

paring us for the brightest possible destiny. Not only is the worshipper in the worshipping attitude, but he rises to the devotional altitude.

Mr. Steele then carried his hearers along in his careful, quiet way, to the consideration of others of the most notable compositions. He instanced Montgomery's "Hark, the Song of Jubilee." This stirs us as with the sound of a trumpet. But the poet strikes quite another note in "Forever with the Lord." This is a pearl. The proof is, when sung at a funeral.

The great poets not hymnists.—Cowper alone among the masters of the lyre wrote hymns of a high order. He and John Newton collaborated the "Olney Hymns." Cow-

—some of them superlatively bad. We have all ranks participating in this noble exercise. Cardinals, Bishops, Priests, Pastors, lords and ladies, and the humblest of God's children. The Catholic, the Protestant, the Quaker and the Ritualist are at one here. None finer than those of John Greenleaf Whittier. In his poem "Our Masters," we find gems like these.

"Our Friend, our Brother, and our Lord,
What may Thy service be?
Nor name, nor form, nor ritual word,
But simply following Thee.
Apart from Thee all gain is loss,
All labor vainly done;
The solemn shadow of Thy cross
Is better than the sun."

We are embarrassed by the riches of this last age, and must come to a stopping place, for we might go on for hours. We conclude our synopsis of Dr. Steele's interesting paper by giving two

poetry as a fatal disqualification for their use in public worship. Only a verse from her "Abide in Me."

As some rare perfume in a vase of clay,
Perfumes it with a fragrance not its own;
Lo when Thou dwellest in a mortal soul,
All heaven's own sweetness seems around
it thrown."

Dr. P. N. Balcom.

(Continued from Holiday Number.)

Into the sick room, instead of the air of mystery, dignity and professional balderdash affected by so many doctors, which of itself is enough to make any well man sick, Dr. Balcom carries the same easy and cordial manner which is habitual to him everywhere, and by taking his patient fully into his confidence, seeks to secure his intelligent co-operation in reaching the end sought. To the spleen, nervous or despond-



AMHERST BAPTIST CHURCH.

per's marked C and Newton's N. They are deeply spiritual and are sung everywhere. "O, for a Closer Walk with God," "There is a Fountain Filled with Blood," are his best known.

"God Moves in a Mysterious Way" is one which the church will not willingly let die. The old sailor clergyman's found side by side with Cowper's exquisite works, are none the less vigorous. "How Sweet the Name of Jesus Sounds, and "One There is Above All Others," are sung every day.

Miss Frances Ridley Havergal is a voluminous writer of sacred odes. "I Gave My Life For Thee," and "Lord, Speak To Me That I May Speak," are among those often sung. This century has been prolific in hymns, many of them good

specimens, very valuable for their rare beauty. One from Mrs. Charles, author of "Schonberg-Cotta Family," which is a meditation on the Last Supper.

Around a table, not a tomb,
He wiled our gathering place to be;
When going to prepare our home,
Our Saviour said "Remember Me."

* * * * *

O! no sad relics, sadly dear,
O Master, are thine own possess,
The crown of thorns, the cross, the
spear,
The purple robe, the seamless vest.

Nay, relics are for those who mourn
The memory of an absent friend;
Not absent Thon, nor we forlorn,
"With you each day until the end."

The other is from Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, who has written some hymns that are greatly prized by those who do not regard

ent, a call from the doctor exceeds as much in benefit as it does in quantity the medicine he leaves behind. As a citizen his co-operative sympathy is ever ready to aid any worthy public enterprise. For the poor and those in distress, his heart is proportionate to his chest measurement and as open as his door, his garden and his orchard. His home, which is second in beauty and comfort to none in the township, like that of King Admetus might appropriately be styled "the house of the open door, to the guest and the wanderer free." In short, as a faithful and skilful physician, a benevolent citizen and sympathetic friend, Dr. Balcom enjoys a place in the affectionate and respect of this large community which any man might well covet.