

measure essential to the reverence of the devotion. One of the finest incidental revelations of character found in all the Bible history is that which is discovered in the narrative of Joseph while in Egypt. Pharaoh suddenly sent for him; and though this young man must have known now that his fortune was made, and though he longed inexpressibly to get out of the filthy dungeon, he was of too decent a turn of mind to rush into the king's presence without care. He made all the retinue wait for him outside, though they came "hastily"; he would not be hurried into indecorousness of behavior; he "shaved himself, and changed his raiment, and came in unto Pharaoh." We need to pray for better gift at prayer.

"It is harder," so remarked the pious Gurnall, "to get the great bell up than to ring it when raised." Ejaculatory prayer is useful; but there is need of seasons likewise. "A large part of my time," wrote McChesney, "is spent just in getting my heart in tune to pray." The stringing of the bow, and the notching of the arrow, have much to do with the success of the archer's shot; and it is not wise to be headlong.

"My gracious Lord, I own thy right."—*Doddridge*.

This is No. 294 of Dr. Philip Doddridge's hymns, and is entitled, "Christ's Service, the Fruit of our Labors on Earth."—Phil. i: 22. It was first published in 1755, and it has been much changed in form and purpose since then. It has fallen into most successful use as a communion hymn on introducing young people into membership. It suggests many profitable thoughts concerning the seriousness of such a step. A visitor at the Indian School in Carlisle asked a Cheyenne girl if she were a member of the Church. She replied: "Not much—just a little." In a sense in which, perhaps she did not mean it, her reply would apply to a good many who are yet, technically, "in good and regular standing," so far as the records of the books show.

"Blest are the sons of peace."—*Watts*.

This is Dr. Watts' version of Psalm 133, S. M. It consists of four stanzas, and is entitled, "Communion of Saints; or, Love and Worship in a Family." It finds a "parallel passage" in the quaint legend of a Persian sage: "Having once in my youth," he says, "notions of severe piety, I used to rise in the night to pray and read the Koran. And on one occasion, as I was engaged in these exercises, my father, a man of practical religion and of eminent virtue, awoke while I was studying aloud. I said to him, 'Behold, thy other children are lost in slumber, but I alone wake to praise God.' And he answered: 'Son of my soul, it is better to sleep than to wake to remark the faults of thy brethren.'"

"Safely through another week."—*Newton*.

This familiar and favorite hymn comes from Rev. John Newton's "Olney Hymns" also—Book II, No. 40. It consists there of five stanzas, and bears the title, "Saturday Evening." It was designed as a meditation and suggestion for the close of the week, rather than a lyric for public service on the Lord's day; and certain changes have been noticeably made in order to adapt it to its new use. It has always been welcome to Christian people because of its bright and brave putting aside of the weights and its putting on of the wings of true devotion, and so its coming up into God's presence with a joyous heart. Long ago it was said of Sir William Cecil, some time Lord Treasurer of England, that, when he went to bed, he would throw off his professional gown and say: "Lie there, Lord Treasurer"; as if bidding adieu to all state affairs in order that he might the more quietly repose himself. The quaint old Spencer quotes this exclamation, and then homilizes upon it concerning one's going to any religious duty, whether hearing or praying, coming to the Lord's table, entering the sanctuary, or even engaging in private devotions; he thinks one might say: "Lie by, world; lie by, all secular cares, all household affairs, all