

Canadian National Anthem.*

CANADA, Canada, pride of the North!
Twice honoured Canada, gem of the Earth!
Freemen and Brothers, we
Pledge heart and hand to thee,
Canada, Canada, land of our birth!

God of all power and grace smile on our land;
Pour thou upon her the gifts of thy hand;
Long may her people be
Loyal and brave and free,
And for the Right and Thee valiantly stand.

Be our defence in each threatening hour;
Shield us from pestilence, famine, and war;
Treason confound, and when
Justly we strive with men,
God of our Fathers, then for us declare!

Give to each toiling hand constant increase;
Rich be our land with the fruitage of peace;
Send us good laws, and bless
Pulpit and school and press,
That truth and righteousness never may cease.

Long may thy glory on Britain be seen,
Long live Victoria, Britain's great Queen;
"Send her victorious
Happy and glorious
Long to reign over us, God save the Queen!"

PILGRIM STREET:

A STORY OF MANCHESTER LIFE.
BY HESBA STRETTON.

CHAPTER XII.—(CONTINUED.)

BACK TO PILGRIM STREET.

It was getting on for six o'clock, the hour when the night-watchman was expected to be upon duty, before their consultation was finished; and Mr. Hope and Banner said they would go as far as the mill with Nat Pendlebury. The nearest cut was by the cathedral, and through the narrow bye-street where Tom had long ago found a quiet corner for contemplating his new, bright sovereign.

The day had been very cold and dreary; snowing, and thawing, and freezing, and snowing again. So much of the sky as could be dimly seen over the houses was full of snow-clouds, and under foot the pavement was partly ice and partly splashes of snow and mud. The points of the doorways and casements were all white with frost, and along every street which lay open to the north and east there came biting blasts of wind, which seemed to sting through the thickest clothing. Nobody was out of doors who could help it. It was no time for talking, said Mr. Hope; they would get to the mill, and, once within its shelter, they could talk with comfort.

They were walking briskly along in single file past the cathedral. Banner being first with his lantern, when he almost fell over a figure, which was half lying and half kneeling against the wall. He turned the full blaze of his lamp upon it, and there lay a miserable, shrivelled, meagre wretch, scarcely covered by his rags, and with a face white and starved, but partly hidden by the matted hair. It looked dead, this pale and withered face, and the thin hands were stiff and frozen; but, as Banner stooped down, and pushed the hair away from the cold forehead, he cried, in a voice of trouble and alarm, "Why, look here, Mr. Hope and Nat! It's Tom!"

Yes. It was no other than Tom, who had at last crawled back home to die, as he thought. How he had made his way from Liverpool he could never clearly remember; but step after step, along

the weary road, he had dragged his failing feet homewards, until at length his dim eyes caught sight of the tall chimneys of Manchester lying in the distance before him, and the sight gave him heart to struggle on. With untold pain and toil, he had crept over the icy pavements with his naked feet, until at nightfall he found himself once more under the cathedral walls, and only a short run from Pilgrim Street in the old times.

For it was to Pilgrim Street he was going home; and if he could only reach the door, and see the light of the fire burning within, and maybe hear the sound of voices reading or singing round the warm hearth, he thought he could bear on to die, though he must go and face his Judge after death. But, as he sat down for a few minutes to rest himself and gather strength, the chimes of the clock in the tower above him struck one quarter of an hour after another, until he felt as if his life were slowly dying away, like the faint smouldering of some fire which is nearly extinguished; and with a feeble and bitter groan of despair, he sank down on the frozen stones, and knew nothing more.

Mr. Hope, and Banner, and Nat Pendlebury stood round Tom, and for a minute or two none of them could speak a word for surprise and dread. Then Nat knelt down beside him, and laid his hand upon his breast, and put his cheek to the parted lips. There was a faint fluttering still in the lad's heart; and as soon as Banner heard that he was alive he gave his lantern to Mr. Hope, and lifted the poor, starved, stunted frame from the ground. He must carry Tom to Pilgrim Street, said Nat, for it was nigh at hand, and Alice was a capital nurse. So they retraced their steps to Nat's cellar, while Mr. Hope went a different way to fetch a doctor. Tom's consciousness came back for a moment or two, and he felt himself being borne gently along in some man's strong arms, with a warm coat wrapped round him; but he could neither speak nor look up, only it seemed very pleasant, and Banner heard a feeble gasp from his lips, which made his own heart throb with a strange delight.

All night long in Nat Pendlebury's cellar, Banner watched like a woman beside Tom, feeding him at short intervals, under the doctor's directions, and striving to bring back life to him. Nat was obliged to attend to his duties as night-watchman, and Mr. Hope went away after learning that there was no immediate danger. So Banner had the charge of Tom chiefly to himself, and as the quiet hours passed by, and he watched the gradual strengthening of returning life in his death-like face, and saw him at last sink into a safe and healthful slumber, a new and deeper tenderness for the poor boy took possession of his soul.

It was nearly a week before Tom was strong enough to get out of bed and sit on the hearth, with the screen put between him and the door, that no cold draught should by chance blow upon him. Phil had leave to have a holiday; and Nat Pendlebury, with a little hesitation, ventured to take the liberty of inviting Mr. Banner to drink a cup of tea with them. For a moment Banner was staggered; but he had grown very familiar with all the Pendleburys during the last few days, and, after a slight pause of consideration, he accepted Nat's invitation. Alice felt somewhat nervous at first, and Nat was very ceremonious in his hospitality; but the policeman set them all at ease, and even insisted upon taking Joey on his knee as soon as tea was over, and they gathered round the hearth, with the light of the blazing fire shining upon their faces, while on the table behind a candle was burning uselessly, out of compliment to

Mr. Banner. Not Nat's face alone, but every beamed with gladness except Tom's, which still white and listless, and still bore many sorrowful lines traced there during his months of wretched wandering.

Alice knew it, and Banner suspected it, but body else thought for a moment that Mr. Banner intended to come and see them that night, to Tom good-bye, for he was to leave Manchester morning, and would not come back till the afternoon. But even Alice was taken by surprise, for Mr. Worthington came with him, looking as pleased as if she were visiting some grand lady in a large drawing-room. She had to have a rocking-chair, and Nat gave Mr. Hope his seat, and there they sat as comfortably and as quietly at home, to all appearance, as if there had been a Brussels carpet on the floor, and steel bars behind the grate.

"Tom," said Mr. Hope, after a while, "you tell us now what you've been doing all this time?"

"Oh, no!" answered Tom; "I'm a wicked man and a thief, and all of you are so good!" he buried his face in his hands, and wept bitterly.

"Tom," said Mr. Hope, in a voice that was full of comfort, "do you remember that verse I showed you to learn in your Bible?"

"Aye," answered Tom, with a great sob, "that was that brought me home again. I thought my body was whispering it to me all the while, all along the road. But I can't overcome. I can't serve God."

"None of us can serve God till we become children in Christ Jesus," said Mr. Hope. "As long as we think of him as a hard master, we never serve him, or overcome our own sins. We are to know him not only as our King, or our Judge, or our Master, but as our Father who is in heaven. Only when we feel that God is truly our Father, through Jesus our Saviour, shall we have power to overcome our sins. You would not to grieve and offend a father who was lovingly taking care of you all the while, Tom?"

"But how can God be my Father?" asked Tom, lifting up his pale face, and gazing earnestly at Mr. Hope.

All the rest were looking at him, as if they were asking the same question, and he smiled, and in a solemn and quiet voice: "He came into the world, but his own received him not. But as he was received him, to them he gave power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name."

"That's it!" cried Nat, "the Lord Jesus gave us the power to become the children of God. He knew what it was to be the Son of God, and he came down to die for us, and to give us strength, and to take away all our sins. Aye, without him we can do nothing. You, without him I couldn't overcome the sin! Tom, my boy, if thee wants to be God's child and to overcome, and to inherit all things, thee must just believe on the Lord Jesus, and he says to us in the Bible. Thee'll serve God sure enough."

"I'm so wicked," murmured Tom. "I've never been able to overcome than any of you."

"The Lord himself had to overcome," said Mr. Hope; "in all things he was made like unto us brethren—for he calls us brethren, Tom—and he was tempted in all points like as we are, and he suffered being tempted, so that he knows all about us, and is able to help them that are tempted. You have suffered nothing but your Saviour has suffered before you. You have many things

* Composed and set to music by Rev. LeRoy Hooker, and dedicated, by special permission, to the Earl of Dufferin, when he was Governor-General of Canada, and through him to the Canadian People.