

Psalm. And sing it they did, a thrilling duet on their pilgrimage to the gallows. It was rough with the Covenanters in those days, and their paths did not exactly, to outward seeming, lead them by the green pastures and still waters. The magnificent assurance of the fourth verse,

" My table thou hast furnished  
In presence of my foes ;  
My head thou dost with oil anoint,  
And my cup overflows,"

has ever since David's day given pluck to the heart of the timid and strengthened the nerve of heroes.

"Art thou weary?" In the 8th century there lived in a monastery, in the valley of the Kedron, a monk named Stephen, who before he died was gifted from on high with the supreme talent of embodying in a simple hymn so much of the essence of the divine life that came to the world through Jesus Christ, that in this last decade of the 19th century, no hymn more profoundly touches the heart and raises the spirits of Christian worshippers. Dr. Neale paraphrased this song of Stephen, so that this strain, originally raised on the stern ramparts of an outpost of Eastern Christendom already threatened with submersion beneath the flood of Moslem conquest, rings with ever-increasing volume through the whole wide world to-day :

" Art thou weary, art thou languid,  
Art thou sore distrest?  
' Come to me,' saith One, ' and coming,  
Be at rest.'"

Miss Fanny Crosby, author of "All the way my Saviour leads me," "Safe in the arms of Jesus," "Through this changing world below," "Rescue the perishing," and other beautiful hymns, has been blind from infancy. Although thus afflicted, she is said by those who know her to be one of the most cheerful of individuals.

After a day's jostling through the city streets, guided by some loving hand, Miss Crosby returns to her quiet room and pours forth her soul in song. It was at such a time as this that she wrote, "All the way my Saviour leads me." Miss Crosby says that of all the hymns she has written, "Safe in the arms of Jesus" is her favorite.