

endeavour. Her youthful piety is an augury of the prosperity of her reign. "Trusting in God and with the prayer that he may give me strength," she said, "I accept the Government."

CANADA FIRST AGAIN.

Canada has added another link to the golden chain that is binding the mother to the daughter land. By the persistent efforts of Sir William Mulock penny postage has been secured between Great Britain and Canada, South Africa and Australia. This will be the best immigration agency the Government can adopt. The letters from contented settlers in Canada to their kinsfolk in the Old Land will do more to fill up our North-West than any number of stereopticon lectures.

TURKISH CRUELITIES IN CANDIA.

The outbreak in Candia shows that the dying race of the Turks is not fit to govern that island. The atrocities of the Turkish troops wreaked upon the Christian population are worse than any of Weyler's on the Cuban insurgents. The Christian powers should drive the Moslems out of Crete and establish a civilized administration. England has had ten war-ships at Crete, and all the other powers eleven, Germany having only one. England has had 2,020 troops on shore, Italy 1,412, Russia 1,400, France 1,250, Austria 600 and Germany 11. Yet it is Germany which has prevented the coercion of the Sultan. The Kaiser seems to be coquetting with the Butcher of Constantinople for special privileges in Palestine. Next month will see some theatrical *coup* at Jerusalem.

"THE PEOPLE THAT DELIGHT IN WAR."

I.

Glitter of steel along the sunny street,
A strain of martial music clear and loud,
The stream of scarlet flowing like a tide
'Mid the wild cheering of the eager crowd,
The blazoned banners floating far and wide,
And sounding over all the measured beat—
Like rolling drums—of those exultant feet
That march to death or glory side by side,
Thus they go forth who never may return,
A deadly fever fills the Nation's veins,
The fires of Passion fierce and fiercer burn,
Till—as some captive panther bursts its chains—
Men stand amazed at the tremendous sight,
Empire 'gainst Empire arming in its might.

II.

This is the pride of War. Ah! who shall tell
The story's issue? 'Tis that redd'ning field
Across whose length a thirsty river runs,
Fed with their blood who knew not how to yield;
Who died 'mid cannon's smoke and roar of guns,
And trampling hosts that crushed them as they fell;
'Mid strife that turns the fair earth into hell,
Whilst Rachel's voice laments her glorious sons!
The Death-wail sobs above the Victor song;
Such tears might tarnish even Honour's prize,
And our sick hearts cry out, "How long!
how long!
Lord God of Battles? When wilt thou arise?
When shall Thy Kingdom come--Thy Righteous Law,
Healing the Nations from the wounds of war?"

—Christian Burke.

AT SUMMER'S CLOSE.

A Sketch in Colours.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

Now the slant sunbeams, through autumnal haze,
Soft amber light o'er all the land are shedding.
Now asters royal-hued, and goldenrod
From field and roadside greet you. Grape-vines now
Hang thick with purpling clusters; apple-boughs
Are bending earthward, laden with a wealth
Of green, and russet, and rich ruby red;
The pink-cheeked peaches blush their rosiest now;
Now pears are purest yellow; damsons now
In their dark blue are dressing. And, e'en now,
The artist-hand of Autumn is beginning
To try her tints among the maple trees,—
Here is a spray all saffron-streaked, and there
One splashed with scarlet. In these late, last hours,
When Summer's day is closing, she hath colours
Her noontide never knew.