

Our Young Folks.

THE SOUTH WIND.

I come from a land of sun and flowers,
Where, all day long, in the spicy bowers,
I sported at will till a whispering breath
Told me the tale of old Winter's death;
When away I flew o'er the barren plain,
Waking to greenness and life again
Bud and blossom and sparkling brook,
Mosses and ferns in many a nook,
And the naked trees donned a leafy dress
As I swept them by with a soft caress:
Away and away o'er mountain and sea,
I knew the sweet things that were waiting for me:
The nests to be built and the grasses to grow,
The bees to awake and the roses to blow;
The butterflies' wings to be painted so fine,
And the fruit to get ripe on the clambering vine:
I flew and I flew till the earth and the air
Were filled with beauty everywhere.

—E. A. Davis, in *Our Little Ones*.

IF I WERE YOU.

If I were you, and had a friend
Who called a pleasant hour to spend,
I'd be polite enough to say,
"Ned, you may choose what games we'll play."
That's what I'd do,
If I were you.

If I were you, and went to school,
I'd never break the smallest rule;
And it should be my teacher's joy
To say she had no better boy.
And t'would be true,
If I were you.

If I were you, I'd always tell
The truth, no matter what befell;
For two things only I despise—
A coward heart and telling lies;
And you would, too,
If I were you.

If I were you, I'd try my best
To do the things I here suggest;
Though since I am no you, but me,
I can not very well, you see,
Know what I'd do,
If I were you.

—Independent.

WHAT IS THE BOYS' BRIGADE?

THE BRITISH IDEA.

What is the Boys' Brigade? That is the very question I heard asked some time ago under rather interesting circumstances, and it was the answer then given that first led me to take an interest in the movement.

You see it happened in this way. I had been to one of our big towns on business, and on Saturday afternoon I took a stroll through the outskirts of the town. In one field a keenly contested game of foot ball was in progress. Half a dozen boys were roosting on the low wall which separated the field from the road; a group of gentlemen had stopped in their walk to watch the game, and, as I passed, I overheard one of the gentlemen ask:

"What is the Boys' brigade?"
"It's the boys with the blue and white stripes, sir," replied the boy appealed to.

"Yes. But what is the Boys' Brigade?"
"What is it for? What is its object?"

"To advance Christ's kingdom among boys, sir!"

This reply from the boy on the foot ball field roused my curiosity, and I was about to question the gentleman himself about it, when on closer observation I recognized in him one whose name is famous wherever the English language is spoken, and modesty made me forbear.

However, after the group had left, I noticed a gentleman who seemed to have some connection with the game, and crossing over to him, I began:

"Excuse me, but are you connected with the Boys' Brigade?"

"Yes, sir. I'm an officer."

"Then perhaps—my curiosity has been aroused—perhaps you could tell me something about this Boys' Brigade."

"Most willing. Its story is easily told. The movement is eleven years old."

"It started in the Mission Sunday-school of the Free College Church, Glasgow. The secretary of the Sunday-school—Mr. W. A. Smith—was interested in the problem of how to retain hold of the senior boys. He was a volunteer officer, and it occurred to him that military drill might be an effective

means of binding the boys together, while, at the same time, they were being trained in habits of obedience, reverence, discipline, self-respect and all that tends towards a true Christian manliness. The experiment was made; it proved a great success; others repeated it, and now there is an extensive organization with 700 companies, 2,400 officers and 30,000 boys."

"Dear me," I replied. "I had no idea it was so widely spread."

"Yes, and these are the figures for the United Kingdom alone; but the movement has spread all over the world. It has already taken deep root in Canada and the United States, and is extending to the West Indies, to South Africa, to New Zealand, and even to India. Here is a copy of our company card, however, which will give you a better idea of what the thing really is, and if you care to come to our hall on Monday night, you will see a company in actual working order. Meanwhile, goodbye."

Monday night found me in good time at the address indicated on the card, and I received a hearty welcome from my friend, who turned out to be 'captain' of the company. The hall presented quite an animated scene, as I entered. The forms had all been removed from the floor and piled up in a corner, and a lively conversation was being carried on among fifty or sixty boys ranging from twelve to seventeen years of age, who were scattered in groups throughout the hall.

In one corner sat a "sergeant," apparently at the receipt of custom.

"How," said I, "do the boys pay a weekly subscription?"

"Well, in some companies they do, but that is the Summer Camp Fund they are paying into just now."

"A capital lesson in thrift," I remarked to myself.

But now a bugle sounds and at once the scene is changed. The sergeants take up their positions smartly; another bugle call, and the rest of the boys fall in by squads. The roll is called; one of the hymns in the Brigade Hymn Card is sung, after which all join in repeating the Lord's Prayer. The company is then formed and the evening's drill begins.

I was once a volunteer myself, and, although I noticed the drill was very much altered since my time, I could yet appreciate the smart way in which the various movements were gone through, and I especially admired the entire absence of "talking in the ranks." It was surprising, too, to see how effective the simple uniform of cap and belt, while the broad straps of the haversacks gave the company, when drawn in line, quite a smart and uniform appearance.

"But come," said the captain, who had handed over the command to his senior lieutenant, "I must introduce you to our band. It practices in the small hall at the other end of the building."

As we entered the band room, the boys rose and stood at attention.

"You see, we have to be content with the modest flute band; but several companies have well-trained brass bands, some of which have been deemed worthy of supplying the music in our public parks."

"But," said the captain, "this is not the whole of our work. You must come and see our Bible class on Sunday morning."

"Then you do not rest satisfied with the drill, the discipline, the boys' room, and so on?"

"No, by no means; these are all good in themselves, but after all, we look upon them only as a means to an end, and our aim is to enlist every one of our boys in the service of Jesus Christ."

"From what I have already heard and seen and what you now tell me, I feel sure that the secret of your success must lie in the personal hold you have over the boys."

"Right! You've hit the nail on the head. We trust the boys and the boys trust us. That is the secret."

"Well, I'll certainly come to the class if I possibly can."

"Goodby, then, till Sunday, at 9.30 sharp."

Sunday morning was cold and raw, with a blinding sleet which met me full in the face; and I entered the hall expecting to see a very small turnout. But I was mistaken, and when I expressed my surprise to the captain at the large attendance, he replied, with a quiet smile:

"Oh! weather makes no difference. Last year we had an average attendance of fifty-five out of sixty every Sunday morning; and, though I dare say you wouldn't think it, I know for a fact that there are at least a dozen of these boys who have come to the class this morning without breakfast."

The lesson was from the life of Joseph. One of the older boys—a corporal, I think—read a short paper on the subject which was followed by a twenty minutes' talk by the captain. The singing was bright and hearty, the prayers short and suitable, and I was glad to see that the Monday night's discipline was well maintained on the Sunday morning.

"Thank you, captain," I said, in bidding adieu, as the boys went trooping out of the room. "This Bible class settles the matter for me. I see the meaning of the whole thing now, and know what the Boys' Brigade is, and what it can do."

The Dominion Bank.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING OF THE INSTITUTION

Report of the Directors and Financial Statements—Death of the Late General Manager Feelingly Referred to—Election of Officers.

The annual general meeting of the Dominion Bank was held at the banking-house of the institution on Wednesday, May 29th, 1895.

Among those present were noticed: Mr. James Austin, Sir Frank Smith, Col. Mason, Messrs. William Ince, John Scott, William Ramsay, C. Cockshutt, W. G. Cassels, William Roy, James Scott, E. Leadlay, M. Boulton, Aaron Ross, E. B. Osler, William Hendrie, Dr. Smith, John Stewart, David McGee, G. W. Lewis, Gardiner Boyd, G. Robinson, Walter S. Lee, J. J. Foy, Samuel Alcorn, Anson Jones, R. D. Gamble and others.

It was moved by Mr. Edward Leadlay, seconded by Mr. A. Ross, that Mr. James Austin do take the chair.

Mr. Anson Jones moved, seconded by Col. Mason, and resolved, that Mr. R. D. Gamble do act as secretary.

Messrs. W. G. Cassels and Walter S. Lee were appointed scrutineers.

The Secretary read the report of the Directors to the Shareholders, and submitted the annual statement of the affairs of the Bank, which is as follows:—

To the Shareholders:

The Directors beg to present the following statement of the result of the business of the Bank for the year ending April 30th, 1895:—
Balance of Profit and Loss Account, 30th April, 1894 \$ 6,328 78
Profit for the year ending 30th April, 1895, after deducting charges of management, etc., and making full provision for all bad and doubtful debts.... 189,561 53
\$195,890 31

Dividend, 3 per cent., paid August 1st, 1894 \$45,000 00
Dividend, 3 per cent., paid November 1st, 1894 45,000 00
Dividend, 3 per cent., paid February 1st, 1895 45,000 00
Dividend, 3 per cent., payable 1st May, 1895 45,000 00
\$180,000 00

Balance of Profit and Loss, carried forward \$ 15,890 31

It is with deep regret your Directors have to record the loss the Bank has sustained by the death of the late General Manager, Mr. Robert H. Bethune, who has been the Chief Executive Officer of the Institution since its inception, twenty-four years ago, and mainly to whose energy and ability the Bank owes its present position.

Mr. R. D. Gamble, who has been in the service of the Bank since 1871, and who has until lately been the manager of the Toronto branch, has been appointed General Manager.

JAMES AUSTIN,
President.

Toronto, May 29th, 1895.

GENERAL STATEMENT.

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid up	\$1,500,000 00
Reserve fund	\$1,500,000 00
Balance of profits carried forward	15,890 31
Dividend No. 50, payable 1st May	45,000 00
Reserved for Interest and Exchange	91,721 46
Rebate on bills discounted	32,456 08
	1,685,067 85
	3,185,067 85

Notes in circulation	957,264 00
Deposits not bearing interest	1,413,605 48
Deposits bearing interest	8,733,227 67
	11,104,097 15
	\$14,289,165 00

ASSETS.

Specie	\$ 413,204 69
Dominion Government demand notes	772,240 00
Deposit with Dominion Government for security of note circulation	75,000 00
Notes and cheques of other banks	293,915 85
Balance due from other banks in Canada	137,682 25
Balance due from other banks in United States	767,778 65
Balance due from other banks in Great Britain	19,782 36
Provincial Government securities	388,195 25
Municipal and other debentures	1,586,952 71
	\$ 4,454,751 76
Bills discounted and current (including advances on call)	9,417,660 68
Overdue debts (estimated loss provided for)	125,754 33
Real estate	13,361 98
Bank premises	270,664 90
Other assets not included under foregoing heads	6,971 35
	9,834,413 24
	\$14,289,165 00

R. D. GAMBLE,
General Manager.

Dominion Bank,
Toronto, 30th April, 1895.

Mr. James Austin moved, seconded by Sir Frank Smith, and resolved, that the report be adopted.

Moved by Mr. Aaron Ross, seconded by Mr. William Hendrie, that we, the Shareholders of the Dominion Bank, take this opportunity at our annual meeting to express our deep sorrow and regret at the loss we feel the Bank has sustained by the death of the late General Manager, Mr. Robert H. Bethune, who has been the chief Executive officer of the Bank since its inception twenty-four years ago, a man who was held in the highest esteem by the bankers of the Dominion, and by the business community generally, and to whose ability, energy, and careful management the Bank is largely indebted for its present position. Carried.

It was moved by Dr. Smith, seconded by Mr. John Stewart, and

Resolved, that the thanks of this meeting be given to the President, Vice-President, and Directors, for their services during the past year.

It was moved by Mr. Charles Cockshutt, seconded by Mr. Boulton, and

Resolved, that the thanks of this meeting be given to the General Manager, Managers, and Agents, Inspectors, and other officers of the Bank, for the efficient performance of their respective duties.

It was moved by Mr. George W. Lewis, seconded by Mr. James Scott, and

Resolved, that the poll be now opened for the election of seven Directors, and that the same be closed at two o'clock in the afternoon, or as soon before that hour as five minutes shall elapse without any vote being polled, and that the scrutineers, on the close of the poll, do hand to the chairman a chairman a certificate of the result of the poll.

Mr. William Ramsay moved, seconded by Mr. G. Boyd, and resolved: That the thanks of this meeting be given to Mr. James Austin for his able conduct in the chair.

The scrutineers declared the following gentlemen duly elected Directors for the ensuing year:—Messrs. James Austin, William Ince, E. Leadlay, Wilmot D. Mathews, E. B. Osler, James Scott, and Sir Frank Smith.