

Then sweetly rose the singer's voice
Amid unwonted calm,
"Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?"

"And shall I fear to own His cause?"—
The very stream was stilled,
And hearts that never throbbed with
fear
With tender thoughts were filled.

Ended the song; the singer said,
As to his feet he rose,
"Thanks to you all, my friends; good-
night,
(God grant us sweet repose."

"Sing us one more," the captain
begged;
The soldier bent his head,
Then glancing round, with smiling lips,
"You'd join with me," he said,

"We'll sing this old familiar air,
Sweet as the bugle call,
'All hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall.'"

Ah! wondrous was the old tune's spell
As on the singer sang.
Man after man fell into line,
And loud the voices rang!

The songs are done, the camp is still,
Naught but the stream is heard;
But ah! the depths of every soul
By those old hymns are stirred.

And up from many a bearded lip,
In whispers soft and low,
Rises the prayer the mother taught
The boy long years ago!

As to the later life-work of Dr. Ryerson, I can only make a brief reference. Noted as he was as a skilful controversialist in the momentous questions which were agitated in his early days, yet his fame will ever rest upon the fact that he founded a great system of public education for this Province. In doing so, he had to encounter unusual difficulties. He had to fight many a battle, but it was with men brought up in the Old Land, and also with foreign ecclesiastics. And he never had to cross swords in these contests but with one Canadian, and that one is now a non-resident of this country. The soil in which he had to sow his seed was unpropitious, the country was somewhat unprepared. English ideas of "schools for the poorer classes" prevailed. Free schools were unknown, almost unheard of; and when proposed, were denounced as an "invasion of the rights of property;" while the leading newspaper of the day assailed them as "downright robbery." Yet all these difficulties were overcome in time, and free schools are now a universal heritage. Handsome school-houses, able inspectors, and good teachers are everywhere to be found; and all rejoice that the great problem of Public Education has been so successfully solved in this Province, and that too by one of her own sons, born upon her own soil.

In a touching letter which Dr. Ryerson wrote to me, for he could not trust himself to speak, when, for the last time, he left the office in February, 1876, where we had so often conferred together, he thus summarized what had been accomplished:

"We have laboured together with a single eye to promote the best interests of our country, irrespective of religious sect, or political party, to