

"Death Has Crowned Him as a Martyr."

In the midst of sunny waters, lo! the mighty
Ship of State
Staggers, bruised and torn and wounded by a
derelict of fate,
One that drifted from its moorings, in the
anchorage of hate.
On the deck our noble pilot, in the glory of his
prime,
Lies in woe-impelling silence, dead before his
hour or time,
Victim of a mind self-centred, a godless fool of
crime.
One of earth's dissension-breeders, one of Hate's
unreasoning tools,
In the annals of the ages, when the world's hot
anger cools,
He who sought for Crime's distinction shall be
known as Chief of Fools.
In the annals of the ages, he who had no thought
of fame
(Keeping on the path of duty, caring not for
praise or blame),
Close beside the deathless Lincoln, writ in light,
will shine his name.
Youth proclaimed him as a hero; Time a states-
man; Love a man.
Death has crowned him as a martyr, so from
goal to goal he ran,
Knowing all the sum of glory that a human life
may span.
He has raised the lover's standard, by his loyalty
and faith.
He has shown how virile manhood may keep
free from scandal's breath.
He has gazed, with trust unshaken, in the
awful eyes of death.
In the mighty march of progress he has sought
to do his best.
Let his enemies be silent, as we lay him down
to rest,
And may God assuage the anguish of one suffer-
ing woman's breast.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.



The Two Chariots.

Where Enmity's chariot wheels have been a
burning track shall be,
While Love looks back with a lingering smile
that all who will may see;
For Enmity rides with a fierce desire, but Love
shall the victor be.

ARTHUR LEWIS TUBBS.

"Remember!"

Pushed back to its last analysis, nearly
all objections to life assurance are
based upon selfishness and the miserable
unchristian idea too prevalent in actions,
if not held as belief, that "death ends
all." Even although a man's responsi-
bility should cease at his death, there is
something heroic in the man who
thoughtfully makes provision for his
wife and children or whoever needs his
help, should his life cease. But death
does not end all. We cannot make our-
selves believe, should we wish to, that
man's responsibility ceases at death.
In that remarkable conversation between
Israel's prophet and Dives, as recorded
in Holy Writ, the prophet, review-
ing the past life of the man, thrusts
at him that awful searching and con-
demning word, "Remember!" and with-
out excuse it had to be accepted by him as
a fact. In life he had brushed aside
thoughtlessly its responsibilities, but
when face to face with his record, he
only had self-condemnation as his just
reward.

The same is true of the men to-day.
How easy it is to switch off and side-
track the duties that crowd in upon us.
But who has given us the assurance that
we shall in the future escape that tor-
turous word "remember?" The man who
has not provided the continuance of his
income for the support of his family is
the man who is regarded as unworthy
in this world's judgment. What shall
be the judgment at the "great assize"
is not in our province to predict. We
feel, however, safe in saying that the
remembrance of the past will be present
with us, be it for weal or for woe.

If we have faced life's duties manfully
and tried to do our best, the remembrance
of the past will have no sting for us.
But if we have left undone the things we
should have done, and could have done