

A National Hymn.

BY THE MARQUIS OF LORNE.

From our Dominion never
Take thy protecting hand,
United, Lord, forever
Keep thou our fathers' land!
From where Atlantic terrors
Our hardy seamen train,
To where the salt sea mirrors
The vast Pacific chain.
Aye, one with her whose thunder
Keeps world-watch with the hours,
Guard Freedom's home and wonder,
"This Canada of ours."

Fair days of fortune send her,
Be thou her shield and sun!
Our land, our flag's Defender,
Unite our hearts as one!
One flag, one land, upon her
May every blessing rest!
For loyal faith and honour
Her children's deeds attest.

No stranger's foot, insulting,
Shall tread our country's soil;
While stand her sons exulting
For her to live and toil,
She hath the victor's guerdon,
Here are the conquering powers,
No foeman's yoke shall burden
"This Canada of ours."

Our sires, when times were sorest,
Asked none but aid divine,
And cleared the tangled forest,
And wrought the buried mine,
They tracked the floods and fountains
And won, with master hand,
Far more than gold in mountains,
The glorious prairie land.

O Giver of earth's treasure,
Make thou our nation strong;
Pour forth thine hot displeasure
On all who work our wrong;
To our remotest border
Let plenty still increase,
Let Liberty and Order
Bid ancient feuds to cease.

May Canada's fair daughters
Keep house for hearts as bold
As theirs who o'er the waters
Came hither first of old,
The pioneers of nations!
They showed the world the way;
'Tis ours to keep their stations,
And lead the van to-day.

Inheritors of glory
O countrymen! we swear
To guard the flag whose story
Shall onward victory bear,
Where'er through earth's far regions,
Its triple crosses fly,
For God for home, our legions
Shall win or fighting die.

CANADA—ITS EXTENT AND ITS RESOURCES.

BY REV. JAMES S. ROSS, D.D.

Three hundred and sixty-six years ago Jacques Cartier set sail from St. Malo to obtain glory for his royal master. Soon the erected cross, surmounted by the "fleur-de-lis," told the tale of Canada's discovery, and France's new glory. Not by diplomacy, nor through the strife of war, but silently and unconsciously, was Canada thus incorporated into a mighty empire. From the scattered wigwags of the dusky Indian, and from the silence of dense forests broken only by the warbling of birds and the cry of ferocious beasts, who could then have predicted the brilliant future that awaited our country? It is true, we may have no myths reaching back into the hazy past, to soften the rugged outlines of our early history; no legends to tempt the curiosity of literati; nor narratives of mighty conquests to arrest the attention of the world; but if greatness consists in sacrifices borne, hardships overcome, and brave deeds conceived and performed, our claim to permanent fame equals that of many of the lauded nations of history. Nature's gifts have been lavished upon us. How vast our possessions, reaching from ocean to ocean! how extensive our waterways! how exhaustless our fisheries, forests, and mines! how fruitful our soil, and how invigorating our climate!

Yet the restless activity of man, ever striving to supplant nature, has ramified the country with electric nerves, woven a network of rail, launched the magnificent steamer, delved the danger-avoiding canal, and erected the school—the foe of the tyrant, and the church—the hope of the world.

Our land is young; no ivy-crested towers or storied castles are hers. She invokes not the aid of proud historic names, nor deeds of knightly chivalry to procure her fame. She is young! but her robes are unsullied, and the flush

of health is on her cheek. How stately her steps as she goes forth to take rank among her peers! Behind her lies the darkness of night; before her, the growing brightness of the spring-tide day.

Consider a few of the elements of her greatness! Her climate is salubrious and invigorating, and although she boasts not of a temperature where summer flowers flourish in perpetual bloom, nor where spicy breezes breathe through the live-long year, yet she possesses a climate in which men attain the greatest vigour of body and mind, under which the conquering nations of the world have developed. Her winters, so much dreaded by the European, are seasons of business prosperity, whilst the merry jingle of the sleigh-bell betokens enjoyment. The abundant snow proves a beneficial covering for the plant, frosts pulverize the soil, and the melting of the snow supplies moisture to the seed; earth. Our summers are sufficiently long and warm for the maturing of the crops. Wheat ripens as far north as Great Slave Lake, and lands hundreds of miles farther north about in the coarser grains and grasses. Most of the fruits brought to perfection in Spain and Italy may also be produced to advantage in the southern portions of our Ontario. Maize, that will not ripen in England, and seldom in the vicinity of Paris, is here a field crop; and the beautiful and useful sugar-maple, which cannot grow in England, owing to the lowness of temperature, attains here to a height of from sixty to one hundred feet. The productiveness of the maple has induced Canadians to adopt its leaf as a national emblem. As one of our native poets has sung:

"Let older nations proudly praise the emblems of their fame,
That sounding down thro' ages long have won immortal name;
Let Britain, greatest of them all, loud praise her glorious three,
That like her sons are joined in one in Canada the Free.

"But there's another emblem yet, dearer to us than all,
That tells of happy hearts and homes and Freedom's joyous call;
And magic light—a beacon bright—to myriads o'er the sea,
Our Emblem chief, 'ae Maple Leaf, of Canada the Free.

"It breathes no tale of ancient feuds, betrays no barren soil,
But welcomes to our grand old woods the honest sons of toil;
Gives equal rights and equal laws to all, who'er they be,
Our Emblem chief, 'ae Maple Leaf, of Canada the Free.

"Then while we prize, with children's love, the Shamrock and the Rose,
The Thistle and the Fleur-de-Lis, forget not that there grows
Upon our broad and fertile soil a noble forest-tree,
With graceful leaf, the emblem chief of Canada the Free."

Our natural resources are rich and varied. The commercial value of our forests is simply inestimable. With care, the supply is unlimited for centuries to come, and the influence they exert upon the climate is both powerful and favourable. Our forests are at once the envy and the admiration of the world.

The development of our mineral resources is, as yet, in an embryonic state, but sufficient is known to prove the existence of a vast amount of national wealth, lying locked in the dark chambers of the earth.

Our fisheries are, and will continue to be, a great source of wealth. From the banks of Newfoundland, over the gulf of St. Lawrence, around the three great oceans to Vancouver, through innumerable straits, seas, and inlets, we possess eleven thousand miles of sea-coast, swarming with most prolific fisheries. They yield about \$20,000,000 annually, while yet only one-third of them is developed.

The facilities we possess respecting natural and artificial means of communication will be apparent from a consideration of our lakes and rivers, our railways and canals. From Belle Isle to the head of Lake Superior, a distance of twenty-four hundred miles, there are only seventy-two miles of canal; and from Belle Isle to Montreal, a distance of seven hundred miles, there is navigation for the largest steamers. As recently as 1815, the first steamboat was built on Lake Ontario. Now, Canada takes rank as third maritime power in the world.

Though the labours of our forefathers in providing for their physical wants were long and severe, they never over-

looked the necessity of a sound education, as being the basis of a nation's greatness. Through the wise forethought and administrative skill of Dr. Ryerson, we possess a system of primary education which is excelled by none other in the world. In addition to high schools and academies, there are several colleges where any young man of industry and intelligence may obtain a classical, scientific, technical, or general education of the highest grade. Though in a young country "learned leisure" must, of necessity, be comparatively rare, yet Canada has reason to be proud that she possesses names in literature and science on which the world's renown has fallen.

With an invigorating climate; inexhaustible mines and fisheries; millions of fertile acres waiting for the coming of the husbandman, a vast natural system of water communication; a strong military position; an enlightened and liberal educational policy; religious freedom in its most perfect form; an impartial judiciary, alike independent of popular favour and of political influence; a form of government speedily giving expression to the popular will, and with institutions of stability and order, attracting population and capital to our shores; what earth-born power can rob us of our destined glory? How encouraging the auguries of future greatness! The busy hand of toil is seen everywhere. The whole country is astir. The myriad sounds of cities respond to the farmer's voice and the herdsman's call. The watercourses are vexed with innumerable keels. The valleys are vocal with the din of manufactures. The mountains tremble at the miner's blasts. The woodman's axe resounds through the dense forests, and boundless prairies are soon to be solitary no more. Canada thus sets out on her career, with as bright a future before us, as any state whose craft has been launched upon the stream of time. Then,—

"Sail on, Dominion, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee;
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee,—are all with thee!"

Canada.

BY DR. DEWART.

The grand old woods of Canada:
How cool and dim below
The shade of their sweet rustling leaves!
Swift-changing webs the sunlight weaves
Where ferns and mosses grow.

The giant trees of Canada:
Dark pine and birch drooped low;
The stately elm, the maple tall,
The sturdy beech, I love them all,
And well their forms I know.

The forest wealth of Canada:
The choppers' blows resound
Through the crisp air, while cold and still

The snow's deep cloak o'er vale and hill
Lies white upon the ground.

The sparkling streams of Canada:
That neath cool shadows pass,
Then wind, where sleek-fed cattle sleep,
Through verdant meadow, ankle deep
In clover-blooms and grass.

The crystal streams of Canada:
Deep in whose murmuring tide,
From pebbly caverns dimly seen
'Neath leafy shade of living green,
Grey trout and salmon glide.

The beautiful lakes of Canada:
With loving eyes I see
Their waters, stretched in endless chains
By fair St. Lawrence, to the main,
As ocean wild and free.

Where white sails gleam o'er Huron's
wake,
Or fade with dying day,
Fond memories in my heart awake,
Of home's dear dwelling by the lake,
Like sunshine passed away.

The prairies vast of Canada:
Where sun sinks to the earth,
In setting, whispering warm good-night
To myriad flowers, whose blushes bright
Will hail the morrow's birth.

The robust life of Canada
In cheery homes I see,
Though gold nor jewels fill the hand,
'Tis nature's self has blessed the land,
Abundant, fair and free.

I Have Closed My Books.

BY KATHERINE LEE BATES.

I have closed my books, and hidden my
satchel,
And thrown my satchel across the gate,
My school is out for a season of rest,
And now for the schoolroom I love the
best.

My schoolroom lies on the meadows wide,
Where under the clover the sunbeams
hide;
Where the long vines cling to the mossy
bars,
And the daisies tumble like falling stars;

Where clusters of buttercups gild the
scone,
Like showers of gold-dust thrown over
the green,
And the wind's flying footsteps are traced
as they pass,
By the dance of the sorrel and dip of the
grass.

My lessons are written in clouds and
trees,
And no one whispers except the breeze,
Who sometimes blows, from a secret
place,
A stray, sweet blossom against my face.

My school-bell rings in the rippling
stream,
Which hides itself like a schoolboy's
dream,
Under the shadow and out of sight,
But laughing still for its own delight

My schoolmates there are the birds and
bees,
And the saucy squirrel more dull than
these,
For he only learns in all the weeks
How many chestnuts will fill his cheeks

My teacher is patient, and never yet
A lesson of hers did I once forget;
For wonderful lore do her lips impart,
And all her lessons are learned by heart.
O come! O come! or we shall be late,
And autumn will fasten the golden gate.

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