

THE DEATH SONG OF A PATRIOT.

MR GARNET ODLUM, one of our Epworth Leaguers in South Africa, writes the following fine letter to the *Woodstock Sentinel Review*:

"The ceaseless rumble of the transports at length is stilled. The heavy tramp of feet is silenced as the long line of tired and thirsty men come to a halt. Twenty-three sandy miles of veldt have been covered; but they know their

floats over new lands that will henceforth be the home of freedom and of justice. The maple leaf has earned a place on the Union Jack.

"DAILY SELF-SURPASSED."

THIS is a secret of attainment, of progress, of true success—"daily self-surpassed." To surpass one's self, and not to surpass others, is the only true achievement. When a scholar

"A man might as well order the robe he expects to be buried in as to let his laurels satisfy him," wrote Dr. Roswell D. Hitchcock. The sense of self-satisfaction is the worm at the heart of success. What said that glorious victor of self and the world, greatest but humblest of Christians, Paul? "Not as though I had already attained, either were already perfect: . . . but this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."—*Young People*.

A GREAT CONTRAST.

THE Rev. Louis Klopfch, of New York, who has just returned from India in the interest of the *Christian Herald's* relief fund, writes as follows: "I could not help noticing the tremendous difference which Christianity produces in mankind. Here on the one side, rough, coarse, unkempt, uncouth, haggard and wan-looking creatures, constantly falling on their faces at your feet, adjuring you to give them help, and paying all manner of flattering and fawning compliments, ready, apparently, to sell their very lives for a few coppers; and on the other hand, the clear, bright, clear-eyed, neatly-dressed, and intelligent native family that seemed to rise head and shoulders above all that surrounded them. On the one hand, Mussulmans and Hindus, and on the other hand, children of the Lord. I have as yet no opinion to express; I have no criticism to make, except with regard to the employment of women and children. One or two visits to the camp will not suffice to furnish that light necessary to intelligently criticize the tremendous charity which the Anglo-Indian Government is conducting. I will say that, as a rule, the people talk very highly of the Government, and my own opinion is that an impartial person cannot help being tre-



ARC DE TRIOMPHE, PARIS.

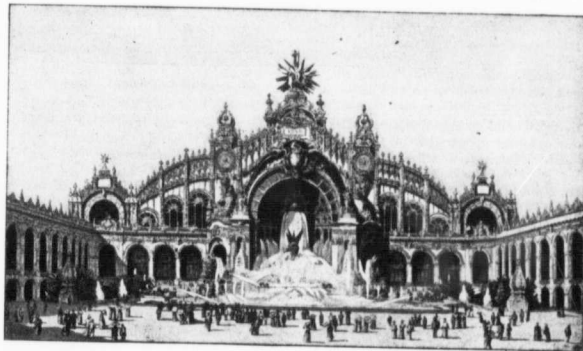
errand, and are eager to press on. Small rations of coffee, biscuit and rum are served the men. Hark! Boom! Boom! Tis artillery! Watch the men now. No sign of languor or weakness. Everyone is alert and active. No need of the order 'shun.' Every man is in his place. Quick march! They step off, but their spirit cannot be hushed. Even as they marched, some to their death, many to suffer painful wounds, or the loss of limbs or health, the laughter and mirth and light-heartedness, almost carelessness, resound along the lines.

'Cheer up, you'll soon be dead!' one lad is heard saying to a comrade.

'Well, if I am 'twill help this to live,' was the reply, as he touched the maple leaf on his helmet. That was his last speech."

Here are words which should live in Canadian history, as the deeds which they record. "If I die 'twill help the maple leaf to live," is the language of a true Canadian. It is the watchword, the battle-cry of patriotism. It is the patriot's version of the watchword of the Cross, of Christianity. "He died that you may live." Were there ever nobler words spoken? Were there ever words that more truly express the feelings of Canadian hearts? In this case they were the death-song of a young and ardent life. Could any soldier wish that sublimer words would be his last? "If I die 'twill help the maple leaf to live." This is the spirit in which the Canadian boys left home. It is the spirit in which they marched to battle in many an action which has brought new glory to British arms. It is the spirit in which they all fought, in which some of them died for their country and their Queen. It is beautiful! It is glorious! Brave boys are dead, but the maple leaf lives, and the British flag

comes home from school with the exultant remark, "I got ahead of every one in the class to-day; Sam Smith and Jennie Jones were away behind me," he is on the wrong track. When he comes in saying, "My average to-day was higher than it was yesterday," he is on the right track. The one person for everyone of us to "beat" is himself. And if we are going to do that, we shall have to make it the order of the day every day—no laziness, or lagging, or carelessness anywhere, physical, mental or moral, but steadily climbing. Luckily



PALACE OF ELECTRICITY, PARIS EXPOSITION.

we are so made that it is quite possible, though not easy, to surpass self. Every inch gained also means a gain in strength. Putting off the old man is putting on the new. Speed accelerates speed; power germinates power.

mendously impressed at the stupendous proportions of this God-imposed responsibility, which is unquestionably the most splendid object lesson bearing on the white man's burden which the world has ever witnessed."