

privileges and advantages. Knox was a practical reformer. No fine spun theories, no resting in notions with him; he made Church and School go together, and elevated the community; got Bibles introduced into households, and transmitted wholesome rules. He was a man for the times, and why should we let drop the good work he began? Reformation is yet needed, and is a practical work, in our households, in our Churches, and in our community. Can we not set our hand to any useful reform that others may be the bettered thereby? I plead for no work out of our sphere, and for no controversy, but can you set ageing no mission among ragged children or clothe no naked ones, or get to the Church or Sabbath School none from the highways and hedges?—but why should I particularize? Whoever has an eye to the useful cannot fail of benefitting, temporally or spiritually, his fellows, and whose neglects to do so is a poor child of reform. Your doing so, more than your attendance here this day, my friends, will prove you to be worthy sons and daughters of the Reformation.

“Now let thy work and pow’r appear,
thy servant’s face before,
And show unto their children dear,
thy glory evermore.

And let the beauty of the Lord,
our God be us upon,
Our handy-works establish thou,
establish them each one.”

FOR THE MONTHLY RECORD

The Goodly Fellowship of the Prophets Praise Thee.

KING DAVID.

A SHEPHERD BOY in Bethlehem’s land,
God called him for his own,
Giving unto his tuneful hand,
A harp of charmed tone;
The evil spirit to dispel,
Whose awful shadow darkly fell.
Around Saul’s heart and throne.

His shepherd staff he laid aside,
Where flashed the soldier’s sword,
When Gath’s great champion defied
The armies of the Lord;
Not then his battle armour took,
A sling and smooth stones from the brook,
Fulfilled Jehovah’s word.

Called and beloved, he still obeyed,
Though persecutions fire.
His valiant spirit oft dismayed,
And quenched love’s strong desire;
The king who shewed him favour first,
Now sought his life, and strangely cursed
His path, by envy’s ire.

Yet faithful to his own decree,
God kept His chosen one,
The royal root of Jesse’s tree,
The House of David’s Son;
In death’s dark vale, by waters still,
He led him on victorious still,
To Israel’s mighty throne.

Crowned and anointed from above,
Blessed with life’s richest part,
Sought out and honored by such love,
One after God’s own heart:
Could David sin, exalted thus:
Alas! for him as well as us,
The tempter tried his art.

And Israel’s royal monarch fell,
Long had the archer striven,
By many a strange, seductive spell,
To lure his soul from heaven:
Blinded, his dooming voice began,
When Nathan’s words, “Thou art the man,”
Unloosed what sin had riven.

Even then, his God forsook him not,
But wrought deliverance still,
His truth and mercy unforgot,
On Zion’s holy hill;
And David’s heart, by sorrow rent,
Sore humbled, strove its punishment.
In meekness to fulfil.

God’s hand lay heavy on his throne,
Still heavier on his heart.
When Absalom, his goodly son,
Assayed the rebel’s part;
Stealing men’s hearts, as there he sat,
Judging their cause in Judah’s gate,
By Hebron’s crowded mart.

Until he grasped his father’s crown,
Then Israel’s leaders rose,
Where crested Olivet looks down,
And Kedron’s water flows;
Pursuing on through Ephraim’s wood,
Where lofty oaks luxuriant stood,
To death their flying foes.

There Absalom fell by Joab’s dart,
Beneath the great oak tree,
Still rings this wail from David’s heart:
A down Time’s hoary lee;
“Oh! Absalom, my son, my son,
Would God before this deed were done,
That I had died for thee.”

Thus through a baptism of pain,
He found the narrow way,
Took up on Judah’s hills the strain,
And saw by faith the day
Of him who here the winepress trode,
The Prince of Peace, the Mighty God,
Deliverer, King for aye.

His advent fired, wrapt David’s soul,
How woke his glorious lyre,
Blending in one immortal whole,
Hymns touched with living fire;
Like hosts who bear victorious palms,
From age to age those glorious Psalms,
The Church’s heart inspire.

We breathe them when our souls are wrung,
By sorrow and by sin;
We sing them where our harps are hung,
Amid earth’s toil and din;
We chant those noble songs of praise,
When we to God our voices raise,
His holy house within.

A priest by virtue of the rite,
From Samuel’s holy hands,
A King renowned for strength and might,
O’er Israel’s fruitful lands;
By tuneful harp and hallowed lip,
Among the goodly fellowship
Of prophets, David stands.