

and roused the nation like a trumpet-call to a sense of the enormity of this evil.

Dr. Guthrie's success as an editor was very great. *The Sunday Magazine* from the beginning became a power for righteousness in the nation, and the first year reached a circulation of ninety thousand copies. During his later years much of his time was spent in foreign travel, in search of rest and health. He was loved, honoured and revered by all, and as a special mark of the favour of his Sovereign, received a gracious command to attend the marriage of H.R.H. the Princess Louise at Windsor.

The closing year of his life was one of physical suffering, mitigated by the kindly sympathy of troops of friends and loving relations. Full of years and full of honours, like a ripe sheaf garnered home, he drew near his grave. In his supreme hour, what was the ground of his confidence? Simply that he was a sinner saved by grace: "A brand plucked from the burning," he softly whispered the last day of his life. Like Jacob leaning on his staff and breathing benedictions he passed away. Devout men carried him to his burial amid the tears of weeping thousands. But the most touching feature of all was the presence of two hundred children from the Ragged School, many of whom might have said, as one was heard to say, "He was all the father I ever knew."

CANADA.

God bless our native land !
By Thine Almighty hand
Ever defend.

Homage we yield to Thee !
Supreme from sea to sea,
Let Thy Dominion be—
In might extend.

God bless our native land !
Firm may Canada stand
For truth and right !
Long may our country be
Tranquil, happy, and free ;
Guarded, O Lord, by Thee—
Bless'd with light.