

## Hymn of Peace.

*Jubilate Deo!* Let us sing in exultation,  
With harps attuned to highest pitch that  
triumphant souls attain;  
Rebellion, like a serpent crushed, lies dead  
before the nation  
That with open arms has welcomed her  
brave soldiers home again.

*Jubilate Deo!* We have watched them through  
the vista  
Which our prayers kept ever open, in the  
weary waiting days;  
Well your patience is rewarded, faithful  
mother, wife and sister,  
And we taste one joy of heaven, whercin  
prayer is joined to praise.

*Miserere Domine!* If quiet tears be stealing  
From eyes which nevvore behold those  
whom lips grow pale to kiss;  
In the moment of our triumph we are with  
the mourners, feeling  
That deep void which earth fills never—  
for the dead we sorely miss.

*Beati Mortui!* We have sung the requiem,  
weeping  
Over heroes whom heaven crowneth with  
its wreaths of asphodel;  
We have laid our proud sad tributes on the  
graves where they are sleeping,  
And to history given the sacred charge,  
their dauntless deeds to tell.

*Eulate Deo!* We, our songs of welcome  
singing,  
Not one jarring note of discord in the har-  
mony have found;  
Be the voice of strife and faction stifled by  
the cheers still ringing,  
As they hushed the drum's loud beating,  
and the martial music's sound!

*Jubilate Deo!* Unto God we give the glory,  
And to those who did so nobly, thanks  
from grateful hearts outpour;  
In our pride we would be humble: Lord of  
all, we bow before Thee,  
And we pray to Thee that peace—Thy  
peace be with us evermore.

—ROSEDALE.

Toronto, July 27th.

## The Engineer's Remedy.

My engineer was a gray-haired, thick-set man of fifty, quiet and unobtrusive, and deeply in love with his beautiful machine. He had formerly run a locomotive, and now took a stationary engine because he could get no employment on the railroads. A long talk with the superintendent of the road from which he had been removed revealed only one fault in the man's past life—he loved strong drink.

"He is," said my informant, "as well posted on steam as any man on the road. He worked up from train-boy to fireman, from fireman to engineer, has rendered us valuable services, has saved many lives by his quickness and bravery; but he cannot let liquor alone, and for that reason we have discharged him."

In spite of this discouraging report, I hired the man. During the first week of his stay I passed through the engine-room many times a day, in the course of my factory rounds, but never found aught amiss. The great machine ran as smoothly and quietly as if its bearings were set in velvet; the steel cross-head, the crank-shaft, the brass oil-cups, reflected the morning sun like mirrors; no speck of dust found lodgment in the room. In the "fire-room" the same order and neatness prevailed; the steam-gauges showed even pressure, the water gauges were always just right, and by our daily report we knew we were burning less coal than formerly. The most critical inspection failed to find anything about either engine or boilers that showed the faintest symptoms of neglect or carelessness.

Three weeks passed. The man who had been recommended as "good for five days' work and then two days'

drunk" had not swerved a hair from his duty. The gossips were beginning to notice and comment upon the strange affair.

"I should like to speak with you a moment, sir," said he, one morning, as I passed through his sanctum.

"Well, John, what now?" I said, drawing out my note-book. "Cylinder-oil all gone?"

"It's about myself," he replied.

I motioned him to proceed.

"Thirty-two years ago I drank my first glass of liquor," said the engineer, "and for the past ten years, up to the last month, no week has passed without its Saturday-night drunk. During those years I was not blind to the fact that appetite was getting a frightful hold upon me. At times my struggles against the longing for stimulant were earnest. My employers once offered me a thousand dollars if I would not touch liquor for three months, but I lost it. I tried all sorts of antidotes, and all failed. My wife died praying that I might be rescued, yet my promises to her were broken within two days. I signed pledges and joined societies, but appetite was still my master. My employer reasoned with me, discharged me, forgave me, but all to no effect. I could not stop, and I knew it. When I came to work for you I did not expect to stay a week; I was nearly done for; but now!" and the old man's face lighted up with an unspeakable joy, "in this extremity, when I was ready to plunge into hell for a glass of rum, I found a sure remedy! I am saved from my appetite!"

"What is your remedy?"

The engineer took up an open Bible that lay, face down, on the window-ledge, and read: "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin."—*Selected.*

## Facts about London.

About 3,000 horses die each week.

About 129,000 paupers infest the city.

About 11,000 police keep good order.

About 120,000 foreigners live in the city.

About 10,000 strangers enter the city each day.

About 9,000 new houses are erected annually.

About 700,000 cats enliven the moonlight nights.

About 2,000 clergymen hold forth every Sunday.

About 620 churches give comfort to the faithful.

About 125 persons are added to the population daily.

About 28 miles of new streets are laid out each year.

About 500,000 dwellings shelter the people of London.

## What She Did.

A NUMBER of Harvard students were recently taught that true politeness, like the rain from heaven, drops alike upon the poor and the rich, the cultured and the unrefined. The story is told by *Every Other Saturday*:

Some time ago, a Cambridge lady, who was as remarkable for her dignified bearing as for her personal beauty and grace, entered a crowded horse-car where there were a number of Harvard undergraduates, all of whom arose to offer her a seat.

She accepted one with thanks. Pro-

sently the car stopped, when a poor woman with a baby in her arms entered it. Not a seat was offered her.

The lady waited a few moments, and then finding that her young admirers took no notice of the woman, she rose and asked her to take her seat. At once a dozen young men sprang up and again tendered their seats to her, but she persisted in standing, and had full opportunity of noticing the confusion of the young collegians. It was a quiet but an effective rebuke.

A statement of the affair soon got over to the college, and no undergraduate could be found to admit that he was in a horse-car that evening.

## The Temperance Ship.

TAKE courage, temperance workers, you shall not suffer wreck,  
While up to God the people's prayers are rising from your deck.

Work cheerily, temperance workers, for daylight and for land;  
The breath of God is in your sail, your rudder in His hand.

Sail on! sail on! deep freighted with blessings and with hopes,  
The good of old, with shadowy hands, are pulling at your ropes;

Behind you, holy martyrs uplift the palm and crown,  
Before you, unborn ages send their benedictions down.

Courage! your work is holy, God's errands never fail!

Sweep on through storm and darkness, the thunder and the hail!

Work on! sail on! the morning comes, the port you yet shall win,  
And all the bells of God shall ring the ship of temperance in.

—Jno. G. Whittier.

## Sitting up for her Boy.

HERE and there throughout the village a few lights flicker like pale stars through the darkness. One shines from an attic window, where a youthful aspirant for literary honour labours, wasting the midnight oil and elixir of his life in toil, useless; it may be, save as patience and industry are gained, and give him a hold upon eternal happiness. Another gleams with a ghastly light from a chamber into which death is entering and life departing.

One shines through a low cottage window, from which the curtains are pushed aside, showing a mother's face, patient and sweet, but careworn and anxious. The eyes, gazing through the night, are faded and sunken, but lighted with such love as steals only into the eyes of true and saintly mothers, who watch over and pray for their children; who hedge them in from the world's temptation, and make them noble men, and true and loving women. It is nearly midnight, and the faded eyes are strained to the utmost to catch the far-off sight of some one coming down the street. The mother's listening ear loses no sound, however light, that breaks upon the stillness that reigns around.

No form seen, no quick step heard, she drops the curtain slowly and goes back to the table, where an open book is lying, and a half-knit sock. The cat jumps up in her chair and yawns and shakes herself, and gradually sinks down again into repose. No one disputes her possession of the easy chair. Up and down the little room the mother walks, trying to knit, but vainly; she can only think, and wonder, and imagine what is keeping him. Her mind pictures the worst, and the heart sinks lower and lower. Could the thoughtless boy know but

one-half of the anguish he is causing, he would hasten at once to dispel it with his presence.

She trembles now as she listens, for an uncertain step is heard—a sound of course laughter and drunken ribaldry; her heart stands still, and she grows cold with apprehension. The sound passes and dies away in the distance. Thank heaven it is not he, and a glow comes over her, and once more her heart beats quick.

Only a moment, for the clock on the mantel shows on its pallid face that it is almost midnight. Again the curtain is drawn aside, and again the anxious, loving eyes peer into the darkness. Hark! a sound of footsteps coming nearer and nearer; a shadowy form advancing shows more and more distinct; a cheery whistle, a brisk, light footstep up the pathway; a throwing wide open of the door; and the truant boy finds himself in his mother's arms, welcomed and wept over. He chafes at the gentle discipline; he does not like to be led by apron strings; but he meets his mother's gentle, questioning gaze with one honest and manly, and makes a half unwilling promise not to be so late again. And he keeps his promise, and in after years thanks heaven again and again that he had a mother who watched over him and prayed for him.

## Seizing Opportunities.

A LADY once writing to a young man in the navy, who was almost a stranger, thought, "Shall I close this as anybody would, or shall I say a word for my Master?" and, lifting up her heart for a moment, she wrote, telling him that his constant change of scene and place was an apt illustration of the words, "Here we have no continuing city," and asked if he could say, "I seek one to come." Trembling she folded it and sent it off. Back came the answer: "Thank you so much for those kind words. I am an orphan, and no one has spoken to me like that since my mother died, long years ago." The arrow shot at a venture hit home, and the young man shortly afterwards rejoiced in the fulness of the Gospel of peace. How often do we, as Christians, close a letter to those we know have no hope "as anybody would," when we might say a word for Jesus! Shall we not embrace each opportunity in the future?

## Prompt and Practical.

DEAN STANLEY was a brave, quick-witted man. No matter how large the majority against him, he was always willing to stand up and be counted. When questioned, his answer was ready. The following anecdote illustrates the Dean's readiness to give an answer, which, if not the very best, was the best for the time and place:

The Dean was once travelling in a railway carriage, when a blustering man exclaimed,—

"I should like to meet that Dean of Westminster! I'd put a question to him that would puzzle him."

"Very well," said a voice out of another corner. "Now is your time, for I am the Dean."

The man was rather startled, but presently recovered, and said,—

"Well, sir, can you tell me the way to heaven?"

"Nothing easier," answered the Dean. "You have only to turn to the right and go straight forward."