

HALLEL.—The psalms composing the great Hallel or chant which the Jews used at the close of the passover, were from the one hundred and thirteenth to the one hundred and eighteenth, inclusive. This Hallel was not all sung at once, but in parts, the last of which was sung at the close of the passover. It is probable that the hymn sung by Christ and His disciples on the eve of their departure for Mount Olivet embraced the one hundred and eighteenth, which evidently refers to the Messiah. The words are exceedingly appropriate to the occasion, especially if we consider the Lord and His eleven faithful followers as turning away from their present griefs to contemplate the goodness of God in redemption, the triumphant resurrection of the Crucified, and the blessings conferred upon man through the Atonement.

"GOOD MORNING."—Plato, who passed his whole life in study, investigation, and teaching, had the habit, we are told, of making any man whom it was his interest to know well, read or talk with him in a loud voice. The quality of the voice, the intonations, the inflections of the speaker or reader, were to the philosopher so many indications, if not certain, at least probable ones, of his moral character. And, in our own time, Gretry, in his "Essays on Music," asserts that he has never been mistaken in the opinion he has formed of individuals who had said nothing more to him than "Good-day, sir," or "Good morning, my friend." According to the intonation with which these words were spoken, the great musician assumed to guess with whom he had to deal, and regulated his conduct in accordance with the impres-

STILL, STILL WITH THEE.

MRS. H. B. STOWE.
R. G. CLEMENTS, "DAWNING."

1. Still, still with Thee, when pur - ple morn - ing break - eth, When wake the
2. When sinks the soul, sub - dued by toil to slum - ber; Its clos - ing
3. So shall it be at last, in that bright morn - ing, When the soul

birds, and all the shad - ows flee; Fair - er than morn - ing,
eye looks up to Thee in prayer; Sweet the re - pose, be -
wak - eth, and life's shad - ows flee; Oh, in that hour, fair -

love - lier than the day - light, Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with Thee!
neath Thy wings o'er - shad - ing, But sweet - er still to wake and find Thee there.
er than daylight dawn - ing, Shall rise the glorious thought, I am with Thee!

sion he had thereby received. "A 'good morning' is almost always sufficient to enable me," said he, "to appreciate in general the pretension or the simplicity of a man. In conversation a man often hides his real character from us, either through politeness or duplicity, but he has not quite learned how to disguise the intonations of his voice. This 'Good-day, sir,' and 'Good-morning, my friend,' put to music with their exact intonations, would show what a power vanity is, and how quickly the key changes when its influence ceases to be the ruling one." One need not be Plato or Gretry, indeed, to form some estimate of an individual by the intonations of his voice, and it is above all, in the present age of versatility and prejudice, of humility and arrogance, of ambition and servility, of self-depreciation and van-

ity, of impudence and modesty, of timidity and boldness, that a "Good-day, sir," or "Good-morning, my friend," may enable us to fathom the very soul of him who utters it. It is the quality of tone that makes the music, according to the old saying, and "sir," "my friend," "yes," "no," spoken in a certain manner, often express more to us than a hundred words. It is not only of the intention of people that judgment has been formed from listening to the tones of the voice, but it is assumed that their tastes, instincts and inclinations may thus in part be discovered.—*Chomet.*

Music moves us, and we know not why; we feel the tears, but cannot trace their source. Is it the language of some other state, born of its memory? For what can wake the soul's deep, strong instinct of another world like music?—*Miss. L. E. Landon.*