

DOMINION DAY ODE.

BY REV. JOHN DUNBAR.

WILL the nations of antiquity,
The noble and the strong,
Have their deeds embalmed in history,
Or immortalized in song,
Let us sing of youthful Canada, let her banner
be unfurled,
And her name, and her fame, be proclaimed
throughout the world.

May her song be aye her glory,
And her daughters be her pride,
May her morals be her bulwark,
And her Bible be her guide,
May wisdom be her counsellor, alike in Church
and State,
And her motto ever be that the good alone
are great.

May her press be aye untrammelled,
And her Senate ever pure,
May her pulpit aye be honoured,
And her school be made secure,
Till intelligence and enterprise be seen on
every hand,
And science and religion be the glory of our
land.

May her arts and manufactures,
With the products of her soil,
Be at once the wealth and witness
Of her hardy freeman's toil,
And the cause of truth and freedom, may she
ever lead the van,
In fostering and defending all that's dignified
in man.

May her ever-growing commerce
Be aye rattling o'er the rails,
Or, borne onward by her navy,
Amid steam and prosperous gales,
Till her men and manufactures be diffused
through every zone,
And honoured, loved and valued, aye, where-
ever they are known.

May rapid be her progress,
May lofty be her name,
May honour, truth, and liberty
Be woven in her name,
Ever rising 'mid the nations, till, like yonder
shining sun,
She reach that meridian glory which can
never be out-shone.

WHY THE DRUMMER LEFT
OFF DRINKING

"No I won't drink with you to-day, boys," said a drummer to several companions, as they settled down in the smoking-car and passed the bottle. "The fact is, boys, I have quit drinking—I've sworn off."

His words were greeted by shouts of laughing by the jolly crowd around him. They put the bottle under his nose, and indulged in many jokes at his expense, but he refused to drink, and was rather serious about it.

"What is the matter with you, old boy? sang out one. "If you've sworn off drinking, something is up. Tell us what it is."

"Well, boys, I will, although I know you'll laugh at me. But I'll tell you, all the same. I have been a drinking-man all my life, ever since I was married—it's as sweet in my mouth as sugar—riced. As you all know, I love whiskey and God only knows how I'll quit it. For seven years, not a day passed over my head that I didn't have at least one drink. But I am done. Yesterday I was in Chicago. On South Clark street a customer of mine keeps a pawnshop in connection with his other branches of business. Well, I called on him, and while I was there a young man of not more than twenty-five, wearing threadbare clothes, and looking as hard as if he hadn't seen a softer day for a month, came in with a little pledge in his hand. Tremblingly he unwrapped it, and handed the article to the pawnbroker, saying:

"Give me ten cents."

"And boys, what do you suppose

that it was? A pair of baby-shoes, little things with the buttons only a trifle soiled, as if they had been worn only once or twice.

"Where did you get these?" asked the pawnbroker.

"Got 'em at home," replied the man, who had an intelligent face and the manner of a gentleman, despite his sad condition. "My wife bought them for our baby. Give me ten cents for 'em—I want a drink."

"You had better take the shoes back to your wife: the baby will need them," said the pawnbroker.

"No, she won't, because—because she's dead. She's lying at home now—died last night."

"As he said this the poor fellow broke down, bowed his head on the showcase, and cried like a child. Boys," said the drummer, "you can laugh if you please, but I—I have a baby of my own at home, and I swear I'll never drink another drop."

Then he got up and went into another car. His companions glanced at one another in silence; no one laughed; the bottle disappeared, and soon each was sitting in a seat by himself reading a newspaper.

JAPAN LIFE IN BOATS.

In Poland some families are born and die in salt mines, without ever lying above ground, and in Japan some are born and die the same way on boats, without ever lying on shore.

"One of the most interesting features of Japanese life to me," says a recent traveller there, "was the manner of living in the boats and junks, thousands of which frequent every bay along the coast. The awkward junks always belong to the member of one family, and usually every branch of the family, old and young, live on board."

"The smaller sailboats are made like a narrow flatboat, and the sail (they never have but one) is placed very near the stern, and extends from the mast about the same distance in either direction, i. e., the mast runs in the middle of the sail when it is spread.

"In these little boats men are born and die, without ever having an abiding-place on shore. Women and all are nearly naked, except in rains, when they put on layers of fringed straw mats, which gives them the appearance of being thatched. At night, if in harbour, they bend poles over the boat from side to side in the shape of a bow, and cover them with this straw, water-tight straw, and go to sleep all together, like a lot of pigs.

"A child three years old can swim like a fish, and often children who will not learn of their own accord, are repeatedly thrown overboard until they become expert swimmers. In the harbours children seem to be perpetual y tumbling overboard, but the mothers deliberately pick them out of the water, and cuffing them a little, go on with their work. It is really astonishing at what an age these boys and girls will learn to scull a boat.

"I have seen a boat twenty feet long, most adroitly managed by three children, all under seven years of age. I am told that notwithstanding their aptness at swimming many boatmen get drowned, for no boat ever goes to another's aid, nor will any boatman save another from drowning, because, as he says, it is all fate, and he who

interferes with fate will be severely punished in some way. Besides this, the saving of a boatman's life only keeps a chafing soul so much longer in purgatory, when it ought to be released by the death of the sailor which the gods, by fate, seem to have selected for the purpose."

ABOUT SOME JAPANESE BOYS.

BY REV. C. T. COOKING.

I HAVE about twenty-five boys and young men who gather for an hour and a half, three evenings in the week, in the adjoining church, for the purpose of studying the English language; most of them are very intelligent; three are school teachers; about half of them come a fourth evening in the week for Bible instruction, which our indefatigable pastor gives them, and some half-dozen of these come on Saturday afternoon to my study for a catechism lesson. I have never felt such joy in my life before as I have lately; it is a work that angels might well envy, and the fact that I speak so little of the language yet is a sore trial to me. But I must hasten to give you their compositions. Here is one:

"Religions are very important; but there are two kinds among them, that is, bad and good. In our country there are two religions, Christianity and Buddhism, and both professors are now claiming their own causes to lead our brethren into their doctrines. Hence we shall compare them, and then we will take either of them that we believe."

Here is an extract from another entitled

"THE LION."

"It has a large head comparatively with body; and a long and curled neck-hair: which is its particular form. Though it placed on its greatness under other beasts, on its fierceness overpowers all them. When it roars it is solemnly as a thunder. And the beast lives on a meat. Therefore it will put the another beasts which met with into death and eats them fondly if it was at hunger. But if the case is not so; on the contrary it behaves a greatness, and loves his inferiors. This virtue has been esteemed so much by Englishmen that they fixed the figure as their own state's-sign on the standard."

Perhaps these two will be sufficient for this letter.

A WATER-MUSEUM.

A WATER-MUSEUM consists of glass vessels containing fish, mollusks, larvae, and such other creatures as will live in the small quantity of water these vessels hold. The great advantage that the water-museum has over an aquarium is, that while the latter is bulky and has many dark corners in which you can see only with difficulty, if at all, the jars of the museum can be easily carried about and held to the light, so that you can readily observe the smallest movements of your specimens. Besides, in an aquarium you can have but one kind of water at a time, either salt or fresh, and you can keep only those specimens that will live together peaceably; but in a water museum one may have both sorts of water (in different vessels), and both marine and fresh water specimens. This museum, or water-cabinet, too, costs very little, while an aquarium is not only expensive but troublesome.

We must first make sure of a sunny window, where the museum will be out of the way, and where there is room for a small table. Then we must forage for the vessels in the glassware shops, or at the dealers in chemical apparatus. I have often been able to pick up confectionery jars which I got cheaply because their tops were broken which, of course, made no difference to me. I consider these the best for our purpose, in size from four inches in diameter by six in height to seven inches in diameter and nine in height. The jars must be placed on the table in the sunny window, so that they will all get plenty of light, as this is necessary to most forms of life. One or two of the larger jars had best be used for fish, and to make them attractive their bottoms should be covered with clean river sand and pebbles, or fragments of rock in the shape of grottoes, as the fish like to rest on these and to eat the almost invisible weeds that grow upon them. Of course, all the vessels must be filled with water and sprigs of aquatic plants, such as water-cress, Vallisneria, or duck-wood, placed in them to keep the water pure. Many kinds of water insects are carnivorous, or prey upon the weaker species. Of course, it won't do to keep these in the same jar with their victims. To find out which kinds agree, we can mix them in the clear, shallow bowl-glass, where we can easily observe the peculiarities of each.—G. E. Channing, in *St. Nicholas* for August.

AN INDIAN'S IDEA OF
LIBERTY.

A FEW years ago Standing Bear, the great Ponca chief, came to New York, with his daughter Bright Eyes. The old man, sitting in his room at the hotel, talked about freedom. He described the life of the Indian as typical of freedom in its highest sense. He compared the liberty of the Indian with that of the eagle, which lifts its wings and soars whither it pleases. The old chieftain was taken upon the streets. He watched the sights with the closest attention—peered into the shop-windows, where only a fragile pane of glass protected thousands of dollars' worth of property from thieving hands; saw the roads crowded with wagons moving in opposite directions, and the children playing without danger along the pavements.

He watched policemen helping ladies across crowded thoroughfares, and the thousands of people hurrying in every direction, bent upon different errands, working at cross-purposes, opposing each other in the battle of life, especially interested him. In this great struggle nothing but order could be observed. Standing Bear pondered long upon the wonderful sight; and at last he turned to Bright Eyes, recalled his remarks in the hotel, and said, "I now see that law is freedom."

So when we learn to know the beauty of law, and love to obey it, we learn also that "law is freedom."

Paul says, "The law of love which is in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death."

LIFE, God's best gift to man.
Christ is a bee,
And heaven his nest.
So use the first that through the best
You may obtain the last.

SARA E. GRADAM,

Portsmouth, Ont.