

OUR DOMINION FOR EVER.

OUR Dominion forever! our own dear land,  
The land of the brave and the free;  
Where ever we roam we'll think of our home,  
And love the old Banner,  
The red-cross Banner,  
Triumphant by land and by sea.

CHORUS.

Then sing our Dominion for ever,  
The red-cross Banner for ever!  
No cravens are we,  
By land or by sea,  
We'll sing our Dominion for ever;  
We'll sing our Dominion for ever.

Our Dominion for ever! our hearts and our homes

We'll ever protect with our lives;  
For with heart and with hand we are ready to stand

And fight for the Banner,  
The red-cross Banner,  
In defence of our sweethearts and wives.  
CHO.—Then sing, etc.

Our Dominion for ever! God bless our own land

Rose, thistle and shamrock here grow,  
So closely entwined, they are ever combined  
To adorn the old Banner,  
The red-cross Banner,  
That triumphs o'er every foe.  
CHO.—Then sing, etc.

A FATAL MISTAKE.

Two bright boys were on the horse-car with me one day. They were dressed with care, and any one would think, I am sure, that they were watchfully cared for in their homes. Boys and girls always attract me, and these boys had faces that made me like them at once. They had pleasant voices, too, and I was not sorry when the crowding of the car pushed them nearer me. The first thing that I heard distinctly startled me. The taller—I think the older—of the two said: "I was lucky this morning! I got a ride down town free."

"No such luck ever happens to me," said the other.

"Nor very often to me; the conductors are awful sharp."

I've been sorry and anxious about those two boys ever since, for they have the beginning of a very fatal disease. A little cold, you know, often develops into pneumonia, and a tiny red spot proves to be the beginning of a malignant and almost incurable disease. The cold and the red spot may not end so sadly, but the disease which was attacking these boys is almost "sure death." Just such good boys are found among the victims of embezzlement, forgery, misappropriation, and defaulting. Cheating in little things makes boys ready for stealing. Don't laugh at it. It is dangerous to begin to take what is not freely given to you without paying a fair price for it. It is the germ of deadly disease.

He who cheats another cheats himself far more. And this is for the girls, too. Do not take a slate-pencil, a sheet of paper, a horse-car ride (unless it be a free gift, and then pay for it in gratitude), without giving for it the equivalent due. Five cents kept in your pocket when it rightfully belongs to another ought to make you unhappy. Five cents gained by cheating is no gain; it is "devil's money"—the price of sin. Do you think I speak strongly and harshly? How else shall I warn you? If I saw you touching small-pox, should I not shout to you to beware? If I detected on you the tiny red spot which threatens death, would you not expect me to warn you quickly and loudly? Yet none of these terrible

things are so bad as this "little" evil which my horse-car companion did and boasted of to his comrade. Your fathers are saying, "Whore shall we find honest men?" Only where there have been honest boys. If you find in yourselves a "lucky" feeling because of any such "bad bargains" as getting a ride for nothing, make haste to get rid of it, and with earnest heart pray as David did: "Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me, and know my thoughts; and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting."—*Christian Union.*

THE HOUSE.

BY MRS. J. M'NAIR WRIGHT.

"A HOUSE, Hobson—you buying a house? Bless my life! who's died and left you money, man? I wish I had that luck; but I never shall."

"No one has left me money; I earned every cent of it."

"Eh? You don't say. Why, I heard you were paying eight hundred cash for the house and lot, and meant to lay out two hundred more in paint, fences, small fruits, cow-shed, and so on."

"Well, it is true. That is just the figure."

"I cannot see how you did it. We earn the same wages, we have neither of us been sick, your family is one larger than mine, and, though I'm not in debt—and I've always taken credit for that—I'm not forehanded a dollar, and you are buying a house. With no rent to pay, and a garden to draw half your living from, you'll soon grow rich at this rate. Tell us your secret, if you've a mind to do a good turn to an old neighbour."

"My money is the saving of seven years, since I was married. You know, I've lived in comfort, and now and then had an outing with the family, and none of us lacked, while none of us wasted. The week I was married I said to Polly: 'My girl, let us own a house.' Says Polly, 'You're joking, Tom; we own a house! If we pay our rent we'll do well.' 'See here, Polly,' I said, 'I'll spend no money on whiskey, beer, or tobacco. Free of that spending, and all the wasting those things bring, I'm sure I can in time buy a house; for plenty of workmen, Polly, spend at the tavern what would buy 'em a house twice over. With a home of your own in your eye, Polly, and me wasting naught, you'll be likely to save where you can, and a house we'll have.'"

"But I cannot believe that mere savings out of beer, a bit of liquor, and some tobacco will build a house, Hobson."

"Try it. In seven years you'll have us good a house, or mayhap in much less time. Wages are higher, and your missis has more experience in housekeeping than Polly had when she began."

"But a few shillings a week, Hobson."

"Money breeds money, my man. Your bit of money will inspire you all to save and earn. You'll lend it at some interest, too; and the time you put in at the corner-store you will spend in earning extra dollars. There's demand for work. Besides, until you study it up, you've no idea the amount of good cash that goes in bad smoke and drink. You get a book called 'Our Wasted Resources.' It is a

tough name, but there's good plain talk in it. You'll find it in the library or you can buy it in New York. That's a book will open your eyes as to what we are doing with our money. It shows plain that if there was prohibition in this country every working-man could have a house of his own, and his wife could have a nice silk Sunday gown."—*National Temperance Almanac.*

THE WAY THEY DOCTOR PEOPLE IN INDIA.

A LADY physician in Bombay was called in great haste to see a Mohammedan woman, who was supposed to be dying. The lady, being convinced that the patient's illness must have continued for several days, asked the family friends why she had not been called earlier. They replied that they wished to send for her a week before, but the woman insisted upon calling one of their own hakims (doctors) instead. They said that the hakim came, wrote a text from the Koran in Arabic, and told the patient to soak the slip of paper on which the text was written in a glass of water, and to drink the water for a few days, when she would be quite well. The poor woman followed the directions carefully, and drank the water for several days, when she became so very ill the family were alarmed and sent for the doctor.

Fortunately it was not too late, and the woman recovered, perhaps to trust to the same foolish remedy at her next attack. The natives of India have numberless superstitions in regard to diseases. If they are suffering from rheumatism, they tie a peacock's feather around the leg to cure it. If they have fever, they brand the chest and stomach with a hot iron. Little children are often seen with wide, deep burns, six or eight inches long, which their parents have made to cure them of disease.

If a man's bullock is lame, he ties a red rag around its horn, and will declare most positively that it will cure the lameness, if only it is allowed to remain. When a horse is eating its grain, the keeper spreads a towel over its back to make the grain digest properly, and will insist upon it that the horse will die if the towel is removed.—*Day Spring.*

HERBERT'S COMPROMISE.

THE group of the academy boys gathered under the large chestnut tree that shaded one corner of the yard. It was a very warm June day, and every one was longing for the vacation so close at hand. Lessons had never seemed so irksome or play more tempting.

"I'll tell you a plan, boys," exclaimed one; "to-night, after supper, when it gets cooler, let's row down the river to the old mill and have a swim. It will be moonlight coming back."

"Jolly!"  
"First-rate!"  
"Just the thing!"  
"Then you'll all go?"  
"Of course we will!"  
"I don't know," said Herbert Gray, doubtfully. "I don't believe I care to go," he added, indifferently.  
"Don't care to go! Why not?"  
"It will be too warm, and I'm so tired."

"Oh, nonsense!"  
"Besides, I have a book I want to read."

"Let the book wait."

Why was it that Herbert's heart beat and his cheeks flushed as he stood there with his eyes on the root of the tree against which he was idly stubbing his toe while the boys waited for the decision? The truth is he was a coward just then, and he was painfully conscious of it. The real reason why he did not want to go down the river was because there was to be a prayer-meeting that night at the church he attended, and he thought he ought to go there. None of the other boys cared for religious meetings, and they would ridicule his choice. He was not a Christian himself—that is, he had not fully decided the question. He had been trying to compromise the matter by being as good as he could without openly professing allegiance to Christ. Somehow, he now felt that he could not keep up such a course much longer; neither was he ready to decide against the right. So, with a single heavenward thought that was an almost unconscious appeal for help, he faced the boys bravely, and, speaking quickly but firmly, said:

"I'll tell you honestly why I can't go with you; I am going to church to-night."

There! now they might say what they choose. He was no longer afraid.

Most of them said nothing. A few, seeing it was no use to coax him, said, "All right!" and moved away; but one, who, like Herbert, had been standing on doubtful ground and unwilling to own it, announced his intention of going with him. It is needless to say that neither of them ever regretted the courageous stand he took, and to both of them owed much of their future influence over their companions.—*Everybody's Paper.*

WHERE DO THEY COME FROM?

WHY are the toads so plentiful after a thunder-shower? All my life long no one has been able to answer that question. Why, after a heavy shower, and in the midst of it, do such multitudes of toads, especially little ones, hop about the gravel walk? For many years I believed they rained down, and I suppose some think so still. I asked an explanation of this of a thoughtful woman. Her reply was that toads came out during the shower to get water. However, this is not the fact. I have discovered that they come out not to get water. I deluged a flower-bed the other night with painful after-painful water. Immediately the toads came out of their holes to escape drowning, by tens and twenties and fifties. The big ones fled in a ridiculous streak of hopping, and the little ones sprang about in the wildest confusion. The toad is just like any other land animal: when his hole is full of water, he quits it.—*C. D. Warner.*

PREACHING FAITH.

ONE summer evening, looking out of his window, Luther saw on a tree at hand a little bird making his brief and easy dispositions for a night's rest. "Look," said he, "how that little fellow preaches faith to us all! He takes hold of his twig, tucks his head under his wing, and goes to sleep, leaving God to think for him."