

## Just as I Am.

A VERSION FOR THE YOUNG.

Just as I am, without a care,  
Finding the world so fresh and fair,  
And longing still its gifts to share,  
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, for Thou has sought  
And touched me in my secret thought,  
Though I obeyed not when I ought,  
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, a wilful child,  
With selfish aims and fancied wild;  
To learn of Thee obedience mild  
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am: my heart will beat  
To music made by dancing feet,  
And yet for joys Thou holdest meet,  
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am: I will not wait  
Till years have made me more sedate;  
E'en now I grieve, because so late,  
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am: the cross a pain,  
Afraid to lay it down again:  
Because so sinful, weak, and vain,  
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am: Thy grace withstood,  
And asking who will show me good,—  
Now to be answered through Thy blood,  
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am: wilt Thou renew,  
And let Thy grace distil like dew;  
And make me good, and kind and true?  
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am: wilt Thou restrain,  
Keep me from grieving Thee again,  
And near me be in joy and pain?  
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—no more to stray,  
From God and Heaven and Home away;  
To give Thee Thine all's little day,  
O Lamb of God, I come!

—J. C. J. Ingham, in *Sunday at Home*.

## Last Hours of Sir Walter Raleigh.

An article in the *Home Journal*, by Nicholas Quackenbos, has the following sketch of the last hours of Sir Walter Raleigh, of whom he says: "It is doubtful if we shall ever see again such another man; a soldier, sailor, courtier, poet, statesman and sage; a man of rare intellect and untiring energy, who concentrated in his own person the material of a dozen modern celebrities. For Raleigh was one of the giants of the Elizabethan age; one of those geniuses who carried within themselves an almost universal excellence of gifts. As the friend of an associate of Spenser, of Ben Jonson and of Shakespeare—the favourite of a great queen—he is famous in song and story; as a representative of the faults and the virtues of his time our imagination dwells on his character with unwearying interest."

This great man, after a quarter of a century of the most distinguished service for his country and for the world, falling under the suspicions of King James, was condemned to death, and cast into prison. But after lying in prison thirteen years, he was, in 1615, set at liberty. His sentence of death still hanging over him he projected a second expedition to Guiana, and the king hoped to replenish his coffers by it. Raleigh's design was to colonize the country and work gold mines. With the wreck of his fortune he equipped a fleet of twelve armed vessels, and in 1617, the year following the death of Shakespeare, sailed, with a band of adventurers, to found a new western empire. But the ruin of the enterprise was prepared, even before the English coast was lost to sight. The plans he had confided to the king

were treacherously communicated to the Spaniards, and the scheme was miserably thwarted. His son, who accompanied him, fell fighting on the hostile strand; his confidential right-hand man, Keymis, killed himself in despair, and Raleigh returned to England broken-hearted. His letters to his wife at this period cannot be read without tears. He knew what was awaiting him; he knew that the cowardice of James the First had sacrificed him to Spanish hatred and vengeance, and that the execution of his sentence was now inevitable. He landed in his native county of Devonshire, and was soon after arrested and conducted to London; twice, on the way, he might have escaped, but he resisted the temptation.

He was again committed to the Tower: one morning he was taken from his bed, ill with fever, to hear his sentence of death. "With a voice grown weak by sickness," he used every means to avert his fate. It is a relief to know that his judges were not as brutal as Coke had been fifteen years before. The Attorney-General Yelverton said, "Sir Walter Raleigh hath been a star at which the world has gazed, but stars may fall, nay, must fall, when they trouble the sphere where they abide." The Lord Chief Justice spoke of Raleigh's great works, "I know that you have been valiant and wise, and I doubt not but that you retain both these virtues, for now you shall have occasion to use them. Your book is an admirable work; I would give you counsel, but I know that you can apply it unto yourself far better than I am able to give you." But the judge ended with saying, "Execution is granted."

On Raleigh's return to prison, while some of his friends were deploring his fate, he remarked that "the world itself is but a larger prison, out of which some are daily selected for execution."

He passed the last night of his life in writing what he called "a remembrance to be left with his lady," to let the world know his sentiments should he be forbidden to speak on the scaffold. His wife visited him that sad night, and told him weeping that she had obtained a favour of disposing of his body. He answered, smiling, "It is well, Bess, that thou mayst dispose of it dead—thou hadst not always the disposing of it when alive?"

His cheerfulness and evident fearlessness of death, excited the rebuke of the Dean of Westminster, who attended him. Raleigh in reply thanked God that he had never feared to die—the horror of death he said, was but an opinion and an imagination. "Not," added he, "but that I am a great sinner, for I have been a soldier, a sailor and a courtier." The Dean afterward declared that he found him a man as ready to receive instruction as he was able to give it, and that he died like a true Christian.

He displayed his usual elegance of dress on the morning of his execution, and on his way to the scaffold presented his richly embroidered cap to a bald-headed old man who asked him to pray God for him. With a step and countenance of serene dignity, he ascended the fatal platform and made a short speech to the numerous assembly gathered round it. Then taking off his velvet gown, he desired that the axe might be brought to him. Passing his finger lightly over the edge, he

smilingly observed, "This is a sharp medicine, but a sound cure for all diseases"—he kissed it, and laid it down. After embracing the executioner who begged his forgiveness, Raleigh entreated him not to strike until he himself gave the signal, "and then fear not but strike home!" When his head was on the block the executioner desired him to turn his face toward the East. "It is no great matter which way the head lies so that the heart be right," said Raleigh. After some minutes passed in prayer, he gave the signal; the executioner, perhaps frightened, did not strike, and Raleigh at last asked him, "Why dost thou not strike? Strike man!" In two blows his head fell—his body, like his mind, remaining steadfast, unshrinking. If his life was not faultless, his end was noble—the people were much affected by this catastrophe, "and it is thought," says a contemporary letter-writer, "that his greatest enemies are they that are most sorrowful for his death, which they see is like to turn so much to his advantage."

## "The Drink has Done It."

BY REV. CHARLES GARRETT,

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THERE was a beautiful picture published at the close of the American centennial. The picture was full of bonny, bright faces—a wonderful variety, and a variety because created by the Almighty, for God never repeats Himself. Every child is an original, and if that is lost there never is and never will be another to take that child's place. And there they were in their wonderful variety, and I read across the bottom: "We are going to the next centennial." None of the grown-up people will be there, but some of these will be there. They were going to the next centennial, and that is true of the children around us to-day—they are going to be the fathers and mothers, the future legislators, the future church members, the future ministers. The future is within our grasp, if we are only wise enough to seize it.

Somebody told me of a man working in connection with the Band of Hope, and a friend said to him: "Why do you spend your time in talking to a lot of children? Why not talk to the adults who can understand you?" And the young fellow drew himself up, and said: "I am talking to the ladies and gentlemen of the next generation." Yes, what you make the children, the future will be. Neglect the children, and there will be dishonour, take care of the children and train them up in temperance and Christianity, and there is a future before our country that no imagination can conceive. Therefore, because of the importance of the children, I rejoice that there is such an organization as this to protect them from the dangers to which they are exposed. I speak of danger to the children; and I ask you is there any utterance that arouses the interest and emotion of any human being as the declaration that a child is in danger? Nothing will arouse a crowd like that. I was down at Hull the other day; the street was busy; it was near the time of a departure of a train; the unfortunate bridge that opens across the street was likely soon to be flung up, and unless the intending passengers got speedily across they would miss the

train. Cabs and all sorts of conveyances were hurrying past, but suddenly there was a cry—"The Boy!" Everybody stopped. They forgot there was such a thing as a train; they forgot there was such a thing as the possibility of missing it—and why? A poor little waif, running behind a gentleman's carriage, had missed his footing, and his little arm was caught in the spike, and minister and merchant forgot everything for the time save that a child was in danger. And when a fire is raging round a building, what is it that kindles the enthusiasm of all the crowd and makes heroes of everybody?

Gentlemen, the children of our country are in danger. Oh! would that I could say words that would make every one in this audience understand me. The children of our country are in danger. Do you doubt it? Then I ask you for a moment to look at those who were children with us—the children of the present generation. Where are they? Were they in no danger? Turn over the tablets of your memory. Ask for your old companions. Where are they? Go and look in the graveyard; turn over the green turf. Find the coffin lid, and there in hundreds, in thousands, aye, in tens of thousands of instances you will find out that those who were boys and girls when we were did not live out half their days. What do you read there? "Died, aged 22;" "Died, aged 23;" "Died, aged 24." The days of our years are three score and ten, but they did not live so long; they are gone. Let us look for some more of them. Go to that workhouse. There is a surging crowd waiting for relief. They were boys and girls as bright and promising as any of us. Look at their faces. Look at the dull and passionless look they bear, and at the rags they carry. They were once bright and promising little children, but there they are at the workhouse door. And turn across to the prison. There is the revolving treadmill. Miserable jrk! Look at those men in their yellow striped dress. They were once bright, bonny boys. And go down your street to-night, and there you will find the outcast, and you draw up your skirts lest the touch should be pollution. Yet even she was once the bonny girl. Once a mother blessed her, a father prayed for her. They were all as bright as any of us, but now look at that surging mass. Picture their faces if you can, and then turn round and look at these children behind; and turning from one to another is like turning from hell to heaven. Do you see it, gentlemen? Look at that crowd at the workhouse, at the prison, at the treadmill, at the lunatic asylum, and down in the graveyard, and then look at these bright and bonny faces, and remember they were once like these; and now I go with trembling, and I ask what hellish potion has transmuted fair children into beings like that? Something has done it. God has done it. Oh, no! God says, "It is not My will that one of these should perish." Then I ask, what has been the cause of this horrible transmutation? I speak to them as they hustle at the workhouse door for a night's lodging. "How is it you are here?" "O, it's the drink that has done it." I go to the man as he comes off the treadmill—I did do so—and I said, "How came you here?" "O," said he, "I was once a scholar in your school, but the drink has done it."