

Canada.

BY DR. E. H. DUNWALT.

The woods of Canada:
How cool and soft below
The shade of their sweet rustling leaves
Swift-changing with the midnight weaves
Where ferns and mosses grow.

The giant trees of Canada:
Dark pine and birch drooped low;
The maple tall, the maple tall,
The sturdy birch, the sturdy birch,
And wild their forms I know.

The forest wealth of Canada:
The choppers' blows resound
Through the crisp air, while cold and still
The snow's deep cloak o'er vale and hill
Lies white upon the ground.

No sparkling streams of Canada,
That health cool shadows pass,
Then wind, where sleek-fed cattle sleep,
Through verdant meadow, ankle-deep
In clover-blends and grass.

The crystal streams of Canada;
Deep in whose murmuring tone,
From pebbly caverns dimly seen,
Neath leafy shade of living green,
Gray trout and salmon glide.

The beautiful lakes of Canada;
With loving eyes I see
Their waters, stretched in endless chain
By fair St. Lawrence to the main,
As ocean wild and free.

Where white sails gleam o'er Hutton's wake
Or fade with dying day,
Fond memories in my heart awake,
Of home's dear dwelling by the lake,
Like sunshine passed away.

The prairies vast of Canada,
Where sun sinks to the earth,
In setting, whispering warm good-night
To myriads of flowers, whose blushes bright
Will hail the morrow's birth.

The robust life of Canada
I cheerily home I see
Though gold nor jewels fill the hand,
Its Nature a self has blessed the land,
Abundant, fair and free.

The Worst Boy in the Town.

A CANADIAN STORY,
BY
Florence Yarwood.

CHAPTER II.

JACK'S HOME.

Write it on the liquor store,
Write it on the workshop door:
"Where there's drink there's danger."

MILDRED GREY entered the house and carefully gathered up the dainty china and washed it. She had no sisters, no mother; there was no one in the house to do all these things but herself. Her mother had died some eight years before; since that time she had been her father's sole housekeeper and comforter; and a skilful housekeeper she was, keeping everything tidy and in order. Although the rooms were cheaply furnished, she had a way of making everything show to the best advantage; and in every room could be seen so many of these dainty little fixings which cost comparatively nothing, save work and skill, and which go so far towards making a place look homelike. No wonder Jack Harding liked to spend an evening there!

What a contrast it presented to the home he went to after leaving Miss Grey's! The bare floor-looked, so cheerless! He thought, though, that he would not have minded that if only it had been kept clean. But it seldom saw a broom—much less soap and water. The windows were curtained with cobwebs; the rusty old stove was always stacked up with ashes; and Jack did not remember seeing the dishes all washed up and put away—every corner littered all over the table in endless confusion.

No wonder a sigh escaped his lips as he opened the door and stepped into such a dreary-looking place.

He often wondered why he continued to stay in such a home as that. It was certainly no gain for him to do so, for he paid regularly every week for his board and lodging just what he would have had to pay to strangers. During the summer he worked out to get money to carry him through school in the winter, for he was very fond of study; and

with a sigh, he thought how soon he must tear himself away from his loved books, and go to work, and yet it would be a relief to be away from such a miserable home.

"Well, I suppose you ain't had no supper yet," said the harsh-toned stepmother. "A pretty time to come home expectin' to get some!"

"I had my tea at Miss Grey's," said Jack, quietly.

He slowly ascended the stairs to his room, and that indeed presented a great contrast to the one below. You would have been surprised to see how spotless and clean it was. Whose hand kept it so? Certainly not the stepmother's; it was Jack's. Every Saturday he went at it with a pail of hot water and a rag and cleaned it himself.

It was bad enough to see the rest of the house at sixes and sevens, but that room he called his own he could not and would not have untidy. He had once even ventured to noisily suggest that he would help clean up downstairs, but his stepmother wrathfully informed him that she was mistress of the house and would keep it as she pleased.

When Jack passed through the kitchen that evening, a bottle of brandy on the table, more than half empty, did not escape his observation.

He thought of it again as he sat poring over his books, and wondered how and why it was there.

Could it be possible that his step-mother drank? He had been suspicious of it before when he had come home and found her prostrated on the lounge in a heavy slumber, but he had never felt quite so certain of it. He wondered how she got at the liquor; surely she did not go herself and purchase it.

His little half-brother was asleep in a small bed in one corner of the same room, and just then, as Jack turned over a pile of school-books, a number of them fell off the table, making considerable noise, and causing the sleeping Charlie to spring up in sudden alarm.

"It's only I, Charlie, don't be afraid," said Jack, kindly; and crossing the room, he sat down by the bed and asked:

"I say, Charlie, where did that bottle of brandy come from on the table downstairs? Who brought it here, do you know?"

Charlie was too sleepy to be in a talking mood, but he was fond of Jack because he was always kind to him, so arousing himself with an effort, he said:

"I got it down at the hotel."
"Who sent you for it?"

"Mother did; she said she didn't feel well, and would have to have some for medicine."
"Did she ever send you before?"

"Yes, lots of times; but she doesn't look sick, does she?"

"I should say not!" said Jack.
"And do you know," said Charlie, sadly, "she borrowed that fifty cents you gave me, to get it with!"

"Did she?" exclaimed Jack, in disgust.
"Well, that's a shame! but never mind; I'm going to work in a couple of weeks, then I'll give you some more. Now go to sleep, my boy!" and Charlie turned over and was soon in the land of dreams, while Jack went back to his books.

A couple of hours after he heard heavy, unsteady footsteps, and he knew that his father was coming home drunk as usual.

Presently he heard such a terrible tumult in the room below that he felt quite alarmed. He had been accustomed to hearing his father and step-mother quarrel, but never quite such loud, angry talk as this; so he hastened downstairs just in time to see his father trying to push his stepmother out-doors.

"What are you doing?" demanded Jack.
"She won't go, and I won't have her in my house," exclaimed the father.

"And what are you?" said Jack. "Hain't she as good a right to be drunk as you? Let her alone! Let her alone, I say!" and taking a hold of his father he dragged him into the adjoining room, and fastened the door, while the intoxicated woman staggered back to the lounge and was soon snoring heavily.

Jack, poor Jack, went back upstairs and cried himself to sleep, and when he awoke in the morning his heart was still heavy.

It was the Sabbath—clear, sunny and beautiful, and Jack lay for a few minutes watching the sunlight peeping in the window. He remembered hearing Miss Grey say that the sun always seemed to shine brighter on the Sabbath than any other day. But he felt that nothing in the world could possibly look very bright to him. The birds were singing cheerily in an old peach-tree close by the house, and all the world without seemed so joyous; while his heart alone was heavy and sad.

"I don't think Miss Grey would expect me to try to lie in bed like this. Just what kind of a home I have to live in, and Jack to himself, as he slowly dressed. "I am really glad the summer is coming, even though I do have to leave school and go to work. It will be a

relief to be away from a place as this as I have always had such a longing to be in a place I could call home, that I have stayed here, horrible though it is. Then I hated to leave on Charlie's account; poor little chap, he'll have a hard time of it, and he's such a good little fellow, too!" and with a sigh he looked at the innocent, babyish face of the sleeping child.

Oh, Jack! God's pity is greater than yours! He slowly remembered not to go to Sunday-school, but he remembered that Miss Grey had said she would wear the flowers he had given her; besides he felt sure that her earnest, gentle voice would soothe his troubled spirit, so he decided to go.

Miss Grey was there, and a cluster of May flowers—some of the dark blue ones he had picked so carefully and close to her white throat; and as he listened to her talk he forgot for a time the misery at home.

The lesson was about Jesus hushing the tempest on Galilee, and Miss Grey knew just how to explain it to catch the attention of the boys.

"I want to tell you," said she, "what a storm is like on the Sea of Galilee. They are not much like the storms we have here on Lake Ontario. We always have some warning that a storm is approaching. We see a dark cloud off yonder, and gradually the water grows rough and angry. The storm does not overtake us all at once. But on Galilee—that beautiful sheet of water in the northern part of Palestine—they do not have any warning at all save that a storm is approaching. One moment the water is calm and peaceful; and soon its gentle rippling rises to waves with white crests; and the sky and water grow a deep purple, and the waves become mountains of angry foam—a scene of wild confusion, grand and terrible."

Every boy in the class was deeply interested in Miss Grey's description of a storm on Galilee, and one of the boys said:

"I don't think I would care to manage a boat in such a storm as that."

"No, indeed!" said Miss Grey. "And was any wonder that the disciples were sore afraid? But you see they had Jesus in the boat with them, and he arose and commanded the waves to be still, and immediately there was a great calm. So with us, on the sea of life, it matters not what storms may assail us, if only we have Jesus in the ship with us we are safe."

As Jack was leaving the church Miss Grey joined him, for they both lived in the southwestern part of the town.

"You are discouraged to-day, Jack," said she.

"Well, I was, but your talk has cheered me some," he replied. Then with boyish enthusiasm he continued, "Do you know, Miss Grey, I would rather hear you teach a Sunday-school class than I would to play a game of baseball."

Miss Grey could scarcely keep from smiling at this boyish compliment, which was given in such deep earnest.

"And," said Jack, "I do long to be good; but that depends entirely on circumstances with me. I can be good in fair weather, when everything goes right; but when things go wrong I am just what people call me—the worst boy in the town, and a grim smile stole over his handsome face.

"But it is sometimes those who have the most to contend with live the best lives," said Mildred. "Suffering draws us nearer to God."

"Well; it doesn't draw me," said Jack, stoutly. "I hate myself and everybody else when things don't go right, and I just want I'll get into a terrible racket some of these days."

They separated at the next crossing, and Mildred walked home with Jack still in her mind.

"A serious face, my dear," said her father, as he entered the room with a gasp.

"I was thinking of Jack Harding, papa," said Mildred. "He does seem to long so much to be good, but he is continually getting into trouble."

"There is splendid material in that boy, if only it could be called out," said Mr. Grey. "I do not wonder that you feel interested in him."

(To be continued.)

THE BOY FREDERICK.

RECENTLY there died in Washington, D.C., a negro who commanded the respect of the whole country—Mr. Frederick Douglass. Mr. Douglass was once addressing a school, and he told them the following story:

"I once knew a little coloured boy whose mother and father died when he was but six years old. His was a slave, and had no one to care for him: He slept

on a dirty floor in a hovel, and in cold weather would crawl into a meal-bag head foremost and leave his feet in the ashes to keep them warm. Often he would roast an ear of corn and eat it to satisfy his hunger, and many times has he crawled under the barn or stable and secured eggs which he would roast in the fire and eat.

"That boy did not wear pantaloons, as you did, but a tow linen shirt. Schools were unknown to him, and he learned to spell from an old Webster's spelling-book, and to read and write from posters on cellar and barn doors, while boys and men would help him. He would then preach and speak, and soon became well known. He became Presidential Elector, United States Marshal, United States Recorder, United States diplomat, accumulated some wealth. He wore broadcloth, and didn't have to divide crumbs with the dogs under the table. That boy was Frederick Douglass.

"What was possible for me is possible for you. Don't think because you are coloured you can't accomplish anything. Strive earnestly to add to your knowledge. So long as you remain in ignorance, no long will you fail to command the respect of your fellow-men."

Battle Cry of the Juniors.

BY REV. J. T. BRONDEL.

JUSTICE bright are we,
In Jesus we will be
Forever true,
Well arm'd we face the foe,
And onward bravely go,
Our Captain Christ to know,
His will to do.

The Bible is our chart,
Its truths we lay to heart,
And onward go,
We'll strive to make them shine,
In lives so pure and fine,
In deeds that are sublime,
That all may know.

United happy bend,
For Christ and truth we stand,
His praise to sing,
We'll strive that we may win,
A conquest over sin,
At last to enter in,
With Christ our King.

A cheerful band are we,
Our hearts are true of glee,
With song of praise,
We'll strive to do what's right,
And battle with our might,
To hold forth God's true light,
Through all our days.

A VENTRILOQUIST OF THE OLDEN TIME.

You have read of the Witch of Endor, and you have often wondered how she could raise Samuel from the dead. The truth is she was not a witch, and she did not raise Samuel. Saul wished to speak with him, and the woman intended to deceive Saul by going through certain incantations and then to tell him that Samuel was risen, although to him quite invisible. If Samuel had not "come up" as he did, she would have still further deceived her king, by herself replying to the questions Saul asked Samuel. This she could do by imitating the prophet's voice, and throwing her own to where the prophet was supposed to stand, putting, into his mouth a speech characteristic of the man. She had a familiar spirit, an excellent memory, was familiar with the relations heretofore existing between Saul and Samuel, and could pretty nearly divine the reply Samuel would make to any of Saul's questions, but Samuel could not be raised, and was spoken for himself; so now that he is risen she was afraid. In terror, she charged Saul with deceiving her—a thing quite natural under the circumstances, as she intended to deceive him. But the Lord raised Samuel, and quiet up her plans and exposed her deceit.

The word witch translated in our Authorized Version is ventriloquist, and the whole account of this transaction is quite at variance with the idea that the woman was able to raise or in any way communicate with the dead. It could not be done then, as it cannot be done now.