

Canadians Forever.

(A National Song.)

BY W. KIRBY.

GIVE thanks to God for all the grace
Bestowed by his Almighty hand;
Of France and England's martial race,
He planted us with firm command
To do and dare,
And guard with care
This Canada our native land.

CHORUS.

Canadians forever!
No foe shall dissever
Our glorious Dominion—
God bless it forever.

It is the land we love the best,
The land our royal fathers gave;
In battle's fires it stood the test,
And valiant heroes died to save—
In summer's glow
In winter's snow,
A people steadfast, true and brave.

A land of peace for friends we love,
A land of war if foes assail;
We place our trust in God above
And British hearts that never fail,
In feast or fight
And cause of right.
Our word and deed shall aye prevail.

From Newfoundland at break of day
The cheer is westward passed along,
A hundred bright meridians play
Like harp-strings to the nation's song,
From sea to sea
United be,
One great Dominion just and strong.

Cape Race with lofty beacon lights
Our ocean-gates by tempests blown;
And half a world of days and nights,
And lakes and lands are all our own.
From sun to sun
Our waters run,
Niagara midway thundering down.

Our axes in the forest ring,
Our rifles mark the hunters' track,
Our boatmen by the cadence sing
Upon the rapids' foaming back.
'Tis freedom gives
And joy that lives
Beneath the glorious Union Jack!

By spreading oaks and towering pines
Our loyal yeomen speed the plough,
And reap their fields and dress their vines,
And jovial fill the barley-mow;
With sturdy toil
They till the soil,
And rest beneath the maple bough.

Then deck Victoria's regal throne
With Mayflowers and the maple tree;
And one for all and all for one,
The watchword of her Empire be,
And heart and hand
United stand,
Confederate and great and free.

NIAGARA, Ont.

AN ACT OF HEROISM.

A LARGE concourse of people had collected in one of the streets of San Diego in California, and were shouting at the top of their voices in a very excited manner. The cause of the uproar and tumult soon became apparent.

A drunken drover had charge of a herd of wild cattle, and was driving it through the town. Every one knows how dangerous these animals are, especially when goaded into fury by a tipsy drover. One of the largest of the bulls, with terrific horns, detached himself from the others.

Now, a little child was playing in the street, dragging a toy cart after it, and the mad bull rushed after the child. The drover tried to turn

the infuriated animal, but in doing so lost his balance and fell heavily from his horse to the ground. A cry of terror arose from the lips of the spectators as they saw the great danger the poor child was in. Surely nothing could save it from its horrible fate!

But help was near. A young lady was passing, and the shouting of the tumultuous crowd having attracted her attention, she took in at a moment the imminent danger of the little child. She immediately seized hold of the drover's horse and, springing into the saddle, gave chase to the bull. She soon caught up with the animal, and taking a shawl from her shoulders she threw it over its head and neck, while the bull was in full charge, and painfully near the child. In less time than it takes to tell, she had reached down, clutched the child, lifted it into the saddle, and bore it away out of danger.

The shouts and hurrahs of the delighted spectators were deafening, as this young lady (Miss Lawrence by name) dismounted and placed the child in the arms of its grateful mother. Not only did this splendid action show great presence of mind, but it was a feat of horsemanship which most people, even if they had been willing, would have been incapable of performing.

There is not the slightest doubt, that had it not been for the young lady's heroic action the child would have been tossed and gored to death. Such an act will live in the memory of all those who were so fortunate as to have witnessed it.

DETERMINED TO SUCCEED.

THE following is one of the traditions of a manufacturing firm in Glasgow, Scotland:

Thirty years ago a barefoot, ragged urchin presented himself before the desk of the principal partner, and asked for work as an errand boy.

"There's a deal o' running to be done," said Mr. Blank, jestingly affecting a broad Scotch accent. "Your qualification wud be a pair o' shoon."

The boy, with a grave nod, disappeared. He lived by doing odd jobs in the market, and slept under one of the stalls. Two months passed before he had saved enough money to buy the shoes. Then he presented himself before Mr. Blank one morning, and held out a package.

"I have the shoon, sir," he said, quietly.

"Oh!" Mr. Blank with difficulty recalled the circumstances. "You want a place? Not in those rags, my lad. You would disgrace the house."

The boy hesitated a moment, and then went out without a word. Six months passed before he returned, decently clothed in coarse but new garments. Mr. Blank's interest was roused. For the first time he looked at the boy attentively. His thin, bloodless face showed that he had stunted himself of food for months in order to buy those clothes. The manufacturer now questioned the boy carefully, and found to his regret that he could neither read nor write.

"It is necessary that you should do both before we could employ you in carrying home packages," he said. "We have no place for you."

The lad's face grew paler; but without a word of complaint he disappeared. He now went fifteen miles into the country, and found work in stables near to a night school. At the end of the year he again presented himself before Mr. Blank.

"I can read and write," he said, briefly.

"I gave him the place," the employer said, years afterward, "with the conviction that, in process of time, he would take mine, if he made up his mind to do it. Men rise slowly in Scotch business houses, but he is our chief foreman."

WHAT CHANGED HIM.

ADMIRAL FARRAGUT, one of the naval heroes of the great civil war in the United States, tells his story of his boyhood. It would be well for all boys to learn, before the habits become fixed, that there is nothing manly in imitating the vices of older people.

"When I was ten years old I was with my father on board a man-of-war. I had some qualities that, I thought, made a man of me. I could swear like an old salt, could drink as stiff a glass of grog as if I had doubled Cape Horn, and could smoke like a locomotive. I was great at cards, and fond of gaming in every shape. At the close of dinner one day my father turned everybody out of the cabin, locked the door, and said to me, 'David, what do you mean to be?'

"I mean to follow the sea."

"Follow the sea? Yes, to be a poor, miserable, drunken sailor before the mast; be kicked and cuffed about the world, and die in some fever hospital in a foreign land. No, David; no boy ever trod the quarter-deck with such principles as you have and such habits as you exhibit. You'll have to change your whole course of life if you ever become a man.

"My father left me and went on deck. I was stunned by the rebuke, and overwhelmed with mortification.

"A poor, miserable, drunken sailor before the mast! Be kicked and cuffed about the world, and die in some fever hospital. That is to my fate,' thought I. 'I'll change my life, and change it at once. I will never utter another oath; I will never drink another drop of intoxicating liquor; I will never gamble.' I have kept these three vows ever since. Shortly after I made them I became a Christian. That act was the turning point in my destiny."—*Alliance News.*

TIME TO WIN ANOTHER.

It was Marengo's day of bloody battle. French and Austrian had met, and the Frenchman was worsted. Bonaparte, the French general, simply headed a rout. Up rushed Desaix. An absent commander, he had been aroused by the growl of the distant cannon, and, urging forward his men, arrived in time to say to Bonaparte, "One battle is lost, but there is time to win another!"

What, when the French were hurrying away like sheep! Yes, Desaix believed still in victory. You can see Bonaparte's eye kindling with a magnetic flash. You can imagine him pressing his horse down the French lines, crying, "Soldiers, we have gone far enough. You know it is my custom to sleep on the field of battle."

Again the French standards were advanced, and when their folds drooped at the final halt, victorious troops were gathered about them. Marengo had been won.

One battle was lost. How many lost battle-fields there are in this world! Some enemy may often be getting the better of us. The first of another year in school, at home, or in business, you may be thinking of your losses in the past. You may be disheartened because you have not been a better scholar or a more successful clerk; and in the moral life, some sore defeat may make you specially sad.

There is time, though, to win another battle! At school begin the new term with a harder grip on a purpose to succeed. If in the moral life the standards have fluttered back in defeat, lift them again. God will send, through prayer, fresh reinforcements of grace. Up and forward! Advance the banners of the cross, and God will crown each day's effort with the peace of victory.