

it was time to go home. Twelve o'clock sounded much more reasonable to them than it did to the anxious mother who was waiting for her son's return to the home.

So the evenings broke up, each boy thanking his host and hostess for their great kindness. And we can truly say that those who so willingly offered to entertain the boys were glad they had done so.

A digression from the usual form of entertainment might be mentioned. It was a skating party to which a Sunday School class of girls was invited after which all had refreshments at the manse.

Picton, Ont.



### A Hymn of Dawn

By Rev. N. A. MacEachern, M.A.

Professor McFadyen has a fine phrase in one of his devotional books, "the turning of the morning." It is one of those phrases which give wings to the imagination: we are at once carried to the threshold of the dawn where the stars are dimming, and the light is changing swiftly from gray to pearl and from pearl to opal, where the wind is stirring in the tree-tops and the birds are twittering a prelude to their full-throated morning chorus. Some hymns have a like power of suggestion: they carry the imagination out to the wide spaces of human need where God's angels of light are ushering in the morning.

Hymn 797 in the Book of Praise is such a hymn. It is set to one of those airs which haunt the mind. The day after you have heard it sung, and have joined in the sweep of its recurring chorus, you find yourself unconsciously, and perhaps inaudibly, humming it,—and there in the street a boy is whistling it. Then the words begin to appear from the recesses of your memory and link themselves to the music,—

"For the darkness shall turn to dawning,  
And the dawning to noonday bright . . ."

If you do not know the hymn, make your first acquaintance with it accompanied by the music. It is not a hymn to be read, but, like many of our most effective hymns, to be fully appreciated it must be sung. It is when we sing the verses and carry the thought of

each into the refrain, that the words become inspired with the great thought and purpose of the gospel, and awaken in our hearts a passion for the world-kinship of Christ. No missionary hymn can do more than that.

As Wisdom in the Book of Proverbs stood at the gate of the city, her hands laden with gifts for all who would harken to her voice, so the hymn represents the church as standing at the gateway of the unchristian world, bearing in her hands wonderful gifts of God to the nations,—a story, a song, a message, a Saviour,—which shall fill their hearts with joy.

Note how the thought of the hymn ascends as it describes these wondrous gifts which we bring to the nations. The story-teller shall turn their hearts from wrong, the song we sing shall lift their hearts to God, the message we give shall proclaim his redeeming love, the Saviour we show shall bring them to the truth of God. And ever as we offer each gift, with its promise of light and love and truth, the refrain beats out its triumphant optimism: "For the darkness shall turn to dawning,

And the dawning to noonday bright,  
And Christ's great kingdom shall come on  
earth,

The kingdom of love and light."

Smith's Falls, Ont.



### The Horse and the Hill

In one of R. D. Blackmore's fine open-air stories, there is a character who talks at length about horses. After comparing good ones and bad ones in their behavior the first time they breast a hill with a load behind them he sums the matter up thus: "Howsoever good a horse be, he longeth to see over the top of the hill before he be half-way up it." The man who is listening to him confesses that he has often felt that way himself! And I do not know that there are many of us who can claim to be guiltless in this respect. Yet it is perfectly plain that the men and women who are living the bravest and most successful lives around us, and are proving towers of strength to others, are those who have learned the art of living just a day at a time, and of depending upon God for strength for that day in the simplest and most trustful fashion.—Archibald Alexander, in *A Day at a Time*.