

breadth of the land. The following is one of the resolutions :

"3. That in the opinion of this House there should be an entire closing and cessation of labour on all canals, railways and other public works which are under the control of the Dominion Government, during the twenty-four hours comprehended in the Lord's Day—save and except only such services as may be of absolute and unavoidable necessity."

Mr. Gordon supported his motion manfully, and at considerable length, but though the tide was against him, he had not reason to regret having called attention to the subject. He got a respectful hearing, and elicited from the Premier an expression of opinion favourable to his own views. The discussion will do good.

They pray the best who pray and watch,
They watch the best who watch and pray;
They hear Christ's fingers on the latch,
Whether he comes by night or day;
Whether they guard the gates and watch,
Or, patient, toil for him and wait,
They hear his fingers on the latch,
If early he do come or late.

Rev. Edward Hopper.

THERE is, somewhere on our coast, a fountain within high-water mark on the seashore. Twice a day the tide spreads over it, and the pure, sweet water is defiled and spoiled by the salt, bitter wave; but the tide goes down, and the fountain washes itself free from the defilement. As that troubled sea goes down, once more the fountain gushes pure and sweet beneath the pure, sweet heavens. This is the emblem of a life that is in daily conflict with the world and with adverse circumstances. Again and again it is overpowered by those perplexed circumstances and tumultuous voices; but all these subside, and the soul is left alone with God.

HYMN WRITERS.

FROM GREENLAND'S ICE MOUNTAINS; pre-eminently "the Missionary Hymn," was written nearly fifty years ago under the following circumstances:—Sermons on behalf of the Society for the propagation of the Gospel in Foreign parts were to be preached on a certain Sunday in the town of Wrexham, North Wales. The parish clerk, to whom belonged in those times the selection of the psalmody, came in very disconsolate to the Vicar and told him there was no

hymn suitable for such a subject in his collection. The son-in-law of the Vicar happened at the time to be visiting him, turning to whom the Vicar said; "you are a bit of a poet, you see the distress of my clerk: I wish you would relieve him by writing a hymn for this occasion." The young man retired to a corner of the room and in an hour and a half produced this hymn which was put into print and sung the next Sabbath. Twenty years afterwards the original manuscript was found in a lumber room of the old vicarage, bearing the author's name "REGINALD HEBER." Heber became Bishop of Calcutta in 1823. He was found dead in his bath on the 2nd April, 1826, and was then only in his forty-third year—a period too short to have developed those talents and virtues which, as one of his admirers in India remarked, rendered his course in life, from the moment he was crowned with Academical honours till the day of his death, one track of light, the admiration of Britain and India.

"JESUS OF NAZARETH PASSETH BY."

The Rev. E. Payson Hammond gives in the *Advance* the genesis of this popular hymn. It was written by a Miss Campbell who was present at a powerful revival of religion, where R. G. Pardee spoke on the answer given to blind Bartimeus as recorded in Luke 18: 37. Mr. Hammond finding they went very well to the tune "Sweet Hour of Prayer," printed them. He tells this incident as an illustration of the awakening power of the hymn:

I remember that a gambler came into a morning meeting, which crowded a Congregational church in Lockport, N. Y. While we were signing that hymn, and at the close of it, though it was the first meeting he had attended, he arose and with tears streaming down his cheeks, begged the Christians to pray for him. Earnest prayer at once ascended in his behalf, and it was answered.

THE NINETY AND NINE.—The history of the song which Mr. Sankey sings so often, "The Ninety and Nine," is curious. It originally appeared in the corner of an American newspaper, from the pen of Miss E. C. Clephane. When Mr. Sankey was among the Scottish Highlanders he tried to find some hymn peculiarly suited to the pastoral tastes of his auditors, who were mainly shepherds. He discovered these lines in the *Rock*, an English evangelical newspaper. He then adapted them to a wild plaintive air, and they soon sang themselves into the hearts, not only of rustic Highlanders, but of lords and ladies in fastidious London.