

For sweet the bliss of our labor is,
When the heart is strong and true,
And blessings will come to the hearth and home
If our best we bravely do.

THE SICK CHILD.

CHILD:
O, mother, lay your hand on my brow,
O, mother, mother, where am I now?
Why is the room so gaunt and great?
Why am I lying awake so late?

MOTHER:
Fear not at all, the night is still.
Nothing is here that means you ill:—
Innocent lamps the whole town through,
And never a child awake but you.

CHILD:
Mother, mother, speak low in my ear,
Some of the things are so great and near,
Some are so small and far away.
I have a great fear, I cannot say!
What have I done, and what do I fear?
And why are you crying, mother dear?

MOTHER:
Out in the city sounds begin,
Thank the kind God the carts come in!
An hour or two more and God is so kind,
The day shall be blue in the window blind.
Then shall my child go sweetly asleep,
And dream of the birds, and the hills of sheep.

MY OWN CANADIAN HOME.

THOUGH other skies may be as bright
And other lands as fair;
Though charms of other lands invite
My wandering footsteps there,
Yet there is one, the peer of all,
Beneath bright heaven's dome;
Of thee I sing, O happy land,
My own Canadian home.

Thy lakes and rivers, as "the voice
Of many waters," raise
To Him who planned their vast extent
A symphony of praise.
Thy mountain peaks o'erlook the clouds—
They pierce the azure skies;
They bid thy sons be strong and true,
To great achievements rise.

A noble heritage is ours,
So grand and fair and free,
A fertile land, where he who toils
Shall well rewarded be;
And he who joys in nature's charms,
Exulting, here may view
Scenes of enchantment—strangely fair,
Sublime in form and hue.

Shall not the race that tread thy plains,
Spurn all that would enslave?
Or they who battle with the tides,
Shall not that race be brave?
Shall not Niagara's mighty voice
Inspire to actions high?
'Twere easy such a land to love,
Or for her welfare die.

And doubt not should a foeman's hand
Be armed to strike at thee,
Thy trumpet call throughout the land
Need scarce repeated be

As bravely as on Queenstown's Heights,
Or as in Lundy's Lane,
Thy sons will battle for thy rights
And freedom's cause maintain.

Did kindly heaven afford to me
The choice where I would dwell,
Fair Canada that choice should be,
The land I love so well.
I love thy hills and valleys wide,
Thy waters' flash and foam,
May God in love o'er thee preside,
My own Canadian home.

E. G. NELSON.

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All arrears due, up to 31st Dec., 1887, are to be paid to the present Editor, Rev. P. Melville, Hopewell; and all subscriptions for 1888 are to be paid to the new Editor, Rev. W. McMillan, Bridgeville, E. R., Pictou.