

take the liberty of giving once more the two first, in connection with the last.

TENNYSON.

About three years ago, at the age of eighty years, Britain's sweet songist, so recently gone "Across the bar," sang of his hope:—

"Sunset and evening star
And a clear call to me,
And may there be no meaning of the bar
When I put out to sea,—
But such a tide, as moving, seems to sleep,
Too full for sound or foam,
When that which draws from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

"Twilight and evening bell
And after that the dark,
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark.
For though from out the bourne of time and place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see the Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar."

WHITTIER.

A few months since, America's strong and gentle Quaker poet, whose four score and five has since been "lost in Heaven's immortal youth," wrote of the "Beulah land" which he was then crossing.

"I would not if I could, repeat
A life which still is good and sweet
I keep in age, as in my prime,
A not uncheerful step with time,
And, grateful for all blessings sent,
I go the common way, content
To make no new experiment.
On easy terms with law and fate
For what must be I calmly wait,
And trust the path I cannot see—
That God is good sufficeth me.
And when at last upon life's play
The curtain falls, I only pray
That hope may lose itself in truth,
And age in Heaven's immortal youth,
And all our loves and longings prove
The foretaste of diviner love!

SIR WILLIAM DAWSON.

Not a poem this time, but a loving, fatherly, letter, which, previous to his recent leaving for the Southland for his health, the Principal of McGill University, Montreal, addressed to the nearly one thousand students gathered there, and from which we quote, both for the sake of the good and beautiful which it contains, and for the outlook that it gives, from the standpoint of a world famed scientist, wise with the gathered learning of more than seventy successful and honored years.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS:—

I had hoped in the present session to be among you as usual, doing what I could officially and personally for your welfare, but was suddenly stricken down by a dangerous illness. In this I recognize the hand of my Heavenly Father doing all things for the best, and perhaps warn me that my years of active usefulness are

approaching their close and that it is time to put off my armor and assume the peaceful garb of age, in which perhaps I may yet be spared to be of some service in the world.

At the moment, I must be separated from the work that has always been to me a pleasure, and you will excuse me for addressing you a few words on topics which seem to me to be of highest moment to you as students. I may group these under the word "Loyalty" a word which we borrow with many others from the French, though we have the synonym "leal," which, if not indigenous, has at least been fully naturalized both in English and Scottish. These words are directly associated with the idea of law and obligation, and with the trite though true adage that he who would command must first learn to obey."

After speaking at some length of loyalty to Queen and country, to the University, and to the ideal of the student, with its self denial, and its high and noble aims, he continues:—

Be loyal to the memories of home. Most of you have those at home, who look upon your residence here with solicitude and longing, who will rejoice in your success and perhaps be heart broken should any evil befall you. It is customary to say that young people at college are removed from the restraints of home and its influence for good. But this need not be. To truly loyal hearts, absence should make these influences more powerful, and the thought of those who are watching you with loving hearts in distant homes should be a strong impelling motive in the students life.

Next to home is Heaven, and let me now add, loyalty to Him that reigns there, and to the Captain of our Salvation made perfect through suffering for us. Many of you I know are earnest Christians and growing in spiritual life as you advance in learning. To those who are not, let me say:—Read as a serious study the life of Jesus Christ as given in the gospels. Read it in the light of his own saying, that He "came not to be served but to serve, and to give His life a ransom for many, and that "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life." Read of His life as the Man of Sorrows, of His agony in Gethsemane, of His death on the Cross, crushed not merely by physical agony, but by the weight of our iniquities, and you may then judge if there is any obligation so great as that under which we lie to Him, any loyal service so blessed as that of the Saviour. The gate may be strait, and we may have to leave some things outside, but it is held open lovingly by the pierced hand of our Redeemer, and it leads through a happy and fruitful life to eternal joys, to that land which the Scottish poet, whose religious ideal was so much higher than his own life or the current theology of his time, calls the "land o' the leal." That happy country is near to me, but I hope separated from you by a long useful and happy life: but let us all alike look forward to meeting beyond the river of death, in that promised land where He reigns who said "Him that confesseth me before men, will I confess before My Father that is in Heaven."

In the meantime you remain here to pursue useful work. I go to seek restored health elsewhere, and can only remember you in my prayers. Let us hope that when the winter is past we may meet once more, and that I may be able to congratulate you on well merited success, not merely in regard to the prizes and honors which few can obtain, but in that abiding education of the mind and heart which McGill offers all her studious children without exception."