



egotistical young man, unless he claims the reversion of the Transvaal as part of the Dutch possessions which he hopes to annex to Germany along with Holland. When the Iron Chancellor spoke all Europe listened, but when the Emperor proclaims his absolutism to his raw recruits, it only laughs.

A Frankfort paper raises an absurd claim of the Emperor to the succession to the crown of England as the eldest of the Queen's eldest, his mother, the Empress Frederick, having been born the year before his uncle, the Prince of Wales. This is too absurd to think of; the people of England will have something to say on that question.

The sturdy manner in which the British Lion turns at bay and roars its defiance at the greatest war power in Europe, while we think it a needless craze, contrasts strikingly with its calmness under the war message of Mr. Cleveland. It shows that it was not the fear of American prowess, but genuine affection that led to its forbearance. Britain may be isolated, but she is grandly sufficient for whatever fate fortune has in store. The gallant Pitt's proud defiance, "England shall moult no feather of her crest," will still be made good. If cut off from entangling Continental alliances, let her colonies throughout the world rally for her succour. The following spirited lines finely express the indomitable courage of the grand old land.

Gazing on the pole-star of duty—of righteous purpose, she calmly faces the future trusting in God.

THE ISOLATION OF ENGLAND.

The wind is hushed; the darkness grows;
The fainting moon is lost in flight;
Death lifts a sombre hand, and throws
His clouds across the face of night.
With parted lips and haggard stare,
That strives and strains to pierce the gloom,
Each nation crouches in its lair,
And breathless waits the coming doom.

Dim shapeless shadows pass like ghosts;
Along the trembling earth they feel
The distant tramp of marching hosts,
And hear the smothered clash of steel;
Till, reaching out for friendly hands
To guide them through the gloom, they press
To where one silent figure stands
Serene in lofty loneliness.

They hurl their taunts, their oaths, their prayers,
The snarl of greed, the growl of hate;
They spit upon the cloak she wears,
Or grasp its hem, to supplicate.
But still, as though she heard them not,
Her anxious eyes are fixed afar
Among the clouds, on one pale spot,
Where faintly gleams a single star.

By that same star she chose her path
For every night in vanished years;