

The Last Hymn.

THE Sabbath day was ending in a "blaze by the sea,
The uttered benediction touched the people tenderly,
And they rose to face the sunset in the glowing lighted west,
And then hasten to their dwellings for God's blessed boon of rest.
But they looked across the waters and a storm was raging there.
A fierce spirit moved above them—the wild spirit of the air.
And it lashed, and shook, and tore them till they thundered, groaned, and boomed,
But alas! for any vessel in their yawning gulfs entombed
Very anxious were the people on that rocky coast of Wales,
Lest the dawns of coming morrows should be telling awful tales,
When the sea had spent its passion and should cast upon the shore
Bits of wrecks, and swollen victims, as it had done heretofore.
With the rough winds blowing round her and a lone woman stam'd her eyes,
And she saw along the billows a large vessel fall and rise.
Oh! it did not need a prophet to tell what the end must be,
For no ship could ride in safety near the shore on such a sea.
Then the pitying people hurried from their homes and thronged the beach.
Oh, for power to cross the waters, and the perishing to reach!
Helpless hands were wrung in terror, tender hearts grew cold with dread,
And the ship urged by the tempest to the fatal rock-shore sped.
She has parted in the middle! Oh, the half of her goes down!
God have mercy! Is his heaven far to seek for those who drown?
So when next the white, shocked face looked with terror on the sea,
Only one last clinging figure on a spar was seen to be.
Nearer the trembling watchers came the wreck tossed by the wave,
And the man still clung and floated, though no power on earth could save.
"Could we send him a short message? Here's a trumpet, shout away!"
'Twas the preacher's hand that took it, and he wond'ring what to say.
Any memory of his sermon? Firstly? Secondly? Ah, no.
There was but one thing to utter in that awful hour of woe.
So he shouted through the trumpet, "Look to Jesus! Can you hear?"
And "Aye, aye, sir!" rang the answer o'er the waters loud and clear.
Then they listened, "He is singing, 'Jesus, lover of my soul,'"
And the wind brought back the echo, "While the nearer waters roll."
Strange indeed it was to hear him, "Till the storm of life is past,"
Singing bravely o'er the waters, "Oh, receive my soul at last."
He could have no other refuge, "Hangs my helpless soul on thee."
"Leave, oh, leave me not!"—the singer dropped at last into the sea.
And the watchers looking homeward, through their eyes by tears made dim,
Said, "He passed to Lo with Jesus in the singing of that hymn."
—*Marianne Farningham.*

As long as the monster intemperance has a bodyguard of three or four thousand grave and disciplined legislators to defend him, how can the friends of humanity, of morality and religion, follow up the work they have so auspiciously begun, and rid the land of his carcass!—*Heman Humphrey, D.D.*

PRINCIPAL GRANT ON CANADA AND CANADIAN PATRIOTISM.

"CANADIANS are engaged in the work of building up a colossal state. Our special work is to lay a foundation, and we know that the solidity of any construction is in proportion to the sum of virtue, of sacrifice, of self-love which has been built into the foundation. We begin this work with every advantage. We are the heirs of all the ages. More fortunate than our neighbours to the south of us, there has been no break in the continuity of our national life. An ocean can no more interfere with the flow of national life through the veins of the same people than can a river, a desert, or a range of mountains. We look back to Alfred and to Edward the Confessor, to St. Patrick and St. Columba, to Bede and Abbot Sampson, to Wallace and to Bruce, to Wickliffe and to William of Wykeham; to Reformers and martyrs, alike from the ranks of the nobles and the huts of the peasants; to the men who chased the Armada and smote the devildom of Spain; to the Ironsides and the Covenanters, to Puritans and Parliamentarians; to the scaffolds, prisons and torture chambers turned into thrones and palaces by the memories of Russel and Sidney, of Leighton, Rutherford and Bunyan; to those who sailed in the *Mayflower* and those who climbed the Heights of Abraham; to the men who colonized the United States and Canada, Australia and South Africa; who have given peace and hope to India; who have carried the flag that represents justice to all, freedom to all, into every corner of the wide world, and planted it securely where freedom was never known before. These, then, are our fathers. They have encircled the whole earth with the aureole of their fame. The winds on every sea sing requiems to their hallowed memories. And what of our environments? Placed in a land goodly and wide, under the influences of an atmosphere and a climate frosty but kindly, and with a political constitution that implies that man is free and master of his fate, what position more full of promise could be conceived? In Jerusalem the people could blame kings for the evils which befel the State. In Rome the responsibility could be thrown on the emperor or the pretorians; but there are no crowned or armed middlemen between us and our destiny. The reins are in our own hands. We are not burdened with the grievous entail of misery and hereditary vice under which an ancient and complicated civilization staggers. It should be easy for us to be virtuous, easy to keep on the right track, easy to develop the highest form of society that the world has yet seen. Never was there a people with such an inheritance and such an arena; never a people with so direct and inspiring a responsibility; never a people so free to avail itself of all the lights of history, of all the inspiration that God

gives to true seers in every generation. Our rulers should be unselfish men, men of truth and men of honour. Righteousness should run down our streets like a mighty stream.

Have we Canadians any patriotism? If we have, on what is it based? We ought to know. Certainly we have a country big enough to gratify the wildest ambition. But mere material size will not inspire a true man. Thirty-seven millions of square miles are on this planet, and of this one-ninth belongs to Canada—a great deal of it too cold, doubtless, but a great deal of other countries is far too hot for healthy life. But everyone that knows the separate Provinces that constitute the Dominion knows that it has features sufficient to inspire its children with love for their own dear native soil, and those who come close to the people and can feel the throbbing of their heart from east to west, will learn something of the life that they do not reveal to strangers. What is the essence of this common Canadian life which the uprising of two years ago showed to exist when they gladly offered themselves from every Province and every race to put down rebellion? It is—it must be—in one word, British American. American because the atmosphere, the soil, the climate and other physical conditions under which a people grows up determine to a great extent its character and place in history. But British also, because we have inherited from Britain not merely that which our neighbours have inherited—language, literature, laws, blood and religion—but also continuity of national life; in other words, the same traditions, the same history, the same political and constitutional forms, the same sentiments and affections, and these are the deepest things, a common language, a common flag, a common allegiance, and a common citizenship. I fondly hope that it is the destiny of Canada to be the living link that shall unite the great Motherland and great colonies and the great daughter to the south of us. Surely such a future is worth living for, but it will only be brought about by loyalty to our place in history and to the place and position we now occupy."

FAGGING AT ETON.

FAGGING is not easy work at Eton. Fags not only have to wait on their fag-masters at almost all hours, to bring them water and to look out for their rooms, but they even have to cook for them. All the boys of a house take their dinner together, but excepting in two or three houses where a new rule has been made, every one has his breakfast and tea in his own room. And for these meals the poor fags are cooks and waiters. There is even a kitchen provided for their special use where they boil water, brew tea, and toast bread. Many heartaches have there been in those

little kitchens. Fancy a youngster just out of the home nursery, you might say, being set to making toast, when he knows as little about it as he does about Latin verses! And yet, if it is not all right, his fastidious master will take him to task with all the indignation of disappointed hunger and then send him off to do his work over again. But he grows hardened by degrees to this work, just as he does to verse-making, and in time can joke and laugh as he cooks. And if while he talks he forgets his toast and lets it burn, what matter? With a little experience he learns to scrape off the black with a knife.—*From "A Visit to Eton," in St. Nicholas.*

"He Knoweth the Way that I Take."

I know not the way is so misty,
The joys or the griefs it shall bring,
What clouds are o'erhanging the future,
What flowers by the roadside shall spring;
But there's One who will journey beside me,
Nor in weal nor in woe will forsake;
And this is my solace and comfort,
"He knoweth the way that I take."

I stand where the cross-roads are meeting,
And know not the right from the wrong,
No beckoning fingers direct me,
No welcome floats to me in song;
But my guide will soon give me a token
By wilderness, mountain or lake;
Whatever the darkness about me,
"He knoweth the way that I take."

And I know the way leadeth homeward,
To the land of the pure and the blest,
To the country of ever fair summer,
To the city of peace and of rest;
And there shall be healing for sickness,
And fountains, life's fever to slake;
What matters beside I go homeward,
"He knoweth the way that I take."
—*Selected.*

BEER-DRINKING DOGS.

THE *Irish Temperance League Journal* prints the following:

"A Warwickshire labourer was recently summoned for keeping a savage dog. His defence was that the 'dog's all right until the people give him drink. On the day he bit the man some one had given him a quart of beer, and when he's drunk he's always savaga.' Magistrate: 'Do you mean to say the dog gets drunk?' Defendant: 'Yes, sir. People are always making him drunk. He's very fond of a drop of beer.' The bench held the labourer responsible, strange to say, and ordered him to 'keep his dog under control, and to pay costs.' The only way of controlling the dog is to keep the drink from him either by Act of Parliament or by some other method. It is curious to find that dogs, like men, grow riotous when they get liquor, yet it only shows the evil of the drink and the amount of hidden riot lurking in the beer-bottle. And yet men are regarded as public benefactors who make beer and whiskey, and they receive titles and honours, as if they had done great service to the state. If dogs and men are to be free and at large, we must see to it that they do not get drunk; would it not be well for legislators to study this question more fully?"