

for the accomplishment of John Adam's hope, that every man and every woman in the nation might receive a liberal education. EDWARD E. HALE.

A vigorous Canadian Chautauqua is established at Niagara-on-the-Lake, where a splendid summer programme is arranged for. Chautauqua readings are a recognized department of the Epworth League.

### Redemption Song.

BY REV. T. CLEWORTH.

"Sing ye praises with understanding."

Oh, sing out loud praises to God !  
With angels in rapture combine,  
Come, sound ye His triumph abroad  
Who reigneth in glory divine !

He sendeth the nations his light ;  
He visits the earth with his peace,  
He rules out the minions of night,  
And maketh their boastings to cease.

His kingdom is founded in love,  
And cometh the fallen to raise,  
Its glory descends from above  
To fill the round world with his praise.

All hail to the Saviour of men,  
The Plant of eternal renown,  
Who comes by his spirit again  
The word of his mercy to crown.

He comes in the might of his grace,  
The nations respond to his call,  
The light of his reconciled face  
Is shining to rest upon all.

The contrite are brought to his rest ;  
The feeble are filled with his might.  
The fulness that flows from his breast  
Is a fount of abiding delight.

Pour forth blessed stream from above,  
The life giving waters are thine ;  
Roll on precious river of love  
In beauty and healing divine !

Come, sing by the river of God !  
Let all men in praises combine.  
The Lord's blessed ransom by blood  
For ever and ever shall shine.  
*Thomasburg, Ont.*

### The Influence of a Word.

SIR WILLIAM NAPIER, disabled by an incurable wound, and living on half-pay, was walking one day in London with Lord Langdale. Napier had been dabbling in painting and Scripture, and had written for the *Edinburgh Review* an able article on Jomini's great work on military operations.

The two friends conversed, while walking, on "Southey's Narrative of the Peninsular War," then fresh from the press; and Lord Langdale was greatly struck by Napier's remarks concerning the events of the struggle, in which he himself had achieved distinction.

"Napier, what are you going to do?" suddenly asked Langdale.

"Do you mean where am I going to dine?" answered Napier.

"No, no. What are you thinking of for an occupation? You ought to give yourself to literature. Your article on "Jomini" proves that you can write. Why not write a history of the war?"

Napier went home to tell his wife what Lord Langdale had said. He added that he doubted whether he was clever enough to write a history of the war. She believed in her husband's talents, and was anxious that he should take up some serious occupation, and, accordingly, encouraged him to try.

He did try. Day after day he laboured at the desk. His wife, though burdened with the cares

of a large family, was his counsellor and amanuensis. She deciphered the whole of Joseph Bonaparte's secret correspondence, written in a cipher which had baffled all the experts who had undertaken to read it.

"I would have given twenty thousand pounds," said Wellington, on hearing of her success, "to any person who could have done that for me in the Peninsula."

Five years after the conversation with Lord Langdale, the first volume of the "History of the Peninsular War" was published. It made its author famous. The public were delighted to read the book of one who had nobly shared in making the history he so eloquently narrated. His descriptions of battles, sieges, and marches, stirred the hearts of readers; and school-boys declaimed his most brilliant passages. But the simple word of a friend had started the historian to his work.—*The Christian Guardian.*

### Faithful Unto Death.

Two piles of faggots were placed about the feet of Huss, which had been stripped of their covering. Bundles of straw were placed erect around the stake, reaching as far upward as the neck of the victim. Everything was now ready for the kindling of the flames. Before the torch was applied, however, one more effort was made to induce Huss to recant.

It was the wish of the Emperor even yet, undoubtedly, to save—if possible—his honour with the prisoner's life. And it was probably by his direction—given beforehand, for he did not choose to witness the scene—that the marshal of the empire, with the elector, approached the funeral pile, and exhorted Huss to yet save his life by retracting and abjuring his doctrines.

It was the last opportunity. Would Huss now hesitate? In a loud, clear voice, he replied, with a firmness which the immediate prospect of death could not shake, "I call God to witness that I have never taught nor written those things which, on false testimony, they impute to me; but my declarations, teachings, writings—in fine, all my works,—have been intended and shaped toward the object of rescuing dying men from the tyranny of sin. Wherefore I will this day gladly seal that truth which I have taught, written, and proclaimed—established by the Divine law and by holy teachers—by the death."

### Canadian Jottings.

THE Woman's Missionary Society has some wide-awake workers.

Windsor nearly doubled her last year's missionary offerings.

Messrs. Crossley and Hunter have been leading in a great revival at Montreal.

Niagara Falls has swelling congregations since the new church was opened.

Rev. Dr. Cochran, missionary in Japan, is recovering from recent serious illness.

The Victoria College Missionary Society offers to send two missionaries to Japan.

Hon. John Macdonald's will provides for a gift of \$25,000 to the new college building.

The Endowment Fund of Wesleyan Theological College has been increased by Senator Ferrier's bequest.

The Toronto Preachers' Meeting talked about "Young Methodists." Rev. A. M. Phillips read an excellent paper.

First Church, Hamilton, is being re-seated with opera chairs, and otherwise improved. The Rev. W. H. Laird has done a good work in that important field.

### Whither.

BY T. R. LAIRD.

A WOMAN stood by a running stream  
Watching its waters glance and gleam;  
As the tangled sunbeams struggle and fret  
To break the meshes of glassy net,  
That the wavelets are weaving in endless play  
In their witching wayward wilful way.

Her eyes take on a far off look  
As she follows the course of the flying brook;  
Follows on and on, this running stream,  
Follows its track in bewildered dream.  
Where is it going? Where has it gone?  
The tide that is flowing or has flowed on;  
Does it wander still in some distant land,  
Or passing from sight does it sink in the sand?  
Lost, forever lost!

Doubt pictures the stream in a dismal dell  
Where darkness and shadows forever dwell,  
And joys are always descending;  
But love with clearer vision far  
Watches it burst each shadowy bar,  
And the mists that would build its prison;  
Hope tells of an ocean sparkling and bright  
Rolling in billows of crystal light;  
Home of the stream that is lost from sight  
In the heart of the Father of Waters.

But the woman's eye sees the "Stream of Life,"  
Its curling flow and rush and strife,  
In a kind of second vision  
And wonders much if this life shall be  
Like the stream she watches so thoughtfully;  
Will it flow though the banks of an earthly grave  
Till lifted to life is each buried wave,  
As it joins the Living Ocean?  
At home in the heart of an Infinite God  
Leaving forever the cumbering clod  
Of the banks that soiled its waters?  
*Bueno Vista, Col.*

### Bits of Fun.

—My little sister, aged three, seeing a bottle on the window-shelf, asked what was in it. She was told that it was empty.

"Then please give me some empty," was her innocent request.

—Lady (who has just discovered that she has been sitting on a newly-painted seat)—"Oh, dear, there's all the paint come off on to my dress."

Painter—"Never mind; it don't matter, mum. I can soon paint the seat again."

—He—"My dear, in return for the poem that I wrote for you, you have sent me a lock of hair. But, alas! how is it that I see it is not from your own head?"

She—"That is fair enough. Neither was the poem from your own head."

—A peddler comes to a tumble-down tenement-house, and offers his wares. Having sold nothing, he finally says:

"Well, I have rat-poison, perhaps that will suit you?"

"Ah, but we have several cats," answers the housewife.

"Oh, it's good for cats, too," says the peddler.

—Tommy Traddles (threateningly)—"I'll tell my father on you."

Willie Waffles—"What do I care for your father? He can't hurt me."

Tommy Traddles—"He can't, can't he? My father is a doctor."

—"I see," he said, "as he met an old soldier comrade in the city hall yesterday, that our generals are having a hot dispute as to which of them contributed the most to save the day at Gettysburg. You were there, I believe?"

"Yes; but I have no right to talk."

"For why?"

"Because I was simply a private soldier, and only had three bullets shot into me."