

THE DOMINION OF CANADA.

BY W. H. WITTELOW.

"Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks; a nation not slow and dull, but of a quick, ingenious, and piercing spirit; acute to invent, subtle to discourse, not beneath the reach of any point that human capacity can soar to.

"Methinks I see her as an angel mowing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam; purging and unweaving her night at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance." *Milton's "Areopagitica."*

NATION, young and fair, and strong!

To the full stature of thy greatness now!
Thy glorious destiny doth these endow
With high prerogative. Before thee lies
A future full of promise. Oh! be wise!
Be great in all things good, and haste to

The present with rich germs from which
Sublime results and noble, high embrace.

Oh! be it hence thy mission to advance
The destinies of man, exalt the race,
And teach down-trodden nations through the

Of the round earth to rise above their base
And low estate, love Freedom's holy cause,
And give to all men just and equal laws.

Oh! let us plant in the fresh virgin earth
Of this new world, a scion of that tree
Beneath whose shade our fathers dwell, a

And noble nation—of heroic birth.
Let the Penates of our fathers hearth
Be hither borne; and let us bow the knee
Still at our fathers' altars. O'er the sea
Our hearts yearn fondly and revere their

And though forth-faring from our father's
Not forth in anger, but in love we go.
It lessens not our reverence, but doth rouse
To deeper love than ever we did know.
Not alien and estranged, but sons are we
Of that great Father-land beyond the seas.

FORGIVE MUCH.

"Very well," said the head of the firm, looking over the top of his glasses at the erect figure of the boy in front of his desk. "References all satisfactory. Will engage you from to-morrow morning as office boy. Be round early now, and keep up to time."

He made a motion with his hand towards the door, but the boy lingered, twirling his well-worn cap in his hand.

"Please, sir," he said at length, "I've a dog, a real clever little chap. Mother's out washing all day, and I don't know where to leave him. He follows me round everywhere, and if I should turn him out by himself he might get lost. Would you mind, sir, if he sat in the entry while I was inside?"

It was a novel request for the new office boy to make, and the head of the firm frowned, but fortunately for the boy he was fond of dogs.

"Have you got the animal with you?" he inquired.

"Yes, sir," was the eager answer, "right outside, sir."

He followed the boy out through the front office where three clerks were sitting writing busily.

The dog, a small Scotch terrier, was lying on the pavement, his bright eyes fixed on the door, patiently waiting for his master to come.

"He's not bad, not bad at all," said the head of the firm, surveying him critically. "You wouldn't want to sell him, now?"

"Please, sir," said the boy, flushing, "I'd a deal rather have Mop than the money he'd bring."

"Well, well," said the old gentleman, somewhat touched at the boy's evident devotion to his little favorite, "keep

the dog and bring him every morning if he gives no trouble."

And so the matter was settled. How proud and happy Mop and his master felt as they ran home through the streets of the city that afternoon, to think that they had obtained the coveted position.

"I wonder, Mop," said the boy, "what Jim Elder will say when he hears of it. I guess he wanted the position most as bad as we did." And Mop wagged his tail as if to say he was glad they had been the successful candidates.

Suddenly the tall, ungainly figure of the subject of their thoughts loomed up before them with a dark scowl on his face.

"I say you, Nat Meadows," he commenced. "So I hear you've sneaked into that place. You know I wanted it, and it was mighty mean—that's all I have to say. Everywhere, in school and out of it, you are always getting in my way."

He spoke with a mixture of despair and passion that was pitiful to see.

"I can't say I'm sorry I got the place," said Nat, gently, "but I wish you had one too, Jim."

"Oh, it's all very well for you to say that," said the boy. "Get out of my way," and he gave the inquisitive Mop a kick with his foot, and was off the next instant down a side street. Mop pursued him, barking furiously, but Nat called him back, and they went home quite soberly together.

The next morning Nat commenced his work, and very soon had become a great favorite with the clerks, as well as with the head of the firm. He was always conscientious, prompt and obliging, and full of a certain bright humor that brought freshness and life into the quiet office. Mop, instead of being a trouble, was a great amusement, and the young men taught him a number of tricks, of which he was very proud. Sometimes they noticed a shade of anxiety and trouble on Nat's bright face, but they did not know that on the boy's way home at night he was often subject to petty persecutions that he found it hard to bear. One morning he burst into the office with flashing eyes and the tears running down his face. The clerks looked up in consternation.

"What is the matter?" one of them asked, anxiously.

"Jim Elder's killed my dog," cried Nat, passionately. "I could stand anything he did to me—but Mop—." He stopped—it seemed as if he could not go on.

"What a shame—how did he do it?" asked his sympathizing and indignant listeners.

"Threw a stone at him, and it hit him in the head," said Nat in a smothered tone. "When I took him up he was quite dead."

"Where is the wretched boy?" they asked, with righteous indignation.

"He cut and run while I was seeing to Mop," said Nat, dejectedly. "Oh, there is nouse talking any more about it."

The boy went around for the next few days looking as if he had lost a near and a dear friend, and they all felt profoundly sorry for him. On his way home in the evening Nat looked in vain for the destroyer of his dog, intending to take summary vengeance on him, but nowhere did he see him.

"I guess he knows enough to keep out of my way," he thought, gloomily.

"Oh, Mop, Mop, how I miss you!" Not long afterwards a messenger

boy came into the office with a note directed to Master Nat Meadows, from one of the nurses in B— Hospital.

"There is a boy in my ward," the note ran, "very ill with a kind of low fever. He says he has done you an injury, and cannot rest until he sees you. Will you come to him?"

"It must be Jim Elder," thought Nat, "and I don't want to go."

All his life Nat had been taught by his honest, hard-working mother to listen to the voice of Conscience, and do always what was right, yet it was hard to put down anger, and the sense of injury and injustice done to himself and to his companion Mop. But the next afternoon he walked slowly up to the hospital, and with a hesitating hand pulled the iron door-bell. In one of the upper wards he was met by the nurse who had written to him, and was taken to the end of the room where Jim Elder lay tossing to and fro.

As soon as the sick boy saw Nat he sat up in bed, strong with fever, and held out his hand. "Nat," he said, "I want to hear you say that you forgive me. I've been awful jealous, and mean as could be to you, and then I killed Mop; I am sorry. Every night it seemed as if you came and stood beside my bed, and I can't get any sleep."

The boy sank back on his pillow exhausted, with his bright eyes fixed on Nat, who was not looking at Jim, but at a spot in the carpet; and a tumult was surging within him. The one who had done him more injury than anyone else in his life lay before him. He was afraid he could not say from his heart that he fully forgave him for wantonly killing his little favorite. No, the words choked him. At length he raised his eyes. The victory was half won, but only half. "I am sorry you're sick, Jim," he said, drawing a long breath.

"Say you forgive me," whispered the sick boy, but still Nat was silent.

Over the bed hung a colored text, at which Nat looked vaguely for a minute without taking in its meaning. "Forgive and ye shall be forgiven," he repeated to himself. Suddenly his face flushed and he grasped his cap with a convulsive movement. The words which seemed written all over the wall in letters of light entered his heart. Could he ever pray, "Forgive us our trespasses," unless he freely forgave his prostrate enemy? Ah, no, never. How bitter and hard he had been, and a great wave of contrition swept over him. The battle was won at last, but not in his own unaided strength. "Jim," he said, "I do forgive you, for Mop, for everything," and, breaking down with a sob, he left the room. Every visitor's day after that saw a bright, dark-eyed boy sitting beside the now convalescent Jim, talking, reading to him and filling that little corner of the ward with sunshine. When the sick boy was able to leave the hospital he found a place open to him. He did not know that Nat had gone to one of the clerks in his office and that it was through his intercession with the head of the firm that the place had been secured. But he guessed that Nat was the mainspring of his good fortune, and it touched him to the quick.

Nat forgave much, and found great joy in doing it; peace of conscience, a chance to help another back to health and useful labor, and bound to his side by ties of gratitude and love a life-long friend.—*Jean Sutherland Rees.*

JESUS KNOWS.

ALL our little heart-aches,
All our joys and woes,
All our hopes and wishes,
Jesus says he knows.

And our every action
Is to Jesus known,
From the time we're little
Till we're fully grown.

When we play or study,
When we wake or sleep,
He delights to bless us,
And his children keep.

He will always guide us,
Listen to our prayers;
For the loving Saviour
For his children cares.

A HINT FROM BIRDS AND INSECTS.

WHILE watching a pet canary enjoying its morning bath, hopping in and out and flitting the water about in all directions, then shaking its wings and pluming its feathers, I thought how wonderfully dumb creatures, and even little insects, learn by instinct to keep themselves clean and to dislike dirt. Even our little city sparrows do their best to keep themselves tidy. During the severe frost last winter we poured cansful of water on the garden-walks, hoping to have a good slide. The water did not freeze, so our hopes were disappointed; but we were amply repaid for our trouble by seeing eleven sparrows and two robins washing themselves most industriously in the water that cold winter morning. We wished some of the boys and girls who take so little trouble to keep themselves clean could have seen those poor birds.

Then, again, how careful old Pussy is to lick her little kittens after you have been nursing them, for fear their glossy coats have been soiled! Cats are provided with very rough tongues, by which they can keep their fur very and clean.

We have all watched a fly busily rubbing his legs over his wings above and below, until we thought the tiny fellow would be tired out; but if we could examine him under a microscope we should find at the bottom of each foot two rounded combs consisting of two or three rows of teeth, with which he regularly rubs his wings and body until he feels himself clean enough to visit his friends.

The fly's mortal enemy, the spider, also possesses a comb—not on his feet, but in his mouth. His way of getting a living exposes him to dust and dirt, and sometimes he has to run into very dirty corners. So, whenever he requires a wash, instead of having a bath, he puts his leg in his mouth and draws it through the teeth, and when every particle of dirt is combed off he collects it into a ball and throws it away. Thus we find that all creatures—even the tiniest insects—naturally love to keep themselves clean. What a pity it is that so many intelligent boys and girls, and men and women too, do not take greater pleasure in keeping their skin pure and clean!

Our little friends must learn that if they wish to have a pure white skin they must not be afraid of washing their faces and hands frequently. We wish all our boys and girls would learn a lesson from the sparrows and spiders, and we are sure they would be healthier and happier children.—*Child's Companion.*