

Stumble and rise again, let the blood fall like rain,

Wounds in the battle have no time to smart;
Flight is but folly,—give volley for volley!
God helps the soul that does bravely its part.

Ay! and His love raises up e'en the dying;
Puts in the timid a heart that wont quail,
Cheers the despairing, and calls back the flying,
Comforts us, strengthens us, knows not to fail.
Comrades! with such a guide, say, shall we
turn aside,—

Lay down our arms and submit to be slaves;
After our heavy pains, put on still heavier
chains,—
Chains that shall bind us when cold in our
graves?

No! step out lighter, boys; grasp the sword
tighter, boys;

Shoulder to shoulder press on for the prize!
Help one another; and should some poor brother
Fall, though we totter, let's aid him to rise.

What! shall a wound, a false step, or fall daunt
us,—

Things that are common to one and to all;
Give to the foeman fresh reason to taunt us,
As cowards that fly at the very first call?
No, we live and we die for our Leader on
high,

Trusting His mercy and pity and love;
Welcoming sorrow, foreknowing to-morrow
Changes our pangs for the gladness above.
On to the thickest fray! 'stout men and strong
make way,—

Way for the charge of the halt and the maim!
Not unto us, O Lord, though we bear conqu'ring
sword,—

Not unto us, Lord, but unto Thy Name.

Ah! who can tell of His might but the weakest?
Who knows His life if not those who were
dead?

Who boast in Him if not those that are meekest?
Who trust in Him if not those whom Hope
fed?

Water from out of the stones, flesh on the dry
dead bones,—

These are His works,—our Redeemer and
God.

On to the battle-field, He is our sword and
shield!

On though our life's blood ensanguine the sod!

On o'er remorse and pain! On, for our way is
plain;

We, who were last, must be first in the fight.
Courage! our sinning was but the beginning;
God bless our ending for Him and for Right!

Original.

ADRIFT ON THE NORTH SEA.

BY THOMAS WHITE, WARWICK, ONTARIO.

In the year 1813, might have been seen
shooting out from the Shetland Islands, a
small fishing craft, manned by six hardy
fishermen. The morning is beautiful; the
sun has just risen, throwing a gladsome
stream of light athwart the world of waters.
From the prow of the little bark starts up
the glittering spray, shining like drops of
pearl; then, falling, mingle again with their
mother element. The beauty of the morn-
ing appears to be in unison with the feel-
ings of the heroes of our story: they look
up to the sky, and see it betokens fine
weather for the day; then, bending them-
selves to their oars, express their hopes of
returning to their homes well-laden with
fish.

No mean specimens of humanity were
those six Islanders; about the middle size,
with well-knit muscular frames, enclosing
hearts which beat with a tender regard for
their families and for each other. The
nature of their calling awakened feelings
of affection seldom experienced by those
who follow less dangerous occupations.
But let us follow our friends to their
fishing-grounds, where they have just
arrived, which lies about forty miles from
shore. Every one applies himself to his
respective task. The lines are "set," and,
while waiting to secure a number of their
unwary victims below, the time is occupied
in "crackin' jokes," or discussing the
merits of the parish minister, and his last
sermon; or, mayhap, the conversation turns
on the cruelty of the press-gang, and the
misery occasioned by the late French war.

"But," says one, "it's time tae pit on
the denner."