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"ROCK OF AGES."
MAUD MOORE.
"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 that they 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 singing then now,
Pleadingly and prayerfully.
Every word her heart did know,
Rose the song as storm-tossed bird
Beats with weary wings 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 sang the hymn,
Trusting and tenderly,
Voice grown weak and eyes
grown dim—
"Let me hide myself in Thee."
Trembling though the voice a and
low,
Ran the sweet strain peacefully,
Like a river in its flow;
Sung as only they can sing
Who life's stormy path have
prest;
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;
Never more, O storm-tossed soul!
Nevermore from wind or tide,
Nevermore from billows' roll
Wilt thou need thyself to hide,
Could the slightest, 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 LOST CHORD.
BY ELIZABETH H. DELT.
The poet, in the song, de-
scribes the infinite beauty of the
lost chord, and then he bewails
his loss. He sits down again
by the keys, and music sweet,
and harmonies almost divine,
are found, as he searches for
that one chord. But it is all in
vain. The strains of that "grand
amen" elude him, and he has
only the hope that in heaven he
may hear it again.

It is not in music alone that
chords are lost. The now com-
pleted work which we admire,
first existed as an ideal in the
mind. But how many creations
of the mind are never finished!
And what becomes of the plans
that are not executed, the
thoughts which seem to have
found no expression? Our
thoughts do not perish; even
though unexpressed, they go to
make up the abiding elements
of the life within us. Our ideals
may never stand before us as a
living reality, yet we are better
for having them.
Paul said, "Not as though I
had already attained, either
were already perfect." How
imperfect we find ourselves af-
ter a critical self-examination!
But the apostle continued, "I

press toward the mark for the
prize of the high calling of God
in Christ Jesus." He did not
designate in their details, the
things that he would do in order
to live nearer his ideal of Chris-
tian excellence. We know that
he was always "looking unto
Jesus," that he was ready to
spend and be spent for the
Lord. If we have the spirit of
Christ we will gladly render
him our best service.

God knows the intents of our
hearts. He knows just what
our daily efforts, and our patient
endeavor will do for us. He
sees where each line of duty,
bravely followed, is leading us,
and sometimes, when we are
trailing discouraged by our pro-
gress, we are thwarted in some
way, and we feel that we have
failed. But it is not so. The
Lord delivers us from ourselves
and defeats our purposes, be-
cause he loves us with unchang-
ing and unfailing love. We do
not know the possibilities of our
own natures, and our ideal life
was too small. God sees with-
in us the seeds of a higher life
and a richer fruitage. So he
pushes aside our poor little
plans, and, by discipline and
trial, we receive the culture that
we needed. We learn to
change our will to the will di-
vine, and thus the longing of
our souls for the development
of the highest and noblest life,
may be realized.

We shall not rest satisfied
in the world; there are always lost
aims, hopes and purposes over
which we grieve. There are
lost chords here, but let us be
comforted by the thought of the
singer,
"It may be that Death's bright angel
Will speak in that chord again.
It may be that only in heaven
I shall hear that grand Amen."

**THE STORY OF INTEM-
PERANCE.**

A few years ago, a noted
wild-beast trainer gave a per-
formance with his pets in one of
the leading London theatres.
He took his lions, tigers, leop-
ards, and hyenas through their
part of the entertainment, awing
the audience by his wonderful
nerve and his control over them.
As a closing act to the perform-
ance, he was to introduce an
enormous boa constrictor, thirty-
five feet long. He had
bought it when it was only two
or three days old, and for twenty-
five years he had handled it
daily, so that it was considered
perfectly harmless and com-
pletely under his control. He
had seen it grow from a tiny
reptile, which he often carried
in his bosom into a fearful mon-
ster.

The curtain rose on an Indian
woodland scene. The weird
strains of an Oriental band steal
through the trees. A rustling
noise is heard, and a huge ser-
pent is seen winding its way
through the undergrowth. It
stops. Its head is erect. Its
bright eyes sparkle. Its whole
body seemed animated. A man
emerges from the heavy foliage,

and their eyes meet. The ser-
pent coils before the man—
man is a serpent. The serpent is
under the control of a master.
Under his guidance and direc-
tion it performs a series of
frightful feats. At a signal
from the man it slowly ap-
proaches him, and begins to
coil its heavy folds around him.
Higher and higher do they rise
until man and serpent seem
blended into one. Its hideous
head is reared aloft above the
mass. The man gives a little
scream, and the audience unite
in a thunderous burst of ap-
plause, but it freezes upon their
lips. The trainer's scream was
a wail of death agony. Those
cold slimy folds had embraced
him for the last time. They
had crushed the life out of him,
and the horror-stricken audi-
ence heard bone after bone
crack, as those powerful folds
tightened upon him. Man's
plaything had become his mas-
ter. His slave for twenty-five
years had now enslaved him.

In this horrible incident is
portrayed the whole story of in-
temperance. The man who
has taken the first glass of in-
toxicating liquor has the boa of
intemperance in his bosom. If
he throttles the monster now, it
is easily done. But if he per-
mits it to live, feeds and nour-
ishes it, he may control it for
even twenty-five years, but it is
continually growing. And some
day its soul-destroying folds will
encircle his soul, and bear it to
those regions of woe "where
their worm dieth not and the
fire is not quenched." The un-
changeable decree of Almighty
God is, no "drunkards shall in-
herit the kingdom of God."—
Rev. T. O. Keiser in the S. S.
times.

LOOK TO JESUS.

The secret of the preeminent
piety of Paul and the primitive
Christian is explained in one
single expression of the sacred
writer: "Looking unto Jesus, the
author and finisher of our faith."
They were "determined to know
nothing but Jesus Christ and
him crucified." They literally
"counted all things but loss, for
the excellency of the knowledge
of Christ Jesus our Lord." He
was their "wisdom," their "right-
eousness," their "sanctification,"
and "redemption." He was
their consolation in affliction.
He was their pattern, their lead-
er, and guide. He was their
victory in every conflict with
the "world, the flesh, and the
devil." He was their joy, their
hope, their inheritance, their
shield, and their "exceeding
great reward." He was their
"bright and morning star," the
master of their souls, which
held all the powers of their be-
ing in a blissful fixity to one
changeless centre.

Now, Christian, if you will
believe that Christ will be to you
all that he was to them. "He
is the same yesterday, to-day,
and forever," and you may
share as they did in the infinite
fullness of the love and grace of

Christ. But if you would enjoy
this full redemption, the powers
of your being must be brought
under the influence of this one
principle, "Looking unto Je-
sus."

Do your sins rise up before
you, and fill you with apprehen-
sions of coming retribution?
"Look to Jesus." Do you de-
sire to be freed from the power
of sin, and be presented to God
"without spot or wrinkle, or any
such thing?" "Look to Jesus."
Are you burdened with care, or
do the storms of affliction gath-
er around you? "Look to Je-
sus." Is your temper unsubdu-
ed, do your appetites and propen-
sities rebel, and call for un-
hallowed gratification? "Look
to Jesus." Do you need wisdom
and grace for any exigency
whatever? "Look to Jesus." What-
ever your condition or ne-
cessities may be, hear his gra-
cious voice, "Come unto me, all
ye that labor and are heavy
laden, and I will give you rest.
Take my yoke upon you, and
learn of me, for I am meek and
lowly in heart, and you shall
find rest unto your souls."—Sel.

**YET LACKEST THOU ONE
THING.**

My fellow-traveler to an eter-
nal world, art thou aware of thy
lost and ruined condition as a
sinner in the sight of a holy God?
Art thou sensible of thy need of
an interest in the merits of the
Lord Jesus Christ, who is the
only Savior of the world? Art
thou aware of thy need of the
teachings of the Holy Spirit?
Art thou impressed with a sense
of the worth of thy precious and
never-dying soul; of the value
of time; of the uncertainty of
life; of the certainty of death;
and of the necessity of a new
heart and the holy life to fit
thee to stand the presence of
God at the last great day? If
thou art a stranger to all these
things, sad indeed is thy condi-
tion; thou lackest that one thing
in which all things relating to
thy salvation are included. Yet,
though thy case is distressing, it
is not separate; for God has
promised the Holy Spirit "to
them that ask him." Luke 11:
13. Oh then, repent of thy
sins, believe on the Lord Jesus
Christ, and improve the gift of
the Holy Spirit; and he will
guide thee into all truth; he will
take of the things of Christ, and
show them unto thee. Trifle
not, I beseech thee, with this
advice; for if thou shouldst die
destitute of these blessings, thou
wilt be lost forever.—Selected.

Virtue itself offends when
coupled with forbidding man-
ners.

**THE SOUL A PRECIOUS
JEWEL.**

If a man were to travel
through some dangerous wilder-
ness, having but one jewel in
all the world, in which his whole
property consisted, and should
hear some in one place, some in
another, crying out under the
hands of cruel robber, O, in
what fear would this traveller
go lest he should lose his jewel,
and be robbed of his all at once.
Why, my friend, thou art the
man; this traveler is thyself; this
jewel is thy soul; this wilderness
is the world. Thou hast to
travel through crowds of sinners,
legions of devils, and a whole
world of temptations. These
are the robbers that lie in wait
for thy soul; and if their utmost
spite can keep thee out of heav-
en, thou shalt never come there.
Oh, what if thy sins committed,
or duties neglected, thy pride
or worldly mindedness, thy de-
lays and triflings in religion,
should at last betray thy soul
into the robbers' hands? Other
losses may be repaired; but thy
soul being lost, God's love, Christ
is lost—all is lost. Secure then
of this infinitely precious
thine own immortal soul,
to the stronghold
the house of defense,
the city of refuge,
even to Jesus Christ, and
eth to the uttermost all that
come unto God by him, Heb. 7:
25, and will preserve them unto
his heavenly kingdom, 2 Tim.
4:18.—Sel.

"In God's kingdom there are
a great many spiritual cripples.
All their lives some Christians
are mournfully looking down-
ward at their own infirmities;
doubting, fearing, despairing,
when if they had faith they
might stand erect and gaze up
into the glory of God's heaven
and God's love. We are child-
ren of a king, heirs of God.
'All things are ours.' Why,
then, go mourning all our days?
Let us claim the glorious privi-
leges of our spiritual birthright.
His will is that we should not
only have life, but have it 'more
abundantly.' Let us seek to-
day for a fuller, deeper, and
healthier spiritual life. Let us
look upward, onward, heaven-
ward, 'Look off unto Jesus,' and
no longer languish through life,
but live in the fullness of faith."

BITS.

He who abuses others must
not be particular about the an-
swer he gets.

There is no easy path leading
out of life, and few are the easy
ones that lie within it.

Do not wait for extraordinary
opportunities for good actions,
but make use of common situa-
tions.—Goethe.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—U. S. Gov't Report, Aug. 17, 1889

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