

Our Canadian Fatherland.

TO THE AIR OF "WAS IST DES DEUTSCHEN VATERLAND."

Canadian song of what Canadaise a me album
pito

What is our young Canadian land?
Is it the Novembeg's strand?
Or wild Cape Breton by the sea?
Or Ontario? Acadie?
Or Manitoba's flower-decked plain,
Or the Columbia's mountain chain?
Or any part—from strand to strand—
Is a Canadian's fatherland?
Nay! for our young Canadian land
Is greater, grander far than these;
It stretches wide on either hand
Between the world's two mighty seas!
So, let no hostile lines divide
The fields our feet should freely roam;
 Gael, Norman, Saxon,—side by side,
And Canada our nation's Home;
From sea to sea, from strand to strand,
Spreads our Canadian fatherland!

Where'er our country's banner spreads
Above Canadians' free-born heads,
Where'er the story of our land
Enshines the memory of the band
Of heroes, who, with blood and toil,
Laid deep in our Canadian soil,
Foundations for the future age,
And wrote their names on history's page,
—Our history:—From strand to strand
Spreads our Canadian fatherland!
So each to each is firmly bound
By ties each generous heart should own,
We cannot spare a foot of ground,
No part can, selfish, stand alone!
So Nova Scotia and Quebec
Shall meet in kinship leal and true,—
New Brunswick's hills be mirrored back
In fair Ontario's waters blue!
From sea to sea, from strand to strand,
Spreads our Canadian fatherland!

Where'er Canadian thought breathes free,
Or wakes the lyre of poetry,—
Where'er Canadian hearts awake
To sing a song for her dear sake,
Or catch the echoes, spreading far,
That wake us to the noblest war
Against each lurking ill and strife
That weakens, now, our growing life,
No line keeps hand from clasping hand,
—Our young Canadian land!
Metice and Howe she claims her own,
Hears all her eastern slingers' bays,
Frechetto is here, and in her crown,
Ontario every laurel lays;—
Let Canada our watchword be,
While lesser names we know no more,
One nation, spread from sea to sea,
And fused by love, from shore to shore;
—From sea to sea, from strand to strand,
Spreads our Canadian fatherland!
—*Fidelis, in the Week.*

"Save Him First."

In one of the great tornados in a Western town last spring, a school-house was blown down, and a great many little children went down under the ruins. Fond, pitying hearts and hands were soon at work trying to release the little sufferers. A little girl, who was pinned down by heavy beams, begged the men who were working to help her out to leave her and save a little boy near by, "cause he's only five years old!" urged the brave, loving little heart!

The same spirit moved the noble boy of whom this story is told:—

Some years ago there was an accident in a coal mine near Bitton, in Gloucestershire. Six men were going down into the mine, when the handle

of the cart in which they were sitting broke, and they were all killed.

A man and a boy had been clinging to the rope which held the cart, and as the accident happened they each made a spring, and managed to catch hold of a long iron chain which is always hung down the side of a coal-pit as a guide.

When the people at the top heard of the accident, and found that some one was clinging on to the chain, they sent down a man to rescue him. The man himself was securely fastened to the end of a rope, and had another noose or loop of rope which he could tie round the body of the man to be rescued, and then they would be drawn up together.

He came first to the boy, Daniel Harding, and was just going to seize him, when the boy cried, "Don't mind me, I can still hold on a little; but Joseph Brown, who is a little lower down, is nearly exhausted. Save him first."

So the brave lad hung on patiently for another quarter of an hour, and saved his friend's life at the risk of his own.—*S. S. Advocate.*

The Universal Tongue.

We were at a railroad junction one night, waiting a few hours for a train, in the waiting-room, in the only rocking-chair, trying to talk a brown-eyed boy to sleep, who talks a great deal himself when he wants to keep awake. Presently a freight train arrived, and a beautiful little old woman came in, escorted by a German, and they talked in German—he giving her evidently a lot of information about the route she was going, and telling her about her tickets and baggage-check, and occasionally patting her on the arm. At first our United States baby, who did not understand German, was tickled to hear them talk, and he "snickered" at the peculiar sound of the language that was being spoken. The big man put his hand to the old lady's cheek, and said something encouraging, and a tear came to her eye, and she looked as happy as a queen. The brown eyes of the boy opened pretty big, and his face sobered down from its laugh, and he said, "Papa, it is the mother."

We knew it was; but how could a four-year-old sleepy baby, that couldn't understand German, tell that the lady was the big man's mother? We asked him how he knew, and he said, "Oh, the big man was so kind to her."

The big man hustled out. We gave the little old mother the rocking-chair, and presently the big man came in with a baggage-man, and to him he spoke English. He said: "This is my mother, and she does not speak English. She is going to Iowa, and I have to go back on the next train, but I want you to attend to her baggage and see her on the right car—the rear car—with a good seat near the centre,

and tell the conductor she is my mother. And here's a dollar for you, and I'll do as much for your mother some time."

The baggage man grasped the dollar with one hand, grasped the big man's hand with the other, and looked at the little German mother with an expression that showed that he had a mother too, and we almost knew that the old lady was well treated. Then we put the sleeping mind-reader on a bench, and went out on the platform, and got acquainted with the big German. And he talked of horse-trading, buying and selling, and everything that showed he was a live man, ready for any speculation, from buying a yearling colt to a crop of hops or barley, and that his life was a very busy one, and at times he was full of hard work, disappointment, and rough roads; but with all this hurry and excitement, he was kind to his mother, and we loved him just a little, and when, after a few minutes talk about business, he said: "You must excuse me; I must go into the depot and see if my mother wants anything," we felt like grasping his fat, red hand and kissing it. Oh, the love of a mother is the same in any language, and it is good in all languages.

The Three Half-pence.

A TRUE STORY.

It was an evening missionary meeting in the great city of London. A minister was telling missionary stories, as he used to do once in every month. As he was speaking, he saw a poor man, black with his work at the iron foundry near by, come in and stand with his back to the wall, near the door. He held in his arms a very little girl, pale and thin, with large bright eyes. She looked earnestly at the minister, and listened to his words with deep attention.

At the close of his speech he said: "These poor heathen cannot hear of God without a preacher. No preacher can go to them unless he is sent. To send him costs a good deal of money. No one should hear what you have been hearing without doing something to help pay for the expenses of missions. A penny saved from self may be a penny given to God." Then he showed them some pretty little boxes, and he said he would give one to anybody who would try to save, be it ever so little, and drop it into the box to help the heathen.

As he stopped speaking, he saw that little girl pointing to a box, and coaxing her father, with eager whispers, to go up and take one for her. The poor man was ashamed to come quite up, but he moved forward, and the kind minister met him and held out the box. The child smiled, and a flush of joy passed over her pale face. Her father said, "I don't know if the lass will be able to gather much for you." "Let her try," said the minis-

ter. "Where there's a will, there's a way." If she saves or earns one penny for God's work, it will do herself good." Soon after this the poor man's wife died, and the child was left to his sole care.

A year went by. There was another missionary meeting, and the boxes that had been given out were to be sent in and opened. Again that poor man stood leaning against the wall, but the little girl who had nestled in his arms was not there now. She had just died also. His hand held her box, and tears were in his eyes. When the meeting was over, and every one else had gone, he moved up to the minister and held out the box. "That was hers, sir," he said, and the tears rolled down his face. "She made me give her a halfpenny every Saturday night out of my week's wages, when she had been good and pleased me. She never lost her halfpenny, sir. Count it; there were fifty-two weeks, fifty-two halfpence. You will find it all right."

But when the money was counted there were three halfpence too many, and one large penny piece was among them. The father looked distressed. His child never had any money but what he gave her. How could she have obtained it? Could she have kept it back from the money due at the shop, when she had been sent on errands? He could not believe that his dear little Ellie could think she was doing God service by a dishonest thing. Still, he went away troubled.

One morning, as he sat thinking this over at his lonely breakfast, a lady came to the door with some message. She spoke kindly of his child, whose gentle patience and goodness she had seen in her sickness. Then the father told her of his anxiety about the three halfpence. The lady thought a minute, and said joyfully: "I can tell you about them." The day before Ellie's death she had called to see her. The child's mouth looked hot and dry, and she had asked her if she would not like an orange. "Very much," was the reply. She took out her purse, but, as she had just been shopping, she found there was only three halfpence left. She gave them to the dying child, and asked her to send the old neighbour who nursed her for an orange.

"I remember it," said the lady, "because I was so sorry that I had no more to give. There was a penny piece and a half-penny. I was sending some nice things to the child the next morning, when the old woman came to say she was dead. I asked her if she got the orange, and she said the child never spoke of it. I reproached myself, for I thought it was weakness that kept her from asking for it. I thought I ought to have gone for it myself."

"God be praised, and may he forgive me!" said the poor father. "The child denied her dying lips the orange, and put the three halfpence into the missionary box."—*Mission Dayspring.*