

For Queen and Country.

BY REV. THOMAS CLEWORTH.

God bless old England's noble Queen,
The true Canadian's pride;
She rules in dignity serene
O'er nations far and wide.
Far brighter than her diadem
The virtues of her breast.
Victoria, England's treasured gem,
With every grace imprest:

The mighty God, her trust and ours,
Hath bound her realms together;
And guarded by celestial powers,
May they abide forever!

God bless our General-Governor
The favourite of our lands,
Whose presence here, from shore to shore,
For British interests stands.
Here floats the flag from sea to sea
Bright as the glowing heaven,
The hopeful banner of the free
For peace and freedom given!

The mighty God, his trust and ours,
Keep these fair lands together;
And make old England's growing powers
A world-wide joy forever.

Let heaven this fair Dominion guide,
And all her foes o'erwhelm,
She will through every gale abide
With wisdom at the helm.
Let goodness all her sons inspire;
Let vice and ignorance flee;
And with her daughters all conspire
For grander Liberty.

For God, and Home, and Native Land,
Let all combine together,
So shall our fair Dominion stand
A Light and Joy forever!

THOMASBURG, Ont.

THE BEST SOCIETY.

BY ELLA LEE.

"I WONDER, Albert, you can make a comrade of that slow-going Oliver Brown. He is too dull for my fancy. He has no life in him. Besides, his jackets are patched on both elbows, and he wears a horrid hat. My mother is very particular about the boys I go with. She always insists on my getting into the best company. I was out riding with Phil Tracy yesterday," he added, with considerable pride.

"That is just such a boy as my mother would not allow me to be intimate with," said Albert. "He smokes cigars, and often sips something at the village bar—I don't know what it is, but something stronger than soda-water, I feel sure, or he would not go there for it. We think Oliver first-rate company at our house. He is a sensible fellow and a good scholar, and such a taste for geology! His uncle is a professor of natural science, and he has taught him a great deal, and helped him to get up a nice cabinet. Oliver makes our walks down by the river or up to the ledges twice as interesting as they are without him. I don't care for his patched jacket, when I can learn so much from his conversation."

The boys were walking to school together as they talked.

"There is no accounting for tastes," said Roger, shrugging his shoulders. He felt that Alfred was rather to be pitied for his; but he only added: "We must all look out for our own interests, and nothing helps a fellow along like rich friends, my mother says; and she wants me to pick up that kind as I go along. If Phil and I are not friends it shall not be my fault."

"My mother's strong point is, choose associates that have good principles; shun the boys that smoke and drink at the saloons, that use bad language, and stroll about on the Sabbath-day."

The boys went their ways and followed their different plans with regard to associates. Roger's "rich friend" taught him many expensive habits, which helped to ruin rather than make a fortune. He was a boy of bad principles, and these Roger considered as elements of his smartness. He would imitate them, if nothing else. He lived to disgrace the mother who had taught him such a false standard by which to choose his friends. He also saw, with a keen jealousy, his old schoolmate Alfred rising to honour, and a prosperous standing in the community.

Your lot in life, boys, will depend very largely upon the company you choose when you are growing up. If you will go through the book of Proverbs, and mark every verse that speaks of good and evil company, you will learn the mind of the Lord with regard to this matter. If you will follow these directions, you will find it most profitable for this life and the next. "The best society" is that where Jesus reigns and his words are honoured.

THE PILOT'S NEWS.

MANY years ago a terrible tragedy took place on the shining waters of the broad Atlantic. A steamer—the ill-fated *Central America*—had been wrecked with the loss of hundreds of lives. Only a few—a very few—of its crew had been rescued from a watery grave, and the whole of New York was plunged into grief. Scarcely a house in which there were not some, like Rachel, weeping for their dead, and refusing to be comforted.

A couple of days after the sad event, a pilot-boat was seen, on a fair, breezy morning, standing up the bay. With sail set and streamers flying, she seemed to bound over the sparkling waters, while the very winds that filled her canvas seemed to laugh with delight. Surely she bore some good news, for there was an unusual excitement on the deck. The captain, running along the bowsprit, was seen to swing his cap, and heard to shout something with intense eagerness. At first the distance prevented the words from being understood, but as the vessel came farther into the harbor they were audible: "Three more saved! Three more saved!"

The tidings were caught up by the crews of the numerous ships that lay anchored around, and sailors sprang wildly into the rigging, shouting, "Three more saved!" The porters and the draymen, busy unloading and loading on the wharf, threw down their burdens, and shouted, "Three more saved!" The tidings rang along the streets. Busy salesmen left their goods, merchants their notes, sellers their gold, and echoed, "Three more saved!"

Louder and louder grew the cry—faster and faster it spread—along the crowded piers of the Hudson and East rivers—over the heights of Brooklyn—beyond mansion and cottage—beyond suburb and hamlet, till thousands of hearts pulsed with its thrill as the joyful news spread, "Three more saved!"

This brings to mind a verse in the Bible which says: "Likewise, there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth." It seems even more wonderful than to think of selfish, busy, sordid men leaving their occupations and pursuits in order to spread the good news that three fellow-creatures had been rescued from a watery grave. Seldom does such a throb of sympathy run through any earthly city; but, whenever a sinner repenteth, just such a pulse vibrates through the golden streets of the eternal city.

And why do the angels rejoice? Because if you and I "repent," and are sorry for our sins, our

conversion brings a new servant to their Lord—a new vassal into his kingdom. We are then conscious of being saved from a worse fate than a watery grave, for "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven."—*Selected.*

The Treasury.

THE Master still sits by the treasury,
And oft sees the rich heavy fold
Of velvet and satin sweep near him,
And the glitter of jewels and gold;
As the maiden comes up to deposit,
From fingers all flashing with light,
A dime—a penny—or farthing,
Unconscious, alas! of his sight.

The Master "sits over against it."
O brother, can you, or can I,
With confidence bring in our offering,
And cast it beneath his pure eye?
Should he take up the gift—O how paltry!
And weigh it before us to-night,
Remembered with every mixed motive,
Oh, what would it seem in his sight?

The Master "sits over against it"—
A terrible thought, and yet true;
When his servants, his own ransomed children,
Withhold from the treasury his due;
And each of his substance is spending
For what seemeth best in his sight,
Yet goes through the door of the temple
And casts to his Master his mite.

TUNING THE BELL.

BY ROBIN MERRY.

WHEN a single bell is mounted in a church-tower, it does not make much difference what its tones are. But when a series of bells, as three or four, or a full chime, is to ring out music on the upper air, care must be taken that all are in perfect harmony. Each bell must then be as true to its tone as are the successive notes of a piano, or of any other musical instrument. On a chime of bells any ordinary church-tune may be played. The effect of such music is often rich and grand in a high degree. Such is especially the case when the chimes are played in the night, when the noise of the streets has become silent, and the successive tones are free to give forth their deep and powerful resonance without interruption from contending sounds.

When a bell is first taken from the mould in which it is cast, its tones are not likely to respond to the harmony that is desired. A blow of the hammer will tell whether it is too high or too low. But comparison must be made with the tones of another instrument, and then the bell must be rasped and filed until it gives out just the sound that is required. When this bell shall have received its proper treatment, and be made to yield just the desired sound, it will be ready to be swung up in some lofty church-tower, to unite afterward with others of the full, grand chime in swelling forth magnificent strains of music on the air.

This treatment of the bells to make them give forth the right sounds suggests an interesting and valuable lesson. Every human heart and mind has a place to fill in the grand orchestra of life. In the music as we find it there is no end to discord. This is because so many thousands, perhaps the great majority, of people have never been rightly tuned, so as to give forth the tones for which they were intended. The tuning process must be carried forward until all the grand diapason is brought to perfect harmony. In the magnificent chorus of heaven there are no discords. All the music of myriad harps of gold and myriad tongues of silver flows on in perpetual sweetness unmarred by a single jarring note.