

## A Land of Wondrous Investments.

Just as our age and our land is unique in opportunities for gold-getting, so it is unique in open doors for wondrous investments. Fields abound in which to plant gold and reap untold harvests.

Here are, say, 5,000,000 Canadians, given by the All-Upholder the stewardship of over 3,400,000 square miles of God's own choicest land, stored by the Creator with untold wealth, in timber, minerals and agriculture. It is the last great tract to be peopled and it is filling fast. They are coming to us from all nations untaught and untrained. They are, by their very presence amongst us, helping to lay the foundation of this nation which is to mean so much in the world for weal and woe in the days that are ahead.

Optimists tell us that the blending of races is good, and point to the might of the British as a proof. It must be remembered, however, that the races blending to form the modern Britain were not assisted immigrants living in filth and squalor, but they were the sea kings and the conquerors of Northern Europe. Not paupers, but princes. Not refugees from Southern Europe, but the flower of Normandy and the pick of the Angles, the Jutes, Saxons and Danes—men of the North, men of brain and heart and muscle, restless, unconquered, empire-builders. These men, under the transforming touch of Christ, have made the British of to-day. And now, in greater hordes than ever swept over Great Britain, the foreigners are coming to our land in their ignorance and vice, and unless they are trained, educated and saved, this Canada in the years to come, instead of being the great northern beacon light showing the world the way in all the arts of peace, will be a veritable Sodom in its evil and degradation.

Unless the Church is planted throughout this new land ahead of the saloon and the brothel it may take centuries to overtake the lost ground. Now this needs money, and much money. Gold placed here—and placed here promptly—will bring in exchange a rich heritage, not only to the giver and his children, but to the land and the kingdom of Jesus.

Not only are the foreigners coming with their strange ways and narrow vision, but the brightest and most enterprising of the sons of Old Canada are going to this new land, and unless the Church is there to greet them, many a fair character, the hope and joy of the old home, will be eternally smirched, and many a promising life will be ruined. Here, then, is an opening better than ground-floor stock in a chartered bank or transcontinental railway. Better? Yes, as heaven is better than earth, and eternity is longer than time. If this article were the prospectus of a new company to extract gold out of moonbeams, and the Banks of England and Montreal guaranteed its stock on a ten percent dividend basis for all time, how the gold would pour in. And yet the investment in human character is vastly more valuable. 'Wouldst thou plant for eternity? Then plant in the infinite faculties of man.'

Here are two cases from life. Two young men went west in the early eighties from Christian homes in Ontario. Both were for a time caught in the whirl of things ungodly. But one, being under no church or home influence, drifted into the vilest of vices, and staggered in time to a suicide's grave. The other, settling near a church, was brought under its influence, was converted, and is to-day preaching the Gospel of an incarnate, crucified, risen, and ascended Saviour. Would you not like to know that some of your money went to build and support that pioneer church? Now, this is but a type of what the Church is doing all over that land—and, sad to say, a type of what is happening, too, where the Church is not.

This is our day for investing—to-morrow, that long to-morrow, whose twilight human eye shall never see, will be our day for dividends.

Again, careful statisticians tell us that 5,000 of our fellows in Canada go annually to drunkard's graves. This means many times 5,000 broken hearts, multitudes of hungry children and darkened homes. The squalor and sorrow, caused by whiskey, baffles words to picture. It must be seen—nay, it must be felt, to be understood. One out of every six of our boys falls a victim to liquor, and no

home is sure of safety. No one can tell whose boy will fall. It may be yours, it may be mine. Often the most unlikely one stands, and the boy of careful nurture and tender training falls.

And yet we Christians have the power in our hands to end this whole ghastly, gruesome, hell-filling, heart-breaking tragedy. And why do we not? Partly because of inertia, but chiefly because of avarice. Gold blocks the way. Many men will not fight it because their property or business, they think, would suffer. Besides this nearly every temperance effort that fails, fails for lack of funds. Whiskey has money and uses it. We have little or none.

A strong, well-organized, central committee in each provincial capital of Canada, with plenty of money with which to push the battle, could in a few years have the most of Canada under local option. And it is a short road from that to prohibition.

Is not this an attractive investment for your gold? What dividend would this pay? How would a sober Canada do? A land in which every home was secure from the enemy, whose aim is the souls of boys. A clean, pure, God-fearing land, with all the filth, squalor and sorrow of the infernal traffic blotted out. Would that pay?—Methodist Magazine.

### My Canada.

(R. Walter Wright, in the 'Canadian Teacher'.)

O Canada! My Canada!  
My heart is all with thee,  
Thy hills and valleys glorious,  
Thy fields and forests free.  
I love the light that leaps across  
Thy landscapes and thy skies,  
The hope that heaves thy strong young soul,  
And sparkles in thine eyes.  
O Canada! My Canada!  
Land of the maple tree!  
No sun like thine, no stars that shine,  
Can be so dear to me.

I love thy lakes like oceans vast,  
Their magic vapors thin,  
The sandy beach and rocky cliffs,  
Where white caps thunder in.  
I love thy gold-green prairies broad,  
Thy mountains, cloud impearled,  
Thy springtime with its sudden flash,  
Thy autumn flags unfurled.  
O Canada! My Canada!  
Land of the maple tree!  
No sun like thine, no stars that shine,  
Can be so dear to me.

I love thy blythe and bracing air,  
Thy children fair and free,  
Thy full sweet joy of home and hall,  
Thy songs of liberty.  
I love thy manly sense of right,  
Ideals high and broad,  
Thy shrines of truth where clear bright eyes  
Look out and up to God.  
O Canada! My Canada!  
Land of the maple tree!  
No sun like thine, no stars that shine,  
Can be so dear to me.

I love thy flag that far and wide  
Floats o'er thy fertile plains,  
So will we by the help of God  
Preserve it free from stains.  
I glory in our Empire vast,  
For all are Britons we;  
Our boast shall of our heritage,  
Our King and Country be.  
O Canada! My Canada!  
Land of the maple tree!  
No sun like thine, no stars that shine,  
Can be so dear to me.

### Bound for Canada.

(James Creelman, in 'Pearson's Magazine'.)

They are going with a swing and a song by scores of thousands, these sun-tanned, stalwart farmers—going from fat American farms in the brave Northwestern States over into the wonderful new wheat country of Canada—and they are taking children, money, cattle, waggons and cherished householdings with them, hardly casting a glance behind at the old flag they leave to dwell under the ancient colors of a king.

There is romance and color and chivalry enough in this excited trooping of American multitudes across the northern frontier; and there is a thrilling sense of discovery, a feeling that something extraordinary in the way of courage and power is treading its way over the flat Canadian wilderness where those who have suffered the long winter can see the yellow summer surging of wheat and oats and barley, while an army of railway workers fight desperately to complete the second great transcontinental line that is to span British America.

The sweep of it, the eager, tense, hopeful, joyous swing of it, is as music to the soul of men and women who know the stern realities of life and want nothing but opportunity and the things that follow hard work and simple faith.

It is said that the northward exodus may reach the impressive proportions of two hundred thousand persons.

Do you realize the tremendous meaning of this movement? It can almost be expressed in dollars.

These are not ignorant and penniless louts, stumbling confusedly into strange conditions. They are, for the most part, men with bank accounts, who ride in parlor cars—educated, trained American farmers—small capitalists and proprietors who understand how to live and thrive in the mighty wheat plains of Western Canada.

The heart of this new country, which has been opened to the people of all lands, is already thrilling with an impending sense of political power, a pregnancy big with signs of change. A new nation is arising to the north of us, not a mere tap-root of old Europe, but a great trunk that is putting out branches of its own.

If the gallant Jacques Cartier could arise from four centuries of Brittany dust and come back to the blue St. Lawrence, through whose shores the waters of the Great Lakes sweep to the Atlantic, he would find a flag of the English King flying everywhere in the country to which he brought the cross of Christ and the sword of France, but nowhere would he find an English soldier north of the more than three thousand miles of frontier that divides the United States from the great Dominion of Canada.

The last English redcoat has vanished from this continent, and three thousand Canadian soldiers, commanded by Canadian officers, are the sole standing army that guards British North America, with its cannon-lined strongholds at Quebec, Halifax, and Esquimaux—an army employed and paid by the people of Canada.

It is not so long since everything in Canada west of Lake Superior was wild land, a trackless country commonly supposed to be fit only for its native Indians. The average man thought of it as an icy waste, sterile in summer and uninhabitable in winter.

That part of the Dominion of Canada has now a population of a million and forty-nine thousand persons.

You may go to-day northward from the marvellous grain lands of Manitoba and come to a country where moss and ice are always to be found and where it is not unusual to see herds of two hundred thousand reindeer. One survey party has reported the sight of four million reindeer in four days.

No one thinks of looking upon these animals as game. They feed and act somewhat like domestic cattle. So indifferent are they to the presence of human beings, so stolid and incapable of alarm, that mighty herds, stretching out for miles, go on browsing moss while photographers approach them. Nor does the killing of a deer by Indians armed with pointed sticks serve to stampede its comfortable companions.

Yet to the west of this dreary and forbidding land, and extending much further to the north, are millions of acres of fertile, friable, and well-watered lands, in the new provinces of Saskatchewan and Alberta, awaiting settlers.

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# BOYS

If you would like a nice rubber pad, with your own name and address, also a self-inking pad—all for a little work, drop us a card and we will tell you about it. Splendid for marking your books, etc. Address, John Dougal & Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal.