

"GO FORWARD."

Night clouds are sinking fast,
Day dawn is near;
Bugles and clarions, ring
Out loud and clear.

Sleepers, awake! Fellows,
Rise at our call,
Clad all in armour bright,
Stand one and all.

Shake off your lethargy,
Nerve for the fight;
Gird up your forces, to
Strike for the right.

Dreams—let them fade away;
Forward! let your cry;
Look not behind you, but
Onward for aye!

Marches may tedious be,
Rugged the ground;
Burdens press heavily,
Hardships abound;

Faint not, and falter not,
Cheer one another,
March along hopefully,
Brother with Brother.

Called to lone night watches,
Guarding the host,
Patient and vigilant
Keep to your post;

Comrades may rest, while you
Pace and dull round;
The Captain is near you, all
Faithful be found.

Dread not the hidden foes'
Manifold arts,
Bitterest scoffing, and
Venomous darts;

Look at the Cross gleaming
Bright on your shield,
Bright on the Banners that
Circle in the field.

Onward thro' toil and strain,
Upward where loom
Sceptres of doubt and dread,
Darkness and gloom.

Whirlwinds of passion cease,
Sorrow floods deep,
Close to the Leader climb,
Steep after steep.

When drums beat to arms, when
Battle's at hand,
War-shouts and trumpet blasts
Swell o'er the land;

Press to the front, soldiers,
Dread not to go
Where fierce is the fighting, and
Dauntless the foe.

Meet clash of opinions, and
Onset of words,
Calmly and warily
Wielding your swords.

Make for the breach, and
Thro' hottest strife
Onwards, to love and light,
Onwards to life.

Fill up the ranks, Soldiers,
Follow as one;
Union means Victory
Mighty deeds done.

Fight, the good fight, Brother,
Forward! your cry,
Waver not, weary not,
Forward for aye!

BOY INVENTORS.

Some of the most important inventions have been the work of mere boys. The invention of the valve motion to the steam engine was made by a boy. Watt left the engine in a very incomplete condition, from the fact that he had no way to open or close the valves except by means of levers oper-

ated by the hand. He set up a large engine at one of the mines, and a boy was hired to work these valve levers. Although this was not hard work, yet it required his constant attention. As he was working these levers he saw that parts of the engine moved in the right direction, and at the exact time that he had to open or close the valves. He procured a strong cord and made one end fast to the proper part of the engine and the other end to the valve lever, and the boy had the satisfaction of seeing the engine move off with perfect regularity of motion.

A short time after the foreman came around and found the boy playing marbles at the door. Looking at the engine he soon saw the ingenuity of the boy, and also the advantages of so great an invention. Mr. Watt then carried out the boy's inventive genius in a practical form, and made the steam engine a perfect automatic working machine.

A CAT CLIMBS A CHURCH STEEPLE—HOW IT WAS RESCUED.

One beautiful summer evening the avenues were thronged with people on their way to church. At a corner several persons were standing, gazing apparently into the air. Others soon joined them, until so large a crowd was gathered that the way was blocked. Soon the windows along the street were thronged, and a number of persons were seen on the tops of the houses in the neighborhood.

And what do you think they saw? Clinging for dear life to a jutting ornament, near the top of the tall church steeple that pointed straight up into the soft evening air, was a black cat. "How did it get there?" was the first question every one asked, and "How will it get down?" was the next.

The poor thing was looking down, and at frequent intervals it uttered a pitiful cry, as if calling to the crowd below for help. Once, it slipped and fell a short distance down the sloping side of the steeple, and an exclamation of pity came from the crowd, now intensely interested in its fate. Luckily the cat's paws caught on another projection, and for the moment it was safe.

Some looker on suggested that it be shot in order to save it from the more dreadful death that seemed to await it; but no one was willing to fire the shot. Ere long a little window some distance above the place where the cat was clinging was seen to open. Two boys had determined to save it; they had mounted the stairs to where the bell hung, and then by a ladder reached the window. The boys were seen to be lowering a basket down the side of the steeple.

Pussy watched it intently as it came nearer and nearer.—When it was within reach, she carefully put out one paw, and took hold of the side of the basket, then as carefully repeated the action with the other paw, then with a violent effort flung herself over the side into the bottom of the basket. She was safely drawn to the window amid loud cheers from the spectators below.—*St. Nicholas.*

GOOD IN THE COUNTRY.

Somehow, it seems easier to be good in the country, doesn't it?—right among the grass and flowers, where you can see all there is of the blue sky, and not be shut in on every

side by brick walls, and have to walk on hot, city pavements. Which of our poets is it who says,

" 'Tis as easy then to be good and true
As grass to be green or skies to be blue?"

If you don't know his name, ask some one.

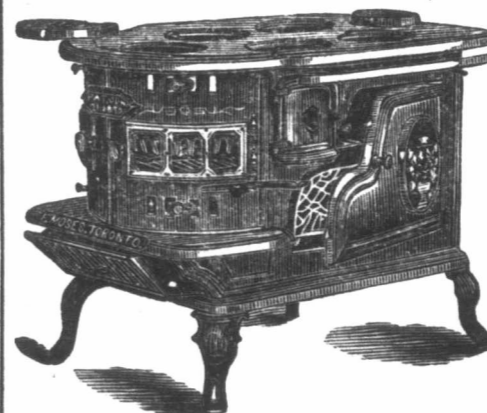
But, after all, we believe you each know by experience that it takes more than blue sky and lovely grass and flowers, to make us happy, even to say nothing of making us good. We want something *inside* of us to do that, don't we? Things outside are not enough. We want the sweet, bright, loving Spirit of Jesus inside. Then we shall be happy and sweet-tempered whether we have blue sky or gray—whether we are in the city or country.

Now, suppose you were to spend this summer—wherever you may be—with Jesus! You have a little, secret life of your own that nobody but He knows anything about. Nobody else knows what you may be thinking about. He does. Now just bring Him into that little hidden life. Tell him all your secrets—every one; don't keep one back. And ask Him to tell you His secrets—the secrets He has for you. Be sure not to forget this. It is to the little children that He loves to tell His secrets. This may seem strange, but it is true. He has told us so Himself.

He has, oh! so many things to tell you if you will only be very quiet, and listen. Sometimes He will speak to you in His Word, and sometimes He will speak to you in other ways. And, very often, He will speak to you when you are all alone by yourself (perhaps among the grass and flowers) and are very quiet with thoughts of Him. Try every day to have some time all alone with Jesus. And when you are alone, don't spend all the time in talking to Him, but, like Samuel, ask Him what He has to say to you, and then be very still, and listen. In this way, you will soon learn to know the Voice of Jesus, and follow it.—*Parish Visitor.*

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