

CANADA:

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"Righteousness exalteth a nation; but sin is a reproach to any people."

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Our Contributors.

CANADA.

THERE dwells a maiden by the Western Sea,
Wildly the deep sea dashes on her strand,
Her rock-bound coasts do compass fertile land,
And guard her too from all indignity.
'Tis true, indeed, her wide domain doth roll,
Where that still greater ocean calmly lies,
And her vast mountains, piercing the blue skies,
Do claim as one great Fatherland the whole.
Ocean and land, both hers, let no one dare,
Counting their fair birthright but pottage cold,
For love of power, or a mean rivals gold,
Of her just rights yield one. Let them take care,
Who with dark, greedy eyes, and blood-stained hands
Would snatch one foot of this fair maidens' lands.

THOMAS C. ROBSON,

Minden, Ont.,

Author of "My Canada! My Canada", &c.

PATRIOTISM.

BY P. P.

"The mystery of holy shrines lies deep in human nature. For, however the more spiritual minds may be able to rise and soar, the common man during his mortal career is tethered to the globe that is his appointed dwelling place; and the more his affections are pure and holy, the more they seem to blend with the outward and visible world.—"Kinglake's Crimea".

IT may be on some cold winter's eve, in turning over the contents of your desk, you come upon a dried up sprig or blossom. Outside the blustering wind, catching up the light and feathering snow flakes, whirls them hither and thither as it carries them ever onward in its headlong race. Ever, and anon, the window casement trembles under the rude onslaught, and the persistent rattle of the tiny crystals as they are dashed against the panes induces you to turn apprehensively towards the fireplace, to assure yourself that the coals are kept well replenished, and your garrison thereby secured against the inroads of the enemy. But as the faint perfume, which lingers around the withered blossoms, reaches your nostrils, the scene changes. The wintry wind

ceases to blow, the air becomes balmy, and redolent of the perfume of spring flowers; the sun sparkles upon the myriads of dew drops which hang thickly upon leaf and blade, and you find yourself emptying your lungs, that you may fill them again to repletion with the freshness of the early morning air. A furious gust hurls itself against the house, the wind forcing an entrance at every crack and crevice; you wake with a start; the vision vanishes, and you are back again to the present.

Or perchance, when journeying you have had to pass a Christmas upon the ocean. As the eve of the festival approaches, how absent minded all the passengers become; how prone to take refuge in solitary musings. What a relief the dinner bell affords, and how eagerly each forces himself to concentrate his attention on the immediate business of the hour. After dinner, a young girl seats herself at the piano, and idly runs her fingers over the keys. Presently, the strains of "Home Sweet Home" break in upon the hum of general conversation, a hush falls upon all further speech. Look around. How many are conscious of their immediate surroundings? A few seconds since there were hundreds present, now all are absent, scattered far and wide over earth's broad surface. Smith, who a moment ago was endeavoring to organize a party at whist, now sits staring vacantly before him. He is treading again the familiar lane, up to the old farm house; the lowing of the cattle comes softly to his ears, entering, he hastens through the rooms, never pausing until he finds, and greets, his mother, and is oh, so warmly welcomed in return; then, tearing himself away, he hurries through the barnyard to the cattle shed, where father is busy, seeing that each animal is cared for, how eagerly he grasps his hand, and how reluctantly he releases it.

Or turn to Brown, that smile, which softens every outline of his rugged face, is called forth by the vision he sees of the home fireside and his wife beside it, her little ones gathered at her knee. She is telling them of father, how, though far away, he is thinking of them, and wishing that he was beside them to share in their Christmas joys.

And so it is with all around. Ay so it ever is, and ever will be, with each member of the human family, for, involuntary, even the most spiritually minded thus identifies his most sacred and subtle emotions with definite external