

The Dominion of Canada.

BY W. H. WITHROW.

"Methinks I see in my mind a noble and patient nation rearing herself like a strong man after sleep, and snaking her invincible coils; a nation not slow and dull, but of a quick, ingenious, and piercing spirit; acute to invent, subtle to discourse, not beneath the reach of any point that human capacity can soar to.

"Methinks I see her as an eagle mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes to the full mid-day beam; purging and unsealing her sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance."—Milton's "Arcopagica."

NATION, young, and fair, and strong I arise  
To the full stature of thy greatness now!  
Thy glorious destiny doth thee endow  
With high prerogative. Before thee lies  
A future full of promise. Oh! be wise!  
Be great in all things good, and haste to  
sow

The Present with rich germs from which  
may grow  
Sublime results and noble, high emprise.  
Oh! be it hence thy mission to advance  
The destinies of man, exalt the race,  
And teach down-trodden nations through the  
expanses

Of the round earth to rise above their base  
And low estate, love Freedom's holy cause,  
And give to all men just and equal laws.

Oh! let us plant in the fresh virgin earth  
Of this new world, a scion of that tree  
Beneath whose shade our fathers dwelt, a  
free

And noble nation—of heroic birth.  
Let the Penates of our fathers' hearth  
Be hither borne; and let us bow the knee  
Still at our fathers' altars. O'er the sea  
Our hearts yearn fondly and revere their  
worth.

And though forth-faring from our father's  
house,  
Not forth in anger, but in love we go.  
It lessens not our reverence, but doth rouse  
To deeper love than ever we did know.  
Not alien and estranged, but sons are we  
Of that great Father-Land beyond the sea.

Natural History Study.

Come, boys and girls, do not waste  
this early spring weather. You can  
sit in the house in winter and rainy  
days, and learn much from books.  
But take my advice and learn some-  
thing from nature, too.

We cannot well do more than one  
thing at a time, so we will now busy  
ourselves with one animal. You know  
there are animals which feel warm when  
you put your hand on them—like cats,  
dogs, chickens, and all birds; there are  
also creatures which feel cold to touch  
—such as fish, turtles, lizards, toads,  
and frogs. This time we will study a  
cold blooded animal.

FROGS AND TOADS.

Most of you perhaps already know  
that the funny little tadpoles in our  
ponds and ditches turn into frogs. Let  
us now notice the remarkable changes  
which take place before tadpoles can  
pass in this way from the life of a fish  
to that of a land animal.

We will begin with the eggs, which  
are little black specks not larger than  
shot, scattered through a lump of clear  
white jelly. This mass is called "frog  
spawn," and it is mostly attached to  
sticks of grass in the water near shore.  
The jelly holds the eggs together that  
they may not drift away, and it also  
supplies nourishment to the young  
animals when first hatched.

If you should gather some of this  
frog spawn in the spring, and put it in  
a vessel of water with a few water  
plants, you will have good entertain-  
ment for several weeks. First the  
round black specks begin to lengthen,  
then soon to wriggle about. Gradually  
the jelly mass disappears, and the young  
tadpoles, with big black heads, dart  
hither and thither, rapidly wagging

their long flat tails as they swim  
through the water—a sight with which  
all country children are familiar.

When they grow a little larger you  
can discover feathery bunches hanging  
at the sides of the head; these are out-  
side gills. After a time the wide mouth  
appears, and we find the tadpole trying  
to nibble at things. Little by little the  
outside gills ~~sim~~ away, and the tad-  
pole then breathes by taking water in  
at the mouth end allowing it to run  
out through slits in the neck. In this  
way water passes over internal gills  
the same as in fishes. Indeed, there is  
but little, at this point, in a tadpole's  
history to distinguish it from a fish, and  
it bears little resemblance to the form  
it is soon to develop.

Eyes and nostrils soon make their  
appearance, and soon two little lumps  
come on to the sides, which will grow  
some day into hind legs. The front  
legs do not show until later, and then  
the tadpole is well supplied with limbs,  
having four legs and a broad swimming  
tail.

The odd creature will now be found  
spending much time at the surface,  
with its mouth out of water; for it is  
trying still another plan for breathing.

While these changes have been  
taking place on the outside of the  
animal, still more important changes  
have been going on within its body.  
Lungs have been growing, and as the  
tadpole accustoms itself to breathing  
with the new lungs, the blood gradually  
changes its course, and rushes to them  
to be purified, instead of going to the  
gills as before. Consequently the in-  
ternal gills are no longer needed, and  
they also shrink away.

This active little creature now de-  
serves the name of frog. It swims with  
its new legs, and takes such long leaps  
that you must keep a close watch or it  
will jump out of your artificial pond  
and escape further observation. As  
the tail is no longer needed, it shrivels  
away little by little, like the gills, until  
there is no trace of it left.

When they have reached this period,  
frogs, in their native home, are ready  
to hop boldly on shore, although most  
of their time is passed in the water,  
perched on some stick or stone. When  
cold weather comes, they drop to the  
bottom of the pond, and spend the  
winter in a torpid state.

You have noticed how much longer  
the frog's hind legs are than the front  
ones. This arrangement answers very  
well for leaping, and the long toes are  
usually joined with a web to assist in  
swimming.

The frog has no ribs, so it cannot  
breathe as we do. Our ribs are raised  
each time we breathe, and the air rushes  
in through the nose and mouth to fill  
the empty space made in our chests.  
But as the frog has no ribs by which  
to enlarge its chest, it simply closes its  
lips and swallows the air which is in its  
mouth. A frog has no other way of  
breathing, and it is possible to suffocate  
one by fastening open its mouth.

The long tongue of these animals is  
fastened at the front of the mouth, and  
the sticky point is turned over, so that  
it can dart forward instantly, then fold  
back to snap up living insects.

The history of toads is like that of  
frogs, except that their eggs are laid in  
long strings of jelly, which may be  
found floating on ponds and ditches in  
the spring. As their young ones can  
live only in water, these animals lay  
their eggs either in the water or on  
trees and plants overhanging a pond

into which they are washed by the rain.  
Large numbers of toads thus come to  
perfection about the same time, and are  
ready to leave the water together and  
begin a new life upon the land. This  
they usually do after a shower, when  
all surroundings are moist and attrac-  
tive to these dwellers in the marshes,  
and, from the appearance of the toads,  
it is a common belief that they have  
fallen from the clouds with the rain.

Leading this double life, first in the  
water, then on the land, frogs and toads  
are called amphibious animals. They  
start life with gills and a tail, both of  
which they lose, and gain in their  
place new lungs and a full set of legs.  
—Harper's Young People.

From Kitchen to Cathedral.

ABOUT 280 years ago a clerk was  
wanted in the parish church of Ug-  
borough, a little village of Devonshire,  
and one of the candidates was a young  
lad about sixteen years of age, who  
came from a neighbouring village. But  
he did not get the place because of his  
youth. He was very much cast down.  
He was the son of poor but worthy  
parents, and one of a large family of  
brothers and sisters. He said to his  
mother, with a heavy heart, "I must  
not be a burden any longer upon father  
and you. I shall set out and find work  
of some kind or other elsewhere, and  
support myself."

So he bade farewell to his father, and  
brothers and sisters, and with a little  
bundle in his hand he left his home.  
His mother went with him two or three  
miles of the way. When at length she  
was obliged to turn back, she knelt  
down with him at the roadside, and  
asked God to bless him, and go with  
him, and keep him from every evil way.  
Then she took out some money, and  
gave it to him for the journey. Then  
the two kissed each other and, weeping,  
parted.

By and by he arrived at the city of  
Exeter. He went to the cathedral; he  
wandered about the streets; he  
called at the shops; but of all to whom  
he applied that day no one had work  
for him. At last he found himself  
standing at the window of a book-shop,  
looking at the rows of books on the  
shelves within. At that moment,  
happening to lift his eyes, he caught a  
glimpse of the cathedral, and the thought  
suddenly shot into his mind that there  
was a connection between these books  
and the cathedral. If he, poor though  
he was, could become learned in books,  
he might be worthy of a place, some  
day, in a cathedral. It was a mere  
thought, and it soon passed away from  
his mind.

He left Exeter, and travelled on and  
on till at last he found himself in Ox-  
ford. He knew nobody there. But  
having passed through Exeter, and  
knowing that Exeter College was the  
one to which Devonshire students went,  
he knocked at the gates of that college  
and asked if they wanted a lad like him  
for any work he could do. They did  
want such a lad as he, and in a short  
time he was employed to scour pans,  
to clean knives, to brush shoes, and in  
other ways help in the kitchen.

John was a faithful servant, and soon  
became a favorite with everybody about  
the college. And as he had a great  
many hours of leisure, he set himself to  
learn Latin and Greek. And, by and  
by, the dons, going past, saw the  
kitchen-boy poring over loose leaves of  
grammars, and would ask him, jokingly,

if he was reading Homer or the Latin  
poets. But after awhile, one and then  
another gave up joking at the lad, and  
went near to him, and saw that by him-  
self alone he had come very near to the  
reading both of Homer and the Latin  
poets. And then the dons took him  
away from the kitchen, and made room  
for him in the classes of their college;  
and he became one of their foremost  
scholars, and one in whom they all felt  
pride. And, by and by, John was  
made a Fellow, and then a Professor of  
Divinity; and for 27 years he labored  
in that college, as professor and writer  
of books, where he had served as  
kitchen-boy. And at the end of that  
time he was made Bishop of Worcester,  
and therein proved the truth of the  
thought which shot through his mind at  
the window of the bookshop in Exeter,  
that there was a way through books to  
a place in the cathedral.

Bishop Pridaux was never ashamed  
of his early trials. He kept the leathern  
clothes, in which he set out from his  
father's house, to his old age. He loved  
to revisit the village in which he was  
born. He greatly loved his parents.  
In his kindness he would plan surprise  
visits. He would bring his doctor's  
scarlet gown and put it on to please  
them. He never tired of showing them  
reverence. Often he would say to them,  
"If I had got the clerk's place in Ug-  
borough, I should never have been  
Bishop in Worcester." He loved to  
think that his mother's prayers had  
been answered in the happiest events  
of his life. And he did not think  
differently when the happy years came  
to an end, and the years of disgrace and  
war came in their stead. Those who  
triumphed in that war drove him from  
Worcester; but he still felt and said  
that all his life had been planned out  
for him by God.—Rev. Norman Mc-  
Leod, D.D.

Be Courteous.

NOT long since, while crossing the  
river to Jersey City, I noticed an old  
lady, neat but humbly dressed, who  
was attended by a young gentlewoman.  
That she was, though her dress indi-  
cated one who could scarcely be in  
comfortable circumstances in life. The  
younger woman carried a basket of  
considerable size, while the elder had a  
bundle and a cane. She was quite  
lame, and walked slowly. The thought  
crossed my mind as I glanced at them,  
"That woman is blessed with a kind  
and loving daughter or niece." I  
passed from the boat in advance of  
them, and took my seat in a horse-car.  
Presently the couple came to the same  
car; and after comfortably seating the  
elder lady and disposing of her basket,  
the younger bade her a kind good-bye,  
and went away. The old lady's eyes  
were full, and her heart, too. Turning  
to me, she said: "That's what I call  
Christian courtesy. That girl is an  
entire stranger to me, yet has come all  
the way from the Eighth Avenue cars  
with me, to carry my basket, and  
would not even let me pay her fare." I  
then recalled her quiet, happy ex-  
pression. I believe I should know her  
again, here, or hereafter; and I most  
strongly believe that, if she lives to  
old age, she will not be comfortless or  
cheerless.

JOSH BILLINGS says: "Success don't  
consist in never making blunders, but  
in never making the same one the  
second time."