

hearted ancestors—the pilgrim-fathers of Canada—forgot the older colonies for conscience sake, and went forth like Abraham not knowing *whither* they went, in order to maintain their allegiance to their father-land and to their king.

"There graves green and holy,
Round us are lying,
Free were the sleepers all
Living or dying."

Reverently let us mention their names—lightly let us tread upon their ashes. And is not ours a noble inheritance, as has been well and truly said, "literally stretching from sea to sea, and from the rivers to the ends of the earth." We have, it is true, no historic associations, no time-honoured ruins "speaking of the past unto the present"—no blood-baptized and consecrated relics linking our souls with the buried ages; but we have our "forests primeval," our rivers, lakes, and prairies, and the broad page of nature as it came from the hand of the Creator.

All this has the genius of Columbus given to us and to the world. Let us, then, keep green the laurels on his brow, and render honour to his name. Let us imitate his sublime faith, his indomitable perseverance, and his unconquerable energy. Let us live for the good of our country and of the world. Let us exert our influence for virtue, for religion, and for the advancement of our race.

Where Are They?

All their hames—and all their doing—
All their sorrows, joys and tears—
All their rapine and their ruin—
Slumber in the gulf of years;
All the sights and signs they saw on
Nature's old and shrivell'd scroll,
Dim forgetfulness hath drawn
His black mantle o'er the whole!

They had cares and griefs bewildering,
They had hopes, and fears, and thrall,
They had wives, and homes, and children,
But the tomb has claim'd them all!
They have left each stern dejection
Which comes o'er the bounding heart,
And they proved the keen affliction
In the bitter hour to part.

Like their sires, they quaff'd life's chalice,
Like their sires, death laid them down,
Where the men of cot and palace
Mingle without grudge or frown,
Sorrow changed in them each feature,
Busy brain and youthful pace,
Stern necessity which nature
Binds upon the human race.

They had hours of storm and meekness,
Gloomy night and sunny day,
Hours of trial, pain and sickness,
But their dreams have pass'd away,
All have wandered into slumber,
Silence rests above each head,
Strange, that such a countless number
Like the morning clouds has fled.

They have pass'd, as I left their ashes
Floating on each distant breeze,
Like the wave that leaps and washes
Long lost jewels from the seas,
Time shall spread his wings asunder,
And unvell the awful past,
To Jehovah's trump of thunder
They shall rise and live at last.

The Church Lyceum.

BY REV. THERON COOPER.

THE Church Lyceum will furnish employment for the members of the Church. Many of these are dying from idleness. The secret of backsliding is often that nothing is given the people to do. Only a small percentage of the membership find time to take any active share in social services. The very same persons who make up this percent-

age are generally employed in the Sunday-school. A new variety of work is a gain both in the good directly done and in the improvement which exercise gives to the workers.

The Lyceum properly conducted gives promise of calling out young people of talent so that they may come to more public recognition. Time has wrought such changes in the custom of licensing exhorters that young men of gifts are not as frequently brought to the front by this means as formerly. The Lyceum is the institution needed by the times.

Another advantage is that the varied exercises of a Lyceum will so employ the minds and time of those interested as to help save them from the dangerous temptations of popular amusements. Solicitations to frivolity have little power over those who are profitably and pleasantly employed.

For the best accomplishment of its work it should not be a young people's society, a Sunday-school society, or a society made up of selected members of the Church. If left to the young people it will be in danger of becoming ungovernable and trifling. If it be attached to the Sunday-school it may be thought to be an institution for children and thus lose its best strength and opportunity. If it be made up of selected persons it will introduce invidious comparisons and make divisions where all should be brethren. In the Church Lyceum all, old and young, who are so disposed should be invited to meet to take such part as they are capable in the exercises and studies introduced.

Evil comes when the Church becomes absorbed in this class of employments to the neglect of her primary work. The first work of the Church is to save the souls of men—the development of the intellects of the people is only of secondary importance.

It has given a new attraction to the Church in many rural regions. It opens a chance for a little education to the poor children crowded together in cities. It is to be hoped that its libraries, reading rooms, schools, lectures, debates and concerts will help to concentrate the hearts and minds of the people upon the Church. And then it is to be hoped that the Church thus aided will direct all this attention and affection toward Christ the Lord.

I Can Let It Alone.

"I CAN do something that you can't," said a boy to his companion, "I can chew tobacco."

"And I can do something you can't," was the quick reply. "I can let tobacco alone."

Now, that is the kind of a boy we love to see. The boy who has the "backbone" to refuse when asked to do a foolish or wicked thing is the one we are proud of. It is an easy matter to sail with the wind or float with the tide, and it is easy enough to form bad habits, so no one can boast over the power to do that. It is one who can let them alone that is worthy of the praise. And the best time to let tobacco alone is before the appetite for it has been formed. There is nothing inviting about it, then.

Don't use it, boys. It is filthy, poisonous, disgusting stuff at its best. Be men enough to let it alone. Hold your head up proudly and say that you are its master, and never intend to become its slave.—C. L. Hill.

Day by Day.

If I were told that I must die to-morrow,
That the next sun,
Which sinks should bear me past all fear
and sorrow
For any one—
All the fight fought, and all the short journey through,
What should I do?

I do not think that I should shrink or falter,
But just go on,
Doing my work, nor change nor seek to alter
Aught that is gone;
But rise, and move, and love, and smile and pray
For one more day.

And laying down at night for a last sleeping,
Say in that ear
Which hearkens ever, "Lord, within thy keeping,
How should I fear?
And when to-morrow brings Thee nearer still,
Do Thou Thy will."

I might not sleep for awe; but peaceful,
tender,
My soul would lie
All night long; and when the morning
Splendour
Flashed o'er the sky,
I think that I could smile—could calmly say,
"It is His day."

But if a wondrous hand from the blue yonder,
Held out a scroll,
On which my life was writ, and I with wonder
Beheld unroll
To a long century's end its mystic clow,
What should I do?

What could I do, O blessed Guide and
Master!
Other than this;
Still go on as now, not slower, faster,
Nor fear to miss
The road—although so very long it be—
While led by Thee?

Step by step, feeling Thee close beside me,
Although unseen—
Through thorns, through flowers, whether
the tempest hide Thee,
Or heaven's serene—
Assured Thy faithfulness cannot betray,
Nor love decay.

I may not know, my God; no hand revealeth
Thy counsels wise;
Along the path no deepening shadow
stealeth;
No voice replies
To all my questioning thought, the time to
tell;
And it is well.

Let me keep on, abiding and unfeeling
Thy will always;
Through a long century's ripening fruition,
Or a short day's;
Thou canst not come too soon, and I can wait
If Thou come late!

—Susan Coolidge.

John P. St. John.

MR. ST. JOHN has been selected as Prohibition candidate for the presidency of the United States. We give the following sketch of his life:—

The Hon. John P. St. John, ex-Governor of Kansas, was born in Brockville, Franklin County, Indiana, on the 25th of February, 1833. He had few early advantages. His education was that afforded by a country school in a log school-house, in a new settlement. But, with an inborn thirst for knowledge, he made the most of his limited opportunities. Every moment of leisure he spent in pursuing such books as he could buy or borrow, and thus he made himself familiar with history and biography, his favourite studies. In the beginning of his teens he found employment in a store, and received six dollars a month for his services. Before he was quite twenty he caught the "gold fever," and contrived to make his way to California. Not getting rich in a twinkling, he turned his hands to any honest labour to earn a

living—chopping wood, cleaning decks, serving in stores, and literally earning his bread by the sweat of his brow. He even saved a little money which he sent from time to time to his parents, and filled every leisure hour with study. He has himself told the story of his first departure from home, and of the vow he then made to his mother. Says he:

"Poor mother was almost broken-hearted, though she did not say it. Father, a good man, a loving husband, and a kind father always, would have been better off but for his habit of imbibing too freely from the social glass; consequently things were not about home as they used to be before this fault had overtaken him. Mother was not so cheerful and happy as formerly, although she never spoke of her fears and secret sorrow; yet I saw it all and, boy as I was, I hated the demon drink that had made such a change in my father, and broken the heart of my mother, and darkened the home of my boyhood. I resolved that the disastrous poison should never pass my lips, and that anything I could say or do should be done to put the blighting curse from other homes. Mother called me to her and said, 'John, my son, promise me you will always be a man wherever you go.' I made that promise, and wherever I have been, and however tempted to go astray or do anything I knew that my mother would not approve, that promise kept me right. O mothers! talk to your boys and get them to promise you not to enter a saloon and imbibe the poisonous draught. Boys, think; would God want you to do this? if your thoughts won't go as high as that, think of your mother, your next best friend to God. Think whether or not she would have you do such a thing, and, if she would not, do not do it."

It was in the hard school of the actual world that Mr. St. John received the important portion of his early education. During his stay on the Pacific Coast he made voyages to South America, Mexico, Central America and the Sandwich Islands. In 1853 he was engaged in the Indian wars in Northern California and Southern Oregon. In these campaigns he fought bravely and was twice wounded.

In the meantime he had decided upon his life occupation—the practice of the law, and under the most adverse circumstances had made some progress toward mastering the knowledge requisite to fit him for that profession. When a miner he commenced the study of law in his cabin. Often he poured for hours over his text-books by the flickering light of a pine-knot. In 1860 he returned to Illinois, and continued his reading with the legal firm of Starkweather & McLean, in Charleston, and at the end of the year he became a member of the firm.

The outbreak of the war changed all the plans of the young lawyer. Patriotism burned in his soul, and he lost no time in going to the front. He enlisted as a private in the 68th Illinois Volunteers, and at the election of officers was unanimously chosen captain.

After Lee surrendered, Col. St. John returned to the practice of law in Charleston, Mo. He soon removed to Independence, Mo., where for eight years he practised his profession with notable success. He was at the same time always loyal to patriotism, temperance and humanity.