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A BALLAD OF THE GREAT ARMADA.

Three hundred years ago ! three hundred years ago !
 The Spaniard sailed the seas to work us ill and woe ;
 Three hundred years ago we fought the fleet of fame
 That sailed from Tagus mouth to do us hurt and shame.
 We fought them unafraid three hundred years ago—
 And Thou, O Lord, didst loose Thy winds and bid them blow :
 Shattered and torn was Spain ; O Giver of Victory,
 Because of Thy great Salvation we lift our hearts to Thee.

There were thirty thousand men that sailed that year from Spain ;
 There were twenty thousand men that never went home again ;
 And of those who breathed once more beneath their native sky,
 There was many and many a one who only came to die.

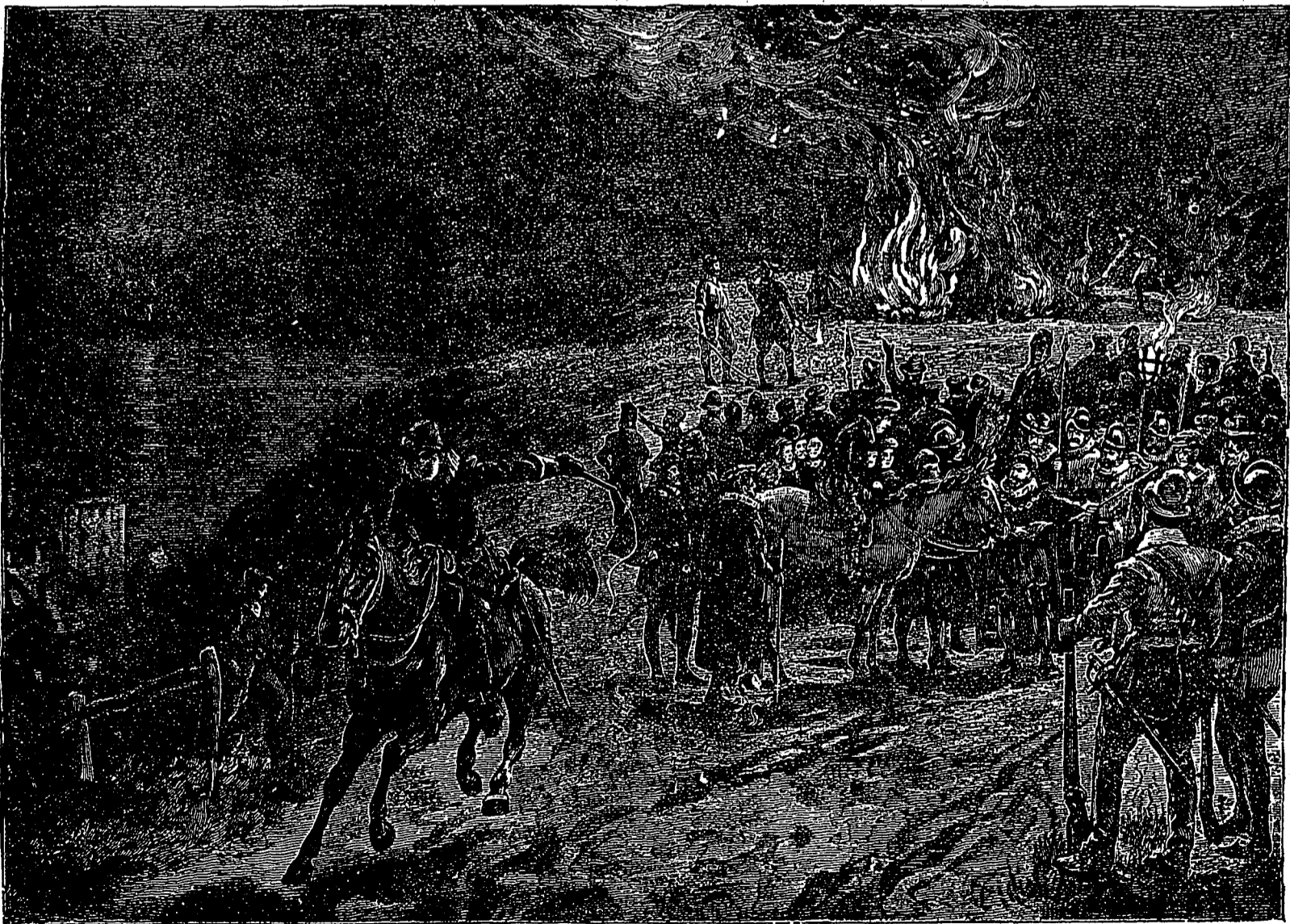
The flower of Spain was there, the strong, the young, the brave,
 Her glory and her boast—so soon to lie beneath the wave :
 And some of our kin were among them, who broke in God's own name
 Their faith to their land and Queen, and sought to do us shame.
 The peasants who cared no whit to fight or win, they took
 By force from their wives and homes, and the plough and the pruning-hook,

And kept them in guarded gangs lest any the host forsook.
 And many a slave was among them—Jew, Algerine, and Turk
 To row the galleys along—ill doom and ill the work.

But never a man with us, except whose heart beat high
 To guard his fatherland and, if so were need, to die.
 Quoth a Spaniard, " This English folk is free, and hath aye been free,
 And the freedom-owning folk, it doeth courageously."

Or ever they sighted our coast a taste of their bitter chance
 Befell them when galleys four they lost on the coast of France ;
 But on and on they came, and gallantly rode the sea,
 And at dawn on a morn of July the Lizard was under their lee.
 Up flashed the beacons to tell the news throughout the land,
 And village and town were alert, and ready in heart and hand :
 'Twas the twentieth day of July in the early afternoon
 We saw the enemy's fleet, in shape like a crescent moon.

It was well to see the foe we had skirmished with so long ;
 It seemed there would be no end to the bitter wrath and wrong.
 Now grapple, might and main, let petty conflicts cease,
 Unfurl the standard of war, no fight 'neath the flag of peace !



THREE HUNDRED YEARS AGO—LIGHTING THE BEACON FIRE.

" On the same day (Friday, July 29th, 1588) and night the blaze and smoke of ten thousand beacon-fires, from the Land's End to Margate, and from the Isle of Wight to Cumberland, gave warning to every Englishman that the enemy was at last upon them."—MOTLEY.

W. M. P. 1888
 GALLON QUE
 ABBOTT