

**Rock of Ages.**

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,"  
Thoughtlessly the maiden sung;  
Fell the words unconsciously  
From her lisp, guileless tongue;  
Sung as little children sing;  
Sung as sing the birds in June;  
Fell the words as light leaves down  
On the current of the tune—  
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee."  
Felt her soul no need to hide;  
Sweet the song as song could be,  
And she had no thought beside.  
All the words unheedingly  
Fell from lips untouched by care,  
Dreaming not they each might be  
On some other lips a prayer—  
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,"  
'Twas a woman sung them now,  
Sung them slow and wearily—  
Wan hand on her aching brow,  
Rose the song as storm-tossed bird  
Beats with weary wing the air;  
Every note with sorrow stirred,  
Every syllable a prayer—  
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,"  
Lips grown aged sung the hymn,  
Trustingly and tenderly;  
Voice grown weak and eyes grown dim—  
"Let me hide myself in Thee."  
Trembling though the voice and low,  
Ran the sweet strain peacefully  
Like a river in its flow.  
Sung as only they can sing  
Who life's thorny paths have pressed;  
Sung as only they can sing  
Who behold the promised rest—  
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,"  
Sung above a coffin lid,  
Underneath all restfully,  
All life's joy and sorrow hid.  
Never more, O storm-tossed soul!  
Never more from wind and tide,  
Never more from billows roll  
Wilt thou ever need to hide?  
Could the sightless, sunken eyes,  
Closed beneath the soft, white hair;  
Could the mute and stiffened lips  
Move again in pleading prayer,  
Still, ay, still, the words would be—  
"Let me hide myself in Thee."

**A Night with Moslem Women.**

An interesting account, illustrating the character of Moslem women in Syria, is given by Miss Rogers, sister of the British consul at Damascus. Travelling in Palestine with her brother, she was obliged one night near Nablous to sleep in the same room with the wives of the governor of Arrabeh.

"When I began to undress the women watched me with curiosity; and when I put on my night gown they were exceedingly astonished and exclaimed, 'Where are you going? Why is your dress white?' They made no change for sleeping, and there they were, in their bright-coloured clothes, ready for bed in a minute. But they stood around me till I said good night, and then all kissed me, wishing me good dreams. Then I knelt down, and presently, without speaking to them again, got into bed, and turned my face to the wall, thinking over the strange day I had spent. I tried to compose myself to sleep, though I heard the women whispering together.

When my head had rested about five minutes on the soft red-silk pillow, I felt a hand stroking my forehead, and heard a voice saying very gently, 'Ya habibi,' that is, 'O beloved.' But I would not answer directly, as I did not wish to be roused unnecessarily. I waited a little and my face was touched again. I felt a kiss on my forehead, and a voice said, 'Miriam, speak to

us; speak, Miriam, darling.' I could not resist any longer, so I turned round and saw Helweh, Saleh Bok's prettiest wife, leaning over me. I said, 'What is it, sweetness? What can I do for you?' She answered, 'What did you do just now when you knelt down and covered your face with your hands?' I sat up, and said very solemnly, 'I spoke to God, Helweh.' 'What did you say to Him?' said Helweh. I replied, 'I wish to sleep. God never sleeps. I have asked Him to watch over me, and that I may fall asleep remembering that he never sleeps, and wake up remembering His presence. I am very weak. God is all powerful. I have asked Him to strengthen me with His strength.'

By this time all the ladies were sitting round me on the bed, and the slaves came and stood near. I told them I did not know their language well enough to explain to them all I thought and said. But as I had learned the Lord's Prayer by heart in Arabic, I repeated it to them sentence by sentence slowly. When I began, 'Our Father, which art in heaven,' Helweh directly said, 'You told me your father was in London.' I replied, 'I have two fathers, Helweh; one in London, who does not know that I am here, and who can not know till I write and tell him, and a heavenly Father, who is here now, who is with me always, and who sees and hears. He is your Father also. He teaches us to know good from evil, if we listen to Him and obey Him.' For a moment there was perfect silence, as if they felt they were in the presence of some unseen power. Then Helweh said, 'What more did you say?' I continued the Lord's Prayer, and when I came to the words, 'Give us this day our daily bread,' they said, 'Can not you make bread for yourself?' The passage, 'Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those that trespass against us,' is particularly forcible in the Arabic language; and one of the elder women, who was severe and relentless-looking, said, 'Are you obliged to say that every day?' as if she thought that sometimes it would be difficult to do so. They said, 'Are you a Moslem?' I said, 'I am not called a Moslem. But I am your sister, made by the same God, the God of all, my Father and your Father.' They asked if I knew the Koran, and were surprised to hear that I had read it. They handed a ro-ary to me, saying, 'Do you know that?' I repeated a few of the most striking and comprehensive attributes very carefully and slowly. Then they cried out 'Mashallah, the English girl is a true believer;' and the impressionable Abyssinian slave-girls said with one accord, 'She is indeed an angel.' Moslems—men and women—have the name of Allah constantly on their lips; but it seems to have become a mere form. This may explain why they were so startled when I said, 'I was speaking to God.' She adds that if she had only said 'I was saying my prayers,' or 'I was at my devotions,' it would not have impressed them.

Next morning on waking, Miss Rogers found that the women from the neighbourhood had come in to hear the English girl speak to God; and Helweh said, 'Now, Miriam, darling, will you speak to God?' At the conclusion, she asked them if they would say amen; and after a moment of hesitation they cried out 'Amen! Amen!' Then one said, 'Speak again, my

daughter, speak about the bread.' So she repeated the Lord's Prayer with explanations. When she left they crowded around affectionately, saying, 'Return again, O Miriam, beloved!'  
—*Domestic Life in Palestine.*

**"Voices from the Prison."**

THE Sherbourne Street Methodist Church was crowded on the occasion of a lecture on "Voices from the Prison," by Rev. Dr. Searles, Chaplain of Auburn Prison, N. Y. Mr. Searles commenced his lecture by giving statistics relating to U. S. Prisons. He said there were 44 State Prisons in the United States. In these prisons there were 40,000 prisoners on an average all the time. In State prisons, houses of correction, and all such institutions, there were about 400,000, or about one for every other family in the Union. In the Auburn Prison there were now nine hundred prisoners. About five years ago there were 1,400. He accounted for the falling off by the fact that factory owners and other employers were now not so prejudiced to ex-convicts as formerly. The lecturer spoke of the plan in vogue in the State Prisons of rewarding good conduct. By this rule a prisoner, on his good behaviour, might save sufficient time on a ten-year sentence to get liberated at the end of six years and six months. This rule, it had been found, was better to reform men than all the whipping posts and other forms of punishment that could be devised. There were, he said, three great causes of crime—idleness, licentiousness, and intemperance. After discoursing forcibly on the first of these causes, he briefly referred to the second, and said the third cause could only be allayed by public sentiment. He did not take any side in the Irish troubles, but he wished to state that it was not the land taxes that made Ireland poor. She only paid eleven million pounds sterling a year in taxes, and thirteen million pounds sterling every year went for liquor. At the time of the war, when the President called for 500,000 more men, it was thought a great number, but during the past twenty years since the war the country had sent that number into drunkards' graves.

**His Last Cigar.**

Mr. Goodfellow is a well-known S. S. superintendent in a flourishing city in one of our prairie states. He is head and front of the temperance movement in his town, and an uncompromising enemy of tobacco; nevertheless, within the memory of many living witnesses, he used to love a good cigar as well as any one. He tells how he was finally cured:

"On leaving my office one evening, in accord with my usual custom, I lighted a fragrant cigar, which I proposed to enjoy on my homeward way. I had advanced but a few steps, when I saw, sitting on a curb, puffing away at the stump of a villainous cigar, a youngster whom I recognized as a member of my Sunday School. A quick disgust filled my soul, and words of reproof rose to my lips; but how could I utter them with the weed between my teeth? The disability was not nearly so apparent in its physical as in its moral aspect. Clearly the cigar must be gotten from sight, or my lips remain sealed and the boy left to follow

the bent of his evil inclination, and doubtless become the victim of a pernicious habit. Quick as thought I whipped the cigar from my mouth and held it behind my back, while I administered a merited reproof and timely warning. The boy threw away his stump and promised not to try another, and I backed around the corner fearing to turn lest my own sin should find me out, and my influence be destroyed. When fairly out of sight, I threw my cigar into the gutter, inwardly vowing before God never again to touch the weed, and I never have."

How many fathers are ready to make a like sacrifice for the sake of their sons? How many teachers, that they may consistently warn their pupils of evils likely to follow in the wake of this habit. How many pastors that they might present themselves undefiled in the sight of the youths of their charges, and lead them in the way of purity and true temperance?—*Church and Home.*

**Take Heed How Ye Read.**

EMPHASIZE the word *how*. There are ways and ways of reading. One way may be much better than another. For instance, the other day an intelligent girl was reading to herself. Her father asked her to read aloud. She began where she was already engaged. It happened to be a very entertaining and instructive collection of instances in which useful inventions had been come upon by curious accidents. When the young reader had finished her piece, her father asked her to tell him what she had just read. He was not surprised that she found herself unable to do so. She had read, had, perhaps, formed the habit of reading, simply to amuse herself for the moment. She had not read to remember, much less to report. No doubt what she read would have made some impression on her mind. She would have retained the general idea that happy chances were often the occasion of fruitful discoveries. She would very likely, besides, have derived the practical hint to be on the lookout for such chances in her own future experience. Both these results of the reading would have been useful.

But she might just as well have added another result that in fact she missed. She might have read so as to furnish herself with material for interesting conversation on subsequent occasions of her life. It only needed the thought in her mind: Let me notice now this incident, and to take it into my understanding and my memory that I shall be able to report it to some one when a suggestive opportunity arises. Such a habit of reading may easily be cultivated. The same habit may be extended, and should be, to hearing and to observation. One really gets more himself when one gets to give.

Let parents see to this. Let teachers, too. A good plan is to make the table at meal times a place for the mutual reporting of things thus learned by the various members of the family. The art of conversation is cultivated in this way as well, perhaps, as in any other. At any rate, task yourselves when you read to read so as to remember and report. You will be delighted to find how easily this habit can be formed, and what a source of profit and pleasure to yourselves and to others it may be made.—*S. S. Journal.*