

From its shadow
'Tis "The flag that's braved a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze."

But now no martial notes resound
Where the banner peaceful streams;
No sentry measures his watchful round,
No deadly bayonet gleams—
For the cabin that rises beside the shore
Hath no need of watch or ward,
And the soldier who stands by the open
door
Is the soldier of the Lord.

Embark! through the twilight, strong and clear
A voice melodious rings;
And the Indian listens with ravished ear
As the missionary sings.
He sings—and the echoes backward give
Each tender, loving tone,
"Jesus hath died that I might live,
Might live to God alone."

The sweet strain fell on the savage breast
With a softening touch sublime,
As fallen the Sabbath's holy rest
When the bells of evening chime.
He listened until the voice was still,
Then forth from his covert strode,
And, grasping his hand with right good will
Thus spoke to the man of God:—

"Many moons ago, when my camp fire
glowed,
Were the beaver and marten lie.
A pale-face stranger the story told
Of your Jesus who came to die.
But I may not stay to hear it now,
For the trail to my lodge is long;
I only ask that you teach me how
To sing the white man's song."

Again, while the sweet scents rise around,
The missionary sings:
Again and again, and o'er and o'er,
Old "Coronation" rings;
And again the woodland depths reply,
As the echoes are backward thrown;
"Jesus hath died that I might live,
Might live to God alone."

Long years have passed, and the mission
lodge
Far leagues to the West has gone;
And again beside his cabin door
The preacher stands alone.
Again the evening shadows fall,
And the sun sinks low in the West—
What faint sound comes through the pine
trees tall,
And over the river's breast?

Hark! rising and falling in cadence wild,
Now nearer and louder grown;
"Jesus hath died that I might live,
Might live to God alone."
Round the river's bend a canoe appears,
Manned by lusty arms and strong;
In the stern an aged Indian sits,
And keeps time to the low, sweet song.

Now quick beside the river's brink
The missionary stands,
The light canoe has touched the shore,
And the time-worn sachem lands.
Strong arms support his tottering frame,

intermarriages between Jews and
Christians, will gradually lead to the ab-
sorption of the people by the other nations
of the earth. No one but themselves will
venture to say which would be the better
alternative; but the latter certainly ap-
pears the more likely. But it is probable
that they will long hover between the two
paths. Too full of individuality to be easily
absorbed, and with too little political co-
hesion for any great national enterprise to
be feasible. And for countries like Ger-
many, where they are very numerous, or
like Roumania, where they live among a
much less energetic people, the results of
this dubious position will not be without in-
convenience either to themselves or to those
among whom they live. It is idle to com-
plain of what is inevitable, and of what is
very largely the result of Christian misdeeds
in the past. —*The Saturday Review.*

MOURNING CUSTOMS.

The ancients had queer ideas about
mourning for the dead.

The Egyptian women ran through the
streets crying, with their bosoms exposed
and their hair disordered.

The Lycians regarded mourning as un-
manly, and they compelled men who went
into mourning to put on female garments.

In Greece, when a popular General died,
the whole army cut off their hair and the
manes of their horses.

At the present day, the Arabian women
stain their hands and feet with indigo,
which they suffer to remain eight days.
They also carefully abstain from milk
during this time, on the ground that its
white color does not accord with the gloom
of their minds.

In China the mourning color is white.
Mourning for a parent or husband is re-
quired there by a law, under a penalty of
sixty blows and a year's banishment.
When the Emperor dies, all his subjects let
their hair grow for a hundred days.

In the Feejee Islands, on the tenth day of
mourning the women scourge all the men
except the highest chiefs. Another fash-
ionable custom there requires the friends
and relatives of the deceased to assemble
on the fourth day after the funeral and
picture to themselves the amount of cor-
ruption the corpse has sustained by that
time.

In the Sandwich Islands persons desirous
of going into mourning paint the lower part
of their faces black, and knock out their
front teeth. No doubt this causes a very
sincere kind of mourning for the present
time.

Repeating watches have gone out of fash-
ion of late years, partly, perhaps, because
they were cumbrous; yet they need not be
so. One presented to George III. was
smaller than a silver dime, and weighed
only 5 pwt. and 2½ grs. A repeater is very
convenient. Striking a light to see the time
often arouses a person so much that he can-
not get to sleep again, while he can fall
asleep again in five seconds after just press-
ing a spring and hearing so many throbs in
his hand.

for building,
and timber-grower

Torpedoes.

There is a very generally received,
erroneous notion that the torpedo is quite
a recent invention, and that during
recent hostilities in the East it has been
the first time employed in actual warfare.
That of late years torpedoes have been
greatly improved is undoubtedly a fact, but
the less is it true that the advantages to
be gained by a judicious employment of
marine weapons of war have long been
recognized, and, further, that these la-
tely have been already largely used, and
with great effect, both for the defence of
harbors, rivers, roadsteads, &c., and
for more actively offensive operations.
long ago as the 15th of August, 1777, a
ship was blown to pieces and nearly all its
crew killed by the accidental explosion of a
torpedo which had been used in an attack
made by the Americans against the Eng-
lish man-of-war *Cerebus*. In 1805, a brig
which had been anchored off Deal for the pur-
pose of experimenting in submarine explosion
was destroyed, in the presence of Mr. Pitt,
by a large concourse of spectators, by a
torpedo containing one hundred and seventy
pounds of powder. Previously, in 1797, a
torpedo had been designed by which, to use
the inventor's own words, he proposed "to
attach to carcasses of gunpowder a propul-
sion motion under water to a given point
where they explode them," and which, though
it contained the germ of the present
torpedo or fish torpedo. In 1807 another
torpedo was blown to pieces in New York
harbor, and, finally, to come to the employ-
ment of torpedoes in actual warfare, we find
that fewer than seven iron-clad vessels and
a few wooden ships of war were totally de-
stroyed during the American civil war by sub-
marine torpedoes.

A CLOCK THAT STRIKES THIRTEEN.—
Duke of Bridgewater was very fond of
keeping his men at work, especially when
any enterprise was on foot. When they
were boring for coal at Worsley, the Duke
went every morning, and looked on for
some time. The men did not like to leave
him while he remained there; and they
were dissatisfied at having to work so long
the hour at which the bell rang.
The Duke had difficulty in getting
of hands to continue the work.
He found out the cause and re-
solved to do it himself.
The Duke, who from that time
immediately walking off when
returning when the men had
and remaining with them
at 1 o'clock. He observed, however,
that the men dropped work promp-
ly when he was not by, they
were nearly so punctual in resuming work
straggling in many minutes after
asked to know the reason; and
his excuse was that, though they could
hear the clock when it struck, they
could not so readily hear it when
only one. On hearing this, the
mechanism of the clock was
made to make it strike thirteen at once,
and it continues to do to this day.