

Rock of Ages.

BY HON. W. B. GLADSTONE.

[The following is an exquisite translation of Toplady's celebrated hymn, "Rock of Ages," into elegant Latin, by England's present Premier, who is also one of her first scholars. Our readers who understand Latin will take pleasure in working out its meaning. Those who do not may turn to Toplady's grand hymn, "Rock of Ages," in order to find the English.]

I.
Jesus pro me perforatus,
Condor intra Tuum latus.
Tu per lympham profusentem,
Tu per sanguinem tempestem,
In peccata me redunda,
Tolle culpam, sordes munda.

II.
Coram Te, nec iustus forem,
Quamvis tota vi laborem,
Hic sifide nunquam cessa,
Fletu stillans indefessa.
Tibi Soli tantum munus,
Salve Tu, Salvator Unus.

III.
Nil in manu mecum fero,
Sed me victus Cruceum gero;
Vestimenta nudus oro.
Open debilis implores,
Fontem Christi queso immundus;
Nisi laves moribundus.

IV.
Dum hos artus vita regit,
Quando non sepulcro tegit,
Mortuos cum intra jubes
Sedens Juxta intra nubes;
Jesus pro me perforatus,
Condor intra Tuum latus.

Failure.

These was pathos in the stories when I first
Became a writer,
There was music in the verses that came
Singing from my heart;
But now pathos frowns repellently when-
ever I invite her,
And the music and the verses have agreed,
It seems to part.

II.
There was pleasure in the prospect of the
life that lay before me,
There was endless satisfaction in the aim
and in the deed;
But now pleasure droops her eyelids, and
avows that she'll ignore me,
For the work that was "herself" at first is
now a work of need.

III.
I had eager expectations of a fame that
should be lasting,
I had earnest aspirations for a high and
lofty aim;
Never written word should sully, never
thought of mine be cast in
Mold impure or undervalued of a fair and
spotless name.

IV.
But the eager expectations have been baf-
fled and uprooted,
And the earnest aspirations have been
trampled by the crowd
Of the ever-rushing objects that expedience
has mooted,
Of the oft-recurring "open" need, and
sharper "unavowed."

All the brightest hopes have vanished, all
the gloss is off the story—
All the pathos is translated now from fic-
tion into fact!
I have ceased to strive for fortune, I have
ceased to dream of glory.
For the fame-compelling power is the one
I've always lacked.—Annie Thomas.

The Way.

On time's solemn shores I am standing,
Fair Hope has taken her flight,
The flowers in Love's garden has faded
And perished, in Pains bitter night.
My path is by Death over-shadowed,
Love's hand-clasp is broken in twain,
From the realms of the dead, for one
whisper,
Heart-sick I have listened in vain.

My day draws near to its closing,
The sands in the glass running low—
And over life's hill-slope the twilight
Grows purple, in night's afterglow.

"No night!" where the loved one is
straying,
No parting, no sorrow, no tears!
No shadow in all the bright mornings
That make up eternity's years!

O, Savior! in doubt and in darkness,
In the hours of my weakness and pain,
Let me hold to thy dear hand, believing
Earth's sorrows are never in vain!

Let me follow thy feet in the desert,
Thy way through the valley of tears,
Thy path up the steep of the mountain—
Thy love over-arching all fears.

Speak to my soul 'mid the shadows,
From my pathway all sunshine has fled;
As I pass through the gloom of the mid-
night
Let Faith light the stars overhead.

—M. M. B. Goodwin, in *Christian Moni-*
tor.

Who are "Poor Folks?"

Polly was a bright and beautiful child, who with a brother older than herself, carried home the laundry work to her mother's patrons. She was always neatly dressed, and had a happy smile and a cheerful voice.

One day Polly carried home some fine laces to a lady in a hotel. The servant told her that the lady was ill, and could not be disturbed; but Polly had strict orders not to trust her package to any one else; so she ventured to go up stairs.

She stood at the door for a moment, and then tapped very lightly, saying to herself, "If she is asleep, that won't wake her, and if she's awake, she will answer."

In a moment a low voice asked, "Is that you Bridget?"

"No, ma'am," replied Polly, putting her lips very close to the key-hole and speaking in a loud whisper, "It's Paulina Brown, that folks call little Polly. I have a particular message for you, and I won't disturb you a bit if you will let me in."

The lady could not help saying, "Come in," in answer to this modest request.

She was in trouble, and that had caused her a headache. She lay there all alone in a darkened room, with no one to care whether she got better or not.

Polly had just come from a bright, sunny room, with gay rag carpet on the floor, and bright flowers growing in the windows, and this room, with its heavy draperies, looked gloomy to her. She went up to the bed, and gave her message in a low, soft voice, and then said, "Oh Mrs. Ball, I'm so sorry for you! You haven't any husband or little girl to comfort you are sick! My mother has father, and Tommy and me, and baby. Sometimes when she has her fired headaches I can drive them off just with my own hands and a little bay water. I don't suppose you would let me sit upon your nice bed, and bathe your head, would you?"

"Yes, Polly, I am always glad to have such a tidy little girl near me. You will find bay water in that pink bottle on the bureau," said Mrs. Ball.

While the little soft hands were passing over her troubled brow the lady said, "Polly, I think your family are the happiest 'poor people,' I ever met."

"Oh, Mrs. Ball, we're not 'poor people,'" cried Polly, with a queer laugh. "There are three poor families in our house, but we are rich—almost. We were rich once, and had half a house, though we're not so rich now, since father lost his arm; but as mother can do up lace so beautifully we're pretty rich still! We do lots of things to help the poor folks in the house, and other poor folks too."

"What can you do for them?" asked the lady.

Polly had no definition ready, but after thinking for a moment she replied, "Poor folks are folks that don't have everything they want."

"Then you have everything you want?" asked Mrs. Ball.

"Yes, ma'am," replied Polly, innocently. "We all have Sunday clothes besides our common ones; and we have good things to eat—mother bakes all our bread and pies, herself—and we have a real kitchen to work and eat in—without a bed in it, like poor folks—and we buy a whole ton of coal at once, instead of lots of bushels."

And so little Polly prattled on in a low, pleasant voice, till the lady really felt better, and said so. "I'll tell you what's another real good thing to drive the rest of it off—air and sunlight—mother never shuts up for a headache said the little nurse."

Here Polly looked at the bronze clock, and said, "it's time now for the baby to wake up, and I shall have to go as soon as I let in a little of my sun and air; but I'll come in any time when you have the headache, and cure you again."

"Thank you, my good little girl; you have almost cured me now," said Mrs. Ball. "In my closet you will find a large paper bag full of oranges; take them home, and share them with the 'poor folks' in your house."

The rich little girl ran home in glee to divide the treasures with the less fortunate.

The poor lady lay alone to reflect on the lesson she had just received. She had lost twenty thousand dollars, but she had thirty thousand left; and, instead of being thankful for that, she was bewailing her fate, as if she were next to a pauper! She would still have all the comforts, although a few less of the luxuries of life; and as she remembered now, no one but herself would suffer by the change, for she had never helped "the poor folks in the house," nor out of it, as Polly's mother was doing.

"Poor folks," she said to herself, "are folks who haven't everything they want. I haven't that twenty thousand, and I never can have again. But I can learn to be happy on less, and to share even what I have with others."

A ray of "Polly's sun," peeped in, and a breath of pure air was wafted toward her; and she rose, saying, "Because I have lost some of my fortune I need not therefore throw away my health, the best of all my blessings."

In Polly's sense of the word, the poor are often found amid elegance and luxury, and the truly rich in humble dwellings.—*Sel.*

Too Little To Do.

I am always very sorry for those who have too little to do. They seem to me scarcely to have a fair chance in the world. Their natures are not properly taxed and tested, trained and developed. They might have been among the great and wise and good and famous in the world, but they have fallen back into the ranks of the *ignavum pecus*. Their liberation from the common cares and activities of life, on which, perhaps, they prided and plumed themselves, is their drawback and their bane. It is even possible that it may help to kill them. A traveler who visited the Pitcairn islanders in their lonely Pacific home found some of them dying of sheer old age when between fifty and sixty. They had too little to do. The rough fibre of life, for its due adjustment, needs a certain amount of work and worry—of working against the collar, of straining against wind and tide.

One day two strangers met at a little inn in the Isle of Wight. One was a medical man; the other was a man of letters, whose avocations gave him incessant work, and called him into all sorts of places. I expect that the same desire for repose had brought them through different paths to this same quiet haven of rest. In the morning the special correspondent—so we had better designate him—lay languidly on the grass, plucking buttercups and daisies, and gazing languidly into the blue depths of the sky. Charles James Fox used to say that there was only one thing better than lying on the grass with a book, and that was lying on the grass without a book.

The medical man watched him. Those medical men often have a trick of watching every one. Their fellow-creatures are their books, and they get into the habit of scanning such pages very swiftly.

"Sir," said the medical man, "I should think that you were rather fond of lying on the grass and gathering daisies."

"Sir," was the answer, "I have a passion for it. I should like nothing better in life than to lie on the ground and pluck the daisies."

"And yet, sir," was the rejoinder, "I have a strong idea that you are a man who goes about a great deal in the world, and takes an interest in a

great many subjects."

"I go about a great deal too much, and work a great deal more than I like. If I had my choice in life, I should lie all day long on the grass and pick daisies."

"Do you know, sir, what would be the probable result of your having too little to do?"

"Well, what would it be?"

"It would probably be an attack of paralysis. To shut up work would probably be to close your existence."

And practically this is a kind of thing which does not happen so infrequently as might be supposed. It is always a dangerous crisis for the professional man who retires from the full tide of business without having learned the art of cultivating and enjoying leisure. Men of the highest professional eminence have found themselves absolutely stranded when they have passed from the condition of having too much to that of having too little to do. One might here tell tragic narratives of melancholy despair and suicide.—*Harper's Weekly.*

Hints to Young Christians.

Don't be afraid to "show your colors." Shrink from no declaration, from no duty, that Christ desires of you. The timid, vacillating course is the hardest and most barren. The brave, outspoken, faithful life is the happiest and most effective.

There are many things you do not understand as yet. But let no doubts or uncertainties prevent you from acting on what you do know. There are some spiritual facts clear enough, plenty of Christian duties plain enough to you; act immediately on those. Do faithfully all you know you ought to do, and the larger knowledge will follow in due time.

Use earnestly every means that will enlarge and strengthen your Christian life. Study the Bible. Pray without ceasing. Don't neglect the prayer meeting or the Sabbath school. Stir up your Sabbath school teacher and get your doubts explained. Go to the pastor with your questions, and find out the best he knows on things that perplex you. Keep your heart warm by doing good.

Make your life beautiful in the sight of men, and show them the sweetness and power of christianity. Be conscientious in little things. Let the Master's spirit shine through every hour of your life. In school, in shop or field, in society, the young Christian ought to be the most faithful, the most courteous, the most generous and kindly, the noblest of any person there.

Fellow Christ. Seek to reproduce his traits in your life. Do always as you believe he would do if he were in your place; so you will have a growing, joyful, successful Christian career.—*Morning Star.*

—The wonder of wonders is the little world on the inside of the modern railway coach; the same yesterday, to-day and day after to-morrow. It is always changing, but like the body, preserves its identity through all metamorphoses. Enter it when and where you may and there they all are. The stolid, resigned passenger, who seems to have taken a seat for eternity and apparently doesn't care whether he gets there or not; and over against him the nervous, fidgety one, who questions conductor and everybody else as to the name of the next place, and in restless apprehension lest they have told him wrong, and he should miss his destination, gets off at each station and asks somebody on the platform. Then there is the "Smart Aleck," who insists on smoking right there, and has to be hustled out by the conductor, and the delicate lady with the bird-cage, and the fat man, and the distinguished looking stranger, and the German lady with her three or four children holding perpetual basket-pie, and the honest looking man in soldier garb, and the well-to-do farmer

all are there and each in his place. There too are the faces wearing the wan, never-to-be-mistaken homesickness, and those on which the tears of separation are not yet dry, and those on which glows the eager expectancy, which brightens every speeding mile, and over yonder is the familiar double unit on its wedding tour, seemingly conscious that if it is really one it ought to occupy but half a seat. But more than all is that ubiquitous loud girl, who talks with such shrill explosiveness that everybody must hear. She never grows older, nor gets married, nor finds a new subject of conversation, and if she should ever die or quit traveling would be gladly missed. Then there you are yourself, and you wonder who makes your feature of the microcosm when you leave it; but sure you are that it will be supplied and as mysteriously disappear when you come again. Maybe there are but a score or so of kinds of people in the world, and I reckon this is true leaving out the Zulus, the Chinese and the politicians.—*Ec.*

—Dr. Gray, of the *Interior*, puts the "White man" view of the case rather strongly as follows:

The Tasmanians have become entirely extinct. The Australians who are the lowest type of the human race, will soon exist only as prepared specimens in the ethnological museums. The Hawaiians, though they are called a Christian people, will be practically extinct in another generation. All the aborigines of the islands of the Pacific are vanishing. The American mongoloids are swept before a besom, which, however cruel, seems to be inevitable. Is there any visible cause will avert the same fate from the uncounted mid-African millions, when the resilient populations of Europe shall fall upon them? May not the Adventists find in these facts a fulfillment of their theory of the purification of the earth through the destruction of the vile? But the facts raise another question—whether the knowledge of the Lord is not to cover the earth by the occupancy of the earth by those who know the Lord. This is very certainly true to such an extent as to give a new and most impressive view of the necessity of thoroughly evangelizing the nominal Christian race—the Caucasian. When Constantine was converted the Roman empire became as nearly Christian as the emperor was. Charlemagne imposed Christianity upon pagan Europe. Vladimir established as much of Christianity, as the religion of Russia his wife was able to teach him. This is not saying that Christianity is to become universal by the force of the evil power, but it is to say that Christianity comes from above and touches the mountain tops of the human race first and melts the snows which carry bloom into the arid valley below. It is because the snow fills the valleys with crystal streams that they bloom, and the streams are the flowing snow. Nothing but a divine interposition against the onward rush of the Caucasian race can prevent it from occupying the earth, subduing it and having dominion over it—not general as now, but special and direct. What shall that universal empire be? Christian or godless? It is said and in a very low sense, that this is a white man's government, and so it is; only let it be a government not to degrade, but to elevate and bless, all who are subject to it. It must be said that all indications of providence are that this is a white man's earth. If so, we are standing at the center and source of power, and if we do not make it Christ's earth it will be because we are unworthy the magnificent heritage, the trust of infinite value, which he has confided to us.

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