

Canada.

For all geographical and trading purposes this fair Canada of ours holds a central and commanding position, and, with the development of its vast and varied resources, must one day lead the van of the world's commerce. The following lines contain a loyal tribute to all the main divisions of the Dominion:

MARITIME PROVINCES.

Hurrah! for the land of the bays and the streams,
The land where old ocean his brightest gleams;
Where the fisher rests from the stormy main,
Which is richer to him than gold or grain.

QUEBEC.

Hurrah! for the land of the river and hill,
Where the bold habitant has his farmyard still;
Where the bright plains nourish unnumbered herds,
And the hills are alive with the songs of birds.

ONTARIO.

Hurrah! for the land of the loyal and bold,
Where the wave of Niagara ever has rolled;
Where the lakes are spread into mighty seas,
And the green land is laughing with plenty and ease.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Hurrah! for the land of the mountain and wood,
Where the beautiful Bow is for ever in flood;
Where high on the Rockies the white snow lies,
And back from their bases the white foam flies.

FOREST BELT.

Hurrah! for the land of the larch and the pine,
Where the broad lakes far through the green wood shine;
Where the mighty Mackenzie and Nelson roll,
And the land is rich with the treasure of coal.

FERTILE BELT.

Hurrah! for the land of the maple and bear—
For the home of the loyal, the brave and the fair;
Where the Saskatchewan through the green land sweeps,
And the wild meadow into fertility leaps.

CHORUS.

Hurrah! hurrah! for the broad, green land,
Where courage and loyalty ever shall stand.
Hurrah! for the home of the brave and the fair;
Hurrah! for the land of the maple and bear.

—Wealeyan.

SIGNAL THAT NEXT TRAIN.

THERE had been a sad railroad accident. The engineer was caught in the overturn of the locomotive, pinned to the earth, and could not possibly extricate himself. Others came to release his struggling, writhing form. His thoughts, however, were on the next train, the train behind. Could he not see the engine driving along the rails, bringing the train loaded with priceless lives? And then came in thought the awful crash of a collision! "Boys!" cried Engineer Kennar, giving the name of the expected and endangered train, "go back and signal the second Atlantic if you haven't done it!"

Noble, heroic soul, his first thought was for the train behind. They succeeded at last in liberating his body, but his only liberator from suffering was death itself, which came in a very few minutes.

Signal that next train!

Do we always bear it in mind, the train that is coming? As those interested in Sunday-school activities, may our thoughts rest appreciatively upon the next generation, gathered about us in our classes, and that we are trying to teach. That next train is coming fast. The boys and girls of to-day will be men and women to-morrow. This next train is confronted by peculiar dangers. On the right track, we hope—heading for righteousness and temperance, honesty and integrity; but what perils may yet be before it!

Our scholars may be tempted to tamper with the evil of "light drinks." Signal the train! There is a beer-barrel on the track! Our scholars may be solicited to look upon licentious prints. Signal

the train! There is a bad book on the track. Our scholars may be urged to put off the day of salvation. Signal the train! The boulder of pre-destination has fallen across the rails. A. Here is evil company beckoning the boys and girls to wrong-doing. Signal the train! Wreckers are at work on the rails, threatening the lives that are coming forward. Whatever be the danger, be alert! Watch! Hasten! Speak! Signal the train!

AT MOTHER'S GRAVE.

"Mother's grave." How we start at the words! They seem to touch a nerve at the very centre of the heart.

"Mother's grave." We glance furtively across the room at a figure moving quietly here and there; now picking Fred's hat from the floor, now at the window setting a stitch in Will's coat, now searching for Lizzie's stray glove, now soothing Lucy's aching head and smoothing the wrinkles from her forehead.

"Mother's grave!" Impossible! We cannot get along without mother! There is no one to take her place. There is no one like her. Mother will stay with us always; we will not think of any thing else.

So, perhaps, once thought this young girl and her brother. Yet to-night they stand together in the quiet churchyard looking down on mother's grave. Shadows flicker softly on the dewy grass, and far down the river tiny waves dance and flash in the moonlight. But the brightness cannot drive the terrible sadness and longing from their hearts.

"We must see mother again. We must, we must!" they whisper over and over. "Yes, we will see her again. Though she cannot come to us we may go to her. We have promised, yet O, it is so long to wait. If we only could see her now for one small minute, and tell her all the love and longing of our hearts."

Let us close our eyes for a little and stand in the night shadows, looking down with these two on mother's grave.

Do you feel it? Mother lies there. Never again on earth will her gentle hand caress you. Never again will her voice soothe and comfort you. Never again will her wonderful love be round about you, and never again can any fretful, unkind, wicked word or act of yours wound and grieve her. Never again. Yes, you do feel it. We all love mother, but she has always been with us, ready to bear our burdens and share our griefs. We never thought that mother could be sad or weary or sick and dying. Now she is gone. We bear this bitterest grief alone. The heart that beat itself away for us is still and cold as the marble glistening in the moonlight. We cannot bear it. We cry out in agony and open our eyes on the quiet figure still standing by Lucy's chair—our own dear mother, with a heart still warm and beating for us.

Ah, mother, when you leave us we will bury you in flowers if we can, but while you are with us we will spare you a rose for your bosom, a wreath for your brow, and give you a little token now and then of the gratitude and love that we found hidden deep down in our hearts when we stood for a little in the night shadows looking down on "mother's grave."

A LITTLE newsboy of Orlando, Florida, being suddenly told of his father's death, dropped his papers and hurried home. A citizen picked them up, sold them through the town, telling the circumstances, and realized seventy dollars for them, some of them fetching five dollars apiece.

IN YOUR OWN HANDS.

Excuses are too often on a boy's lips: "I cannot help it, I try, but I fail." "If you lived where I do you wouldn't be any better than I am," "You don't know my temptations." These excuses should never be made. You can help it, and you have no reason for failing in your Christian life, for the Lord is always waiting to help you. Where you live does not make a particle of difference. The Lord will live with you, no matter where your abode, if you only ask him to do so. Your temptations are never greater than the strength the Lord will give you to battle with them. He has promised us that. Remember how our Saviour was tempted and resisted, remember, too, that Satan did not say to him, "I will cast thee down," but "Cast thyself down."

That is what he says to you: "Cast thyself down." If he could do it himself, he would do so very quickly, without waiting for any words on the subject. There he is powerless, and he knows it. So he gives the command, and oh, it is a command which is all too often obeyed! If you would only realize two things—how helpless Satan really is, and how strong the Lord is—you would oftener conquer. Instead of that, I sometimes fear boys think the other way. As for your surroundings, they are nothing. There have been boys and girls whose lives have been in such close contact with sin that it seemed impossible for them to be anything but degraded, and yet they have come out Christian men and women, kept pure and good by the Lord's own strength and grace. There have been others who have grown up in Christian families who have turned a willing ear to the voice of temptation and allowed Satan to cast them down.

No, boys, your surroundings have nothing to do with it. The Lord is able to keep you pure, no matter where you live. Only pray and trust and watch. It is all in your hands and your Saviour's.—*Christian Soldier.*

AFTER THE SHOT, A LINE.

THERE is a gun on the beach, and around the gun is a group of surfmen. Bang! There is a shot going out of the gun. That all! There is a line attached to the shot, that whizzes through the air and reaches that wreck. That all! No, by means of this first light line those at the wreck will pull aboard a stouter line and then a hawser. That all! No, a life-car will soon be on its way to the wreck, and soon will be travelling back, bringing three or four sailors.

Ah, how one thing leads to another! There was the invitation you gave, the other day, to Charlie Tombs, the little fellow in that poor drunken home, to come to the Sunday-school. That invitation was the shot to the wreck. You went to that home on Sunday and brought Charlie to the school. That was the line after the shot. You and Charlie made a stouter line, for you brought Tom and Will to the school, and they proved to be a full-sized hawser. Influenced by the children, who are these coming into the Sunday-school concert but old Jerry Tombs, the drunkard, shuffling along, followed meekly by his thin wife, in that faded and darned and turned and patched old sacque, worn ever since the one happy day of her life with a man who "only drank a little"—the wedding day! How the people stare! Ah, something is said in the concert that brings Christ before the drunkard's soul so needy, so needy! Thank God, it is the life-car coming to the wreck, and Jerry and his wife enter! Soon both may stand up to confess Christ.

Keep sending out your shot, your invitations to Sunday-school. After the shot, will come a line.