

## The Sun-bright Clime.

HAVE you heard, have you heard of that sun-bright clime,  
Undimmed by sorrow, unhurt by time,  
Where age hath no power o'er the fadeless frame,  
Where the eye is fire and the heart is flame—  
Have you heard of that sun-bright clime?

A river of water gushes there,  
'Mid flowers of beauty strangely fair,  
And a thousand wings are hovering o'er  
The dazzling wave and the golden shore,  
That are seen in that sun-bright clime.

Millions of forms, all clothed in white,  
In garments of beauty, clear and bright,  
There dwell in their own immortal bowers,  
'Mid fadeless hues of countless flowers,  
That bloom in that sun-bright clime.

Ear hath not heard, and eye hath not seen,  
Their swelling songs, and their changeless sheen;  
Their ensigns are waving, their banners unfurl,  
O'er the jasper wall and gates of pearl,  
That are fixed in that sun-bright clime.

But far, far away in that sinless clime,  
Undimmed by sorrow and unhurt by time,  
Where, amid all things bright and fair is given,  
The home of the just, and its name is heaven—  
The name of that sun-bright clime.

## The Hebrew Psalms.

BY REV. W. A. DICKSON.

THE title "Book of Psalms" means a book of odes or songs whose singing is accompanied by an instrument. Not all the Hebrew psalms, however, are lyrics, and the collection as it now stands was not intended as a church psalter. It is a national collection of devotional poetry, made up of at least five smaller collections. Many of the pieces were neither written as songs nor meant to be used with music. The book forms one of the three great divisions under which the Jewish church arranged the Old Testament Scriptures. Christ recognized that division when he said, "All things must be fulfilled, which were written in the law of Moses, and in the prophets, and in the psalms, concerning me." From ancient times they were divided into five Books: Book I., Psalms 1-41; Book II., Psalms 42-72; Book III., Psalms 73-89; Book IV., Psalms 90-106; Book V.,

Psalms 107-150. Each of these ends with a doxology, excepting Psalm 150, which forms an appropriate doxology to the whole psalter.

With regard to authorship, like the Bible itself, the Book of Psalms comes to us from the hands of many different authors whose times extend over the entire period of Hebrew literature, from Moses to the generation after the captivity. David was the largest and most eminent contributor, and his spirit and teaching influenced the whole. So we speak of the Psalms of David as we speak of Wesley's Hymns or Sankey's Songs, although every such collection contains some pieces by other distinguished authors. In the Hebrew inscriptions seventy-three are ascribed to David, twelve to Asaph and singers of his school, one to Moses, two to Solomon, and fourteen to the sons of Korah. Less than fifty are anonymous. These are styled "Orphan Psalms" in the Jewish Talmud.

When we consider David's preparation for his work, it is not strange that his psalms should stand unrivaled in literature. He was poet and musician by birth. He went the whole round of human conditions. Brought up in the sheep pastures, he was made familiar with the simple and universal forms of feeling. Military life, with its pomp and victories, furnished him with ideas of glory. In a great palace he was not a stranger to sovereign majesty, while in the solitudes of the wilderness he was schooled in discipline that he might "learn in suffering what he should teach in song." So his psalms are tender, mournful, joyous, pathetic, soft as the descent of dew, low as the whisper of love, loud as the voice of thunder, terrible as the almightiness of God.

The circumstances to which we owe many of them are interesting. The writer had to live precariously by spoil or gifts. He was hunted like a partridge on the mountains, by day providing sustenance, by night sleeping in cave or rock, field or forest. And yet this man in the heat of youth, with a soldier's license and a brigand's reputation, watched carefully his own city, learned from it as a pupil, and ruled it as a king. When his companions in arms were carousing or asleep he sat by his lamp in some still retreat, or considered the heavens, or engaged in prayer, or meditated on the law, and composed and wrote what shall sound in the Church and echo in the world till time shall be no more. To his fall, repentance and restoration, we owe some of the seven penitential psalms that have taught despair to trust, and turned the heart of flint into a fountain of tears. So deeply did he sound the depths of human nature, and so loftily did he soar to the gates of light, that no poet has ever lived whose ideas have become so much the common property of nations.

The inspiration of the psalms is placed beyond all doubt. David said, "The Spirit of the Lord spake by me, and his word was in my tongue." Christ and his apostles fully endorsed

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