

"It passeth knowledge, that dear love of Thine,
My Jesus! Saviour! yet this soul of mine
Would of that love in all its depth and length,
Its height and breadth and everlasting strength,
Know more and more."

You stand by the dwelling of poverty, where a weary woman is toiling over the wash-tub to win her daily bread. Her children are playing by the door. There are six of them to be fed and clothed and sent to school and launched upon the world. Their father is dead. There is nobody but the mother, with her narrow opportunities and scant education, to do for these hearty, hungry boys and girls all that must be done before they will be men and women. It is a hard lot, and you pity her, and wonder whether she is not discouraged, whether she does not lie awake nights and cry, and wonder where she is to get flour and wood and coal next winter. She, wringing out her clothes, and carrying a great basket of them over the grass to hang upon the lines, gives unconsciously her answer:

"In some way or
other, the Lord
will provide."

It may not be
my way; it
may not be
thy way;

And yet in His
own way, 'the
Lord will pro-
vide."

Perhaps there is an invalid's cham-ber where you sometimes sit an hour or two. You go to it, out of the bright world, so full of activity and movement, and you are sorry for your friend who has to spend so many mo-
notonous hours—
hours, too, of suf-
fering and weak-
ness—on couch or
chair. But though you may sympa-
thize, you need not
condole, for there
is a familiar hymn-
book open on the
bed, and you see
that a pencil-mark
has been drawn:

"No more heart-
pangs nor sad-
ness;

When Jesus
comes;

All peace, and
joy, and glad-
ness;

When Jesus
comes."

Of course there were hymns before Moody and Sankey bound up their sheaf and gave it to the Christian world. There was the grand, sublime, all-comprehending liturgy of the sacred Psalms, and there were what we still have and prize, the lyrics of Ambrose, Gregory, Bernard de Cluny, Richard of Clairvaux, and the saints who sang their lofty faith and their heroic courage from the darkness of cloister walls. There were the sweet hymns of Wesley and Toplady, of Cowper, Lyte, and Keble, of Faber, and of Ray Palmer and Horatius Bonar. All these speak for the heart when it longs to pour itself forth in a passion of praise. But what these later hymns have done has been partly because they have been wedded to fervent and inspiring tunes. The children catch them up and sing them as they go to school. The workman finds that their rhythm will keep time to the beat of his hammer, while the mother lulls her little one to sleep with their silvery cadences.

Is it not possible to make more use in our homes of the power which dwells in such melodies? Before the work begins in the morning, let the daughter's hand strike the keys, while all the family gather around her and sing. At evening have an hour of music. Sometimes drop the sewing and the studying, the planning and contriving, and brighten the busiest part of the day with an interlude of sweet song. It will be a tonic to the weary and a rest to the toilworn.

THE MARTYR'S MONUMENT.

THE ruins of the Castle of St. Andrew's are within five minutes' walk from the churchyard. However a past generation may have neglected these ruins, it is certainly not so with the present. Everything has recently been done to keep them from falling to pieces; and they are now cared for as if they were flowers in a garden. Rumours as they are, they are not the ruins of the castle in which Patrick Hamilton,

Henry Forrest, and George Wishart were confined before being led out for execution, and in which Cardinal Beaton was killed. This older castle was destroyed in 1546-47 by the French, while the present ruins are the remains of a castle built by Beaton's successor, Archbishop Hamilton. But modern as these ruins are, they doubtless give a correct idea of what the earlier one must have been, and in what frightful dungeons prisoners were confined in pre-Reformation times. The dungeon in the North Sea Tower is said to be eighteen feet in depth and sixteen in width at the base. It is entirely cut out of the freestone rock. The prisoners were let down, as if into a coalpit, by a windlass. As we looked down, the keeper lowered candles attached to a cord, and lighted up its dark recesses. They seemed a poor abode for rats, not to speak of men of whom the world was not worthy.

The Martyrs' Monument is about five minutes' walk from the castle along the shore. It is a freestone obelisk, and is said to be forty-five feet in height. It was put up in 1643. The words of the inscription do not say much for the historical knowledge of the erectors of the monument, for the name Protestant was first heard of in the Diet of Spiers in 1529. And the name of Paul Craw, who suffered in 1433 at St. Andrew's, might have been included, as Patrick Hamilton has been, although a pre-Protestant martyr. The inscription on the east side is:—

"In memory of the martyrs, Patrick Hamilton, Henry Forrest, George Wishart, and Walter Mill, who in support of the Protestant faith, suffered death by fire at St. Andrew's, between the years 1528 and 1558. The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance."

The inscription is repeated on the west side.—From "The Martyr Graves of Scotland."