

himself says of this masterpiece that it was a "living and dying prayer for the holiest believer in the world."

At the time of the Queen's Jubilee in 1897, among the many embassies which came from foreign lands to offer her congratulations was one from the King of Madagascar. In the number of this embassy was a Hova, a man of years, dark-skinned and intelligent. Desiring for the sake of his people to make a good impression, he recalled in the presence of his royal hosts many incidents of his long journey around the Cape in the sailing vessel, and then asked if it was agreeable that he should sing a song with which he had whiled away many a weary hour of his life. His curious but interested listeners expected to hear some weird and heathenish chant, but judge of their surprise as the venerable Hova began in a thin tenor:

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

There was a subdued silence, and tears streamed down the cheeks of the listeners as they thought of the seed sown in missionary zeal and faith coming back after many years.

The scope of this article forbids the mention in any detail of such exquisite and inspiring hymns as "My faith looks up to Thee," "Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah," "At even, ere the sun was set," "Sun of my soul," "Take my life and let it be," and a score of others, each unexcelled in its way, and possessing marvellous power. Let us cherish these treasures of song, and make them a part of our lives. Let us weave them into our thoughts and around our hearts, and they will be to us an inspiration and a medium for our best and noblest feelings to go to Him who is our joy and our song all the day long.

Newburgh, Ont.

THE MIGHTY HUNDRED YEARS.

I heard a voice cry from the Judgment Seat:

"Declare unto the Rulers of the Spheres
The story of the triumph and defeat,
The story of The Mighty Hundred Years."

"And now the Powers of Water, Fire, and Air,
And that dread Thing behind the lightning's light,
Cry, 'Master us, O Man, for thou art fair:
To serve thee is our freedom and our might.'

"He flung bright harness on them, and the yoke
And new joys shook the brilliant firmaments:
The dim, dead places of the world awoke,
Stirred by the new pulse of the continents.

"It is the hour of Man: new Purposes,
Broad-shouldered, press against the world's slow gate;
And voices from the vast Eternities
Still preach the soul's austere apostolate.

"Always there will be vision for the heart,
The press of endless passion every goal
A traveller's tavern, whence they must depart
On new divine adventures of the soul."

—By Edwin Markham, in "Success."