

Canada, our Own Fair Land.

BY W. J. TORLEY.

Neath western skies—two seas between—
A beauteous land far-reaching lies;
Whose sons are bound to Britain's Queen
By fast-linked fetters, loving ties.
Tis Canada, our own fair land,
The home of freemen strong and brave,
Each wins his fame with mind and hand,
A lord by birthright—ne'er a slave.

With honest pride aloft we sing
Our virgin banner to the breeze;
In lands where wooing zephyrs sing
Or borne by winds of northern seas.
Nor dread we what the future brings;
A goodly heritage is ours;
In Nature's bosom hidden springs
Hold needful blessings, vailed with
flowers.

Through hopeful hearts there ebbs and
flows
The gift of sires beyond the sea.
Here blends the thistle with the rose,
The shamrock and the fleur-de-lis.
A loyal race, a noble Queen,
Whose feet are guided from above;
Her life—in light or shadow seen—
Reveals the heart her people love.

O thou whose wisdom never errs!
Whose goodness sometimes seems un-
kind;
Forgive our thought, that ill infers—
Create in us a constant mind.
Give strength to honest hearts and true,
Who strive to wisely shape our laws;
Give strength to dally tollers, too,
Whose hands help on our country's
cause.

Sustain and guard our gracious Queen,
Bless thou the old lands o'er the sea;
Thy brooding love, the bond between
Their hearts and ours, our hearts and
thee.

Guide him whose hand our sceptre sways,
His Consort keep, nor ill betide;
Grant them thy grace through happy
days,
To love and serve thee side by side.

Eternal God!—in faith we pray—
Breathe thy blest spirit o'er our land,
Throughout our nation's bright'ning way
Let peace and love lead hand in hand.
Still may thy truths in hearts sincere
Our country's bulwark ever prove;
Our children will thy name revere,
Till "rolling years shall cease to
move."

Ottawa, 1882.

A BOY OF TO-DAY

BY

Julia MacNair Wright.

Author of "The House on the Bluff," etc.

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

At noon they would sit in sight of their work to eat their dinner. "I think that sibilal's just a little too high," Urias would say, squinting critically. "And how does that cresting suit your views, Heman?"

"Fine," Heman would say; "but if this house is wanted to be fancy, why don't you put some sticks crossways and notched up in those gable ends?"

"Well, it would look kind of quill!" Urias would reply, "and we might paint them red."

Riding home, as they passed some house which Urias had built, he would say with due pride, "That house stands just as true as when I made it; hasn't sagged one bit. It looks real frilly round the top of the porch where I put that trimmings, don't it, now?"

Sometimes he would tell incidents out of his past experience. "You see that house over on the hill, boy—Reed's house? I'll tell you a little ditty about that."

"I was building that house for Reed. He was in a hurry, and I was, for I had a barn to set up for Maybanks, and a corn-bin to shingle beyond that. I'd worked one day till dark, and got the balloon frame up, and I tell you, Heman, I felt so tired that I couldn't strike another blow. Well, I went home and had my supper, and dropped on the lounge in the kitchen and went to sleep. I slept so hard and was so tired, D'rexy just covered me up and left me there. By-and-bye I woke up and heard a shutter banging and the clock striking ten. The moon had risen and the wind along with it. I went outside and said to myself, 'If this wind keeps on, that frame will be blown over by daylight. I can't afford the time nor Reed the lumber.' So I tied on my hat and buttoned my coat, and off I set toward that house. It was light enough, a great round moon, like a brass plate. Well, I got there, and I seized the longest board I had, and laid it slanting across

the end, for I was bound to stay that frame. I nailed it to a stud nigh the middle. Then I drove a big nail in at the bottom, and run up my ladder, and whacked a nail in at the top. Then I put another brace on that end, and ran round to the other end. The thing was shaking and threatened. 'No, you don't come down,' I said, 'and three braces went on there. Then I put two on each side the front door, and two each side the back, and one in each gable end. 'No,' I says, 'to make sure I'll lay a stay or two along that roof.' So up I goes. The wind was high, and it was powerful hard work wrestling with those big boards alone in the wind. But I said to myself, 'Urias, this is what the Lord gave you your muscle for; and, man, you've got no time to waste, while it is clear as preaching that you have to do honest work by your neighbour.' So, you see, I exhorted myself like a preacher while I was laying on. After a while I was done. That house was firm as a rock—well stayed as a frame need to be. I got home by two o'clock, and D'rexy never knew till morning that I'd been out working of a night."

Could the admiring Heman fall to take a lesson in honest zeal? He longed to begin a man's work in the world, to have opportunities of making himself felt, of doing something worth while. He counted the gardening, milking, cow-driving, wood-cutting, the hundred and one things he did for Aunt D'rexy and Aunt Espey, nothing. They felt differently about them, and dally wondered how they could have gotten on had not Providence sent to them that boy.

"I've been to school long enough," said Heman; "I'm past thirteen, and I've got through all the classes in our district. If I go next year I'll have to go to the village. I want to work, like a man."

"And what work do you want to do?" asked Urias.

"I don't know. Sometimes when I stop before the blacksmith's shop and see the forge and the red furnace, the sparks flying, the red iron hissing in the water, I think I'd like that. See how broad my shoulders are, and look what a muscle I have!" Heman contracted and expanded his arm, marking with pride the swelling biceps.

"Yes," said Urias, "you're a biggish lad; you stand on a good big leg and foot. What else do you want to be?"

"Some days I think I'd like to be a farmer; there's nothing like the fields and orchards. Other days, when I work with you, I think I'd rather sit up on the ridge of a roof and pound on shingles, than be President. Then when I go over to the mill and yard for lumber, then I'm sure I'd rather keep a lumber-yard than do any other thing, the wood smells so nice, and is so clean, and shines so yellow in the sun. Say, Uncle 'Rias, all is so nice I don't know which is best."

"That's so, sonny," said the gratified Urias; "your head's level. You'll have time enough to get your mind made up. You can work with me and get your taste of farming and carpentry, and you'll know at last if you want either of them. I may be able to set you up in a lumber yard myself before long, or a big blacksmith's shop yonder in the village."

"Whoop! Uncle 'Rias, that would take loads of money!"

"Perhaps I'll have lots of money some day," said Urias, mysteriously. He was overflowing with a secret which made his hard features radiant, and brought the simple childish look into his blue eyes. Finally, one Saturday, out in the wood lot felling trees with Heman, the desire for sympathy overcame Urias. They were sitting on a log eating dinner.

"I say, Heman, you're not to tell Joey, but when Luke Parks went off to Africa to pick up gold and diamonds lying round loose like stones in what they call the Transvaal, I took stock in him, and so did some others."

"Why, how? You believed he was going to get rich there?"

"Yes, you bet! Why, boy, if I'd been young, like Luke, I'd have gone, too; but I couldn't leave D'rexy and Aunt Espey, and you so young. So I and some others put money into Luke's pocket; he's honest, and we gave him three hundred apiece, four of us, and he's fiv. When he comes back rich we'll share even; if he makes half a million, we'll have a hundred thousand each. See? But it's more likely to be a million."

A little rabbit scurried over the path among the dry leaves; a red-capped woodpecker began to drum on a branch; the breeze rose and whispered low through the woods. All these sounds wove themselves together and fell as words upon the boy's ear: "They that

will be rich fall into a snare." He marvelled that the man did not hear it. It was so plain, but no, the man who had striven so hard for bread heard another refrain: "Plenty of money! riches! riches!"

"I took the money I had in bank, boy," said 'Rias, picking up his axe to go to work again. "I didn't tell her. Those riches are going to be a surprise to her." Then Heman understood that he was not to mention this affair, and his boyish heart sank, for he was sure the outcome would be ill.

More than ever he was restive and wanted to be doing a man's work in the world, to help hold a "airs straight." If they began allowing round wrong," he said to himself. They told him he could closer his school-going with the close of the spring term in May. There was some comfort in that.

One March day he came home from school and found D'rexy and Aunt Espey talking earnestly, so that they could not even nod at him. He saw that tears were dropping over D'rexy's firm round cheeks. He went and put his arm about her neck, pressing his head on his stout young shoulder. She clasped his hand, but went on talking.

"Yes, Aunt Espey, I believe I've done wrong. I say that 'Rias was clean carried away by Petty's glib tongue. But then 'Rias is so set on it! and after all, Aunt Espey, it's all 'Rias' money, he earned it by terrible hard work."

"No, D'rexy," said Aunt Espey firmly. "It's as much yours as his. Women ought to feel and know that their work indoors, and their economizing, are just as much earning, and make what is got together just as much theirs as a man's. The law sees that, D'rexy, and that's why the law gives a woman a chance to save herself, by not allowing a mortgage to be laid, or real estate bought, unless she signs the papers."

"You see," continued D'rexy, "'Rias had some money in the bank, and I'm sure he's gone and invested that some way, or he'd had that to invest with Petty instead of laying a mortgage on his place. Oh, Aunt Espey, it took so many years to get this place clear and comfortable and a bit in the bank for safety. And here we are mortgaged again!"

Heman's shoulder shook a little; he knew that the bank money had gone—to Africa.

D'rexy pulled him closer. "Uncle 'Rias had bought part of Petty's new trading schooner," she said; "he thinks it's going to pay fine. Somehow I'm timorous. I lived down there on the coast when I was young, and so many wrecks and drownings made me feel the sea was pretty uncertain. I'd rather trust the land. But maybe 'Rias knows best, and it will be safe."

"Yes, and don't you cry, Aunt D'rexy. I'll be out of school soon, and I'll work like a house afire, and you'll have all my money; and if Uncle 'Rias loses some, he and I will earn plenty more don't you see?"

D'rexy looked encouraged. Heman felt cheery enough. School-days were slipping by like beads from a string, and he had what Urias called "so much conniving" with Joey to attend to.

"What won't those boys be up to next?" said Urias one afternoon, as he sat on the porch cutting up seed potatoes. "Do you hear the whistles Heman and Joey have been making? They call 'em sirens, and they're like a steam engine going off. Then they've set up what they call an observation and signal station, in the big cherry tree, and in the shop they're getting up some kind of a telegraph with wires and strings and tin cans, such as they read about in their magazines. Boys are all ways at some contraptions."

From far they could be heard coming down the road, Joey limping, Heman striding, each of them blowing on his siren a deafening strain. Happily these country people, reared amid the clarions of cocks, the shrill roulades of guinea-fowls, the shrieks and squeals of pigs, the full chorus of calves, sheep and cows, were regardless of any noises that could be produced; nothing distressed their well-accustomed ears.

"We've got a set of signals made," announced Heman, tearing in at the gate. "Long, hard call—'attention!' Three short ones—'trouble!' Lots of little ones—'hurry up!' Oh, they're fine. Hark to them, will you?"

"Fine!" said 'Rias. "If you'd slice some of these potatoes, it would be finer than all the signals you could blow. Sit right down here and get to work. Tomorrow being Saturday, you can plant 'em. Bet I can cut quicker than you can," said Heman, seizing a pan and pulling out his knife; "cut 'em good, too."

"That's you," said Urias, gratified. "You're the right kind of a boy, you take hold and do what you can, and you

don't perrickety. Some boys are always pouting if they can't be riding in the band wagon and carrying the flag."

(To be continued.)

DEWEY AND THE POWDER BOY.

When the order to clear for action was given in Dewey's fleet on that memorable May morning in Manila Bay, one of the powder-boys hastily took off his coat, which slipped from his hand into the water. In the inside pocket was a photograph of his mother. The boy had just been looking at it, had kissed it and restored it to what seemed to be a safe place. He asked permission to jump overboard and recover the coat and when he was forbidden to do this he went to the other side of the ship, leaped into the water, swam to the coat and saved it. For disobedience he was put in irons and held for further punishment. Commodore Dewey wondered why he had risked his life and disobeyed orders for the sake of a coat, for the boy had said nothing about the photograph. In answer to the commander's kind questions he disclosed his motive. The commodore's eyes filled with tears and he clasped the boy in his arms. Orders were given that the little fellow should be released. "A boy who loves his mother enough to risk his life for her picture," said Dewey, "cannot be kept in irons on this fleet."—New York Independent.

SUNSHINE.

The Parliament Street Junior League, Toronto, has no special Sunshine Committee, but has resolved itself into a "Sunshine Committee of the Whole," with the object of bringing the light of the Sun of Righteousness into the hearts of those about them. With this end in view they usually spend about an hour on Sunday afternoons, after Sunday-school, in visiting the old, infirm, and sick people in their neighbourhood. They sing, read the Bible, and pray, and in this way have brought many rays of sunshine into the lives of some who know but little else than suffering.

The Farmer's Wife.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Up with the birds in the early morning—
The dewdrop glows like a precious gem;
Beautiful tints in the sky are dawning,
But she's never a moment to look at them.

The men are wanting their breakfast early;

She must not linger, she must not wait,
For words that are sharp and looks that are early

Are what the men give when meals are late.

The day grows hot and her hands grow weary;

Oh, for an hour to cool her head,
Out with the birds and the winds so cheery!

But she must get dinner and make her bread.

The busy men in the hayfield working,
If they saw her sitting with idle hand,
Would think her lazy and call her shirk-
ing.

And she never could make them under-
stand.

They do not know that the heart within her

Hungers for beauty and things sublime,
They only know that they want their dinner,

Plenty of it, and "just on time."

And after the sweeping, and churning,
and baking,

And dinner dishes are all put by,
She sits and sews, though her head is aching,

Till time for supper and "chores" draws nigh.

Her boys at school must look like others,
She says as she patches their frocks and hose,

For the world is quick to censure mothers

For the least neglect of their children's clothes.

The husband comes from the field of labour;

He gives no praise to his weary wife,
She's done no more than has her neigh-
bour;

'Tis the lot of all in country life.

But after the strife and the weary tussle,
When life is done, and she lives at rest,
The nation's brain and heart and muscle—

Her sons and daughters shall call her blest.

And I think the sweetest joy of heaven,
The rarest bliss of eternal life,
And the fairest crown of all will be given
Unto the wayworn farmer's wife.