

No maudlin cry he gave the world :
 "Behold my grief, pity my pain,"
 Strong as the breath of Alpine hills,
 Sweet as the sound of summer rain,
 The songs he gave us. Evermore
 The deathless might of English speech
 Shall sound their notes from shore to shore,
 And to the coming nations teach

That it is nobler to endure,
 And smother back the cry of pain,
 Shall call our young strength to the heights,
 To press ahead and bear the strain.

He wore no caste-bound fetters here,
 A man of men, he "proved his soul,"
 The mighty pulse within his words
 Beat full and free above control.

The illumined edges of his thoughts
 Have drawn the world's face after him,
 As one would follow clear flute notes
 Heard in cool aisles of forests dim.

With loving face of child and friend
 To look on as the last of earth,
 God wrapped him in a robe of light
 And gave him strong, immortal birth.

He looks again in the clear eyes
 Of her, the love dream of his youth,
 The moonlit side of his great heart,
 To whom he gave his manhood's truth.

Perfect conditions of new life
 Are vibrant to his being there,
 Gone in to feel the wider thrill,
 Gone in to breathe the purer air.

IRENE ELDER MORTON.

The Châlet, Wilmot.

OUR LECTURE COURSE.

"A LOCOMOTIVE on Legs" was the subject of the third lecture of the Athenæum Course, delivered on April 18, by Rev. S. B. Dunn, of Granville Ferry. The substance of the address was a comparison between locomotives and men, which was drawn with many droll hits interspersing the solid common sense of the lecture.

By way of introduction, a short history of railroads was given, with diagrams illustrating the evolution of

the locomotive from the embryonic Rocket of Stephenson to the highly developed six-coupled freight engine of the present day. The audience was initiated into the mysteries of "camel-backs," "moguls," and "consolidation engines," together with various other terms occult to the non-mechanical.

"To the poetic eye," said the speaker, "the locomotive is poetical." As it stands on the track, a concrete manifestation of force, while the hissing steam-cloud leaps away toward heaven, it gives an idea of life and power latent but irresistible. Man and the locomotive have much in common. Man has been variously defined. He is "anthropos"—up-looker, "an animal that laughs," "a pendulum between smiles and tears," "a locomotive on legs." The biped locomotive and his cycled brother have much in common. Both are intricate in their mechanism; the average life of both is thirty years. "An iron constitution—not too much brass" is necessary to the welfare of both. "A sick man is more than half a sinner," for bad health predisposes to disease. Consecrated education is our headlight, available and necessary for all occupations. But too often there is "far beneath a low, grovelling cowcatcher of a sordid lust for gold." Culture should be universal, for "educated thought holds the throttle of the world's progress." The sun is the source of the engine's strength; ours, too, is of celestial origin. Christ is our Prometheus, setting coldness in a flame with His love. Power of adjustment is needed. The springs and buffers of the locomotive break the force of shocks, and have their counterpart in a yielding temper, and an elastic disposition. The locomotive needs a bell, and his relative a *belle*, to regulate their movements. Mind your flanges, and keep on the track—"heed and nourish the divinity within you." Brakes are necessary only on the down-grades, but there they are essential to safety. Switches lead off the sidings on to the main line. "Life is like a crooked railway." Watch the danger-signals in drink, bad literature, skepticism; and if all is well when Death puts on the brakes you will bring up safely in the grand central depot of Heaven.

The lecturer received hearty applause from the large number of locomotives present, who pulled out on to the main line with approving snorts; and each giving a strong tug at his bell(e) started auspiciously on the home run.