

fleece. Columbus sailed after it in the track of the setting sun. Alexander gained it ere he was thirty, only to lose it in a drunkard's grave. What did it profit them? But there is a fame undying and an ambition which, in the sight of God, is worthy; and there is a work for us each to do, of which God grant we weave in our appointed portion with the threads of our lives, weave it, it may be with sorrow and sighing, stained with our life-blood, and soiled with our tears, but when finished to be cleansed, pure and spotless, "white as no fuller on earth can whiten it." And in the hereafter, God knows.

OSHAWA, Ont.

AT THE LAST.

WHEN on my day of life the night is falling,
And, in the winds from unsunned spaces blown,
I hear far voices out of darkness calling
My feet to paths unknown.

Thou who hast made my home of life so pleasant,
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay;
O love divine, O Helper ever present,
Be Thou my strength and stay!

Be near me when all else is from me drifting,
Earth, sky, home's picture, days of shade and shine,
And kindly faces to my own uplifting
To love which answers mine.

I have but Thee, O Father! Let Thy spirit
Be with me then to comfort and uphold:
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm I merit,
Nor street of shining gold.

Suffice it if, my good and ill unreckoned,
And both forgiven through Thy abounding grace,
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned
Unto my fitting place.

Some humble door among Thy many mansions,
Some sheltering shade where sun and striving cease,
And flows forever through heaven's green expansions
The river of Thy peace.

There, from the music round about me stealing,
I fain would learn the new and holy song,
And find at last, beneath Thy trees of healing,
The life for which I long.

—Whittier.