

Toronto's Glorious Dead.

In Memoriam Lieut. Fitch, who Died on the Field of Honour.

TOLL! sad voiced bells, a dirge of woe. To his last narrow bed
Far Occident returns to-day Toronto's hon-
oured dead;
Not with his shield, but on it borne, comes
he who scorn'd all fear,
And the pathos of a nation's grief bedews
his blood-stained bier.
Yea, halo'd Vict'ry shades her light in
patriotic gloom
For him, the leal-hearted youth, who risked
a soldier's tomb—
Peal slow, ye bells, your solemn notes o'er
his devoted head,
Far Occident returns to-day Toronto's hon-
oured dead.

When desolating war's alarm rang through
the startled land,
When loud the midnight cry "To arms"
was heard on every hand,
Ready! aye ready! gallant Fitch, for tonted
field or fray,
Nobly and well the trust's redeem'd reposed
in him that day.
On far Batoche's stricken field his life he
freely gave—
To-day we give—'tis all we can—a soldier's
honoured grave;
And street and square vibrate beneath the
serried columns' tread,
Far Occident returns to-day Toronto's noble
dead.

Sleep on, O gallant heart, sleep on! For thee
all strife is done,
The bloody marge of battle pass'd, the
leaves of cypress won;
What though the rattling fusilade has closed
the mournful scene,
The loyal heart of Canada shall keep thy
memory green;
And grey-haired sires, in years unborn, shall
tell of childhood's day,
And unto wondering childhood's ears, and
reverent hearts shall say,
Peace with true Honour crown'd the land, a
beauteous lustre shed,
When Occident returned in state Toronto's
glorious dead.

H. K. Cockin.

Tribute to the Memory of Lieut. Fitch.

ON a black shield in the organ recess of All Saints' Church appeared in white letters the words, "In memoriam Lieut. W. Fitch, who died on the field of honour." The altar was covered with flowers and immortelles, and on a scroll were the words, "Faithful unto death." The pulpit and reading desk were draped in black, in mourning for the deceased officer of the Grenadiers. At the evening service Rev. A. H. Baldwin, preaching to a crowded congregation, made touching reference to the late Lieut. Fitch. Taking for his text the words, Matthew chapter 16, verse 26, "What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" the preacher pointed out at some length the necessity of constant preparation for death, in view of the suddenness with which it struck down rich and poor alike. Many of his hearers could doubtless bring to mind cases where persons had been called suddenly from time into eternity. Proceeding, he said—There was lately one among us whose loss you and I feel so deeply, one whom it was my privilege to know for many years, one whose name is now hanging in this church with the words "In memoriam"—I mean Lieutenant Fitch. He was one who joined us and sang in our choir, and then came under deep religious impressions, giving himself really, sincerely, and truly to God. He met afterwards with an accident, which, owing to the weakness of his nature, often made him incapable of joining in the service in this house of prayer, but many an evening down near the door, where he could slip out if it were necessary to escape from the dizziness which sometimes affected him, he sat and

there served and worshipped his God. He was not one of those who got tired of holy and spiritual things; he was not one of those who neglected the holy communion to which Jesus Christ had called him; he was not one of those who neglected his daily prayers; he was not ashamed of the influence and power of his father and his mother. He was one, though blessed with considerable means, who did not waste and squander them in riotous living, but was the brightness and the joy of his father's house, and the joy, I may say it, of his mother's heart. And now, how can you go to that house, and what can you say to the

STRICKEN FATHER AND MOTHER?

Are we, any of us, ready to have been a substitute? *Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.* I know the glory of dying for one's country; I know we honour, and love to honour, those who pass away from us in this way; but the glory of the battlefield will never wash the soul white and the honour you and I can give will never make a soul prepare to meet its God. Stephen, when yielding up the ghost, said, "Lord, into thy hands I commend my spirit." Probably there was no opportunity for our dear friend to say this, but I know his trust was in his God. He was not one of those who boasted about religion, he was one of those manly men as far as his strength and power would allow him. He was one who entered into the bright things of this life, his religion only brightened all, and, I say now the only true comfort we have is in his eternal salvation.

Gough in Toronto.

JARVIS Street church was crowded to the doors with a congregation eager to hear a lay sermon from Mr. J. B. Gough. Mr. Gough said he would not speak from any special text, but deliver an address to young men on the subject which was next his heart, and of supreme importance—temperance. Young men starting in life were anxious not to incur any responsibility, nor to be bound by any pledges. They wished to be perfectly independent. But this independence when analyzed resolved into freedom to plunge into material pleasures, which was a slavery worse than death. At Richmond in Virginia, he had once addressed a meeting of over 2,000 coloured people, one of whom said, "Brethren, I do not own myself, my body belongs to Mas'r Carr, but my soul is a freeman of the Lord Jesus Christ." How many of those who are slaves to vice could say as much as this poor negro slave? The temperance advocate was doing Christ's work, because in combating the vice of drunkenness he was clearing away one of the obstacles in the path to Christ, as the Lord Himself when He raised Lazarus from the dead rolled the stone away from the mouth of the cave. Young men on starting in life, if they had any regard for their own well-being, good fame, fair prospects, or their mothers' hearts, should take the right road on this question. He desired every young man to have over his door the motto, "Keep in the right path." Even one glass might kindle a craving which might result in a habit to free himself from which might bring agony and tears. He did not deny that one might take a glass without becoming a

drunkard. But what was to be the measure of moderation? If one man could drink two quarts of whiskey a day without getting drunk, was he to be worthy of admiration, while he who drank two glasses only and got drunk was but a poor, pitiful creature lacking in power of will? A lady friend of his (Mr. Gough's) was in the habit of giving a very good dinner, but never allowed wine at her table. A friend dining with her one day took her to task in Mr. Gough's presence. "Now," said he, "Mrs.—, I would enjoy your very good dinner ever so much better if I had only a glass of wine. I am in the habit of taking a glass of wine with my dinner and think it does me good. But because some poor creature the semblance of a man is so lacking in will that one glass might lead to nine am I to be deprived of this little enjoyment? While a great many take a little bit of cheese after dinner with much advantage, not because some can't take it without incurring indigestion, am I to be deprived of cheese?" "Mr.—," said Mr. Gough, in reply, "I was once in the State Prison in New York, where there are over 1,700 prisoners, and asked the superintendent how many of these had come there through the drink habit. 'I am not,' said the superintendent, 'a teetotaler myself, but I must say that over 70 per cent. have come to this stage through intemperance.' 'Did you ever,' I asked him, 'hear of anyone coming here through eating cheese?'"

The Russian Crisis and Mr. Gladstone.

EVERYONE knows that Mr. Gladstone, like every right-thinking man, has an unspeakable horror of war, and that he is always ready to do everything that can be done with honour to obviate the necessity of an appeal to the sword. He thinks such an appeal brutal, irrational, and most unchristian, and he has longed and laboured as no man of this or of many other generations has to have this horror relegated to the barbarism of the past. Above all he has shown a great fairness towards Russia, and has recoiled with special energy from the idea of war with that Empire. He has never taken any stock in the glory or greatness to be secured by the slaughter of thousands and the misery of millions. And yet after all this has been said, and with the greatest truth, of the present Premier of England, we find him calmly, deliberately, yet most energetically, preparing not only for war on a gigantically large scale, but war with Russia. He has used his past endeavours to secure the settlement of all difficulties on an honourable, peaceful, and permanent footing. He has held the nation, which is behind him as a unit, severely back, that he might allow no stone to be left unturned which might give even the faintest glimmering of hope in the interests of peace.

In all the negotiations this has been his avowed aim, and he has stood by it with all earnestness, but at the same time with all dignity. He has been conspicuously moderate, not from fear, but from principle. But he has been as conspicuously resolute, when principle said that further concession was impossible.

He has no reason for being ashamed of the stand he has made for peace, and he knows too well what war is to go into it "with a light heart."

But when all this has been said, and when it has to be added that even such a man has to confess with a sad, yet a fearless, heart that negotiation has all but reached its limit, and that "preparation" for coming conflict is now at once a necessity and a duty, the nation for whom and to whom that man speaks may follow his lead when he says "war," not with a light heart, but with a strong, a settled, and a resolute one. The likelihoods are all, in such a case, in favour of England's quarrel being that of justice, and when such is the case the adage of "doubly armed" comes in with all its power.

The manner in which Mr. Gladstone's last great speech was received shows that this is the universal feeling, and that all the burdens and bereavements of the conflict will be borne with a feeling almost approaching to solemn cheerfulness, from the conviction that it would not be avoided if England were to remain loyal to her own honour and to the cause of truth and righteousness. The entire absence of bravado, the undertone of regretful sadness that such a thing should be necessary, instead of making the work of war, if such there comes, to be engaged in with any half-heartedness that might invite defeat, will be found to impart an energy and enthusiasm which will carry forward the old flag as in other days and will afford another illustration of the world-known phrase:—

"Yet freedom, yet, thy banner torn but flying,
Streams like the thunder cloud against the wind."—*Globe.*

THE world has never seen nobler efforts made by a statesman than those made by the Premier of England during the past few weeks to preserve the peace of Europe and, at the same time keep the honour of England untarnished. The demands of justice must be met and the calls of honour obeyed at whatever cost of treasure and blood. But the Christian Premier of England held, and still holds, that it is his duty to do everything possible within the lines of honour and justice to preserve peace. To our mind, one of the most revolting spectacles of the present day is the disappointment manifested by so many people calling themselves civilized because these two great empires have not taken each other by the throat. The cool brutality with which some of these people can contemplate the horrors of the battlefield and the hospital, the callous way in which they speak about the thousands of devastated homes the struggle would make, leads one to ask whether civilization has done much for us after all. Some men who even profess to be Christians seem as cruel and callous as Poundmaker or Big Bear. A good many of them wish to make some money out of the blood of their fellow countrymen. This is the kind of patriots they are.—*Canada Presbyterian.*

In twenty ports in England and Ireland an aggregate of 7,748 seamen signed the total abstinence pledge last year. This is an effective plan for lessening the dangers of the sea.

"How did you like it?" asked a Canadian girl of an American visitor whom she had steered down the steepest slide. "O! I wouldn't have missed it for a hundred dollars!" "You'll try it again, won't you?" "Not for a thousand dollars."