

**Fair Canada For Me.**

I've seen old Scotia's lofty hills  
All clad with purple heather,  
Green Erin's rocks, and Cambria's rills,  
Felt Albion's balmy weather.

I have dwelt in Southern gardens,  
The land of birds and flowers,  
Where summer reigns throughout the  
year,  
Where all are golden hours.

I have climbed wild, rugged mountains,  
Where icy summits rise  
To the snow-line height, while at their  
feet  
The sweet hedelweiss lies.

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,  
Thro' many foreign lands;  
But only find my home and rest  
On fair Canadian sands.

Where Norman, Dane and Celt reside,  
All equal in degree,  
Where lurks no foolish high-born pride,  
Men, brothers all, and free.

As wind-tossed, feathery snowflake free,  
Flying its home to seek,  
With hearts warm as the crimson blush  
Mantling a maiden's cheek.

No other skies seem half so blue,  
When far away I roam,  
No other hearts are half so true  
As those I find at home.

My song is e'er of Canada,  
Of Canada the free,  
Where skies are blue and hearts are true,  
Fair Canada for me!

**With the Whale Fishers.**

BY M. R. WARD.

CHAPTER VIII.

GOING HOME.

The semi-darkness of the Arctic night was shrouding the dreary horizon of the ice-bound voyagers, as some of the men held talk with the watch, touching the probability of escape or not, when suddenly an illumination lit up the ice-landscape northwards. Faint at first, it grew in brilliance every moment, sending up grand coruscations of pale gold and rose - coloured light.

"Well, if that isn't our 'Rora' come to light us up a bit!" exclaimed Ned Chambers with real delight. "It's like the face of an old it is. But our doctor should see this, mates. Who'll fetch him?"

"Why, Ned, you forgets as them lights bodes us and our voyage no good, if 'sperience goes for anything o' shipboard. Like

enough a great frost, or summat o't kind," put in a sturdy old Yorkshireman, one of the crew, who had sailed with Captain McNaghten for many a season, and could draw ready inferences from every sign. "Ye ha'n't sailed these Arctic a twenty year as I have, Ned, or ye'd know that our captain would set no store by them streamers, fine though they be, a-comin', too, when we want to be loused out from here."

"That's a damper, mate," put in Mike, who had kept silence until now. "But isn't there One above all signs who can louse us out when he will, spite of 'em all?" continued Mike, who dreaded the effect of any discouraging remarks upon the younger hands.

Rathlin O'Rea was a shrewd old sailor, and his opinion was an authority scarcely second to the captain's among the crew, so that it was not without cause Mike feared the effect of his remarks.

"There, then, mates!" said Ned, exultingly, "I call that a good 'un; an' Mike's story is the best, for it helps to

keep a fellow's heart up, all the same, though there be frost behind. But, I tell ye what, mates, I've never forgot what our young doctor read whiles ago about the Lord sittin' King forever. Them words stuck by me ever since, and I take it the Kings' on his throne still."

"That he be, and no fear, my lad, so you just stick to it, Ned."

"Why, it's grand enough for a king's throne! isn't it, mates?" continued Mike, as the glory of the aurora streamed up high into the heavens, lighting up the icebergs with an unearthly splendour.

"Ay, grand enough; but what besides?" said O'Rea grimly, as he turned to meet the captain just appearing on deck to relieve his first mate for the next watch.

"Grand this, Fyfe, but what of the frost?" were his first words.

"It looks serious, captain, if signs go for anything, and with yon great floe anchored outside."

"So it does, Fyfe. One great frost might lock us up safe enough until next year; but somehow I think this won't be."

"Send up the doctor, Fyfe, to have a look at this grand show; we mayn't have another as fine."

Arthur was below, tending his patient, whose life seemed to be fast ebbing out, and might now be measured by hours, if not moments. He was quite conscious, and in faintest voice now and then addressed his kind friend.

"It iss but a little way now, doctor, and I shall no more trouble you."

"Yes; only a very little way now, and you will 'see the King in his beauty.'"

"Yess; that iss great joy, only I have not strength to tell of it."

"Then you shall hear it once more, McIven, in his own words," and, opening the Bible, Arthur read softly: "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb, which is in the midst of the throne, shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

A faint smile stole over the dying man's face as he listened to the gracious words that bade him welcome to the home above. He tried once more to speak, but the power was gone, and

the Northern horizon; its long divergent rays gleaming on the ice-mountains with wondrous beauty.

The men, with a touch of their sailor superstition, were quite awe-struck as they heard that their comrade had just departed.

"Why, it do seem like a lighting up, to show our poor mate the way up to the heavenly glories, where, sure enough, he's gone," said Mike, as he talked with his comrades of the death-scene just witnessed.

It was a solemn gathering that night to the few who could assemble for prayers, and the old captain's voice was tremulous as he, too, gave thanks for the one "gone home" from among them; safe forever from the storms of life.

"Ay, an' that 'going home' do mean somethin' more than common to us poor fellows, don't it, Mike?" remarked Ned, as he talked with his comrade of McIven's happy departure.

"Why, he seemed as sure as anythin' o' seeing the King, an' havin' a welcome, too. It's a grand look-out that."

"An' all through him as died for us, Ned, as our young doctor minds us on, ever and always. That's grandest of all, to my thought. It's none o' our buyin', you know, my lad; all a gift," said Mike, with a glow in his words, which told that he had received into his own heart the blessed truth of which he was speaking.

The morrow came, and with it the burial of the dead, for whom no turfy grave could be prepared; nor might the crystal wave receive the mortal remains, for the last two days had so effectually closed them round with ice that the Walrus had begun to heel over on her lee side, and her decks were becoming an incline, difficult for any landsman's footing to hold.

To give their mate safe burial, where he would be "out of reach of old grizzly," as Mike expressed it, was a foremost feeling among the crew; and one or two distant glimpses of such visitors had been obtained from the masthead out to seaward. With the characteristic recklessness of young sailors, there were those on board who would have attempted pursuit, but this the captain peremptorily forbade.

"A voyage to the North Pole in such company you'd not be long in repent-

Men of one blood—of British blood,  
Rushed to the mortal strife;  
Men brothers born,  
In hate and scorn,  
Shed each and other's life,  
Which had the right and which the wrong,

It boots not now to say;  
But when at last  
The war-clouds passed  
Cornwallis sailed away;  
He sailed away and left the field,  
To those who knew right well to wield  
The powers of war, but not to yield,  
Though Britons fought the day.

Cornwallis sailed away, but left  
Full many a loyal man,  
Who wore the red,  
And fought and bled  
Till Royal George's banner fled  
Not to return again.

What did they then, those loyal men,  
When Britain's cause was lost?  
Did they consent,  
And dwell content  
Where crown and law and parliament  
Were trampled in the dust?

Dear were their homes where they were  
born;  
Where slept their honoured dead;  
And rich and wide  
On every side  
The fruitful acres spread;  
But dearer to their faithful hearts,  
Than home or gold or lands,  
Were Britain's laws, and Britain's crown,  
And Britain's flag of long renown,  
And grip of British hands.

They would not spurn the glorious old  
To grasp the gaudy new;  
Of yesterday's rebellion born  
They held the upstart-power in scorn—  
To Britain they stood true,  
With high resolve they looked their last  
On home and native land;  
And sore they wept,  
O'er those that slept,  
In honoured graves they must be kept  
By grace of stranger's hand.

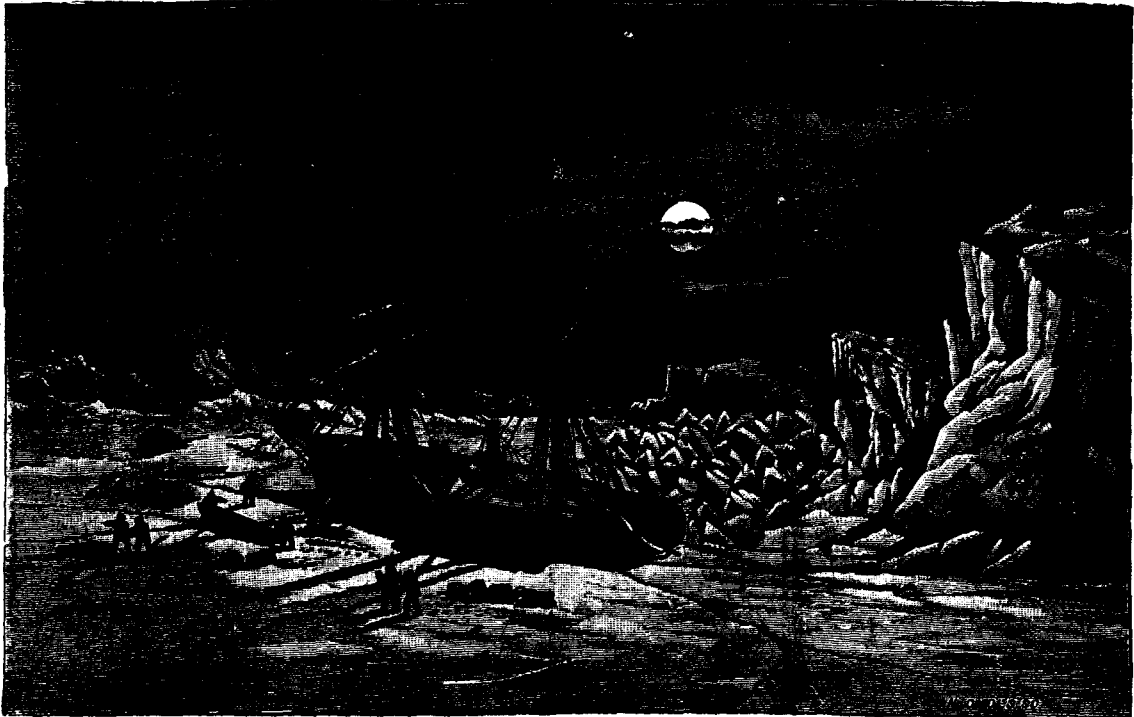
They looked their last and got them out  
Into the wilderness,  
The stern old wilderness!  
All dark and rude  
And unsubdued;  
The savage wilderness!  
Where wild beasts howled  
And Indians prowled;  
The lonely wilderness!  
Where social joys must be forgot,  
And budding childhood grow untaught;

Where hopeless hunger might assail  
Should autumn's promised fruitage fail;  
Where sickness, unrestrained by skill,  
Might slay their dear ones at their will;  
Where they must lay  
Their dead away  
Without the man of God to say  
The sad, sweet words, how dear to men,  
Of resurrection hope; but then  
'Twas British wilderness!  
Where they might sing  
God save the King,  
And live protected by his laws,  
And loyally uphold his cause;

'Twas welcome wilderness!  
Though dark and rude  
And unsubdued;  
Though wild beasts howled  
And Indians prowled;  
For there, their sturdy hands  
By hated treason undefiled;  
Might win, from the Canadian wild,  
A home on British lands.

These be thy heroes, Canada!  
These men of proof, whose test  
Was in the fevered pulse of strife,  
When foeman thrusts at foeman's life;  
And in the stern behest  
When right must toil for scanty bread,  
While wrong on sumptuous fare is fed,  
And men must choose between;  
When right must shelter 'neath the  
skies

While wrong in lordly mansion lies,  
And men must choose between;  
When right is cursed and crucified,  
While wrong is cheered and glorified,  
And men must choose between.  
Stern was the test,  
And sorely pressed,  
That proved their blood best of the best;  
And when for Canada you pray,  
Implore kind heaven,  
That like a leaven,  
The hero-blood which then was given  
May quicken in her veins away,—  
That from those worthy sires may spring,  
In numbers as the stars,  
Strong-hearted sons, whose glorying  
Shall be in right,  
Though recreant Might,  
Be strong against her in the fight,  
And many be her scars;  
So, like the sun, her honoured name  
Shall shine to latest years the same.



WINTERING IN THE ICE.

Arthur knelt to commend the departing spirit to its Redeemer.

Just at this moment Fyfe looked in and joined in the solemn act; and as they prayed the fashion of the sufferer's countenance was changed, and with a moment's return of strength and a gleam of surprised joy, he said, "It iss all light now, doctor; there iss no dark;" and with one long breath the spirit was gone.

Fyfe was deeply moved. He had come to summon the young doctor to see the beauty of the aurora, and he had paused to see a spirit take its flight far beyond the highest glories of earth.

How insignificant did all else appear at that moment! Even the dangers surrounding them dwindled in the presence of that land unseen, into which the spirit so lately with them had joyfully passed.

"Let us give thanks," said Arthur, as he knelt once more in thanksgiving. Rising, he straightened the poor wasted form, and going on deck beheld the sky-glory of the fine arch now almost filling

ing, and with the first under swell that great floe might heave anchor and be off; so we'll risk no lives for sport, my men," was the captain's explanation of his refusal to permit the attempt.

"We can't bury him right at our own door, an' us fast here," remarked Ned, giving expression to the superstitious shrinking from the dead so universal among sailors.

(To be continued.)

**The United Empire Loyalists.**

BY REV. LE ROY HOOKER.

In the brave old Revolution days,  
So by our sires 'tis told,  
King's-men and rebels, all ablaze,  
With wrath and wrong,  
Strove hard and long;  
And, fearsome to behold,  
O'er town and wilderness afar,  
O'er quaking land and sea and air,  
All dark and stern the clouds of war  
In bursting thunders rolled.