

"the leather organ," and not long since a Western evening journal spoke suggestively of a certain newspaper as "pigging" with sundry other journals named. In this respect, the dignified courtesy of the leading English newspapers might with advantage be imitated. Another evil calls for correction—the readiness of many Ontario publishers to indulge in trades' puffery as a make-weight with advertisements; with which is also noticed a lack of outspoken criticism of books, lectures, concerts, entertainments, &c. This is a fault which will be outgrown as larger financial resources give greater freedom of utterance. Happily no necessity exists in Ontario, as in some parts of this continent, for pandering to immorality and to the passions of the mob. It speaks well for Canada that those journals which maintain the highest tone com-

mand the largest share of influence and circulation.

The future of the Press of Ontario, like that of the vigorous Dominion whose broad fields it is destined to occupy, is full of sanguine promise. The Confederation of Canada, stretching from the boisterous Atlantic to the calmer waters of the Pacific main, includes within its boundaries every element necessary to national greatness. A contemplation of the glorious heritage of Canadians in this continent is calculated to inspire every journalist in the land with high hopes and lofty aspirations. The Press, in turn, will largely mould the destiny of the Dominion. The field is ever-widening—boundless. It brings honor; but it also entails responsibility. Let no man seek the one unless he is willing to bear the other.

GOD BLESS THEE.

BY JOHN READE.

God bless thee!—I can say no more;
 The thousand wishes in my breast
 In this one fervent prayer I pour—
 This granted, thou hast all the rest.
 God knows our needs and gives the best,
 If we with faith His aid implore.
 The pure in heart are ever blest;
 God bless thee!—I can say no more.

God bless thee!—I can say no more;
 What matters all my lips would say?
 Too poor were all my wordy store
 To give the thoughts I feel to-day;
 Soon they and I must pass away
 Forever from time's shifting shore;
 But I will never cease to pray,
 God bless thee!—I can do no more.

God bless thee!—I can say no more.
 I know not what thy lot may be;
 I cannot see the path before
 Through which we reach eternity.
 'Tis wisely hid from thee and me;
 'Tis vain its mazes to explore,
 And I can only pray for thee,
 God bless thee!—I can do no more.

God bless thee!—I can say no more,
 Yet I must ask, although in vain.
 "Another year will soon pass o'er—
 What changes follow in its train?"
 For one, I know, a change of pain;
 But, if it thee to joy restore,
 I'll share it, too, and pray again,
 God bless thee!—I can do no more.