

Britons, One and All.

REALMS of the President and Queen,
Two nations strong and glorious,
Your banners through the world are seen
O'er every foe victorious!
One blood still courses in your veins,
One hope, one grand endeavour
To save a world from slavish chains
And lift it up forever.

For ye are Britons, one and all,
True to your nation's story;
Ready to rise at Freedom's call,
And win new fields before ye.
The bugle-call of help for men
Rings out for prohibition!
Come, battle for your homes again,
And help a world's condition.

This campaign is no idle dream,
But men from slumber waking
To frustrate every rum-built scheme,
The chains of Bacchus breaking,
True manhood marshals in this fray
To bring men's foes to order,
The world groans for a brighter day,
With Righteousness as warder.

Grand people that in mercy join
To raise each reeling nation,
Bring all your forces into line,
Compact on Truth's foundation.
Beat back the furies in this fight;
Destroy Rum's cursed fountain;
Onward behold the goal of light
Shines clear on Freedom's mountain!

Realms of the President and Queen
Be true to God and duty,
And let no demon come between
To sever or to rout ye.
United you can move the world
To crown this grand endeavour;
Then let your banners be unfurled
To raise the world forever!

THOS. CLEWORTH.

THE MISSION OF JESUS.

BY DR. TALMAGE.

I. WHERE DID HE COME FROM?

It is spelt with six letters, and pronounced Heaven. That is where Prince Jesus lived nineteen centuries ago. He was the King's son. It was the old home-stead of eternity, and all its castles were as old as God. Not a frost had ever chilled the air. Not a tear had ever rolled down the cheek of one of its inhabitants. There had never been in it a headache, or a sideache, or a heartache. There had not been a funeral in the memory of the oldest inhabitant. There had never in all the land been woven a black veil, for there had never been anything to mourn over. The passage of millions of years had not wrinkled or crippled or bedimmed any of its citizens. What floral and pomonic richness! Gardens of perpetual bloom and orchards in unending fruitage. Had some spirit from another world entered and asked, What is sin? what is bereavement? what is sorrow? what is death? the brightest of the intelligences would have failed to give definition, though to study the question there were silence in Heaven for half an hour.

The Prince of whom I speak had honours, emoluments, acclamations, such as no other prince, celestial or terrestrial, ever enjoyed. As he passed the street, the inhabitants took off from their brows garlands of white lilies and threw them in the way. He never entered any of the temples without all the worshippers rising up and bowing in obeisance. In all the processions of the high days he was the one who evoked the loudest welcome. Sometimes on foot, walking in loving talk to the humblest of the land, but at other times he took chariot, and among the twenty thousand that David spoke of, his was the

swiftest and most flaming; or, as when John described him, he took white palfrey with what prance of foot, and arch of neck, and roll of mane, and gleam of eye is only dimly suggested in the Apocalypse.

He was not like other princes, waiting for the Father to die and then take the throne. When a few years ago an artist in Germany made a picture for the Royal Gallery representing Emperor William on the throne, and the Crown Prince as having one foot on the step of the throne, Emperor William ordered the picture changed, and said: "Let the prince keep his foot off the throne till I leave it."

Already enthroned was the Heavenly Prince side by side with the Father. What a circle of dominion! What unending round of glories! All the towers chimed the Prince's praises. Of all the inhabitants, from the centre of the city, on over the hills and clear down to the beach against which the ocean of immensity rolls its billows, the Prince was the acknowledged favourite. To describe his celestial surroundings the Bible uses all colours, gathering them in rainbow over the throne and setting them as agate in the temple window, and hoisting twelve of them into a wall, from striped jasper at the base to transparent amethyst in the capital, while between are green of emerald, and snow of pearl, and blue of sapphire, and yellow of topaz, gray of chrysopterus, and flame of jacinth. All the loveliness of landscape in foliage, and river, and rill, and all enchantment aquamarine, the sea of glass mingled with fire as when sun sinks in the Mediterranean. There stood the Prince, surrounded by those who had under their wings the velocity of millions of miles in a second, himself rich in love, rich in adoration, rich in power, rich in worship, rich in holiness, rich in God.

II. WHAT DID HE COME FOR?

For your sakes! It was not on a pleasure excursion that he came, for it was all pain. It was not on an astronomical exploration, for he knew this world as well before he alighted as afterward. It was not because he was compelled to come, for he volunteered. It was not because it was easy, for he knew it would be thorn, and spike, and hunger, and thirst, and vociferation of angry mobs. For your sakes! To wipe away your tears, to forgive your wrongdoing, to companionship your loneliness, to soothe your sorrows, to sit with you by the new-made grave, to bind up your wounds in the ugly battle with the world and bring you home at last; kindling up the mists that fall on your dying vision with the sunlight of a glorious morn.

For your sakes! No; I will change that. Paul will not care, and Christ will not care if I change it, for I must get into the blessedness of the text myself, and so I say: "For our sakes!" For we all have our temptations, and bereavements, and conflicts. For our sakes! We who deserve for our sins to be expatriated into a world as much poorer than this, than this earth was poorer than Heaven!

For our sakes! But what a faithful coming down to take us gloriously up. When Artaxerxes was hunting, Tirebazus, who was attending him, showed the king a rent in his garments. The king said: "How shall I mend it?" "By giving it to me," said Tirebazus. Then the king gave him the robe, but commanded him never to wear it, as it would be inappropriate. But see the startling and comforting fact, while our Prince throws off the robe, he not only allows us to wear it, but commands us to wear it, and it will become us well; and for the poverties of our spiritual state we may put on the splendours of heavenly regalements!

For our sakes! Oh, the personality of this religion! Not an abstraction, not an arch under which

we walk to behold elaborate masonry; not an ice-castle, like that which Empress Elizabeth, of Russia, over a hundred years ago, ordered constructed, Winter with its trowel of crystals cementing the huge blocks that had been quarried from frozen rivers of the North; but a father's house with a wide hearth crackling a hearty welcome. A religion of warmth and inspiration, and light, and cheer—something we can take into our hearts, and homes, and business, recreations, and joys and sorrows.

THE YOUNG PEDANT.

PROFESSOR PORSON, the celebrated Grecian, was once travelling in a stage-coach where a young Oxonian, fresh from college, was amusing the ladies with a variety of talk, and, amongst other things, with a quotation, as he said, from Sophocles. A Greek quotation, and in a coach too, roused the slumbering Professor from a kind of dog-sleep in a snug corner of the vehicle. Shaking his ears and rubbing his eyes, "I think, young gentleman," said he, "you favoured us just now with a quotation from Sophocles; I do not happen to recollect it there." "Oh, sir," replied the tyro, "the quotation is word for word as I have repeated it, and from Sophocles, too; but I suspect, sir, it is some time since you were at college." The Professor, applying his hand to his great-coat pocket, and taking out a small pocket edition of Sophocles, quietly asked him if he would be kind enough to show him the passage in question in that little book. After rummaging the pages for some time, he replied, "Upon second thoughts, I now recollect that the passage is in Euripides." "Then, perhaps, sir," said the Professor, putting his hand again into his pocket, and handing him a similar edition of Euripides, "you will be so good as to find it for me in that little book." The young Oxonian again returned to his task, but with no better success, muttering, however, to himself a vow never again to quote Greek in a stage-coach. The titting of the ladies informed him plainly that he had got into a hobble. At last, "Why, sir," said he, "how dull I am! I recollect now; yes, now I perfectly remember that the passage is in Æschylus." The inexorable Professor returned to his inexhaustible pocket, and was in the act of handing him an Æschylus, when our astonished freshman vociferated, "Coachman! halloa, coachman! let me out; I say, instantly let me out! There's a fellow here has the whole Bodleian library in his pocket."

KIND-HEARTED HAL.

HAL is a very unselfish boy. He never pouts and frets if he is roused in the morning to build the kitchen fire before his last nap is finished.

There are boys, you know, who never come out of dreamland without grumbling. Hal is not one of these. He knows that it belongs to boys to help their mothers.

Hal never runs away to school and leaves his sisters to pick their own way through the snow. He always tries to make a path for them.

Hal carries his unselfishness farther—he is just to his dog.

Carlo is a stout little fellow, and can easily draw the sled on which Hal likes so well to ride.

Hal allows him to do this very often, but after he has had his own ride, he says:

"Now, Carlo, it is only fair that I should take my turn pulling the sled. The boy should not have all the fun, and the dog all the work. You shall ride half the time, and I will draw you."

We are sure we all think this is fair play, and we like Hal all the better because he looks out for others' happiness as well as his own.