

hall, Mount Forest; and at the close \$550 were subscribed. As I had to leave for Toronto, Dr. Yeomans and Dr. Jones undertook to canvass the town. This they did at once, and with such earnestness that they very soon increased the amount to nearly \$900.

Total amount subscribed from September 2nd to October 2nd, about \$17,000. A good month's work, all things considered! The success is due to the zeal of the graduates more than to any other cause. I find some of them wherever I go, and so far have not found one ungrateful or disloyal to his Alma Mater.

G. M. G.

P. S.—A meeting was held at Belleville on the 7th October, when \$3,000 were subscribed, besides a herbarium worth several hundred dollars from Professor Maccoun, the distinguished Botanist, and my former fellow-traveller in the North-West. On the evening of the 9th we had a meeting at Stirling: \$500 subscribed.

### Rock of Ages.

**H**IS noble Christian lyric, which by many is accounted the finest hymn in our own or any other language, was written in the year 1776, by Augustus Montague Toplady, an Episcopalian minister in Devonshire, who died on the eighth of August, 1778, in his thirty-eighth year. The centenary of his death was this year celebrated in many parts of England, by Nonconformists and Churchmen alike, by singing on the above day selections from Toplady's hymns. Although the author of numerous hymns, his fame rests chiefly upon "*Rock of Ages*," which, from its simplicity, its fullness of christian doctrine, and its devout and elevating spirit, meets in a remarkable degree the requirements of sacred song.

Toplady lived at a time when religious controversy ran high. He was an extreme Calvinist, and, like Rowland Hill and others of that period, he assumed an attitude of inveterate hostility to the Wesleys, and this feeling he carried with him to the verge of the grave; for it is said that when on his death-bed a report having reached him that he had sought an interview with John Wesley, in order to a reconciliation, the dying man was no indignant that he caused himself to be carried to the church and from the altar declared his adherence to the opinions he had advocated, and protested that he had nothing to retract. On reaching home, he further recorded in writing his "dying avowal," expressing his sincere hope "that his last hours will be much better employed than in conversing with such a man." However much the Methodists disliked his Theology, they admired this hymn of his, which for nearly half a cen-

tury has had a place in their collections and, with some slight alterations, has been sung by them perhaps as frequently as that no less celebrated and popular hymn of Charles Wesley's,—"*Jesus lover of my soul*." With the Calvinistic Baptists, Toplady has always been a favourite author. It is only comparatively of late years that the hymn has become popular among Presbyterians. Indeed, its common use in Scotland may almost be dated from the time of the late Prince Consort's death, who was said to have received great comfort from it upon his death-bed.

Either to satisfy theological scruples, or to gratify poetical conceit, the original versions of all our old and favourite hymns have been more or less tampered with. Even "*Rock of Ages*" is no exception. So numerous indeed have been the so-called "improvements" upon Toplady's verses that it is doubtful if any authorized church collection can be found in which the writer's words are faithfully adhered to. It would exceed the limits of this reference to point out the several deviations: we content ourselves at present with quoting the version in Sir Roundell Palmer's "*Book of Praise*," which is believed to coincide most nearly with the original.

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee!  
Let the water and the blood,  
From Thy risen side which flowed,  
Be of sin the double cure;  
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Not the labour of my hands  
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;  
Could my zeal no respite know,  
Could my tears for ever flow,  
All for sin could not atone;  
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring;  
Simply to Thy cross I cling;  
Naked, come to Thee for dress;  
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;  
Foul, I to the fountain fly;  
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When my eye-strings break in death,  
When I soar through tracts unknown,  
See Thee on Thy judgement—throne;  
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee!

Having mentioned the name of Rowland Hill in this connection, before dismissing the subject, the following anecdote—a favourite one with the late Dr. Guthrie—may not be out of place:—On one occasion he was summoned to the death-bed of a lady belonging to the church of England. Among other things for which this pious woman gave thanks to God was, that she had all her days been kept from the company "of those Methodists." What was Rowland to do? He did a wise and sensible thing. He did not tell her she was wrong; No, he said to himself,—"*she will be in the kingdom of heaven in half an hour, and she will find out her mistake there.*"