

From Biscay's Bay to Tiber's yellow wave,
Wherever freemen's hearts beat true to-day,
Unseen they join the long and sad array
That bears the martyred ruler to his grave !

Yet, still perchance, his high heroic soul,
May guide the people's destinies,—' *his trust* —
And from the treasure of his sacred dust
His voice still urge them to the nobler goal.

And from the sorrow,—since it must befall,—
May seeds of blessing for the future grow,—
A closer human brotherhood below,
More love and service to the Lord of all.

ENGLAND'S RAGNAROK :

A POLITICAL ESSAY,*

BY R. W. BOODLE, MONTREAL.

*Non tibi sunt integra lintea.
Non Di, quos iterum pressa voces malo.
Quamvis Pontica pinus,
Silvæ filia nobilis,
Jactes et genus et nomen inutile,
Nil pictis timidus navita puppibus
Fidit. Tu, nisi ventis
Debes ludibrium, cave.*

THERE are many reasons that make the subject of England's future one of anxious interest, not only to her sons at home and abroad, but also to the peoples that compose her vast empire. Cassandra cries, we know, are to be heard at all times and by nations in the most flourishing circumstances; yet Cassandra is occasionally a true prophet. It is, at least, a significant fact, that England's three most prominent eachers within the last fifty years have all given unmistakable notes of alarm. The tone of her Poet Laureate has become gradu-

ally less and less hopeful of her future; Carlyle and Ruskin have predicted her 'time of accounts,' her 'remediless sorrow,' in plain terms; and circumstances have combined to compel us to pay more attention to such utterances at the present moment than we generally feel justified in paying. Look where England may, her prospect is a gloomy one. With foreign prestige low and her flag disgraced by concession to a victorious enemy, with Ireland in a state little short of rebellion, England can find little to console her if she looks to the state of her commercial and agricultural interests; and should she hope to remedy matters by reform, she is confronted with the fact

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