

but wherever there is water to float a ship we are sure to find you in our way."

He tried to learn English with slight success, as the following example illustrates: "Since sixt wek, y learn the english and y do not any progress. Sixt wek do fourty and two day. If might have learn fivty word for day, i could know it two thousands and two hundred. It is in the dictionary more of foorty thousand."

Napoleon was a cold-blooded egotist. "He wonders if he ever loved anybody, if so it was Josephine—a little." He was notorious for his conjugal infidelities, of which he freely conversed.

"War," he says, "is a strange art; I have fought sixty battles and I have learned nothing from any of them that I did not know in the first."

Nineteen years after his death, by permission of the British, his body was removed to France. "It was then that the dead conqueror made the most majestic of his entrances into his capital." Lord Rosebery gives him due credit for the brilliance of his military genius and force of will. Of the crown of France Napoleon said, "I found it in the gutter and I picked it up on my sword's point." He was a man of indomitable energy. He would work for eighteen hours at a stretch. "His councils were no joke, they would last eight or ten hours." He was sometimes violent and brutal in his manner. He kicked Volney in the stomach and the philosopher was carried

away senseless; he knocked down his chief justice and belaboured him with his fists; he attacked Berthier with the tongs.

In his latter years he became obese and lethargic, remaining in bed much of the day.

Lord Rosebery thus sums up his character: "Supreme power destroyed the balance of his judgment and common-sense, and so brought about his fall." He was profoundly affected by the gambling of warfare. "The star of his destiny which bulked so large in his mind was but the luck of a gambler on a vast scale. In the final and deteriorated phase of his character there is no trace of friendship." "It is because of that character," said his faithful Bertrand, "that he has no friends, that he has so many enemies; indeed, that we are at St. Helena."

"Was he a great man?" asks Lord Rosebery. "If by great be intended the combination of moral qualities with those of intellect, great he certainly was not; but that he was great in the sense of being extraordinary and supreme we can have no doubt. . . . Besides that indefinable spark which we call genius, he represents a combination of intellect and energy which has never perhaps been equalled, never, certainly surpassed. No name represents so completely and conspicuously dominion, splendour, and catastrophe."

"CHRIST IS ALL."

BY AMY PARKINSON.

He is my Strength: I journey, day by day,
With His right arm for my unswerving stay;
He is my Song: hour after hour I hear
His sweet, sweet notes of never-failing cheer.

He is my Sun, Who, fast as teardrops fall,
With rainbow brightness doth illumine them all;
He is my Shield: He guards from every foe,
And bids my timorous heart no tremor know.

He is my Covert: clinging to His breast,
Never can tempest me from shelter wrest;
He is my Shadow from the noontide ray—
Else I should faint upon life's weary way.

He is my All—and all my thought above!
I know not what He is—my Lord! my Love!
To tell His grace cannot to me be given
Till I have learned the language of His heaven.

Toronto.