

pect of action, while Lvov was a soldier surveying a huge army paraded before its Emperor in time of peace.

Naturally, therefore, "La Marseillaise" has the inspiration of an emergency, of a sudden call to heroic action, and it is an inspiration quite distinct from any of the other national anthems we have been considering. It is felt in every detail of its urgent rhythm, in the anacrusis preceding the first bar, the stalwart crotchets of that bar, the syncopation leaping to anticipate an accent in the third bar, the ringing call of the lines:

'Aux armes, citoyens,  
Formez vos bataillons.'

and the abrupt, unpolished ending.

Being the inspiration of a moment, it inevitably underwent some change when the moment was past and the song became the voice of a great people. With this song the French populace marched upon the Tuileries in August, 1792; with it they have marched to defeats far more glorious than the success of that day, and will, we believe, march to victories which will eclipse all memories of defeat. "La Marseillaise" therefore offers one of the best possible instances of how a song gets shaped by the popular voice. Compare the original version printed in "Grove's Dictionary" with the tune as we hear it to-day, and immediately the changes, all of them improvements towards directness and simplicity, are seen. Subtleties of melody and accentuation, which an amateur picking out the tune on his violin (as we are told de Lisle did) would devise, got swept away as soon as the tune came to the mouths of the men on the march, and it has proved better without them. And then that instrumental "symphony" or fanfare which de Lisle tacked on to the end—how many who have not looked up the early editions know that it ever existed? It was a mistake, and the common consciousness has wiped it out. "God Save the King," too, has undergone the same process of popular improvement, but since, as we have seen, we cannot trace its actual birth, as we can that of "La Marseillaise," the process is less strongly marked.

We now come to the last of the National Anthems which press upon our attention at the moment, the one which of those under discussion has been until now least familiar to English people, but which most calls out our sympathy just now—that of Belgium. It came into existence in much the same way as did "La Marseillaise," but in a time of even greater national stress; in fact, in the last great crisis through which the much-troubled State of Belgium passed before the even more terrible one which confronts it to-day.

The revolution of 1830 was the rising of the Belgian people to end an impossible amalgamation of their country with Holland under the sovereignty of King William, an amalgamation which had ex-

isted with constant friction and difficulty since the European settlement following upon Waterloo in 1815. Political conflicts of various kinds brought a tide of intense national enthusiasm upon Belgium which culminated on August 25, 1830, in the hoisting of the old Brabant flag at Brussels, the tearing down of the royal insignia from public buildings, and the declaration of open rebellion. It was a revolt for nationality, not for a change of dynasty. Eventually Belgium was to accept the King offered to them by the Powers assembled in conference in London; all it asked was an independent State, and that it won.

It was during this revolt that Jenneval produced the words of a song fitted to the needs of the hour, claiming justice for his people, hurling passionate reproaches upon the ruling House of Nassau, driving home the appeal of his words with a fervent refrain pointing to "the tree of liberty":

Trop genereuse en sa colere,  
La Belgique vengeant ses droits;  
D'un Roi qu'elle appellait son pere  
N'implorait que de justes lois:  
Mais lui, dans sa fureur etrange,  
Par le canon que son fils a pointé  
Au sang Belge a naye l'orange  
Sous l'arbre de la liberte.

That is the second verse of four, all of which strike the same note till the fourth, which rises to a higher plane of feeling in the thought of those who have fallen for their country:

Sous l'humble terre ou l'on vous range  
Dormez, martyrs, bataillon indompté,  
Dormez en paix, loin de l'orage  
Sous l'arbre de la liberte.

Jenneval himself soon joined the "bataillon indompté," for he did fighting at Lierre on September 18th, less than a month after the outbreak of revolt.

The tune to which these impressive words were set was composed by Francois van Campenhout, who, unlike the composer of "La Marseillaise," was a trained musician. His works, including six operas, make quite a formidable list, and he was a tenor singer with a reputation which extended at least into France and Holland. His position will account for everything which we feel to-day to be unsympathetic in the tune itself. "La Marseillaise" strikes home instantly to every hearer whether he knows the words or not; "La Brabanconne" may appear to the uninitiated hearer to be nothing more than a fairly energetic march of the jaunty kind. Campenhout evidently approached his share from outside, as a musician thinking what would appeal to the people, and writing with that end in view. His work was no doubt perfectly sincere, but it has not the intensity which either Jenneval or Rouget de Lisle brought to theirs. It is obviously influenced by "La Marseillaise," it begins with the same anacrusis, its general rhythm is of the same type. But the rhythm once

adopted is used with sameness throughout, and it lacks that wonderful suppleness which thrills every hearer of the French song.

Campenhout's tune was undoubtedly borne into favor on the strength of Jenneval's words with which it was associated. The actual conditions to which those words refer are long past, and only the spirit behind them remains and rises to meet a situation even more critical than that which Belgium had to meet in 1830. The tune stands to-day as the symbol of that spirit by virtue of its history; but those who hear it for the first time cannot feel that it has the intrinsic qualities which would raise it above the position of a symbol into an adequate artistic expression of that spirit in the way that the tunes of "God Save the King" and "La Marseillaise" express the respective aspirations of England and of France. In each of these cases the music is self-sufficient; in "La Brabanconne" the poet spoke through the music, and scarcely required the music to give wings to his message. The patriotism and the pathos of Belgium are summed up in lines by Jenneval which appear upon the title-page of an edition of "La Brabanconne," issued shortly after his death. They may fitly end this article:

Qui dort sous ce tombeau couvert par la  
Victoire  
Des nobles attributs de l'immortalite?  
De simples citoyens dont un mot dit  
l'histoire:  
Morts Pour La Liberte.

—The Musical Times.

## Hope's Quiet Hour.

### The Morning is Coming.

Seek Him that . . . turneth the shadow of death into the morning.—Amos v.: 8.

Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.—Ps. xxx.: 5.

Upon the sadness of the sea  
The sunset broods regretfully;  
From the far, lonely spaces, slow  
Withdraws the wistful afterglow.

So out of life the splendor dies;  
So darken all the happy skies;  
So gathers twilight, cold and stern;  
But overhead the planets burn.

And up the East another day  
Shall chase the bitter dark away;  
What though your eyes with tears be wet?  
The sunrise never failed us yet.

The blush of dawn may yet restore  
Our light and hope and joy once more.  
Sad soul, take comfort, nor forget  
That sunrise never failed us yet!

—Celia Thaxter.

Are you tired of hearing me talk about the War? It doesn't seem possible to avoid the subject, for we are reminded of it continually. Even in the street-cars, Britain's motto: "Business as Usual!" stares us in the face. Why should we be encouraged to go on with our usual business, unless something very unusual had tried to disorganize and upset us? There are days of darkness and anxiety. We can't shut our eyes to the sadness, but we can look forward hopefully to the joy which morning will bring. The darkest night—even the night of an Arctic winter—can't go on for ever. The "sunrise never failed us yet"; let us expect and watch for the brightness of the coming day.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox has reminded us that anyone can be cheerful when life flows along like a song. As Mark Tapley would say: "There's no credit in being jolly" at such times, "but the man worth while is the one who will smile when everything goes dead wrong." It is folly to talk as though life were a ways bright; but it is far more foolish to spoil the sunshine by looking forward in fear to the darkness which may come, or to talk in dark hours as if the light would never come again.

Our Lord Himself—the Sun and Light of the world—had to pass through such thick darkness that He felt forsaken by the Father. It was by looking at the joy set before Him that He gained strength to endure the cross (Heb. xii.: 2). We must gain strength in the same way—by looking forward to the joy which is coming. A sick woman, who had gone through many serious operations, once said to me smilingly, "I look ahead and think I shall soon be well again, and then this time of pain will seem to have been very short." She was right, for she will soon be well again—though it may be on the other side of death.

The Psalmist declares that a man who trusts in the Lord "shall not be afraid of evil tidings." Just think how important it is, in these days of anxious waiting for news, to have the heart well protected by the strong shield of faith. We may well wonder at the tremendous faith shown by the prophet Habbakuk, when he faced the possibility of famine, faced it not only bravely, but joyously. He said: "Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labor of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls: yet will I rejoice in the LORD, I will joy in the God of my salvation."

You, who are farmers, can realize more quickly than city people the want so vividly pictured by the prophet—though, of course, we should all starve if the earth were barren—can you, or any of us, promise to rejoice in God if He should lead us through such a dark night?

Such triumphant faith was not reached in a day or a year. Faith grows stronger by use, like physical strength, and we lose power if we sit down mournfully and fret over our troubles. Earthly success is not always given to men who strove earnestly for it. Moses had set his heart on leading his people into the Promised Land. He had endured much and worked hard; and he pleaded with God, saying: "I pray Thee, let me go over, and see the good land." But even his prayer was checked—as a father sometimes checks the coaxing of an eager child. The Lord answered: "Let it suffice thee; speak no more unto Me of this matter."

Are we to think, then, that the prayer of Moses was disregarded by God? That could not be. The morning of his hope was to dawn in wonderful brightness, and he should be privileged to stand beside Christ on the Mount of Transfiguration. He was to enter the Promised Land as a victor, instead of fighting his way into it, inch by inch, as his successor was forced to do. There was no need to offer his prayer any more, for the answer was waiting to be delivered when death should set him free from the heavy burdens of this life. God does not store up disappointments for His faithful, trustful servants—though He often strengthens faith by keeping us clinging to His hand in the darkness. How else can we learn the hard lesson of Trust?



Exhibition Park, Toronto, November, 1914.

Toronto Home Guards marching past the saluting point where General Lessard and his staff receive the salute.

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