

In the Islands of the Blessed,
In the Kingdom of Ponemah,
In the land of the Hereafter!"

I am glad that, in discussing Longfellow as seen in his poetry, we have nothing for which to apologize. The great power he wielded was used entirely on the side of right. Someone says of him as a man he was the best of Christians, without knowing it. He combined with his wonderful talent a charming sweetness and unselfishness of disposition, and a sturdy strength of character that revealed itself in every sphere of action. Where is there a clearer or more stirring call to a life of noble action than we find in "The Psalm of Life," in "Excelsior," or in "The Ladder of St. Augustine?" And where is there a finer patriotic poem than "The Building of the Ship," in which he leads us from the determining of the first principle of government to the launching of the mighty

Ship of State, and we join most heartily in his closing lines:—

"Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O union of strong and great!

Humanity, with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate.
We acknowledge what Master laid thy keel,

What workmen wrought thy ribs of steel.
Who made each mast and sail and rope.
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'Tis of the wave and not the rock:
'Tis but the flapping of the sail.

And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes are all with thee.
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee—are all with thee."

W. T. HALPENNY

LETTER FROM CHINA

The following letter was received on Feb. 25th, from our missionary in China:

Kia-ting, Sz-Chaun, China.
January 1, 1897.

"The Boys."

Wesley College, Winnipeg.

Dear Fellow Students:—I wish you all A Happy New Year. For us the past year has been a very busy, and, in some ways, a very eventful one. First, there was the packing up at Shanghai and the long journey of nearly three months to Kia-ting. Immediately on arrival, we began to repair our bruised and tattered mission premises. All through the summer the noise of hammer and plane and saw kept ringing in our ears from a little after dawn to dark, and so close to our ears were the workmen that we could scarcely hear one another talk. Then we

were successful in securing a good property for hospital and chapel, and for some months now we have been building these. The chapel is now nearing completion, and is a very neat structure—even though we can't use big adjectives in describing it. It is built of brick, size 30x42. It is not lighted with either arc or incandescent lights, nor is it heated with hot water or steam. We do not take such an indirect way of using the old sun's heat, but either get it directly from him, or else put on more clothes. The seats are not of the most improved modern plan, but on the plan of accommodating the greatest number at the least expense. We shall, however, indulge in the luxury of glass windows. The preacher in charge is, of course, as proud of his church as there is any need to be. Did he not furnish the