

liarily significant, as was explained by one of the speakers, Herr Schmidt, a member of the Reichstag. He said: 'Nuremberg showed some centuries ago how vengeance is taken upon robber barons. In that good fight it was not the peasant but the lord who was crushed to powder. In the city hall—where lately banqueted a company of princes—one reads the inscription—"Suprema lex salus populi." Let us adopt this motto, for the Council of Nuremberg, which placed it there, was itself also an authority by Divine right.'

Paisley, Ont.

A NEW KIND OF GOSPEL.—The departure of Prince Henry of Prussia from Kiel as commander of a warship for the Chinese expedition was made the occasion of two extraordinary speeches by the Emperor William and his brother. The Emperor, of course, magnified his office as War

Lord, but Prince Henry's speech was one of fulsome adulation more like that addressed to the Byzantine emperors by the sycophants of their court than like the speech of one brother to another.

Prince Henry said: "Most serene Emperor, most powerful King and Lord, illustrious brother To your Majesty the Imperial crown came with thorns. . . . I am only animated by one desire, to proclaim and preach abroad to all who will hear, as well as to those who will not hear, the gospel of your Majesty's consecrated person. . . . Let the cry resound far out into the world: 'Our most serene, mighty, beloved Emperor, King and master forever and ever.'"

London Truth says, "Cervantes never penned anything so ridiculous as the speeches of the German heroes at Kiel. Sancho Panza and Don Quixote never were so absurdly silly."

The *Independent* compares this to the sycophants of Herod crying, "It is the voice of a god and not of a man."

Yet Prince Henry had to get coal for his ship at half-a-dozen British coaling stations on his way to China.--Ed.

NIGHTFALL ON PUGET SOUND.

BY EZRA HURLBURT STAFFORD.

There is a mist and murmur on the coast,
And o'er the islands on the ocean's brim,
The slow sun, wheeling to the uttermost,
Sinks underneath the water's golden rim;
And here, encircled by the hills around,
Forever roll the waves of Puget Sound.

There is a shouting of Greek fishermen,
A distant creaking of the tightened sail,
As all the fishing craft come home again,
Cleaving behind a phosphorescent trail;
While to the sea-drenched gunwales, heaping high,
The smelt and crab and silver salmon lie.

The winding forest shores grow dark and still,
But where some city, with its evening lights,
Shines in new splendour from a sheltered hill:
And here in noiseless, solitary flights,
The gulls above the slow-bared tide-flats wheel,
And on Sea's carrion, find an evening meal.

Faint specks from point to point the eye pursues,
They take along the lonely shore their track;
It is a fleet of Indian canoes,
With totems painted upon prows of black;
And there are whaling ships as well as these,
From the Yukon and the Alaskan seas.