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Religious.

The Lord's Prayer.

IT was midnight. Without, the storm raged wildly, rattling the windows and piling snowdrifts high. Within all was calm and quiet, save when a low smothered sob broke the stillness. A faint light flickered in the room, revealing the forms of four men and two women watching by the bedside where an aged Christian lay dying.

For four score years and nine he had lived, and now at this good old age his children had gathered to say a last farewell. His youngest daughter stood at his head and wiped the death-damps from his brow.

Suddenly his lips moved, and in a faint whisper he asked, "Has Edwin come?" Edwin, his youngest child, the pride of his heart, had left home sixteen years before, and through contact with infidels had imbibed and now openly professed their belief. A telegram carried the tidings that the old man was dying, and Edwin, longing to see his father, replied that he would come, and immediately started for home.

The aged pilgrim only prayed to see his child once again. Now he felt the end was near. His feet were just slipping over the brink, yet Edwin had not come. Two hours passed—hours of apparent unconsciousness to the dying man; at length the wanderer arrived. Hastening to the bedside, he asked the question, "Father, do you know me?" but his