

The following National Song was composed by a student of McMaster, Rev. J. Harvey King. It is of interest to note that this was one from a large number in the recent *Witness* contest, to receive special mention.

HAIL, CANADA !

I.

Hail, Canada ! beloved land,
Pride of Imperial Crown,
Rich heritage 'neath Heaven's hand,
We sing thy wide renown.
Land of the peaceful hearth and home,
Of destiny sublime ;
Honoured and cherished, though we roam,
Or dwell in distant clime.

II.

This realm of fast and rock ribbed shores,
Where breaks the mighty sea ;
Land which the richest fruitage bears,
Home of the glad and free ;
Thy noble sires and sons inflame,
The Nation's hope and pride,
Thy daughters of ennobled name,
In happy homes abide.

III.

Hail, Canada ! my native land,
'Neath Britain's Flag unfurled ;
Thy sceptre shall in honour stand,
And sway with her's the world :
May Heaven's favour crown thy way,
Thy glory spread afar,
Till brotherhood the nations sway,
And ends the bane of war.

CHORUS.

Hail ! all hail ! to the Banner of the free ;
For liberty and right, it floats on land and sea ;
Beneath Imperial Crown and the Flag of world renown,
Our loved domain shall glory gain, and ever loyal be.

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A YOUNG woman, Fraulein Goldman, has passed the examination for the degree of Ph.D. in history, political economy, and history of philosophy *magna cum laude*, at the University of Zurich.—*Ex.*

"THESE dialect stories make me tired," remarked Noorich. "What's the matter now?" asked his wife. "Why, when a man writes 'sich' or 'sech' for 'such' that's all right, but I draw the line at 'Psyche.'"—*Ex.*