

Home and School.

ROCK OF AGES.

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,"
Thoughtlessly the maiden sung,
Fell the words unconsciously
From her girlish, gleeful tongue :
Sang as little children sing ;
Sang as sing the birds in June ;
Fell the words like light leaves down
On the current of the tune—
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Let me hide myself in Thee,"
Felt her soul no need to hide ;
Sweet the song as song could be—
And she had no thought beside ;
All the words unheedingly,
Fell from lips untouched by care,
Dreaming not they each might be
On some other lips a prayer—
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me"—
'Twas a woman sung them now,
Pleadingly and prayerfully
Every word he heart did know,
Rose the song as storm-tossed bird
Beats with weary wing the air,
Every note with sorrow stirred—
Every syllable a prayer—
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,"
Lips grown aged sung the hymn
Trustingly and tenderly—
Voice grown weak and eyes grown dim.
"Let me hide myself in Thee."
Trembling though the voice and low,
Ran the sweet strain peacefully,
Like a river in its flow.
Sung as only they can sing
Who life's thorny path have pressed ;
Sung as only they can sing
Who behold the promised rest—
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,"
Sung above a coffin-lid ;
Underneath, all restfully,
All life's joys and sorrows hid :

Nevermore, O storm-tossed soul !
Nevermore from wind or tide,
Nevermore from billow's roll,
Wilt thou need thyself to hide.
Could the sightless, sunken eyes,
Closed beneath the soft gray hair,
Could the mute and stiffened lips
Move again in pleading prayer,
Still, aye, still, the words would be,
"Let me hide myself in Thee."

THE OLD STORY.

It is a pity, alas ! that, every year, we need to repeat even to readers of a religious paper the lesson of this New Year's narrative, from *Hearth and Home*.

It is of a young man, a member of the editorial corps of a city paper, who, a year or two ago, set out one bright winter's morning with a friend to make New Year's calls. It was his first glimpse of fashionable, or, indeed, any gay, social life. John had hitherto had no time for play. First errand-boy, then reporter, critic, night-editor : many young men have push and vim enough to run that course before twenty-two, but few carry into it the steady integrity and hard practical sense which set this Scotch-Irishman, John——, apart from his companions and won their respect. Outside of the office, few people knew him. Occasionally you would see him in his dress-suit (of a long-ago cut and fashion) up in the second tier at a grand concert, with an old gray-haired man beside him. The father and son enjoyed the treat as boys would their Christmas outings. In his grave, silent way, John comprehended and cared for music ; his father only cared to be with John. The old fellow read his paper from end to end every day ; he read, in fact, nothing else. Journalism in America, to him, meant John.

In society, the young man was not likely to be dazzled or tempted by influences which drag mere hot-blooded, brilliant young fellows astray. He was of slow, cool, enduring habit of body and