

eternal heavens. Neither men nor angels will let it pass into oblivion. Can you find a tomb in the land where sealed lips lie that have not sung that tune? If they were gray old men they had heard or sung "Old Hundred." If they were babes they smiled as their mothers rocked them to sleep singing "Old Hundred." Sinner and saint have joined with the endless congregation where it has, with and without the pealing organ, sounded on sacred air. The dear little children, looking on this strange world with wondering eyes, have lisped it.

The sweet young girl whose tombstone told of sixteen summers, she whose pure and innocent face haunted you with its mild beauty, loved "Old Hundred," and as she closed her eyes, seemed communing with angels who were so soon to claim her. He whose manhood was devoted to the service of his God, and who, with faltering step, ascended the pulpit stairs with one white hand placed over his labouring breast, loved "Old Hundred." And, though sometimes his lips only moved, away down in his heart, so soon to cease its throbs, the holy melody was sounding. The dear, white-headed father, with his tremulous voice, how he loved "Old Hundred"—his arms crossed over the top of his cane, his silvery locks floating off from his hollow temples, and a tear, perchance, stealing down his furrowed cheeks as the noble strains ring—hallowed by fourscore years in the Master's care, "Old Hundred" sounds indeed to him a sacred melody.

You may fill your churches with choirs, with Sabbath prima donnas whose daring notes emulate the steeple, and cost almost as much; but give us the spirit-stirring tones of the Lutheran hymn, sung by young and old together! Martyrs have hallowed it; it has gone up from the dying beds of saints; the old churches where generation after generation has worshipped, and where many scores of the dear dead have been carried and laid before the altar, seem to breathe of "Old Hundred" from vestibule to tower-top; the very air is haunted with the spirit. Thus, for a moment, of the assembled company who have at different times and in different places joined in the familiar tune—throng upon throng—the stern, the timid, the gentle, the brave, the beautiful—their rapt faces beaming with the inspiration of the heavenly sounds!

"Old Hundred;" king of the sacred bond of ancient airs! Never shall our ears grow weary of hearing, or our tongues of singing thee! And when we get to heaven, who knows but what the first triumphal strain that welcomes us may be—

"Be thou, O God, exalted high."

—George H. Munroe, in *Musical Record*.

### THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Revelation, Science and Philosophy can legitimately have only one object in view, and that is to make known to man the perfections and glory of the Deity. Revelation comes from God by creation to man; science is man working through the reason by creation back to God, and at that point where they meet philosophy steps in, points out the harmonies which exist between them, and thus this trinity in unity is the means to find out the will of God as it can be known by man. This union so happily effected cannot exist for the interest or pleasure of those united, but there is a specific work in which they ought to be engaged, and which it is their duty and privilege to enter upon without any delay. Many centuries ago One who was the Ambassador from the court of heaven to this earth taught his disciples a sweet and simple prayer, the words of which have been enshrined in all the Churches of Christ throughout the earth. The minister of the gospel, the man of science and the philosophic sage have alike prayed that prayer, and through its hallowed influences have felt themselves strengthened and encouraged in their labours. The aged saint upon the death-bed has rolled this prayer over and over in the soul as a morsel of manna from heaven, giving spiritual strength, comfort and joy, before passing away into the shadow of death, which as a veil concealed the light and glory

of heaven. The man of business, the soldier on the battle field, the sailor in the storm, the missionary in the hour of danger, the young man and young woman in the hour of temptation, have repeated "the Lord's Prayer," and they have found in it safety and strength.

The infant kneeling at a mother's knee lisps the sweet words, "Our Father which art in heaven," and throughout life these words form a three-fold link betwixt God, the parent and the child that can hardly be broken and forgotten. The child in humble, trustful obedience to its parent utters this prayer; the young in the hour of danger, when requiring heavenly light and guidance, cry to God, "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil;" those who are burdened with the cares and anxieties of life pray for their "daily bread;" and the servants of God, the men of science and those who seek after wisdom, find within themselves a still higher aspiration and holier desires, and they cry to God in these words of their Lord and Master, which are so full of meaning and so expressive of the real wants of man, "Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done, as in heaven, so in earth." Heaven is perfect harmony with the will of God.—*John Coult's*.

### IN THE CLEFT OF THE ROCK.

Wild through the highlands the loud winds were sweeping;  
Faster and faster the snow-drifts were creeping;  
God shield the mother from peril and harm,  
As she hastes through the vale with her babe on her arm.

Dark grows the day as the tempest is swelling;  
Light, warmth, and joy in her far distant dwelling—  
"Strengthen me, God of my fathers, I pray,  
Watch o'er my child, if I fall by the way."

Down in the nest of the ferns and the heather,  
Safe from the rage of the wild stormy weather  
Winds cannot beat, nor the avalanche shock,  
Where lies the child in the cleft of the rock.

On through the valley for help she is speeding;  
Only her love through the darkness is leading;  
Far, far before her her hearth-fire's red glow,  
Slumberful, slumberful falleth the snow.

Faster and faster it drifteth around her;  
There in the gray of the morning they found her;  
Cold, cold and white as the snow-wreath she lies,  
Still as the calm that has crept o'er the skies.

Hark! through the stillness a cry, growing clearer,  
Wonder and love wing their footsteps still nearer.  
Sheltered from cold and the tempest's rude shock,  
Lieth the babe in the cleft of the rock.

Fast flit the years o'er that vale of the highlands;  
Far, far away from their storms and their silence,  
There's a worn soldier, weary of strife,  
Ebbing, fast ebbing the tide of his life.

Round him his comrades are gathered together:  
"Lay me to rest in my own native heather;  
There where my father once pastured his flock,  
There where I slept in the sheltering rock."

"Answered the prayers of the mother that bore me,  
Her who hath passed to the haven before me;  
Safely I rest, by His grace full and free,  
In the cleft of the Rock that was riven for me."

—*New York Christian Weekly*.

### SUNSHINE.

We wish that we could persuade every one who reads this to let more sunshine into their houses. Draw up the window shades, throw back the curtains, and admit the warm radiance to every room. It will do you good in more ways than one. Physically, the sunlight is a necessity, while to our souls it acts equally as a tonic. You can't be half so anxious and troubled when the bright sunshine falls all about you, as when you sit in a dimly-lighted room. Try it and see. Mark how your spirits will rise, your hopes revive, your very plans seem more easy of accomplishment, in the glowing sunlight. And then, when to the radiance of an earthly sun is added the brightness of the Sun of Righteousness, shining upon us day by day, we shall find it easy to be cheerful and happy, even though troubles assail.

HE who never enters the chamber of meditation is sure to sink into lukewarmness, if not apostasy.—*Zion's Herald*.

### "MY MOTHER'S BEEN PRAYING FOR ME."

A mighty storm howled along the northeast coast of England on Friday and Saturday, the 8th and 9th of February, in the year 1861. The wind was blowing from E. N. E., and lashed the foaming and racing waves to fury. Its anger seemed to culminate around the mouth of the Tees, and in the bay of Hartlepool eighty-one vessels were driven ashore, forty-three of which became total wrecks, and eighty brave hearts were stilled forever beneath the waters, and eighty desolate homes were left sailorless on shore. Groups of anxious inhabitants dotted the coast and watched the vessels tossed like corks on the waves which bore them reefwards.

The five lifeboats which belong to the two Hartlepoons were all out rescuing the crews of stranded vessels, when about ten o'clock on the Saturday morning a stout vessel was seen in the offing making for the shore. The signal of distress was flying, and she ran before the wind landwards. Her name was the "Rising Sun," and the eager eyes which watched her could make out that she was severely damaged and was quite unmanageable. A long reef, called Long-sear Rock, lies out in the bay about a mile from shore, and could she but round this she would be in comparative safety, or at least within reach of help. On she came, rolling on the waves which bore her to destruction. Each moment she neared Longsear Rock, and the watchers gave a cry as they saw her strike heavily upon its end, and in a few minutes she sank, the hull disappeared, and the waters hissed and foamed about the two masts which continued to stand out of the sea. Upon these the crew, seven in number, could be counted as they clung for life. All the lifeboats were engaged, and the only means left of rescuing the seven men clinging like flies to the shaking masts was the rocket apparatus, and before this could be obtained one of the masts upon which were hanging three men, broke away, and they perished. The other could be still seen, and three more men and a boy were distinctly counted upon it. With intense anxiety and all possible speed the apparatus was adjusted, but just as the light touched the powder and the mortar fired the ball and line across the wreck, this last mast disappeared with its precious burden, and the gray-green waves around the reef rose and fell unbroken by a sign of human life. Sadness fell on all faces, and many a rough hand drew itself across misty eyes, which in vain scanned the waste of the ocean. Hopelessly the line was drawn in, but as it neared the beach something was felt to be entangled in its folds. That something was the sailor-boy! At first it seemed that his young life had been beaten out of him, but every means for his recovery was tried. Joyfully the onlookers observed in a short time faint signs of reanimation; then he struggled and moved, and ultimately became conscious.

With wild amazement he gazed around on the vast crowd of kind and sympathizing friends. They raised him to his feet. He looked up into the weather-beaten face of the old fisherman near him, and asked, "Where am I?"

"Thou art here, my lad."

"Where's the cap'n?"

"Drowned, my lad."

"The mate, then?"

"He's drowned, too."

"The crew?"

"They are all lost, my lad; thou art the only one saved."

The boy stood overwhelmed for a few moments, then he raised both his hands and cried in a loud voice,

"My mother's been praying for me! my mother's been praying for me!"

And then he dropped on his knees on the wet sand and hid his sobbing face in his hands.

Hundreds heard that day this tribute to a mother's love and to God's faithfulness in listening to a mother's prayers.

The little fellow was taken to a house close by, and in a few days he was sent home to his mother's cottage in Northumberland.—*Sunday Magazine*.

THE Church of Scotland Missionary Society proposes "that a portion of each Lord's day be observed as a time of special intercession on behalf of some missionary object, and it is recommended that when convenient the time should be either between nine and ten a.m., or between eight and nine p.m." Topics are suggested for each Sabbath.

It appears that the Church of Scotland "Missionary Society's Magazine" is amongst the self-supporting missionary periodicals. Between 1862 and 1872, it did not pay expenses. Now it carries the cost of publishing the lists of contributors from all the parishes and the financial exhibit of the society, and pays its own way, with 20,000 subscribers.

GREAT discontent prevails in Ireland. The "Pall Mall Gazette" concedes that the complaints of the Irish tenant farmers are mostly genuine; that they are for the moment unable to pay their rent, and that they believe in their right to remain on the land in every event. If the general refusal to pay rent is followed by a wholesale eviction, this again will almost certainly be followed by a series of agrarian murders; and unless the Irish executive is prepared to support the landlords by measures amounting to little less than military occupation of a large part of the country, the landlords will have to choose between virtually conceding the tenants' claim to fixity of tenure and giving the signal for an outbreak of something hardly distinguishable from civil war. The anti-rent agitation is only one among the other symptoms of the general unrest of Ireland. For the moment it is the most urgent, but, even if the worst pinch of the agrarian distress were relieved by a universal reduction of rent, there would still be much disquiet as to the condition of the country.