

The Union Jack

Yonder waves old England's banner
Still recalling bygone years,
As it waved at famous Creedy
And the battle of Poitiers,
Since the days of Royal Alfred
It has humbled haughty foes;
Faced a thousand threatening dangers,
Dealt a thousand mortal blows,
Still the ship that has it hoisted,
Can through any ocean tack,
Give a shout for British freedom,
Raise aloft the Union Jack!

Mark its course upon the ocean,
Trace its path from land to land,
Ever guided in its mission
By a Providential hand;
Over stormy oceans wafted,
Where huge icebergs rock and roll
And the briny waves, in fury,
Dash around each dreary pole;
And away in tropic climates
Where our heroes blyounce
Whilst above them floats sublimely
England's ancient Union Jack.

Raise aloft the royal standard,
Let it greet the passing breeze,
Still it braves the ocean's billow,
Stands secure on stormy seas,
As it waved above our Nelson,
England's gallant, matchless tar,
At the Nile's terrific combat
And immortal Trafalgar;
To the mast he nailed his colours,
Signalled them for close attack;
'Midst a peal of "British thunder"
He displayed the Union Jack.

Wolfe displayed Old England's colours
On the Plains of Abraham,
Where in war's impassioned combat
He encountered brave Montcalm;
Ere the din of battle ended
Both the gallant heroes fell—
Loud above the roar of battle
Rose the Highland soldier's yell,
By a charge of British bayonets
Then the foe was driven back,
And the day was one of glory
To Old England's Union Jack.

Gallant Brock its folds expanded
On the field of Queenston Height;
Well the hero did his duty
Putting Britain's foes to flight;
But ere he reached the frowning summit
Did the gallant hero fall,
For his bright career was ended
By a marksman's rifle ball,
But his comrades, roused to vengeance,
Like a tempest swept the track,
And the day was one of glory
For the ancient Union Jack.

Should the war-cry then be sounded
O'er Canadian soil again,
We will guard the hallowed precincts
Where our Wolfe and Brock were slain,
Where our Empire's flag's insulted
Or a British hero leads,
There Canadians dare to follow
And will emulate their deeds:
Dare to fight for British freedom—
We're no coward, craven pack,
To disgrace Old England's standard,
Or desert the Union Jack.

And brave Scotia's sons are ready,
For their place is in the van,
To repel the fierce invasion
As they did at Inkerman,
And the loyal men of Erin,
Round the cross of red and blue,
Round the battle flag will rally
As of yore at Waterloo,
England, Scotland, and brave Erin
Have in warfare ne'er been slack;
And now Canada is with them
To defend the Union Jack.

Lives there still one British subject
Who'd refuse his life—his all—
In defence of British freedom,
Who'd rejoice at Britain's fall?
If there be, then curse the traitor,
Pass him by in dark disdain,
Let him bear while life is left him
On his brow the mark of Cain,
Let him die, a hated coward;
Bury him by midnight black;
He deserves no home nor country
Who'd desert the Union Jack.

The value of a man's shot is not deter-
mined by the thing he aimed at, but by
the game he bagged.

DRUNKEN BILL; OR, HOW DELL
LED HER FATHER TO CHRIST

"See, papa, ain't she a beauty?" ex-
claimed Dell, a little girl of seven years,
holding up a beautiful new wax doll.
"I've going to take her down to show
Mrs. White, cause she's a deal prettier
than her baby, and I want to see if she'll
care."

"All right, Dell, but don't stay long,"
said her father.

"Papa, I've something else, too."

"Have you, eh? Let us see."

And the child, drawing her hand from
behind her back, held up a tiny Testa-
ment. A cloud darkened upon her
father's face.

"Now, what nonsense is this, and
where did that come from?"

"Miss Lesley sent it with dollie, and
papa, mayn't I keep it? She has marked
a lot of verses, and I will read them to
you."

"None of that, child; keep the book if
it gives you such pleasure; but don't be
teasing me about it. Now, run along
and show Mrs. White your doll."

Dell soon disappeared over the hill
down the road which led from their little
cottage to the farm-house of Mr. White,
William Gibson, or "Drunken Bill," as
he was so often called (because the peo-
ple declared he was more drunk than
sober), lived in his little cottage with
an old house-keeper and his little daugh-
ter Dell; and the one thing he loved
more than liquor was the happiness of
Dell. The child seemed to be the idol of
his life and heart. It was very reluct-
antly he had allowed her to attend the
village Sabbath-school, saying,

"They would just fill her head with
trash and spoil her."

But Dell craved, and her father could
not disappoint her, so she had gone regu-
larly for the past year, and in her
childish way had often repeated texts
learned there to her father, which had
given him great annoyance.

The text for the last Sabbath had been,
"The eyes of the Lord are in every place,
beholding the evil and the good." The
teacher had tried to impress upon the
minds of the children, that the all-seeing
eye of God was upon them, that he saw
each little act of kindness, heard every
gentle word spoken. She had closed the
lesson with the story of the Cross, told
in simple words; and Christ's prayer for
his enemies in his last hour of agony.

Little Dell Gibson had hardly taken
her eyes off her teacher, and now, tears
were running down her cheeks. At the
close of the school she came to her
teacher with the words, "Oh, teacher, I
do love Jesus, and I want papa to love
him too."

"Well, Dell, dear," said Miss Lesley,
"Tell Jesus so, and ask him to lead nana
to see his need of that love and help
which God alone can give. You know,
Dell, you and I can pray for papa."

Then she kissed the child, and they
parted. That night when Dell hid her
father good-night, she threw her little
white arms around his neck, and rested
her golden head upon his shoulder.

"Papa," she whispered, "the eyes of
the Lord are in every place, beholding
the evil and the good."

"Dell," exclaimed her father, "is that
some more of your Sunday-school trash?"

"It's so, papa; it is in the Bible, and
that is God's own book."

"Well, Dell, remember now, that I for-
bid you repeating texts learned there to
me. Do you hear, child? This, or no
more going to the school."

For answer Dell's arms tightened
around her father's neck, and the rosy
lips were pressed upon his forehead and
cheek.

"Good night, papa," she whispered,
while her stern father had been scold-
ing, another thought had passed through
the mind of the child. It was this:
"You and I can pray for papa, Dell."

She slipped down from her father's
arms, and stole noiselessly to her own
little bed. At the old house-keeper
nagged the child, telling her not to mind
her father's cross words, she answered:
"I love papa, and so does God, I've go-
ing to pray God, to show papa how good
he is, and then he will love him, too,"
and, kneeling down, she offered up the
following prayer:

"Dear Jesus, bless papa, and cause
him to see that God loves him, and

wants his love; and, Jesus, bless little
Dell, and make me a good girl. Amen"

It was a few days after this, that Miss
Lesley sent Dell a little Testament, and
a beautiful wax doll. Miss Lesley loved
the child, and felt sorry for her.

Her father had been drinking more
than usual, and the last few days Dell
had seen little of him; but this morning
he had come in, spoken kindly to the
child, and apparently had not been
drinking, and instead of going to the vil-
lage, as was his custom, he busied him-
self about the yard. It was here Dell
found him when she came running out
with her gifts, and calling, "See, papa,
ain't she a beauty? I've going to take
her down to show Mrs. White, 'cause
she's a deal prettier than her baby."

Then, drawing her hand from behind
her back, she held up the Testament,
causing the remark, "What nonsense is
this, and where did that come from?"

Seeing the disappointed look upon the
child's face, and feeling guilty for the
unkind words spoken the last Sabbath
evening, he felt he could not deny his
daughter this.

Dell had gone to show her doll to Mrs.
White, as happy as the sunbeams which
played about her golden curls. She was
returning home, and how did it happen?

Ah, how? Nobody knew. A runaway
team was seen passing the home of Mr.
White a few minutes after Dell's depart-
ure. Mr. White saw the team, he had
also seen the child leave the house; he
ran, as did Mrs. White, but too late.
They lifted up the little senseless form
of Dell, and bore it gently back to the
house. The doctor was summoned; but
who could carry the news to Bill Gibson?
Yet he must be told at once. One after
another had refused until Mr. Hudson,
the superintendent of the school to which
Dell belonged, came, and at once offered
to go for her father.

He found him where Dell had left him,
and, after shaking hands, at once told
him the sad news. It would be impos-
sible to describe the father's grief, and
Mr. Hudson felt that words of sympathy
would then be powerless. But he silently
sent up a prayer to God for this poor
man in his sorrow.

They soon reached the home of Mr.
White, and found the doctor leaning over
the child. The father tottered to the
other side of the bed, and fell upon his
knees with a groan. For a moment Dr.
Brown's eyes rested upon the father, but
only for a moment. He continued to ex-
amine the patient. Several severe bruises
were found upon the body, but it was
the head where the serious trouble
seemed to be. Just above the left temple
was a great gash, which the doctor had
dressed with skill. When he had done
this, he turned to Mrs. White, saying he
had done all he could; that the house
must be kept perfectly quiet, that he
must now go, but would return in an
hour.

The hour passed at last; the doctor
came, but shook his head; no change
could be seen.

At last Dell opened her eyes, but not
to recognize any one.

"Speak to her," said the doctor to her
father. Bill took one of the little hands
in his, and bending over her said, "Dell,
Dell, darling, don't you know me?" but
the child only raised the other little hand
to her head with a moan. The head
tossed restlessly upon the pillow, and an
expression of pain rested upon her face.

That it would end in brain fever was
clear to Dr. Brown.

Days of anxious watching followed,
the fever set in, and for nearly two weeks
the father listened to the ravings of his
child. During this time Bill Gibson had
not tasted a drop of liquor, and his grief
would often melt those present to tears.
But the fever was defeated at last, the
crisis was safely passed, and now they
were told that with great care Dell
would get well again.

One day, as her father sat by her bed-
side, she looked up with a sweet smile
and said:

"Will papa read to Dell about Jesus?"
Dell's little Testament was brought,
and her father read of Jesus taking little
children in his arms and blessing them.
Dell asked question after question, which
her father could not answer.

"Pray to God, papa," she said, in a
simple tone. "He will help you to find
that Jesus who loves me so."

"And now, darling," said her father,
as he stooped down and kissed her ten-
derly, "I will leave you for a little
while."

This was the first time he had left her
side, except to take a little rest and food
and Dell saw he had taken her Testament
with him. Each day Dell grew stronger
and at last there came a day when the
sick child was allowed to be cushioned
up in a large rocking-chair. The doctor
had just been to see his little patient.

"Dell is doing well," he said to Mrs.
White, as he went out, "and in a few
days I think we will be able to move her
to her own home, but she will carry that
scar on her head to her grave."

Little Dell did not know of the struggle
going on with her father. True, he had
not been drinking, and was often seen
reading Dell's Testament, but he was not
happy, and each day he grew more
wretched. Dell was too young to know
it was God's Spirit striving with her
father. She was happy because he had
read her Testament, and could not under-
stand why her father was not happy.

One evening, after she had been taken
home, she sat in their little room, singing
hymns learned in the Sabbath-school.

"Sing that again, Dell," said her
father.

Dell sang,

"Jesus, lover of my soul."

Her little hands were clasped, and the
sweet words of the old hymn rang
through the room.

"Plenteous grace with Thee I find,
Grace to cover all my sin.

Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within."

sang Dell.

Her father sat with his face in his
hands, as if lost in thought.

"Yes," he murmured, "it is true, it is
true. But I do not find—I only want, and
my sins make me afraid to approach
him," continued her father, more to him-
self than Dell.

"But, papa," said Dell "Miss Lesley
told us Jesus died for our sins, and that
he wanted us all to come to him, and
our text that day was, "Whosoever
cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast
out."

"Does the Bible say that, child?"

"Yes, papa and teacher marked it in
my Testament." Dell found the verse
and gave it to her father. "Who—so-
ever, that must mean me, too," said her
father, as he read the verse. He turned
over the leaves, as if in search of some-
thing more, when another marked verse
met his eye.

"The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son,
cleanseth us from all sin."

Ah, the light was dawning. "Who-
soever cleanseth from all sin."

At length he left the room, and before
he returned, peace had been spoken to
his troubled soul.

"Dell," he said, as he stood by his
little girl, his face lit up with this new-
found joy, "your Saviour is mine."

"Oh, papa," she whispered, "I've so
glad, I want to tell Jesus, I know he
sees, 'cause the eyes of the Lord are in
every place, but I want to tell him."

She took his hand in both hers and
they knelt down together. Dell in her
childish way thanked God because her
father had learned to love him.

Then her father offered his first prayer
before his child, and such a prayer.

He thanked God for the precious blood
of Christ, which had paid the price of
sin for him, prayed that he might each
day and hour walk close to his Master.
He said he knew he had wandered far
in sin but said he, "Thou hast reached
me, fold me in thine arms, in thee I find
all I need, May I have grace given to
trustfully and unquestioningly obey, even
when I cannot understand."

Then a prayer of thankfulness for Dell.
He thanked God that his child had led
him to Jesus who died for them both,
prayed that they might both live so as
to be prepared for those mansions, on
"yonder everlasting shore."

As they arose from their knees Dell's
father clasped her in his arms, kissed the
scar which had so nearly cost her her life,
and had so changed his.

Aurora, Ont

Let a man define life, and he tells how
much he lives.