

Home and School.

WHA WAD BE THE LOSER ?

You are drawing near to the water o' death,

And soon it 'll be to be crossed ;
Now what wad you say wi' a' your faith,
If He'd let your soul be lost ?

"O, if my trusting soul could be
Torn from my Saviour's cross,
The greatest loser wad no be *me*,
But His wad be the loss !

"My loss wad be but love in vain,
And a poor lost soul, I trow ;
But *His*, His truth and honour gane,
If He could fail me now !"

Pine Grove.

W W. SMITH.

"ROCK OF AGES."

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,"
Thoughtlessly the maiden sung,
Fell the words unconsciously
From her girlish, gleeful tongue ;
Sang as little children sing ;
Sang as sing the birds in June ;
Fell the words like light leaves down
On the current of the tune—

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Let me hide myself in Thee,"
Felt her soul no need to hide ;
Sweet the song as song could be—
And she had no thought beside ;
All the words unheedingly
Fell from lips untouched by care,
Dreaming not they each might be
On some other lips a prayer—

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me"—
'Twas a woman sang them now,
Pleadingly and prayerfully,
Every word her heart did know ;
Rose the song as storm-tossed bird
Beats with weary wing the air,
Every note with sorrow stirred—
Every syllable a prayer—

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,"

Lips grown aged sung the hymn
Trustingly and tenderly—

Voice grown weak and eyes grown dim.

"Let me hide myself in Thee,"
Trembling through the voice and low,
Ran the sweet strain peacefully,
Like a river in its flow.

Sung as only they can sing,
Who behold the promised rest—

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,"

Sung above a coffin-lid ;
Underneath, all restfully,

All life's joys and sorrows hid.
Nevermore, O storm-tossed soul !

Nevermore from wind or tide,
Nevermore from billow's roll,

Wilt thou need thyself to hide.
Could the sightless sunken eyes,

Closed beneath the soft grey hair,
Could the mute and stiffen'd lips

Move again in pleading prayer,
Still, aye, still the words would be—

"Let me hide myself in Thee."

FASHIONABLE SINS.

IDLENESS.

Among the most fashionable sins of the present day, one of the most prevalent, and, at the same time the least regarded, is *idleness* or *waste* of our own and other people's time. Waste of other people's time is a double sin, because, in so doing, we necessarily waste our own time—which is one sin—while at the same time, we deprive our neighbour of that which of all his possessions is most valuable—which is another sin.

In treating of fashionable sins I select for consideration those which are the least regarded, those which we scarcely consider to be offences at all, but which, in God's sight, are grievous crimes, for being guilty of which we must, when we stand for trial before Him who will come to judge all men with righteous judgment and from whose decision we