

Across the Continent.

Up with the flag, red, white and blue,
Where maple leaves shine softly through,
Follow the locomotive sent
Over the path of nations
Across the broad, free continent.

Cheers for the railroad track!
Cheers for the Union Jack!
Cheers for the field of blue!
Cheers for the nations new!

Empire goes, as goes the sun,
Through valleys vast where rivers run,
The iron horse unhindered speeds;
Another triumph thought has won,
Where thoughts are crystallized in deeds.

Cheers for the iron steeds!
Cheers for the age of deeds!
Cheers for the thought that's best!
Cheers for the mighty West!

The plough shall follow with its team,
The flying horse of flame and steam,
While mountains rise and valleys wind,
Before the wild eagle's scream.
As yellow harvests wave behind.

Cheers for the farmer's team!
Cheers for the horse of steam!
Cheers for the forests old!
Cheers for the crops of gold!

Like a huge shuttle thrown afar
With woof and warp upon the bar,
The locomotive passing fast
With its wide-wheeled and loaded car
Shall weave for us a future vast.

Cheers for the shuttle cast!
Cheers for the future vast!
Cheers for our destiny!
Cheers for all nations free!

A free, wide continent we span
With a bridge for the grandest march of man
That sun or moon or stars can see;
We consecrate the noble plan
To God and man and Canada.

Cheers for the noble plan!
Cheers for the race of man!
Cheers for all who would be free!
Cheers for fair Canada!

[The above eloquent poem (with obvious alterations) was composed by George W. Bungay on the occasion of the first railway built to the Pacific ocean; but as it is equally applicable to our own Canadian Pacific railway, I hope the author (if living) will pardon my use of it, as no better can be conceived by a human mind on this theme.]

D. I. MACGEE SMITH.

Winona, Ont.

Beginning the New Year Right.

BY CLYVA MANSE.

It was New-year's morning, and the house-girl had just made a good fire in Cornelia Lawson's cozy chamber, brought in fresh water, and gone out. When she closed the door, Cornelia, a girl of sixteen, and very much inclined to self-indulgence, though possessed of some sensibility of conscience, awoke and turned over; then, with a sudden resolution, she sprang out of bed, saying to herself: "Yes, I am determined to be ready for breakfast this morning, for I have resolved to start the new year right. Mother has had to speak to me too often about being late! And father likes us to be promptly in our places at the table. I know it is not right to inconvenience them and disregard their wishes just because I like to indulge myself."

"O what a glorious sunrise!" exclaimed she aloud, drawing aside a window-curtain. "How perfectly enchanting! It's worth while to get up early just to see the sunrise. By getting up so late I have missed this glorious scene; then I've had to hurry so over my toilet that it was really vexatious, and as for saying my prayer of a morning, I never had time for that; and when I went down-stairs I was generally out of sorts and easily provoked. When I look back I can see how I have wasted much valuable time, and now I am re-

solved to 'turn over a new leaf,' as people say, on this bright New-year's-day."

She carried out her resolution by appearing at breakfast the moment the bell rang, neatly dressed and with so bright and pleasant a look upon her countenance that it was a gracious surprise to her parents. She kissed them both affectionately and wished them a "Happy New Year." When she saw their faces light with pleasure she felt already repaid for having made a little exertion that morning. Mr. and Mrs. Lawson had some old friends to dine with them that day, and Cornelia was so considerate and helpful that her mother was relieved of much trouble in the dining-room, and was enabled to enjoy a quiet conversation with valued friends without interruption. That was another step in the right direction—trying to be helpful and agreeable at home. In the afternoon she seated herself by a cozy fire, and had just begun reading when she heard a knock at the back door. She opened it, and there stood a poor girl, who lived about a mile distant.

"I've come," said the girl hesitatingly, "to see if you ken pay me fur them hickory-nuts I brought you."

Cornelia had put off the poor girl when she took the nuts, saying she had no "change," and would pay her another time. The girl had looked disappointed, but said nothing. Cornelia really thought no more about the matter until the girl appeared before her again, and then her conscience told her it was not right to be so careless about such things.

Upon receiving the money, the girl said: "I wanted to buy somethin' to-day, or I should not have pestered you."

"You ought to have had your money when I bought the nuts," returned Cornelia earnestly, feeling very much ashamed of herself.

After the girl left, Cornelia sat a moment in thought. "By the way," said she aloud, "this hickory-nut business reminds me that I haven't paid for that ribbon I bought of Mrs. Harley a few weeks ago. I said I would pay for it the next time I went down the street; and I've been out a dozen times since, and still it is unpaid. I must attend to it this very day if possible; it would simply be terrible to get up a reputation of being unreliable. And O! one other thing—that book I borrowed of Jessie Burns a year ago, and promised to return as soon as read; and yet I've never done so. I shall attend to both of these matters this very evening."

And so she did. Cornelia felt quite relieved when she had attended to these apparently trifling matters; but after all, were they so trifling? It is in little things as well as large that character is shown. Cornelia had the pleasure of attending a New-year's entertainment that evening at the house of a young friend, and she was unusually agreeable. She restrained the cutting remarks for which she had established a kind of reputation, but strove to be in every way courteous and polite. When she retired to her room that night she felt she had gained much in happiness and self-respect even in one day. She had begun the new year right by trying to amend some of her careless ways, and on a leaf of her diary she wrote:

"Resolved, That I will observe secret prayer regularly; quit being lazy; help mother more; keep my promises; pay

whatever I owe; return whatever I borrow; treat everyone politely; think twice before I speak."

These were good rules. Will not some other young persons start the New Year by trying to correct their faults, as did Cornelia?

A New Year's Counsel.

BY THE REV. CHARLES GARRETT.

DURING one of my holidays in North Wales, I was staying with my family near a range of hills to which I was strangely attracted. Some of them were slanting, and easy to climb, and my children rejoiced to accompany me to their summit. One, however, was higher than the others, and its sides were steep and rugged. I often looked at it with a longing desire to reach the top. The constant companionship of my children, however, was a difficulty. Several of them were very young, and I knew it would be full of peril for them to attempt the ascent. One bright morning when I thought they were all busy with their games, I started on my expedition. I quietly made my way up the face of the hill, till I came to a point where the path forked, one path striking directly upwards, and the other ascending in a slanting direction. I hesitated for a moment as to which of the two paths I would take, and was about to take the precipitous one, when I was startled by hearing a little voice shouting, "Father, take the safest path, for I am following you." On looking down, I saw that my little boy had discovered my absence, and followed me. He was already a considerable distance up the hill, and had found the ascent difficult, and when he saw me hesitating as to which of the paths I should take, he revealed himself by the warning cry. I saw at a glance that he was in peril at the point he had reached, and trembled lest his little feet should slip before I could get to him. I therefore cheered him by calling to him that I would come and help him directly. I was soon down to him, and grasped his little warm hand with a joy that every father will understand. I saw that in attempting to follow my example he had incurred fearful danger, and I descended, thanking God that I had stopped in time to save my child from injury or death.

Years have passed since that, to me, memorable morning; but though the danger has passed, the fellow's cry has never left me. It taught me a lesson, the full force of which I had never known before. It showed me the power of our unconscious influence, and I saw the terrible possibility of our leading those around us to ruin, without intending, or knowing it, and the lesson I learned that morning I am anxious to impress upon those to whom my words may come.

Charles Lamb has said that the man must be a very bad man, or a very ignorant one, who does not make a good resolution on New Year's day; and believing that my readers are neither one nor the other, I want to show them the importance of their resolving to be abstainers not only for their own sakes, but especially for the sake of those around them. I want them to listen to the voice of the children who are crying to them in tones that it would be criminal to disregard: "Take the safest path, for we are following you."

The Opening Gates of the New Year.

BY REV. E. J. LAND.

AMONG the old Roman deities was one that had two faces, Janus. He had this advantage, that he could look two ways—before and behind. The gates of heaven were supposed to be in his care, and consequently, the gates here on the earth were imagined to be in his charge. It is thought that he may have received his two faces from the fact that a door faces in two directions; and so this heavenly doortender could without turning watch the ways leading to his post of duty. From Janus comes the name of the first month of the year. He had many temples at Rome. The leading temple was called Janus Quirinus. When the doors of this temple were open, it was a sign of war. The shutting of the doors signified peace. The spirit of war was supposed to be then boxed up, safe behind bolt and bar.

That evil spirit, though, was out of doors the most of the time. The Romans rather loved to crack other people's heads; and if any one in return gave a little rap, back flew the gates of Janus Quirinus, and the spirit of war went abroad, thundering over the land in the tramp of Rome's heavy legions.

Sometimes this interesting old deity, Janus, had four faces, and then his name was Quadrifrons. The temples of Janus Quadrifrons had four equal sides, each side having a door and three windows. The four doors represented the four seasons. The three windows symbolized the three months in each season. If it be handy to have two faces, the possessor of four was at a great advantage. No enemy coming from any direction could possibly surprise such a four-faced being. Janus Quirinus, Janus Quadrifrons, and all the other Januses, long ago went to "the bats and the owls." Their images are a part of the world's castaway crockery heaps; and they will not be asked again to fool intelligent men and women.

And still, can we not learn a lesson from the fanciful being that kept all the gates of heaven and earth? We would not forget it this month of January that is named after the old door-keeper. May we stand on the threshold of the New Year looking two ways. May we look back, sorry for our many shortcomings, willing to see where we failed, and penitent for all failure. May we look ahead, watchful against errors, earnest to see, and take, and keep the path of duty. Such a reasonable Janus as this may there be found in every bosom.

A RECENT suit in the Toronto Courts has disclosed the fact that, aside from local contributions, the anti-Scott Act party have expended out of their Central Fund, raised for that purpose, \$30,000 in Scott Act election campaigns. Of this sum, it is said, Mr. E. King Dodds received no less than \$6,000, his pay being \$100 for each evening meeting he attended held within doors, and \$150 for each open air meeting. The wages were none too high for the class of work in which he was engaged, and fairly express Mr. Dodds' appreciation of what it is worth to defend a cause which has so little in itself to commend it. There are plenty of orators who would not do it even at the price paid him.—*Guardian*.