

THINE BE THE GLORY.

Composed by GERHARDT, Translated by MASSIE. J. R. BAILEY, Carlisle.

Unison.

1. Ev'ning and morn-ing, Sun-set and dawn-ing, Wealth, peace, and glad-ness, Com-fort in sad-ness,
 These are Thy works all the glo-ry be Thine; Times with-out num-ber, A-wake or in slum-ber,
 Thine eye ob-serves us, From dan-ger pre-serves us, Cau-sing Thy mer-cy up-on us to shire.

2 Father, O hear me!
 Pardon and spare me!
 Quench all my terrors,
 Blot out my errors,
 That by Thine eyes they may no more be scanned
 Order my goings,
 Direct all my doings,
 As it may please Thee
 Retain or release me,
 All I commit to Thy fatherly hand.

3 Griefs of old a settling
 All have an ending,
 'Tis said may be pouring,
 Wind and wave roaring,
 'Tis said will come when the tempest has passed.
 Joys still increasing,
 And peace never ceasing,
 Faith lost in vision,
 And Hope in fruition,
 These are the joys which I look for at last.

watch (which had, like my shawl, been redeemed from pawn), and I felt it continually, almost fancying sometimes that it had stopped going. But the hands moved onward notwithstanding, and I had just made out that they were pointing to eleven, when there was a bustle in the hall below, and at the same moment my room door was flung open by our landlady's daughter, a rough girl of fifteen.

"Oh, Mrs. Quintrell," she cried, "your husband's come in, and he's fallen down dead on the mat!"

"Dead? Dead?" How I got down stairs I do not know, but I found myself in the hall, kneeling beside my husband. He was lying on the floor, and our landlady was bending over him.

"Oh! is he really dead?" I cried in an agony; and then I became conscious that I was looking—yes, looking at his face. The shock to my nerves had come, and my eyesight was restored!

I was not glad just at first, but I soon became so, for it was a mere mistake of the girl's: dear Mark was not dead, he had merely fainted, through over-excitement and exhaustion. His swoon did not last long, and his annoyance, when he recovered, was great.

"So sorry I frightened you, dear," he said, as I helped him to our landlady's sofa. "I can't imagine what made me so queer, except that I've got news to tell. I'm so glad, for your sake, for, Nelly, I got on splendidly, and was ecored three times!"

"Then your fortune's made!" I cried.

"Not that quite; but I shall get on better as a teacher now, and it will be just a little compensation for you, my darling. It's this that pleases me most of all."

"Oh! Mark! dear Mark, what do you think? I can see! Yes, see you smiling at me, dear!"

My husband declared that the news was too good to be true; but it was true nevertheless; and, thank Heaven, from that hour my eyesight, though not strong, has never wholly failed me again. Mark is thriving well as a violin teacher, and this contents him now, for he no longer expects to make a name equal to Paganini; but he is very happy for all that and I am very happy too, knowing that in all essential points our hearts do, indeed, "answer" to one another, like the two harps of which he spoke long, long ago.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

BRIGHT and sparkling as ever comes to us the midsummer volume of that most perfect of children's magazines, *Little Folks* (1). We have read every volume that has appeared, and the best thing we can say is, that this new volume is an inestimable treasure to the youngsters, and fully equal to its predecessors.

Ruth Elliott's new book (2) is thoroughly worthy of her, and its appearance at the present time, when Ritualism and Romanism seem to go hand in hand, is most opportune. To inculcate a great truth in so attractive a manner, that one almost loses sight of the object aimed at, is no inconsiderable feat, and this has been very successfully accomplished.

Three hundred and ninety-nine pages of rhyme (?) (3) on one subject are almost too much for us. Mr. Glenn's object in sending out a volume of temperance verse is most praiseworthy, but hardly suitable for these times.

Mrs. Pitman always writes well, but her long stories are sometimes rather dry; we certainly like her short sketches better. "Vestina's Martyrdom" (4), which has just been issued, is a well-told story of Christian fortitude in the days of old Rome, and many a good lesson is taught in its pages. The authoress tells us it is intended especially for Sunday-school teachers and senior scholars, and we can heartily recommend it to them.

We are again welcoming the Jubilee Singers on their labour of love, and many will, doubtless, be glad to have the story of their wonderful and successful career (5), which, after a sale of 50,000 copies, has been issued in a cheaper, though not less attractive, form. The photographic frontispiece is exceedingly good.

It does us good to read the lives of such men as John Edwards, whose short but pregnant biography lies before us (6). Men such as he are worthy of having their memory perpetuated.

- (1) *Little Folks*. Vol. V. (Cassell. 3s. 6d.)
- (2) *Endeavour. Roman or Anglican?* By Ruth Elliott. (Allingham. 5s.)
- (3) *Brighter Days for Working-men*. By W. Glenn. (Kempster. 3s.)
- (4) *Vestina's Martyrdom*. By Mrs. E. R. Pitman. (Houghton. 3s. 6d.)
- (5) *The Story of the Jubilee Singers, with their Songs*. (Hodder and Stoughton. 3s. 6d.)
- (6) *Near the Throne*. By the Rev. J. P. White. (Steele.)