ground. There is no flashing lightning, no resounding thunder, no pelting storm. All through the night there is nothing but the quiet, mellow splashing from roof and eave. But in the morning the snow is gone, the rivers are released from their icy fetters, myriads of roots awake within the brown and russet earth, and on every tree and bush and vine the buds begin to burst. Spring has come: the soft warm rain has brought it. So, in home and church and Sunday School, God's children are offering up their prayers to Him, and pouring their gifts into His treasury, and sending out their help to every needy place. And the time is sure to come, as the result of it all, that the whole world will be freed from the darkness and bondage of sin and brought out into the light and liberty of the gospel.

A new cart, v. 3. When Longfellow was up in years and his head as white as snow, an admirer asked how he managed to keep so young in appearance and manner. The poet replied by pointing to the blossoms on an apple tree near by. "That apple tree", he said, "is very old, but I never saw prettier blossoms upon it than at this present season. The tree grows a little new wood every year, and I suppose it is out of that new wood that these blossoms come. Like the apple tree,

I try to grow a little new wood each year." We may grow a little "new wood" every year by increasing our store of useful knowledge, or learning to do our work more skillfully, above all, by becoming more familiar with God's Word and readier to do His will. And with the growth, the blossoms are sure to come, of joy and satisfaction in our own hearts and of cheer and help to all about us.

Harps . . psalteries . . timbrels . . cornets . . cymbals, v. 5. A little boy was walking one bright morning with his mother. The sun was shining in the full splendor of its summer power. All nature seemed to wear its loveliest smile. The boy's spirit was impressed, and turning to his mother, he exclaimed, "Mother, I see a doxology—'Praise God from whom all blessings flow' ". It is good for us thus to feel the love of God in the glory of the earth, and it is better still to join in the great pæan of praise that daily ascends from all the created worlds, to add our grateful songs to the voice of the bird and the beauty of the flower, and to unite our conscious human worship with the mute adoration of nature. For, if prayer is the child of faith, praise is the child of love; and Hannah More was right in saying that, while prayer points the only road to heaven, praise is already there.

He put forth his hand to the ark of God, v. 6. Nothing is more disgusting than irreverence. When we see foolish people giggling and laughing while some master musician is bring-

"I See a
Doxology"

Known By
Their Conduct