

SERMON REPORTING.

We are glad to notice that the Vancouver new morning daily systematically gives about a page on Mondays to sermon reports more or less lengthy, and none the less are we pleased to find evidence of an undenominational choice being exercised by the publish-

ers, though several churches or preachers do seem to be given regular attention.

Happy the land in which the Press and the Pulpit precede and permeate Politics as powers working for purity in public life, and the strengthening of national character!

THE TITANIC AND VERSE.

As was to be expected, the Titanic disaster led to much thought and feeling being expressed in verse. No lines that have so far come under our notice have been more worthy of attention than those written by Professor R. E. Macnaghten, and published in the NEWS-ADVERTISER, soon after the news of the wreck.

Perhaps no short poem written previously, not on the subject of the sea or connected with it, has more lines in it which might have suggestive application to this Last Great Test of man's calibre and faith at their best in the face of dire disaster, than Browning's "Prospice," and we therefore reproduce it.

PROSPICE.

Fear death?—to feel the fog in my throat,
 The mist in my face,
 When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
 I am nearing the place,
 The power of the night, the press of the storm,
 The post of the foe;
 Where he stands, the Arch Fear, in a visible form,
 Yet the strong man must go:
 For the journey is done and the summit attained,
 And the barriers fall,
 Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be gained,
 The reward of it all.
 I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,
 The best and the last!
 I would hate that death bandaged my eyes and forebore,
 And bade me creep past.
 No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers,
 The heroes of old,
 Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears
 Of pain, darkness and cold.
 For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
 The black minute's at end,
 And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that rave,
 Shall dwindle, shall blend,
 Shall change, shall become first a peace out of pain,
 Then a light, then thy breast,
 O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,
 And with God be the rest!