

and with the old ballad songs. He received \$2,000 from a publishing house for a group of them. He was a man of culture and a delightful companion. His last years were spent in New York, where he was a stranger, and he died in a hospital there in 1864. The words of most of these songs are familiar. Those of "Old Dog Tray" are pathetic and always appeal strongly to all lovers of dogs:

## OLD DOG TRAY.

The morn of life is past  
And evening comes at last  
It brings me a dream of a once happy day,  
Of merry forms I've seen  
Upon the village green  
Sporting with my old dog Tray.

Chorus.—Old dog Tray is ever faithful,  
Grief cannot drive him away,  
He's gentle, he is kind;  
I'll never, never find  
A better friend than old dog Tray.

The forms I called my own,  
Have vanished one by one,  
The low'd ones, the dear ones have all pass'd away.  
Their happy smiles have flown,  
Their gentle voices gone;  
I've nothing left but old dog Tray. Chorus.

When thoughts recall the past  
His eyes are on me cast;  
I know that he feels what my breaking heart would say:  
Although he cannot speak,  
I'll vainly, vainly seek  
A better friend than old dog Tray. Chorus.

## THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

Such a song as this which has been popular for so many decades will not lose its popularity for many decades to come. It appeals so thoroughly to the heart of every home-lover that when modern airs are forgotten this and others of this class will be remembered. It is a singular thing that many years ago a volume of Samuel Woodworth's poems was published by George P. Morris, with one poem lacking, and that "The Old Oaken Bucket," the best one he ever wrote. Woodworth was a Massachusetts man, born in Scituate in 1785, his father a poor farmer. The minister of the place instructed him to raise money enough to send him to college. But he chose to be a printer, and finally engaged in wild speculations and lost much of the time on loans from his friends. He at last established a newspaper, but ere long failed in that. He lived in Hartford, then in Baltimore and at last wandered back to New York. He wrote some long stories and many poems, all of which had large sales. The "Old Oaken Bucket" was written in the summer of 1847 when the author was living in New York. One hot day he came into the house, and pouring out a glass of water drained it eagerly. As he sat it down he exclaimed, "That this is very refreshing, but how much more refreshing would it be to take a good, long draught from the old oaken bucket I left hanging in my father's well at home."

"Samuel," said his wife, "wouldn't that be a pretty subject for a poem?" At this suggestion Woodworth seized his pen, and as the home of his childhood rose vividly to his fancy he wrote the now familiar words. The air to which the words were set is an old Scotch one. We shall quote only a part of two stanzas, although all of it is beautiful:

How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood,  
When fond recollections present them to view;  
The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wild-wood,  
And every loved spot which my infancy knew!

How sweet from the green mossy run to receive it  
As poised on the curb it inclined to my lips;  
Not a full, blessing goblet could tempt me to leave it,  
Tho' filled with the nectar that Jupiter nips.

And now, far removed from the loved situation  
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,  
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,  
And sighs for the bucket which hung in the well.

## OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

This is one of the sweetest and most poetical of many popular songs of reminiscence. Yet Thomas Moore, or Tom Moore as he is more familiarly called, was born and brought up over a corner grocery store in an obscure quarter of old Dublin. His mother, however, although the wife of so humble a person as Moore's father, was a lovable woman of high character. As the son advanced in education and culture his devotion to his lovely mother never decreased. Among his papers were four thousand letters addressed to her. He was spoken of in Dublin as the "darling" of all circles and was very popular everywhere. He was tender-hearted, genial and jovial, a good singer and yet he never had the confidence to sing in public. He died in Wiltshire in 1852. The pathos and the sad truth in these lines have been realized by many who have not passed the three-score and ten limit, as did the author of them.

## OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

Oft in the stilly night  
Ere slumber's chain hath bound me,  
Fond mem'ry brings the light  
Of other days around me.

The smiles, the tears of boyhood's years,  
The words of love then spoken;

The eyes that shone now dimmed and gone,  
The cheerful hearts now broken!

Thus in the stilly night  
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,  
Sad mem'ry brings the light  
Of other days around me.

When I remember all  
The friends so link'd together  
I've seen around me fall  
Like leaves in wintry weather,  
I feel like one who treads alone  
Some banquet hall deserted,  
Whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead  
And all but he departed!

Thus in the stilly night  
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,  
Sad mem'ry brings the light  
Of other days around me.

There are many other of these old songs of reminiscence dear to the heart and pleasant still to hear over and over again. "The Old Arm Chair," with its blessed associations,

I love it, I love it, and who shall dare  
To chide me for loving that old arm chair.

—"Woodman, Spare That Tree," and "Auld Lang Syne" and "Highland Mary," the first of which is familiar and dear to every heart.

It would be well if we sung them all more often at our own firesides and so kept warm the sweet sentiments which they embody.—Sel.

## An Exiled Apostle's Song.

The wonderful experience of John while he was exiled on the island of Patmos, "for the word of God and the testimony of Jesus," quickened his soul with praise of Christ. He opens the revelation with this mighty song: "Unto Him that loveth us, and loved us from our sins by His blood, and He made us to be a Kingdom, to be the glory and the dominion for ever and ever." This is not the song of an holy angel, but of a redeemed sinner. John understands the Saviour's attitude towards sinners. It is love. "He loveth us with everlasting love." He has drawn us unto Himself with loving kindness. The love of God for sinners is the phrase of Scripture, the light of prophecy, the teaching of Christ, the harmony of Christian testimony. "God commendeth his love toward us," says Paul, "in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." What brought us to Christ? Our understanding of miracles? Our sympathy with his poverty? It was his love on the Cross stronger than death. John knows what Christ does with a sinner. He died for sinners, but he accomplishes something within believing and obedient sinners. "He loosed us from our sins by his blood." His is no age sacrifice. He is the Lamb slain from before the foundation of the world. He beareth away the sin of the world. He delivers from the bondage of sinfulness. The believing sinner. His gospel is the power of God unto salvation to everyone that believeth. His blood is ever-availing. His intercession perpetuates his atonement. The life becomes character. The deed of life is mercifulness, because the saved sinner knows the forgiveness of God. The token of forgiven is forgiving.

John tells us that the saved sinner is exalted. Christ has made us to be a kingdom. We are not only members of his church in the earth, but we are citizens of his everlasting kingdom. No wonder that Peter asks: "What manner of persons ought ye to be?" The saved sinner who is being loosed from sinfulness, becomes a priest unto God. Whatsoever we ask of God in the name of Christ, according to his will, we know that he heareth us, and that we shall be properly answered. Our priesthood always begins with ourselves. A bad woman in prison had been repeatedly shut into the solitary in darkness. One day in the chapel service she was seen looking steadily at a picture of Christ, saying to the singer: "Thy sins, which are many, are forgiven thee; go in peace, and sin no more." She remained seated after the others had gone out, and the matron thought that more trouble was coming. She asked the woman what she wanted. She said: "Let me go back to solitary, for I want to think of him." They let her go back into the darkness. On the third day she signalled to come out. She came out a changed woman, and never gave any more trouble. She began to pray for others. That is the priesthood of the sinner who is loosed from sin. It is the fervent prayer of the righteous that is effectual. Let us sing the song of the redeemed with John. Unto him who made himself of no reputation, be the glory of our humble life. Unto him who was despised and rejected of men, be the dominion of conversion. Unto him who bore away the sin of the world, be the glory of peace. Unto him who brought life and immortality to light, be the dominion of Christian hope. Unto him who intercedeth for all his saints, be the glories of answered prayers. Unto him who cometh without sin unto salvation, be the glories of holy angels and redeemed.—Ex.

DEAR EDITOR:—I notice in the sketch, of the poet Longfellow, published in your issue of the 8th inst., that the writer claims that "In Hiawatha, Longfellow undertook a difficult task: He created a style entirely new, adapted to the lives of a savage people, as embodied in their myths, and legends. Longfellow went back into the primitive nature worship of the North American Indians."

Did Longfellow create a style entirely new when he wrote Hiawatha? In the great poem of Finland "The Kalevala," with which no doubt Longfellow was familiar, the mythology and folk-lore, of the Finns, are treated, so much like Longfellow has treated similar material, from North American sources, that all probability for claiming originality in Hiawatha seems to vanish.

In proof of this I will ask you to print extracts from the introductions of both poems.

I am a great lover of Longfellow's poetry, and it does not lessen the beauty of "Hiawatha," if Longfellow borrowed the plan of it, from the interesting Finns.

## KALEVALA.

"These are words in childhood taught me,  
Songs preserved from distant ages,  
Legends they that once were taken  
From the belt of Wainamöinen,  
From the forge of Ilmarinen,  
From the sword of Kaukomieli,  
From the bow of Youshainen,  
From the pastures of the Northland,  
From the meads of Kalevala.

There are many other legends,  
Incantations that were taught me,  
That I found along the wayside,  
Gathered in the fragrant copse,  
Brought me from the forest branches,  
Culled among the plumes of pine-trees,  
Scented from the vines and flowers,  
Whispered to me as I followed  
Flocks in land of honeyed meadows.

Many birds from many forests,  
Oft have sung me lays in concord;  
Waves of sea and ocean billows,  
Music from the many waters,  
Music from the whole creation  
Oft have been my guide and master.

## HIAWATHA.

Should you ask me \* \* \*  
Where these legends and traditions,  
\* \* \* I should answer, I should tell you;  
From the forests and the prairies,  
From the great lakes of the Northland,  
From the land of the Ojibways,  
From the land of the land of the Dacotahs,  
From the mountains, moors, and fenlands,  
Where the heron, the Shu-shuh-gah,  
Feeds among the reeds and rushes,  
\* \* \* these legends and traditions,  
I should answer, I should tell you,  
In the bird-nests of the forest  
In the lodges of the beaver,  
In the hoof prints of the bison,  
In the cry of the eagle!  
All the wild fowl sang them to him,  
In the moor-lands and the fen-lands,  
In the melancholy marshes:  
Chetowah, the plover, sang them,  
Mahng, the loon, the wild-geese, Wawa,  
And the grouse, the Mushkodasa!"

Chester, N. S.

C. A. S.

## The One Foundation.

There are two kinds of converts: First those who constantly grow in joy, in likeness to Christ, and in powerful service, so that every year of their life finds them further on than the year before. Second, those who profess to be converted, and who remain loyal for a year, or for a few months, a few weeks, or even for a few days only, and then drift back into the old life. In other words, the two classes are, those who make a complete success of the Christian life, and those who make a partial or complete failure of it.

Now, I am going to tell you of a very plain path that any man, woman or child can take, and which will, I guarantee, lead you on, so that every year of your Christian life will be better than the year before, every month will be better than the month which preceded it, every week will be better than the week which went before it, and every day better than the preceding day. You have heard the hymn sung, which runs, "Where is the blessedness I knew when first I saw that the Lord?" Friends, I know where the joy is once I knew, when first I sought the Lord. It is twenty-seven years behind me, and to-day I have a joy I never dreamed of the year I was converted. Be sure that you build all your life and service on Jesus Christ, and that Christ alone is the foundation. The text for this step is I Cor. iii. 11: "Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Christ Jesus." The hope that is built on Christ will stand and grow. The hope that is built on anyone, or anything, but Christ will soon fall; and the life that is built upon anything or anyone but Christ will soon go down.—R. A. Torrey.