

Flotsam and Jetsam

The Canadian Convention Song.

By S. J. Duncan-Clark.

(Sung at Nashville by the Canadian delegates.)
Air: "We are the Reapers."

WE are Canadians! To Christ our King
A tribute of praise and of love we bring!
Our joy to serve, till this land of gold
Shall lay at His feet all its wealth untold.

CHORUS.

We are Canadians! Our lives we bring
To cast at the feet of the Christ our King!
Our joy to serve Him until we mould
Our whole wide land for His crown of gold!

We are Canadians! A land of gold
Is the land we love, with its wealth untold
Of mountain and river and fertile plain,
Of golden nuggets and golden grain!

CHORUS.

We are Canadians! Our golden land
Sends greeting to Dixie with heart and hand!
For Christ united!—the shout send back—
Old Glory blends with the Union Jack.

A Further Word.

IN our June number, we published a little poem by Katherine Tynan, entitled "The Last Word." The thought of the gifted authoress was that death creates the one impassable barrier in time. Estranged hearts may be reconciled, unrequited love may be conquered, absence may be brightened with hope, *while there is life*. But when death separates loved ones, vain are all the ministries of the living.

"But seeing you are dead, my dear,
There's no more to be said."

It is a sad little poem; so sad, because so true. It is too late to seek to heal the breach when our dear one has passed to "where, beyond these voices, there is peace." It is too late to help our friend when he has passed beyond the need of our help.

"If we but breathed the same world's air,
And saw the self-same moon and sun;
If you were living anywhere!"—

then we might speak the word of reconciliation, then we might send the helpful message even to other lands, then we might seek to win a soul for God;

"But seeing you are dead, my dear,
There's no more to be said."

Since its publication, we have heard of several who have given the poem quite a different interpretation. Among these is one whose sweet messages of cheer and hope have brightened all our lives. We regret that from our pages any shadow should have fallen upon the life of so sweet a singer as Amy Parkinson, but we are glad that "The Last Word" has called forth this

"further word" from her,—a true song of trust, sunny with the light that falls from God's own face:

Yet Speaking.

WHAT is it that you say, dear?
You think that lives estranged
Were better than to be as now,
Though our hearts have never changed?
You were willing that I should prove untrue,
If but the same world might hold us two?

What is it that you say, dear?
A love that would come and go
You would choose instead of the constant love
Which doth forever flow—
If only throughout time's little space
I were where you might some time see my face?

You know not what you say, dear;
Hush! hush each hopeless word!
'Tis better, far, that death did loose
For me the silver cord:
Better, past power of speech to tell,
Than, living yet, I loved less well.

And I am not with death, dear;
Speak not of me as dead;
Say, rather, that God's messenger
To larger life hath led:
Death left me at the Open Gate,
Whereat I now do watch and wait.

I watch and wait for you, dear,
Till you one day shall come;
God gave us to each other, dear,
And He will guide *you* Home.
God gave our love to you and me—
And gave it for eternity.

Why They Don't Go.

THOSE who absent themselves from the services of the church are usually well supplied with excuses which they regard as sufficient to justify their absence. It is remarkable how flimsy these appear when viewed in the light of truth. A number of the common excuses of non-church-goers are handled by Robert J. Burdette in *Christian Work* in his inimitable way:

So you are not going to church this morning, my son? Ah, yes! I see. "The music is not good." That's what you go to church for, to hear the music. And the less we pay the better music we demand.

"And the pews are not comfortable." That's too bad—the Sabbath is a day of rest, and we go to church for repose. The less we do through the week the more rest we clamor for on Sunday.

"The church is so far away; it is too far to walk, and you detest riding in a street car, and they're always crowded on the Sabbath." That is indeed distressing. Sometimes, when I think how much farther away heaven is than church, and that there are no conveyances on the road of any description, I wonder how some of us are going to get there.