

Canada—Present and Future.

BY ROBERT AWDE.

FAIR CANADA, thou Queen of Lands! a vision comes to me,
A dream of future glory of thy greatness yet to be,
When thou within thy amplitudes of Forest, Prairie, Plain,
Shalt hold a hundred millions of our Anglo-Saxon strain;
Thy Mineral Lands in precious ores are rich beyond compare;
Thy matchless Lakes, with Islands gemmed, yield scenes surpassing fair;
Thy Forests vast of wealth untold exceed man's fondest dream;
And all thy Lakes and Streams and Shores with Fish abundant teem.

Sleek Cattle graze in pastures green, or rest beneath the shade
Of lovely Trees whose sheltering arms form bowers by Nature made;
Rich Fruits of almost every kind mature beneath thy sky:
And grateful Flora lends her charms to please the cultured eye.
Rich fields of Golden Grain now wave, where erst was prairie land,
And grateful Nature freely yields her wealth on every hand;
Eager to show how she enjoys the stirring of the soil,
She fills the barns of him who gives the needed care and toil.

I see vast trains of Emigrants, with keen and anxious gaze,
Look on thy thriving husbandmen, and hope for happier days—
When they, like thousands they behold, shall own fair, fertile Farms,
And multiply, by skill and care, the landscape's thousand charms.
Here trees shall fall; there others grow, now strangers to the clime;
There Mills and Factories shall yield their fabrics in due time.
A thousand busy Industries shall flourish in thy vales;
And Goods from these, to foreign lands, shall go in ponderous bales.

Thou hast for these and kindred Arts resources yet untold,
Thousands of miles of Anthracite, as precious e'en as gold.
Blest Country—blessed People—thine with such vast mines of wealth;

A climate, too, that gives thy sons a manhood crowned with health.

Wise men and great shall boast of thee, and bless thee for their birth;

I see their names enrolled among the highest of the earth.
Proud Nations that have heard thy fame shall send their sons to thee—

Thou land of Britain's noblest sons—fair CANADA, the free!

I see thee with one language, from east to western sea,
Thy citizens united all in love and loyalty;
All race distinctions blended in a grand harmonious whole—
A self-dependent people that rejects outside control;
That does their own deep thinking, and seeks the common good;

That holds the patriotic tie as dear as that of blood;
That guards and keeps the heritage our fathers won, e'en these

Freedom of Worship, Speech, and Vote—our British liberties.

I see vast Halls of Commerce rise, and Art her temples rear;

Thine handmaid Education, win her noblest trophies here.
Great Colleges of learning shine with lustre all their own—
And thou as now still lovingly attached to England's throne.

I see thee in the coming years—no timid maiden thou—
Enriched by Art and Science, with their chaplet on thy brow.

Amongst the nations shining, like a bright and northern star,
Attracting millions to thy shores who see thy light afar.

There's naught in Federation to impede thy onward course,
But much to help the promptings of a mighty, inward force;

Inspiring and uniting all the best traits of our race,
And bringing in the golden age—the crowning year of grace:

I see thy mighty Cities, and I fancy I can hear
The music of the millions, in an anthem loud and clear,
As it fills thy sacred temples, as its echoes roll and rise
To the ear of the Eternal, in the temple of the skies.

In rich and deep thanksgiving for our fair and fruitful fields;

For the blessings out of number this fair Dominion yields;
For the Christ and His salvation! Heaven's greatest, richest boon;

For our glorious British Empire, having reached its golden noon.

I see thee with majestic mien thy Southern brother greet,
As one in heart ye lay the palm of victory at the feet
Of Him whose right it is to reign; and this I hear you say—
"In His name, Federation with Great Britain—hail the day!"

Toronto, April 17th, 1889.

A Boy's Sacrifice.

BY M. V. M.

HE gave all he had! Did ever a saint do more?
And yet Mortimer was not a saint; he was only a healthy, right-minded boy, with a conscience in good working order.

Mortimer was a minister's son, who had listened to his father's sermons to some effect. You see there was the quiet preaching of every-day life, the tender, loving thoughtfulness in little things: the always putting God first, which means so much more than the most eloquent sermons can ever mean; and so it was not at all strange that the thoughtful boy very early in life put himself over into the hands of his father's and mother's God. Not that he was ever out of those merciful hands. Oh, no! but he chose for himself to live as though he knew and believed in his relationship to the great Father.

Now, while Mortimer was a conscientious, obedient boy, he had one trait in his character which often troubled his parents very much. With every year of life this trait was growing stronger and stronger; and the watchful mother—who had faithfully warned and taught her boy—could only watch and pray and wait for the Lord himself to cure her darling's fault.

Do you wonder what the fault was? He loved money. He loved it dearly! From a very small child he had hoarded up his pennies; and as soon as he was able to earn small sums, he was ready to leave his play at any time, and to do anything, so that he might add a few pennies to his store.

Spend his money for candies? Not Mortimer! It was all he could bear to give a cent of his hard-won money to the Lord; and he used to wonder in his secret heart why the Lord, who owned every thing—"the gold and the silver, and the cattle on a thousand hills," his mother said—couldn't let a poor little boy keep his money until he grew rich enough to give something worth while!

Mortimer was about fourteen years of age when he gave his heart to the Lord, and it was nearly two years later when he began to listen with his heart to what he heard about giving up his own plans and ways of life, and just depending wholly upon the heavenly Father's love and care and direction. Perhaps you think that is all very well for old people or sick people, but that for a boy to just give himself up to the Lord in that wholesale way would be a strange and unnatural thing.

But the truth is, there is no other right and natural way of life, and Mortimer was just beginning to see this. He had his plans and ambitions in life, and when he looked the matter of belonging entirely to the Lord full in the face, he saw that his darling plan in life was to be a rich man. He thought he could see just how to do it; and as he thought how much good he could do with his money he said, "It cannot be the Lord wants me to give this up!"

But light kept coming to him more and more clear, until he was able to see that this love of money was a worm eating; at the very roots of his life, and with a great effort Mortimer gave it all

up, and said, "Here, Lord, I love thee more than I love my money or my plans. Thou shalt have all, and I give myself to thee to be guided in all things."

Then a great peace came into his boy-heart.

When the prayer-meeting came, Mortimer was in his place. At the right time he rose, and told the story simply of his struggle and the peace that followed, and then he said:

"Now I have given myself and my money to the Lord, and I have brought the money with me to-night to pass it over to the church to use for the Lord's work. I do this gladly, because I love my Lord more than I love my money."

When the treasurer of the church came to count Mortimer's store, he found it amounted to a little more than one hundred dollars! Mortimer had given his all to the Lord!

If he had been a millionaire, and had given all, how the world would have wondered! But was the sacrifice any less than if the sum had been far greater?

And now Mortimer is preparing to do the Lord's work, and is proving how the Lord can care for those who give all to him.

The Little Wheedler.

BY GEORGE COOPER.

"THERE never was a grandma half so good!"

He whispered, while beside her chair he stood!

And laid his rosy cheek

With manner very meek,

Against her dear old face, in loving mood.

"There never was a nicer grandma born!

I know some little boys must be forlorn

Because they've none like you;

I wonder what I'd do

Without a grandma's kisses night and morn?

"There never was a dearer grandma—there!

He kissed her and he smoothed her snow-white hair.

Then fixed her ruffled cap

And nestled in her lap,

While grandma, smiling, rocked her old arm-chair.

"When I'm a man, what lots to you I'll bring,

A horse and carriage and a watch and ring.

All grandmas are so nice!

(Just here he kissed her twice,)

All grandmas give a boy most everything!"

Before his dear old grandma could reply,

This boy looked up, and with a roguish eye,

Then whispered in her ear,

That nobody might hear:

"Say, grandma, have you any more mince pie?"

He Would Not Use it for Toothache.

LITTLE Johnnie, a boy of only seven years, was troubled a great deal with toothache. His mother told him to stand by the fire and heat a rag very hot, and put it often to his face, which helped to stop the pain. When the ache was very bad he used toothache drops. One day in the fall, when the weather was very dull and damp, Johnny got cold, and a severe spell of toothache came on. His face swelled, and for several days he was very unhappy. He was visiting his grandmother at the time, who felt very sorry for the little boy. She wanted to help him, so one day she took a piece of soft cotton, and, dipping it in the brandy bottle, was about to put in the little boy's tooth; but he spied the label on the bottle, he smelled the stuff in it, and became quite excited, crying out: "Oh! no, grandma! I cannot put that in my mouth. I'd rather suffer with the toothache awhile longer. I will not break my pledge, for I have often said, with the other boys and girls in our school:

"Into my mouth shall never come
Gin, brandy, whiskey, wine, or rum."

Was he not a very honest and a very brave little boy?—*Water Lily.*