

CANADIAN NATIONAL HYMN.

The following is the hymn composed by Lord Lorne and dedicated to Canada. It has been set to music by Mr. Arthur Sullivan:

GOD bless our wide Dominion,
Our fathers' chosen land;
And bind in lasting union
Each ocean's distant strand,
From where Atlantic terrors
Our hardy seamen tram,
To where the salt sea mirrors
The vast Pacific chain.

O bless our wide Dominion,
True freedom's fairest scene;
Defend our people's union,
God save our Empire's Queen.

Fair days of fortune send her,
Be Thou her shield and sun!
Our land, our flag's defender,
Unite our hearts as one!
One flag, one land, upon her
May every blessing rest!
For loyal faith and honour
Her children's deeds attest,
O bless, etc.

No stranger's foot, insulting,
Shall tread our country's soil
While stand her sons exulting
For her to live and toil.
She hath the victor's nurture,
Hers are the conquering hurts
No toeman's stroke shall hurt her,
"This Canada of ours."
O bless, etc.

Our sires when times were sorest,
Asked none but aid Divine,
And cleared the tangled forest,
And wrought the buried mine,
They tracked the floods and fountains,
And won, with master hand,
Far more than gold in mountains—
The glorious Prairie land.
O bless, etc.

O, Giver of earth's treasure,
Make Thou our Nation strong;
Pour forth Thine hot displeasure
On all who work our wrong!
To our remotest border
Let plenty still increase:
Let Liberty and Order
Bid ancient feuds to cease.
O bless, etc.

May Canada's fair daughters
Keep homes for hearts as old
As theirs who o'er the waters
Came hither first of old.
The pioneers of nations,
They showed the world the way;
'Tis ours to keep their stations
And led the van to-day.
O bless, etc.

Inheritors of Glory,
O countrymen! we swear
To guard the flag that o'er ye
Shall onward victory bear.
Where'er through earth's far regions
Its triple crosses fly;
For God, for home, our legions
Shall win or fighting die!
O bless, etc.

WHAT A LITTLE GIRL DID FOR JESUS.

FAR away on one of the mountains of Monmouthshire there is a place called Garndiffaith. The name signifies a heap of stones, and really it is hardly more than that. There are no streets properly speaking, but broad "alleys," with carelessly thrown together stone walls, and colliers' huts scattered all about. It is a wild, desolate-looking place, with a large population, however, and one "big house," the doctor's, perched upon the top of the mountain. From this house a very extensive view can be obtained of mountains, collieries, iron works, houses,—the houses being nearly all whitewashed and so giving a decidedly Welsh appearance to the scene.

It was in the middle of last summer that I found myself located here, a guest at this "big house" and con-

ducting a mission at the Wesleyan chapel.

On the evening of the Sunday there might have been seen in the chapel, a big, tall, strong man, nearly six feet high and broad in proportion. He was evidently unaccustomed to attend a place of worship—did not quite know when to stand up and when to sit down, and from the way in which he turned over the leaves of the Bible, it was clear he knew nothing about it.

Well, it is about this man I want to tell you. He had been a most wicked man, the leader of a gang of poachers, and one of the terrors of the neighbourhood.

Everybody on the mountain knew him. Until the Sunday evening before he had not been in a place of worship for (I think) twenty years.

It happened that that evening he was sauntering about with nothing particular to do, when a little girl belonging to our Sunday-school saw him.

They were having their Sunday-school anniversary at the Wesleyan chapel that day, and so desiring to do something for Christ, she went up to him, and offering him a sheet of the hymns to be sung, asked him to come to the service. The Spirit of God must have striven with that big, strong man just then, for without saying anything he put her hand in his and walked along with her to the chapel.

There the singing charmed him and the sermon took hold upon his conscience. Next Sunday evening he was there again, and this Sunday was the day upon which the mission services commenced. The Spirit of God strove more powerfully with him and tacitly and then he decided to give his heart to God.

But he had his own peculiar way of doing it. He had been very notorious in the service of Satan, and he determined to be just as notorious in the service of Christ. So he commenced by going to the landlord of the public-house where he used to spend a great part of his time, and told him that he did not intend to visit his house any more. He then sought his old companions and told them that he would have no more to do with them. Then he put himself in the front rank of our mission band, and night after night sung round the neighbourhood with us.

Of course the tidings got abroad in "no time" and everybody was talking about him. But he didn't care for that. They had all known that he had been a servant of Satan, now they should know that he was going to be a servant of Christ!

The last night of the mission had come, and after singing with us outside, he took his seat at the bottom of the chapel, and when the after meeting commenced he slowly walked up the aisle and knelt at the communion rail, seeking mercy. "Oh! sir," said he to me, "I have served Satan well and he has been a hard taskmaster. If the Lord will pardon my sins, I will serve him better than ever I served Satan." In an agony of mind he pleaded for mercy until at last the Lord pardoned all his sins.

Several months afterwards I saw him again, and by his bright, happy face and the testimony of those who knew him, I felt sure that he was carrying out his determination, and

serving God better than he ever served Satan.

Little girls, see what you can do for Christ. In all human probability if that little girl had not asked him to come to chapel that wicked man would never have been saved.

If one who was older had asked him to come, most likely he would have received an angry refusal.

But "a little child shall lead them," and although you think there is little you can do for Christ, if you give yourself to him and ask him to help you, you will find out that after all you can do very much.—*W. E. Sellers.*

REMARKABLE PINS.

OFTEN do we read of remarkable men, places and events, but who has heard of remarkable pins? I went one day into the office of a Sanitary Inspector in one of England's largest towns, and there I saw a map of a certain district pierced here and there with pins. These pins had large heads, and looked in some of their groups like regiments of little soldiers. I asked what they meant, and was told that each stood for a case of disease such as fever, measles, etc., according to the colour of the pins' heads.

In some streets there were none, in others very few, but in others they were very thickly placed. The Inspector was thereby able to see at a glance where diseases lurked, and where his services were chiefly needed. It was sad to see so much hidden evil thus brought to light. The sadness however deepened when one tried to think how many and how varied the pins would have to be if they stood for cases of soul disease. And the sadness was all the deeper when one thought of the Good Physician who is ever willing and able to cure such complaints if the people would but come to him for healing and life.

It is said of General Gordon that "he always took a great delight in children, but especially in boys employed on the river or the sea. Many he rescued from the gutter, clothed them and clothed them and kept them for weeks in his home. For their benefit he established evening classes over which he himself presided, reading to and teaching the lads with as much ardour as if he were leading them to victory. He called them his kings, and for many of them he got berths on board ship. One day a friend asked him why there were so many pins stuck into the map of the world over his mantelpiece. He was told that they marked and followed the course of the boys on their voyages—that they were moved from point to point as his youngsters advanced, and that he prayed for them as they went day by day. How suggestive of the kind interest which the best of all friends takes in the progress of every human being, and especially of his children. "Your heavenly Father knows your whereabouts. He needs no mechanical help to realize it. Being above all he sees all." Say not "My way is hid from the Lord;" but rather trust in that sweet little promise, "I will guide thee with mine eye." Psalm xxxii. 8.

During the Franco-German war, there were certain windows in which you might see pictures of the battle-fields with movable pins stuck here and there to show the position of the

armies and the progress of the war. Every day people went to see if the pins had changed their positions, and how the war went on. At last the day came when the pins showed that the Germans had conquered the French, and had even entered Paris.

Just now there's another battle going on in the world—a battle between truth and falsehood, and right and wrong. This battle has lasted many years. Sometimes one side has had the victory, and sometimes the other; but we know which side will win in the end. We should have to stick a great many black pins into a map of the world to stand for sin and wrong, and but few to stand for good and right, but the few will conquer the many. The whites will beat the blacks until the day will come when all the wrong will be done away, and the right shall be left the master of the field, for

God will help the good and true
Everywhere;
Be their numbers great or few,
They're his care;
One, a thousand men shall beat,
Two undaunted armies meet,
And through God make them retreat,
Nerved by prayer.
F. M. L.

A BRAND FROM THE FIRE

J"ERRY" McAuley, the well-known missionary in the slums of New York, is dead. His career has been a most remarkable one. He was born in Ireland, and came to this country when he was thirteen years of age. His father had been a counterfeiter, and the son followed in the same crime, becoming a most abandoned character. He was a prize-fighter and thief and seemed capable of all kinds of wickedness. Finally he was convicted of highway robbery and sent to Sing Sing prison for fifteen years. While in the prison he professed reformation and conversion, and when released tried to lead a correct life. This he found at first very difficult, but after several falls he finally straightened up and became a faithful Christian man, and commenced the most earnest efforts on behalf of men who were in the same class to which he belonged. He established a mission in one of the worst quarters of the city of New York and laboured most earnestly and successfully among the worst classes. Good men, and wealthy men, gathered about him and aided him and his faithful wife in their good work. A short time since he died, in the presence of his wife and a few friends, in the triumphs of the gospel. His funeral was largely attended. It took place from the Broadway Tabernacle, where thousands visited and looked upon the remains of the good and faithful man. The papers say that probably the funeral of no private citizen was ever attended by so many people in that city—a high tribute to goodness and devotion. "The memory of the just is blessed."

"My dear, look down below," said a grandioso as he stood on Brooklyn bridge with his wife, and gazed at a tug hauling a long line of barges. "Such is life—the tug is like a man, working and toiling, while the barges, like women, are—" "I know," interrupted Mrs. G., acridly, "the tug does all the blowing, and the barges bear all the burden."