

days by the senior students toward their juniors.

He was generous to a fault, and hated meanness. He could fight, and do it well, for he knew no fear. He was a great lover of animal life. Pets of all kinds, and in great numbers, ranging in size from a fly up, were almost constantly about him. He was passionately fond of sport, and, like R. L. Stevenson, a perfect child with children. His droll humour and great readiness in literary discussions were known to his friends. The following sentence in one of his letters sums up all his kindness of heart and life: "To live for oneself is to wither with oneself, but to live for the eternally fresh, for God, for humanity, for nature, is to bathe in the real fountain of youth."

Such was the man whom the Finnish people, most sparing in the distribution of their honours, have made their hero. Canada, following other countries, has erected monuments for Wolfe and Nelson, another for the heroes of Sebastopol, etc. Finland has no monument for her national heroes; she has a few for those who have greatly distinguished themselves as statesmen; her greatest heroes are the giants of her literature. That beautiful, large bronze statue in a park which gets its name from our hero, and situated in the centre of the capital, is a mark of esteem to one among the greatest, if not the greatest, of these. Subscriptions

for it came pouring from every part. Walter Runeberg, a son, and probably the most distinguished sculptor of Finland, carved it into his own filial love as well as the country's national love. There he stands, whose large blue eyes had a remarkable power of winning hearts, who succeeded, in a time of national mental depression, in arousing the land by his undying song. On the pedestal Finland is represented as a thoughtful maiden, leaning her arm against a picture, on which are inscribed the following first, second and last stanzas of that national anthem which opens his book of "Tales":

"Our land, our land, our Fatherland!  
Thou glorious world, ring forth!  
No mountain rises proud and grand,  
Nor slopes a vale, nor sweeps a strand,  
More dear than thou, land of the north,  
Our fathers' native earth.

"Our land is poor, as all can tell;  
No gold our rivers hold;  
A stranger scorns its heath and fell;  
And yet this land we love full well:  
For us—with mountain, wood and wold—  
'Tis still a land of gold.

"Thy blossom in the bud that lies  
Shall burst its fetters strong;  
Lo! from our tender love shall rise  
Thy light, thy fame, thy hopes, thy joys:  
And prouder far shall sound ere long  
Our Finland's patriotic song!"

The inscription is in Finnish, "The Finnish people to their poet," and in Swedish, "From Finland's people."

Rose Bay, N.S.

#### HOME AT LAST.

Oh, sing, thou happy heart!  
Thy world is all in bloom.  
Sing, through the grateful tears that start  
At Jesus' opening tomb.

Sing! even in grief be glad!  
Breaks the new day within!

Thy path in living green is clad;  
Thou leavest behind thy sin.

Sing, nor look backward, down  
Thy dark, deserted Past!  
Before thee gleams thy promised crown;  
Thou shalt reach home at last.

—Lucy Larcom.