

## AN EVENING HYMN.

"Abide with us: for it is toward evening."—*Luke xxiv. 29.*

SINKS the sun in solemn splendour,  
Gather fast the shades of night,  
For the sombre hue of evening  
Day has changed her golden light.  
Wearied with the work Thou gavest,  
Feebly done, yet done for Thee;  
Lo! I kneel for benediction,  
Bless me, Saviour—even me.

Gone the day beyond recalling,  
Gone its hours—its minutes fled,  
Gone the deeds that can't be cancelled,  
Words that cannot be unsaid.  
Lowly bending at Thy footstool  
This my vesper prayer shall be:—  
For all sins a full forgiveness  
Grant me, Saviour—even me.

Though the sun in solemn splendour  
Sinks before the shades of night,  
Thou art still the ever-wakeful,  
Sleeping not in gloom or light.  
Keep me now from sins of darkness,  
Make my thoughts—my dreams of Thee;  
In Thine arms in safety sleeping,  
Keep me, Saviour—even me.

When the sombre hue of evening  
Gathers o'er life's closing day,  
May the heavenly guards Thou sendest  
Hover near me while I pray.  
Then, at last, when angel-voices  
Call my spirit back to Thee,  
To the day that knows no evening  
Take me, Saviour—even me.



## GOLD OR ALUMINIUM.

By S. A. AGASSIZ.

"Moments make the year, and trifles life."

THE bright June sunshine was streaming into the noble old Gothic church of St. Lawrence at Alkmaar, one Sunday morning, 1895, its cheerful rays lighting up the immense chancel, now disused and bare, and empty save for the tomb of Count Florian V. of Holland, at the east end, and the gaily decorated choir-organ against the north wall.

In the nave was the amphitheatre-like arrangement of seats so common in Dutch churches; the splendid organ was placed up in the west gallery and the three-decker pulpit against a pillar below; the walls were white-washed and the lofty windows destitute of stained glass; nevertheless, the burghers were proud of their church, and justly so.

The attention of the younger members of the congregation had wandered grievously, long ere the pastor had finished his learned and extempore sermon of an hour's length, and sat down in the pulpit with the air of a man taking his well-earned rest, whilst his people joined heart and soul in the closing hymn, a slow solemn strain, lacking perhaps in culture, but soul-stirring in its heartfelt devotion. Even pretty Anna Hensch forgot for a time the glories of her new dress and joined in it fervently.

"Good-morning, Jungjuffrouw Anna," observed a voice behind her as she mingled with the out-going stream. "What an eloquent discourse Mynheer Schneevogt gave us to-day."

"Oh, the dear good man, why does he preach such long dreary sermons," responded she lightly. "I wonder you listen, Mynheer Jansen."

Now if Mynheer Jansen had been, like the youth in Longfellow's poem, of a romantic turn of mind, he would have replied—

"Long was the good man's sermon,  
Yet it seemed not so to me,  
For he spake of Ruth the beautiful,  
And still I thought of thee."

But being only a sober-minded Dutchman, he changed the subject by saying—

"So you go to the Leyden *fête* to-morrow; there is every appearance of its being a wet day."

Hapless Mynheer, although most deeply in love with Anna Hensch, he generally bored or irritated her whenever they met. This calm prophesy of evil exasperated the fair Anna, who had been looking forward to the outing for months past.

Down, down in the scales went honest Mynheer Willem Jansen, and up went a certain Adriaen Dorrepal, student of the University of Leyden. For two years now had she, the only and much indulged daughter of her widowed mother, wavered between these two suitors for her hand; prudent, prosperous Herr Jansen, with his well-established business; and the wild, extravagant young cousin Adriaen afore-mentioned, who had but little money, and no inclination at all to settle down to any occupation in the future.

For neither had Anna any deep affection; sometimes the idea of being mistress of a large house, with plenty of money to spend, inclined her seriously towards Mynheer Willem, whose sterling worth, in her secret heart she well knew far out-balanced the more showy qualities of Adriaen.

But then Adriaen was so amusing and so

handsome, and so unluckily, poor Adriaen; everyone but herself blamed him for idleness and folly; if she deserted him he should despair, so he declared, and so time went on and found her still undecided.

In the meantime Mynheer Jansen had escorted the offended Anna to the inn and assisted her into the quaint gaily-painted chariot which her father and grandfather had used before her. The sturdy horse trotted off along the straight level road paved with clinkers, and lined with trees planted exactly the same distance from each other, which led to the village of Binnen; a typical Dutch road, bordered on either side by dykes which prevented the black-and-white cattle from straying from their pastures.

The Hensch's house, with three rows of trees planted squarely around it, stood in a trim garden; the high sloping roof was partly thatched, partly tiled, the walls were spotlessly white save for a bright blue dado about three feet in height; the trees were also adorned with dados—valued as being washable—and even the farmyard animals were as clean as if daily scrubbed. Entrance was gained by a drawbridge over the dyke, and in describing one house, with trifling alterations, I have described the village.

The opening day of the Leyden *fête* \*

\* Held in commemoration of the founding of the University by William III. of Orange, 1622. Some of the student-corps assume the names and costumes of various historical personages connected with the town at that period, not only Dutch, but English, French and German. The honour of representing Prince Maurice, William's son, falling on the richest student, as the expense of "bossing" the week's *fête* is simply enormous.