

Warm the glad sunshine of the golden hours,
And soft the perfume of this day of dreams
The river broadens now. The sleeper seems
To hear before his bark an ocean's roar.
It is the sea of life. The night is o'er.

—Ernest W. McCready, *St. John, N. B.*

MY OWN CANADIAN HOME.

Though other skies may be as bright,
And other lands as fair;
Though charms of other climes 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 thine,
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 thy 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 glory die.

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!

—Morley McLaughlin.

YOUTH.

To feel, the joy in the air,
The wind in your face.
The pulses firm throb,
Strong for the race.

To see, the light on the hills,
Where the sapphire and gold
Climb up from the purple
Draping fold upon fold—

Of the mantle the sun god
Has dropped in his flight
To the land of new sunrise
On the skirts of the night.

To catch, 'neath the white sail
The glint of blue seas,
With hand on the rudder
To trim to the breeze

The light bonnie life-boat
That holdeth but two
Where the man and the maiden
Are captain and crew.

—Irene Elder Morton, *In "Canada,"
The Chalet, Wilmot, N. S.*

OUR COZY CORNER.

Playhouse, 3rd mo. 20, 1892.

DEAR COUSIN JULIA,—

The children's voices all join in
hearty chorus of thanksgiving for thy
Valentine, especially the orphans, whose
tears are wiped away by loving minis-
tration of strangers' hands. Do we
play at "hide and seek" with the storm
of life? It seems very much like it,
and not even the love of true hearts
can prevent us from being caught
thereby; but some of us have learned
to pray—

"Hide us, oh, our Saviour hide,
Till the storms of life be past.
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive our souls at last."

And to bear testimony that in the

"Calm of the noontide, in sorrow's lone hour,
In times when temptation casts o'er us its
power,
In the tempests of life, on its wide heaving
sea,
Thou blest "Rock of Ages," we're hiding in
thee."

HOPEFUL BAND.

THE INNER PRINCIPLE.

There is a divine principle in man
furnishing knowledge of our relationship
and duty to God. This principle of
love continually claiming man's atten-
tion, wherein visitations of pure con-
ception clothes him with higher ideals
and knowledge of the gospel; caus-
ing him to grow in favor with God
and man, is the way of eternal life.
It continually blesses recipients and
lays up treasures in heaven. When out
of this happy condition through dis-
obedience we "stumble and grope for
the wall like the blind," working in the