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FAMILIAR HYMNS.

"THERE IS A LAND OF PURE DELIGHT,"

Dr. Isaac Watts.

Dr. Isaac Watts was the son of a schoolmaster at Southampton and was born in 1664. His parents were eminently pious, and suffered much in the persecuting times of Charles II., the father having been imprisoned more than once for his nonconformity. In a memorandum by Dr. Watts at this time occurs this note: "1683, my father persecuted and imprisoned six months for nonconformity; after that forced to leave his family and live privately for two years."

The boy grew up and in his eighteenth year startled the grave deacons of his father's church by declaring that the hymns they sang in church were sadly lacking in taste. "Give us something better young man," was the reply. The young man did so, and the church was invited to close its evening service with a new hymn.

"Behold the glories of the Lamb,
Before His Father's throne:
Prepare new honors for His name,
And songs before unknown."

This was his first hymn, and to Watts must be assigned the praise of beginning, in our language, a class of hymns which has taken a decided hold on the Christian mind of the world.

In the year 1707 Watts gave to the churches an original volume, entitled "Hymns and Spiritual Songs," and for the copyright he received the munificent sum of fifty dollars. If kept to this day it would have yielded to its owner a solid million. This book was followed soon after by another. In the second volume the famous "Old Hundred," which began with the words,

"Nations, attend before His throne,
With solemn fear, with sacred joy,"

first appeared. John Wesley altered these lines to the grander ones:

"Before Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy."

That he ever composed one sacred song which can take rank with Toplady's "Rock of Ages" or Charles Wesley's "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," we do not claim. But he wrote more of the great hymns of our mother tongue than any other man. No lay of a crucified Saviour has ever yet approached in pathetic grandeur that offering which Watts laid at his Redeemer's feet:

"When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride."

This hymn was written after hearing a sermon from the text, "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."

He was one of the little great men, never measuring five feet in height, and was proportionately narrow. He was never a favorite with the gentler sex, though once he secured the affections of a young lady and retained them sufficiently long to formulate an engagement for matrimony, but was soon doomed to perpetual bachelorhood by her fickleness and fondness for a larger and handsomer man. His loss in this case proved a gain to the church, for this circumstance was the origin of a hymn, frequently sung in some of our churches to this day, which was written on the day of her marriage:

"How vain are all things here below,
How false, and yet how fair;
Each pleasure has its poison, too,
And every sweet a snare.

"The brightest things below the sky
Give but a flattering light;
We should suspect some danger nigh
When we possess delight.

"Our dearest joys and nearest friends,
The partners of our blood;
How they divide our wavering minds
And leave but half for God.

"The fondness of a creature's love,
How strong it strikes the sense;
Thither the warm affections move,
Nor can we call them hence.

"Dear Saviour, let thy beauties be
My soul's eternal food,
And grace commanding heart away
From all created good."

It is an evidence of wondrous versatility of genius that while Watts composed the lines which Daniel Webster murmured on his dying bed, "Show pity, Lord, O, Lord, forgive," he also wrote the most perfect child hymns in our language. In 1696 he became tutor to Sir John Hartopp's children, and wrote for them "How Doth the Little Busy Bee?" "Let Dogs Delight to Bark and Bite," "Whene'er I Take My Walks Abroad," and "Hush, My Dear, be Still and Slumber."

But Dr. Watts especially challenges our admiration by the transcendent vividness with which he pictures the life beyond the grave. He seems to have lived constantly on heaven's border land. One who could say, "I can lay my head back to-night and die without alarm," might well write of glories that shone so near.

He died in 1748, leaving over seven hundred hymns, and to-day they are being sung by God's children all the world around. His body rests in Bunhill Fields, the Westminster Abbey of the glorious Puritans; close by the gate, and not far from Bunyan's grave, is a plain tomb, which bears the name of Isaac Watts, the father of the English hymn.

By his own request, at his funeral, the hymn so often sung even in this day, was chanted:

"Why should we tremble to convey
This body to the tomb?
There the dear form of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume."

Tradition places the home of Dr. Watts near the little battery on Southampton water, looking out on the green glades of the New Forest. He was invited to spend a few weeks with friends in Southampton, where, owing to sickness, he spent thirty-six years.

From this rural home the little invalid had many opportunities of courting the muse. Nor is it to be wondered at that so many stanzas should be evidently suggested to his mind by gazing on the ocean in wrathful storm or beautiful calm.

Never did he strike a happier vein than when one morning from the mainland he looked across to the Isle of Wight. Before him dressed in all the glory of springtide were the gently rising fields bestarred with flowers. A group of people lined the shore waiting a transport. He touched the lyre and sang of the green immortal slopes, the perpetual blaze of glory that kindled on the never withering flowers, the narrow stream of death dividing it from the present state of being, and the timorous crowd of mortals on the bank, shivering at the thought of crossing over.

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"MEN AS LOVERS."

Miss Bell Asserts That Girls Care Least for the Material Side of Life.

"If only men would realize that the material side is what we girls care the least for," writes Miss Lilian Bell in February Ladies' Home Journal. "Pray don't think, just because you have built us colonial houses, and have our clothes made for us, and never allow butchers' bills to annoy us, that you have done your whole duty by us. It never occurs to most of us, who have these dear American men for lovers and husbands, that we could ever really get cold or hungry. You would have a fit if you thought any body belonging to you didn't have all the clothes they wanted and the best the market affords. But you think it is a huge joke when we say that we are mentally cold, and hungry a good deal of the time, and that you are a storehouse with all that we need, right within your hearts and brains, only you won't give it to us."

A Cure for Insomnia.

The latest cure for insomnia is cheap, healthy and efficacious. The remedy was suggested by an old doctor to whom a despairing young man had gone for advice. "Of course," said the doctor, "I could give you plenty of drugs that would put you to sleep, but in the case of a young man, that is always to be avoided. The reason you cannot sleep is because your nerves are all unstrung. That does not necessarily mean that you must put your nervous system to sleep by the use of drugs. What you want is a mild excitement, that will lift your nervous system out of the rut it has fallen into. The best thing in the world to do that is a trolley ride. Don't try to settle upon any particular route, just jump on any car that comes along. Don't even ask the conductor where the car is going to, but just go along with the car. It will surely come back some time to the point where you took it. If the route is eight or ten miles long so much the better. One thing is certain, you will either sleep during the ride or as soon as it is over."—Philadelphia Record.

Humor at the Altar.

Some funny stories are told about the marriage service. One of them relates how an old man, brought rather unwillingly to the altar, could not be induced to repeat the responses. "My good man," at length exclaimed the clergyman, "I really cannot marry you unless you do as you are told." But the man still remained silent. At this unexpected hitch the bride lost all patience with her future spouse, and burst out with: "Go on, you old toot! Say it after him just the same as if you was mockin' him." The same difficulty occurred in another case.

The clergyman, after explaining what was necessary and going over the responses several times without the slightest effect, stopped in dismay, whereupon the bridegroom encouraged him with "Go ahead, pass'n, go ahead! thou'rt doin' bravely." Upon another occasion it was, strangely enough, the woman who could not be prevailed upon to speak. When the clergyman remonstrated with her she indignantly replied: "Your father married me twice before, and he wasn't axin' me any of them impertinent questions at all."

The Body as a Water Engine.

In Longman's Magazine for December Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson reprints the address which he delivered to the National Temperance League on the "Physical Foundations of Temperance." The following is his own summary of his paper.

1. That the body as an engine of life is a water engine, and was never intended to be worked, at the temperature provided for it, by any other fluid than water. 2. That from a purely physical point of view, alcohol is too light a fluid for the purpose. 3. That alcohol contains an element—carbon—which is not wanted for the natural part water plays in the living creation. 4. That by well diluting alcohol it may, as indeed is too often seen, make a kind of living world, but that such a world is one having two leading false qualities, a shortly-endowed bodily mechanism and an idiot's mind, neither of which objects is of the selection and manifestation made for us by the giver of life.

Uses for Old Corks.

Corks are thrown away in great quantities, and very few people think that there is any value attached to that material after it has served its purpose once as stopper of a bottle. Nevertheless it has become one of the most valuable components of a city's refuse. Great quantities of used corks are now used again in the manufacture of insulating covers of steam pipes and boilers, of ice boxes and ice houses and other points to be protected from the influence of heat. Powdered cork is very useful for filling in horse collars, and the very latest application of this material is the filling in of pneumatic tires with cork shavings. Mats for bath rooms are made of cork exclusively, and it also goes into the composition of linoleum. Cheap life preservers are now filled exclusively with bottle stoppers, cut into little pieces.—Scientific American.

The loot from Ashanti has arrived at the British Colonial Office in London, and turns out to be a poor lot, not worth more than probably two thousand pounds.

AFRICAN MISSIONARIES.

Henry M. Stanley Pays a Tribute to the Great Work They Have Done.

I was the only white man during 1876 in Equatorial Africa, but in 1877, when only a short distance from the Atlantic, the first missionaries landed on the east coast in response to an appeal that I had written in 1875 from Uganda. During the years from 1879 to 1884 missionaries followed closely my tracks up the Congo, and as a hundred influences were in the course of a few years enlisted in the cause of Africa, Nyassa Land and the eastern and southern part of Central Africa began to be studded with Christian missions, and missionaries have continued to enter Africa ever since, until now there must be about 300 of them, and the number is still increasing. They are not all reputed to be first-class men, but it is wonderful what earnestness and perseverance will do. We have only to think of Uganda, with its 200 churches and cathedral and its 50,000 native Christians; read the latest official reports from Nyassa Land, and glance at the latest map of Africa, to be convinced of the zeal, devotion and industry of the missionaries.

Mission houses do not grow of themselves. Gospels are not translated into African tongues, nor are converts spontaneous products of human nature. I am somewhat familiar with African facts, and to me these things represent immense labor, patience and self-sacrifice; but others expect Africans to fall in love with the missionary's eyes.

It is true, though strange, that for the first six years or so very little visible effect is produced by missionary teaching and influence. The mind of a pagan descendant of innumerable centuries of pagans appears to be for some time impenetrable to the Christian doctrine, and no matter how zealously a missionary may strive with him, he continues to present a wooden dulness, until by and by there is a gleam of interest; he catches the idea, as it were; and the interest becomes infectious and spreads from family to family, and converts multiply rapidly. "Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days."

I have in my mind, as I write, the examples furnished by the Waganda, Wanyassa and Bakongo. At the town of Banza Manteka, for instance, one day 900 natives came to Mr. Richards, the missionary, and requested to be baptized by him. He had labored among them many years, but hitherto converts had been few. The missionary imposed conditions on them. He said that they must first assemble their fetishes, idols and stores of gin, and destroy all in the market place. And they went forthwith and did it.—"The Story of the Development of Africa," by Henry M. Stanley, in the February Century.

Canada's Drink Bills.

The following facts, compiled from the last published Dominion Statistical Year Book, go to show how the drink traffic "helps trade" in Canada. Such facts are well worthy of the serious consideration of every Canadian citizen, no matter what may be his views in regard to total abstinence. Official tables are given of the value of the different kinds of liquors imported into Canada for home consumption from 1877 to 1894 inclusive. The total value of these importations aggregated as follows:

Ale, beer and porter	$ 3,321,038
Cider	87,708
Malt for brewing	347,522
Spirits and wines	26,079,997
Grand total	$29,836,265

This amount represents merely the money that went out of Canada to pay for these liquors alone, at importers' wholesale prices. They were consumed from year to year, and what had Canada or the Canadians to show for all that outgo at the end of 1894? Simply nothing whatever that added one iota to the prosperity, health, advancement or happiness of the country. Surely there should be, as soon as possible, a prohibition of the importation of liquors.

Woman as a Hostess.

Whatever the æsthetic or sensuous attractions, the ultimate fact is that when people assemble socially they meet to talk. In popular definition "sociable" means "conversation," and "unsocial" means "silence." The success of any social gathering will be largely decided by the prevailing spirit of the conversation. And in this, more than in any other feature of the occasion, the personality of the hostess should appear. No matter how many gifted conversationalists there may be present, she should not permit an outsider to create the atmosphere of her house. Even the most diffident woman, who glides unobtrusively through a throng elsewhere, should courageously assert herself when the responsibility of entertaining rests upon her. In her admirable fearlessness she may recall the terse self-announcement of Rob Roy, "My foot is on my native heath, and my name is MacGregor."—Agnes H. Morton in February Ladies' Home Journal.

"It is tough but true," said the Cumminsville sage, "that a man generally does not get any foresight until he is too old to have anything to look forward to."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Prince of Wales is enjoying a Mediterranean cruise on his cutter Britannia.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

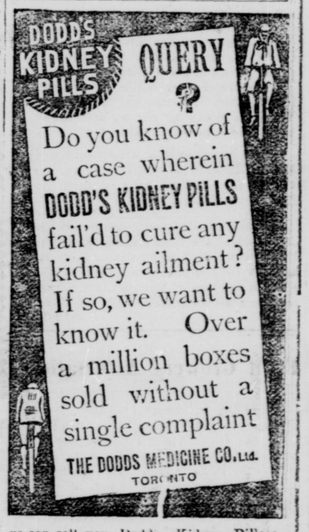
Through All the Ages.

Through all the ages men have regarded themselves as being born only that they might die. That has always been the great melancholy plaint of life; that has been the distress which has always lain on the soul, even in its moments of happiness. This being so, is there not something great and stirring in the fact that Jesus takes up this word of death and turns it into an assurance of victory? Jesus takes the dirge and turns it into a paean; makes it the very assertion of the glory of his existence on earth.

"I was born," we hear him say, "for a great, a noble and a splendid purpose, that I might through death destroy him who hath the power of death—that is, the devil." There is something noble in the way in which Christ thus takes these words, "We are born to die," so full of distress and pain on our lips, and turns them into the psalms that ring through the ages and glorify the world; in the way in which he takes the very tears and lamentations of our human life, and shows how at the very heart of them are victory and joy.—Phillips Brooks.

A City Built in a Cherry Seed.

At the time of the French Crystal Palace Exposition a Nuremberg toy maker exhibited a cherry stone within the cavity of which he had built a perfect plan of the city of Sevastopol, streets, railway approaches, bridges, etc. A powerful microscope was used in exhibiting this wonderful miniature city, and it is estimated that not less than 500,000 people had a peep at the results of the toy-maker's toil. Each of these 500,000 sightseers deposited a franc piece in the hands of the ingenious workman, the total of the cash thus taken in netting him a snug little fortune.



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A Colonial Lady's Wardrobe.

Mistress Jane, widow of Cuthbert Fenwick, of Fenwick Manor, legislator, councilor, commissioner, died in 1660, leaving a will through which we catch glimpses of the wardrobe and toilette of a colonial lady of the period. To her stepdaughter Teresa she leaves the little bed, the mohair rug, and the yellow curtains, besides her taffeta suit and her serge coat, all her fine linen, her hoods and scarfs, "except the great one," and her three petticoats—the tufted Holland one, the new serge and the spangled one. To her own three boys she gives that "great scarf" and all her jewels, plate and rings, except her wedding ring, which goes to Teresa; and to each a bed and a pair of cotton sheets. To her stepsons Cuthbert and Ignatius an elf of taffeta; to her negro maid Dorothy, her red cotton coat; and to Esther, the new maid, all the linen of the coarser sort. To Thomas, the Indian, two pairs of shoes and a match-coat; and to Thomas' mother, three yards of cotton. To the Rev. Francis Fitzherbert, a hogshead of tobacco annually for five years; and to her slave William, his freedom, provided he pay a hogshead every year to the church; and to the church, the same William, "to be a slave forever, if he shall ever leave her communion"; for had not her loved brother William Eltonhead, and many of her dearest friends, "died by the bloody fangs of Puritan wolves?"—"Certain Worthies and Dames of Old Maryland," by John Williamson Palmer, in the February Century.

When Men Were Honest.

At one time in the highlands of Scotland to ask for a receipt or promissory note was considered an insult, and such a thing as a breach of contract was rarely heard of, so strict did the people regard their honor. The Presbyterian Witness tells a story of a farmer who had been to the lowlands and had there acquired worldly wisdom.

After returning to his native place he needed some money and requested a loan from a gentleman in the neighborhood. The latter, Mr. Stewart, complied and counted out the gold, when the farmer immediately wrote out a receipt.

"And what is this note, man?" asked Mr. Stewart, on receiving the slip of paper.

"This is a receipt, sir, binding me to give ye back your gold at the right time," replied Donald.

"Binding ye, indeed! Well, my man, if ye canna trust yourself I'm sure I'll na trust ye! Such as ye canna hae my gold." And gathering it up he returned it to his desk and locked it up.

"But, sir, I might die," replied the needy Scot, unwilling to surrender his home of the loan, "and perhaps my sons might refuse it ye, but the bit of paper would compel them."

"Compel them to sustain their dead father's honor?" cried the enraged Celt. "They'll need compelling to do right if this is the road ye're leading them. Ye can gang elsewhere for money, I tell ye, but ye'll find nane about here that'll put more faith in a bit of paper than a neighbor's word of honor and his love of right."

Testing the Efficiency of a Motorman.

Many street railway companies are alive to the fact that the motorman is one of the most important factors in the street car service, and rewards of various kinds are now being offered to motormen who have run their cars on schedule for a certain length of time without an accident. Another point from which the railway companies are approaching the question of the ideal motorman is the matter of economy in the consumption of the motive power of the car. It is a well-known fact that two motormen can take the same equipment over the same route in the same time and yet use vastly different amounts of power. This suggests a rigorous mathematical method of fixing the value of a motorman. All that is necessary is to let him run a car, loaded up to standard weight, over a given track in an exact prearranged time, making a definite number of intermediate stoppages. An electric meter in the car would give the motorman's figures of merit, which would, of course, be the reciprocal of the number recorded by the meter. This reciprocal should be indicated on his certificate, and his wages might be regulated accordingly.

THE MAIMED VETERAN.

Singular Story of How He Lost His Index Finger.

An old soldier who bears the scars of several wounds received in the late unpleasantness was speaking to the writer about odd incidents of the war and among other things said:

"Courage is so different in different people that I have been very often surprised to see exhibitions of bravery in unlooked-for quarters. There is a man who used to live in Marion, O., who has the index finger of his right hand missing and if asked the manner of its loss will simply say that he lost it in the civil war. The story of the affair is peculiar, though I am told that there are instances of the same nature that have occurred. He was married a few months when the call for volunteers was issued and he yearned to respond to his country's invitation. His wife put her foot down at once and said that he should not go. Two months passed, and as the stories came from the front of the roaring of cannon and of blood being spilt, William, for that was his name, vowed that he would go to the scene of battle. One night his wife saw him get up in his sleep, and, putting himself in a heroic attitude, extend his hand as though it clutched a sword, and cry, "Forward!" This preyed on her mind so that on the night afterward she asked him if he fully intended to join the army. He replied emphatically that he did.

"That night when William slept she arose, and, with stealthy step and determined look, took a hatchet from under the bed and came to the side of her sleeping husband. She noted the calmness of his countenance, and bent and kissed his forehead as a tear coursed down her cheek. Then she took the index finger of his right hand, and, separating it from the others, laid it upon the side rail and brought the hatchet down with such force as to sever the digit. William awoke, and what he said is not recorded, but he was made of sterner stuff than his better half thought. When the smoke of battle rolled upon the field of Bull Run and Union hearts beat wildly in the first great encounter, the martial sound of William's drum urged on to glory many an Ohio man. He could not handle a musket, but he went to war."—Columbus Dispatch.

Some First Principles.

It is reported that Mr. Lincoln once said to a man who suggested a doubtful proposition to him, "I should think that to anyone wanting something of that kind, that something of that kind would be about what he would want."

It is the same way with bloomers. Those who admire them, admire them. Those who don't, don't. See?

The bloomer question is one that is not to be settled by a magazine article. There are some fundamental truths that all may agree upon. Men who insist that a series of skirts are not cumbersome and that they do not retard and tire the rider would, no doubt, simply collapse if they were compelled to wear them.

It seems reasonable that bloomers have some advantages along the lines of comfort and convenience. It isn't presumed that women care to be scorchers. They do like to ride with comfort.

The foes of the bloomer costume are opposed to it solely on the ground of "the looks of the thing."

They should be honest enough to confess this, for no one will say that bloomers make cycling any more difficult, physically.

Granting there is a physical gain in wearing bloomers, is there a moral loss? Not necessarily. A lady's real nature ought not to be changed by a change of dress.

For ages men have been yelling "dress reform" at the other sex. The wise, bewhiskered lords of creation have insisted that trailing skirts and tight lacing were dragging our sisters, wives and mothers to premature graves.

Now these men are afraid dress reform is actually coming. The new bicycle woman, if she wears what is termed the "ideal" costume, has neither trailing skirts nor deadly corset stays.

Oh! it's awful to think that some of these women are so immodest as to dress about like men. And they may become as strong and healthy, too. Isn't it a shame?

A great many say it is. And many say it isn't.

And so, until further notice, ladies are advised to dress as their own sense of propriety dictates.

No matter what they wear, the heavens won't fall.—L. A. W. Bulletin.

Purified Blood

Saved an operation in the following case. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures when all others fail. It makes pure blood.

"A year ago my father, William Thompson, was taken suddenly ill with inflammation of the bladder. He suffered a great deal and was very low for some time. At last the doctor said he would not get well unless an operation was performed. At this time we read about Hood's Sarsaparilla and decided to try it. Before he used half a bottle his appetite had come back to him, whereas before he could eat but little. When he had taken three bottles of the medicine he was as well as ever." FRANCIS J. THOMPSON, Peninsula Lake, Ontario. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Is the Only
True Blood Purifier
Prominently in the public eye today.
Hood's Pills cure all liver ills, biliousness, headache. 25c.

Sunlight SOAP

IT MAKES HOME BRIGHTER

HOME IS VERY DEAR

And it is the aim of a good wife to keep it clean and attractive. Nothing will help her more than the use of

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For every 12 "Sunlight" wrappers sent to LEVER BROS., Ld., Toronto, a useful paper-bound book will be sent, or a cloth-bound for 50 wrappers