

teen clergymen. The income arising from the estates now provides for a principal, a tutor, a teacher of Hindi and Urdu, a chaplain for the estates, and a medical lecturer, and also for several exhibitions and bursaries to assist students in obtaining their education.

In June, 1875, the college was affiliated to the University of Durham; its students are admissible to all degrees, licenses, and academic ranks in the several faculties of that university, and many students have received the degree of B.A. In 1892 the college was constituted a centre for the Oxford and Cambridge preliminary examinations for Holy Orders in the West Indies. More than half of the clergy of Barbados have been educated in the college, and colored missionaries have been sent thence to the heathen in West Africa.

ODE TO ALBION.

BEAUTIFUL Island! Pearl of the Sea!
Land of the Brave! Home of the Free!
Refuge of Exiles! Thy banner unfurled!
Streaming aloft to the gaze of the world,
None can outvie thee, to thee belong
The Peerless in Science, the matchless in Song.

Where the Grecian's conquest ended on the bank of Indus' stream,
Far beyond the Roman boundary, Britain's flag is to be seen,
Floating in the spicy breezes of old India's coral strand,
And her standard proudly greeteth Australasia's golden land,
Cape of Storms, and Ceylon's Isle, Helena's rock, Napoleon's grave,
Each, all behold the Red Cross wave.

Where the beaver builds its hut, where Lake Erie's torrents roar,
From Quebec to Lake Superior, or the Coast of Labrador,
Where the constant Gulf Stream leaveth, where it sweeps for evermore,
Past Jamaica to Newfoundland, Prima Vista's ice-bound shore,
Islands Windward, Islands Leeward, Canada and Hudson Bay,
British Columbia, Vancouver's Island, all alike that flag display.

On the Rock of Gibraltar, key of Europe's inland seas,
There St. George's emblem flutters gaily to the swelling breeze,
On the Demerara River, Babelmandeb's Coast,
Every region, every climate, views Britannia's pride and boast,
East and West, North and South, kissed by every wind that blows,
Floats that glorious "Semper Eadem," the terror of our foes.

Beautiful Island! Pearl of the Sea!
Land of the Brave! Home of the Free!
Refuge of Exiles! Thy banner unfurled,
Streaming aloft to the gaze of the world,
None can outvie thee, to thee belong
The Peerless in Science, the matchless in Song.

STRAIGHTFORWARD.

CHAPTER II.

KING'S COBBE was pretty well accustomed, as you will see by this time, to associating strange events with the name of Proudfoot. But perhaps never, in the memory of man, was the little sea-coast town so thrilled with awe and horror, and a certain fearful interest in that ill-fated family, as by the tidings which the foreign mail of that autumn brought to Perran Proudfoot.

Soldiers are seldom great letter-writers, and Perran was amply content if once, or, perhaps, twice in the year, a letter reached him, saying that all was well with his people. He had no other correspondents.

Mail steamers, too, did not run so frequently as they do now. The young man had had a letter early in the year, which he and 'Lisbeth had read together one Sunday afternoon after church, before Farmer Holt had—with his rough hand—dashed down the cup of happiness these young people were finding so sweet to the taste. No more letters reached him after that, till, to his surprise, *two* envelopes with foreign postmarks were produced for him out of the bag by his master, on one of the first days of October.

"Something up at Kurrapore," Captain Mostyn said, smiling; "let's hear your news by and by, Perran," and then he betook himself to the reading of his own letters.

But, in ten minutes' time, he looked up amazed, for Perran was standing before him, with white face and staring eyes, holding out to him, with hands that shook like those of a paralyzed man, several sheets of paper.

"I can't make it out, sir. It isn't true; say it isn't true."

And then he fell a senseless heap on the carpet of his master's room.

It was no easy matter to bring back life and sense to the prostrate form, and when the poor lad did sit up, and his eyes wandered once more to the sheets still in Captain Mostyn's hand, it was harder still to give him any comfort in his awful grief.

For that happy family of Proudfoots had all been cut off at a stroke, root and branch, and these letters told the terrible tale in the short, sudden fashion of pen and ink.

"Read them, read them, sir—aloud," said Perran, as he struggled to a sitting position, and Captain Mostyn, with a conviction that there was nothing gained by delay, began to do so. It was best to know all, and at once.

With a strange mockery of the woe to come, the first letter was from Michael Proudfoot himself. It should have reached England long since, but had been delayed.