

A REVISED NATIONAL ANTHEM.

[An American clergyman, Rev. S. S. Cullon, D.D., of Albany, has, in view of the friendly relations existing between England and the United States, written the following version upon God Save the Queen.]

ONE hundred years are fled;
Victors and vanquished dead,
They sleep serene;
Kin, once asunder rent,
Lift now our banners blent—
God save the President!
God save the Queen!

One heritage of blood,
Speech, liberty, and God—
With conscience clean—
Rule of the world is meant!
Lift then our banners blent—
God save the President!
God save the Queen!

When wounded lay its chief,
And prostrate in its grief
This land was seen—
What love on lightning sent!
Lift then our banners blent;
God save the President!
God save the Queen!

Now bind the severed chain,
Let love forever reign,
These lands between,
Each with its fame content,
Lift high our banners blent!
God save the President!
God save the Queen!

GARFIELD'S CONVERSION.

An intelligent friend told us the other day that a lady, who had been a schoolmate of the late President Garfield, in his boyhood, gave him this incident as coming under her own knowledge. While playing in or beside a stream, on which was a mill moved by the water power, James was drawn into the flume and dashed upon the wheel. There seemed to be no possibility of his escape. Even in the mad rush of waters and the suffocation and darkness of the moment he had a consciousness of his inevitable fate. But Providence had something better for the boy. The rolling wheel caught him and threw him out in the river below. He gained the shore, and, dripping with water, hurried to his home. He called his mother as he opened the door. Hearing no response, he hastened to his chamber, and opened it, saw her at prayer. Kneeling by her side in his water-soaked garments, he asked her to pray for him. He told her how near he had come to the loss of his life, how he felt in the dreadful moment of doubt, and how much he desired to be a good boy. They prayed together, mother and son, and that was the early commencement of a religious life on the part of one who now, to the gifts of intellect, of liberal learning, and the experience of a statesman, adds the crowning grace of sincere piety.

TOMMY'S CLUB.

"Tommy, my son, what are you going to do with that club?"
"Send it to the editor, of course."
"But what are you going to send it to the editor for?"
"'Cause he says if anybody will send him a club he will send them a copy of his paper."
"But, Tommy, dear, what do you suppose he wants with a club?"
"Well, I don't know, unless it is to knock down subscribers as don't pay for their paper. I suppose there are plenty of such mean people."

A GLORIOUS HYMN.

On the 14th of September President Garfield was permitted to sit by the window while Mrs. Garfield was in the adjoining room. Love, hope, and gratitude filled her heart, and she sang the beautiful hymn commencing

Guide me, O thou great Jehovah!
As the soft and plaintive notes floated into the sick chamber, the President turned his eyes up to Dr. Bliss and asked:

"Is that Creto?"
"Yes," replied the Doctor, "it is Mrs. Garfield."

"Quick, open the door a little," anxiously responded the sick man.

Dr. Bliss opened the door, and after listening a few moments Mr. Garfield exclaimed, as the large tears coursed down his sunken cheeks:

"Glorious! Bliss, isn't it?"

GEN. GARFIELD AT QUEBEC.

BY W. C. HOWELLS, TORONTO.



CALL to mind an evening in the summer of 1877, when Gen. Garfield was my guest at Quebec. We had strolled to the ramparts and taken seats among the guns overlooking the St. Charles river, to watch the incoming tide,

as the sun was setting over the peaks of Lorette, with the Laurentian Mountains stretching away to St. Anne's and Cape Tourment. The half dozen of us, including one New York and one Cincinnati lady, the latter something of an artist, chatted of the scene. There were before us the lapping waves of the river as it spread over the beach into a lake, the dull murmur of Montmorenci Falls, the clouds quietly spreading along the mountain side, reflecting the glow of the sun; and every noise of the dull old city echoed back from the hills to the walls of the Hotel Dieu, under which we sat. The long twilight passed very rapidly into night, as the General led the talk in his charming way. One of the ladies quoted Tennyson's Echo Song, and the General repeated it with effect. Then said he, "how many lose that last stanza, by omitting to emphasize the word *our*," and recited it again:

"The splendour falls on castle walls,
And snowy summits old in story;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory:
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying;
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes; dying,
dying, dying."

"O hark! O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going;
O sweet and far, from cliff and scar,
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing,
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes; dying,
dying, dying."

"O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill, or field, or river;
Our echoes roll, from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever."

"But," he continued, "*The Eaglet* is Tennyson's grand picture"—and he gave it livingly.

"He clasps the crag with hooked hands;
Close to the sun in lonely lands,
Ringed with the azure world he stands.

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls,
He watches from his mountain walls,
And like a thunder-bolt he stands."

But before we could criticize this, the old convent bell tolled the hour for latest tapers. I was glad, for it left the Eagle fixed on the rock for me to remember.

BE SURE.

NAST summer a gentleman lost his new overcoat. He was irritated by the occurrence. He suspected who took it. His suspicions deepened to a certainty in view of certain circumstances, and he laid a trap to catch one of his neighbours. A new coat was ordered, and after it was brought home he discovered his stolen garment precisely where he had left it.

The story is still fresh in many minds of the Boston man who, returning home rather late at night while it was showering, felt for his watch to see the time, but it was gone. It flashed over him in an instant that only three minutes before a man had passed him who rubbed against him. It was but the work of a moment to give chase, and lifting his umbrella, he demanded his watch or vengeance. The watch was handed over by the terrified traveller, and the good citizen went home in a very complacent mood, congratulating himself on his good luck and courage. At the breakfast table the next morning his wife read the story of the robbing of a man, only a few streets away, of a valuable gold watch and chain. It was a neat daring affair, the robber lifting an enormous club and threatening all sorts of things. "That is singular," said the husband, "for I was robbed of my watch near that place, and ran after the villain and recovered it." "Are you sure, dear?" asked his wife. "You left your watch at home yesterday when you went out, and I saw a strange one on the bureau this morning. Can it be that you have committed the robbery?" So it turned out. People are constantly getting into difficulties in consequence of inexactness, want of care, a habit of making sure. This case teaches a moral so obviously important that it need not be enlarged upon.

THE PATHOS OF HUMOUR.

NO real humourist jokes always. Mr. Burdette says, in one of his recent letters: "While I lecturing at Washington I saw a lady with an intelligent, pretty face and bright, eloquent eyes that were rarely lifted toward the speaker, and then only for a flash of time. They were bent upon her husband's hands almost constantly. Brilliant and accomplished a few years ago, she had gone down into the world of voiceless silence; and now all the music and all the speech that could come into her life came through the tender devotion of her husband. As I talked I watched him telling off the lecture on his nimble fingers, while his eager eyes glanced into her sympathetic face. It was a pretty picture of devotion. They were so young to have this cloud shadow the morning sky of their lives; but as I glanced from the voiceless wife to the husband, I thought how beautifully the sunlight of his devotion was breaking through these clouds, and tinting even their affections with a tender radiance. This discipline of attending upon the suffering is a good thing for a man. It rounds out his life; it develops his manlier, nobler qualities; it makes his heart brave and tender and strong as a woman's. Who does not agree with Mr. Burdette?"

THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

BY MRS. C. F. ALEXANDER.

By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave,
And no man knows that sepulchre,
And no man saw it e'er,
For the angels of God upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth;
But no man heard the trampling;
Or saw the train go forth;
Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes back when night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
Grows into the great sun.

Noiselessly as the springtime
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their thousand leaves;
So without sound of music,
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down the mountain's crown,
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle
On gray Beth-Peor's height,
Out of his lonely eyrie
Looked on the wondrous sight
Perchance the lion, stalking,
Still shuns that hallowed spot
For beast and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

But when the warrior dieth,
His comrades in the war,
With arms reversed and muffled drum,
Follow his funeral car
They show the banners taken,
They tell his battles won,
And after him lead his masterless steed,
While peals the minute gun.

And the noblest of the land
We lay the sage to rest,
And give the hard an honored place,
With costly marble dress,
In the great minister's transept
Where lights like glories fall.
And the organ rings and the sweet choir
sings
Along the emblazoned wall.

This was the truest warrior
That ever buckled sword,
This the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word;
And never earth's philosopher
Traced with his golden pen
On the deathless page, truths half so sage
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor,—
The hillside for a pall,
To lie in state while angels wait,
With stars for tapers tall,
And the dark rock pines like the tossing
plumes
Over his bier to wave,
And God's own hand, in that lonely land,
To lay him in the grave?

In that strange grave without a name,
Whence his uncoffined clay
Shall break again, O wondrous thought!
Before the judgment day,
And stand with glory wrapt around
On the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife that won our life
With the Incarnate Son of God.

O lonely grave in Moab's land!
O dark Beth-Peor's hill!
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still.
God hath his mysteries of grace,
Ways that we cannot tell;
He hides them deep, like the hidden sleep
Of him he loves so well.

RICHARD BAXTER said a good thing when he said of some one who lived in his day, that they had "a wheel-barrow religion." They "went when they were shoved." It would be hard to find a better name for the religion of many who live now.