

## FORWARD.

NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN.

WHAT rises o'er those snowy plains?  
What floats the Western sky?  
Whence on the virgin white those stains?  
Whose is that crimson dye?

Rebellion's ensign blots the blue,  
And mingles its network gold,  
And near those stains of crimson hue,  
Canadian hearts lie cold.

Another ensign! Trumpets ring!  
A youth this flag upholds;  
And lo! from every side men spring  
And range beneath its folds.

Nor race, nor creed the patriot's sword  
Nor faction blunts to day.  
"Forward for Canada!" 's the word  
And eager for the fray

Our youths press on and corpses shame,  
Their bearing bold and high.  
For this young nation's peace and fame  
Ready to do or die.

They come from hamlet and from town,  
From hill and wood and glade,  
From where great palaces look down  
On streets that roar with trade;

From where by flood and rocky bar,  
The Atlantic's held in check;  
From where Wolfe's glory, like a star,  
Shines down on old Quebec;

From where Mount Royal rises proud  
O'er Cartier's city fair,  
From where Chaudiere with thunder loud  
Fangs high its smoke in air.

From pleasant coves rich and old  
That gem Ontario's shore;  
From where Niagara's awful plunge  
Makes its eternal roar

From each new town just sprung to life  
Mid flowery prairies wide;  
From where first Riel kindled strife  
To Calgary's rapid tide.

Upon the field all rancour healed  
There's no discordant hue:  
The Orange marches with the Green,  
The Rouge beside the Bleu.

One purpose now fires every eye,  
Rebellion foul to slay.  
"Forward for Canada!" 's the cry,  
And all are one to-day.

## RIEL'S CAPTURE.

A STRANGE MEETING OF OLD ACQUAINTANCES.

THE telegraph tells us that the capture of Riel was effected by Major Boulton. Thus we may see how strange are the reverses brought about by the whirligig of time. Fifteen years ago Boulton was lying a prisoner in Fort Garry, condemned to death by Louis Riel, President of the so-called Provisional Government. There were many gentlemen of influence in Fort Garry and the neighbouring village of Winnipeg at the time, and one by one the more influential of them sought to mollify the wrath of Riel and save the life of his captive. But one after the other was refused; it was not so much the offence that was to be punished as the example that was to be set and Boulton must die. Accordingly the prisoner was so informed and was bade prepare himself for death. Archbishop McLean, the Rev. Mr. Young, and others visited him, and men's faces grew long and gloomy in anticipation of the tragedy that was about to be performed. At length a gleam of mercy or wisdom reached the savage dictator and his fiat was issued that Boulton's life should be spared, and the glad news quickly spread through the little settlement till it reached a reverend gentleman who had prepared the young man to meet his death in a Christian manner. "Not to be shot!"

said the reverend gentleman, "Dear me! He was well prepared for death. The young man will never be in a better state to die. Dear me! Not to be shot. Well! Well! it's a fortunate escape."

Riel afterwards was wont to express his regret that he had not shot Boulton since his escape encouraged others, and it is probable that when he found himself pursued and taken on the banks of the Saskatchewan the other day he may have once more wished that he had not interfered to render void the pious labour of the Red River clergyman.

## THE REVISED OLD TESTAMENT.

THE Rev. William Briggs, the energetic Book Steward of the Methodist Publishing House, had the honour to be the first publisher in Ontario to send to trade east and west and sell over the counter the Revised Version of the Old Testament. On Wednesday evening, May 20, after seven o'clock 2000 copies were disposed of. He was also the first by a considerable time to receive and distribute the Revised New Testament four years ago. Amid the keen competition of the times it is gratifying to know that the old Methodist Book Room comes to the front every time.

## YOUTHFUL PIETY.

It is of the highest importance that children should be trained to habits of religion, for the habits of youth cling to the man even down to the sore and yellow leaf of Autumn. The boy is the father of the man. Education may do much; grace may do much. But the marked characteristics of boyhood come out in manhood. A fair boy, a manly boy, or a mean, tricky boy, usually carry those traits through life. A prayerful, religious, industrious, girl, or a frivolous, hot-tempered vain girl, will be much the same in advanced life.

The majority of the faithful, devoted Christian workers in our churches to-day are those who give themselves to Christ in youth.

The generous whole-souled men of this generation were open-handed boys of the last. The mean, stingy men we see about us were niggardly when they were young.

## THE "WORKING BAND."

THE "Working Band" is made up of girls eleven, twelve, and thirteen years of age. They like to play and have "good times" as well as other girls, but when I tell you what they did one summer vacation, not very long ago, you will see that they have learned something about self-denial.

These are all school-girls, and when the hot days came on it was very pleasant to think about vacation. You know how that is, girls and boys, and so you are the better able to appreciate the self-sacrifice which led these girls, as soon as school was closed, to unite in a working band, which was to meet every Saturday afternoon. A dear lady, who had long been an active worker in the Lord's vineyard, won these young hearts to the work, and they met at her house.

We will not tell you about their meetings, but we will tell you this, that in the autumn they sent away a

barrel full of warm, serviceable clothing which they had made or collected from friends who were willing to help on the work, to a home for poor old people who had no children to love and care for them, but who were tenderly cared for by one of the Lord's children.

Among the articles in the barrel were three quilts, pieced by the school-girls and tied with their own hands. So you can see that these same hands were doing something besides fancy work.

## HOW AN OWL'S HEAD REVOLVES.

A WRITER in the *American Naturalist*, who had read a story about an owl wringing his own neck off by looking at a man who was walking around him, tested the matter by experiment. He obtained a specimen and placed him on the top of a post. "It was not difficult," says the writer, "to secure his attention, for he never diverted his gaze from me while I was in his presence. I began walking rapidly around the post a few feet from it, keeping my eyes fixed upon him all the while. His body remained motionless, but his head turned exactly with my movements. When I was half-way round, his head was directly behind. Three-quarters of a circle were completed and still the same twist of the neck and the same stare followed me. One circle, and no change. On I went, twice round, and still that watchful stare and steady turn of the head. On I went, three times round, and I began really to wonder why the head did not drop off, when all at once I discovered what I failed to notice before. When I reached half-way round from the front, which was as far as he could turn his head to follow my movements with comfort, he whisked it back through the whole circle so instantaneously and brought it facing me again with such precision that I failed to detect the movement, although I was looking intently all the time.

## THE JOY OF DECISION.

"Do you dance?" we asked a young miss, "I do not dance now," she said. "I have given it up. For a long time I danced. My conscience opposed it. My mother disapproved of it. Becoming a Christian, I found that I could not conscientiously longer engage in it. I do not find fault with people who dance and play cards, but for myself I have decided."

In a later conversation on the same subject when the decision of some other ladies to dance no more was reported at the family circle, the same young lady remarked:

"I am glad to hear that. There is such pleasure in a final decision. I enjoy the right so much more when I have finally and positively decided in favour of it."

In wavering is utter unrest. Indecision is a thorn in the pillow. When the will does not assert itself as intellect and conscience direct, clouds gather over the soul and sorrow smiles.

He is happiest who makes up his mind, puts his foot firmly down, dismisses for ever the possibility of going back to the old practice, and walks forward with the self-respect which always comes from the consciousness of decisive action.

## PERSEVERE.

DRIVE the nail aright, boys,  
Hit it on the head;  
Strike with all your might, boys,  
When the iron's red.

When you've work to do, boys,  
Do it with a will;  
They who reach the top, boys,  
First must climb the hill.

Standing at the foot, boys,  
Gazing at the sky;  
How can you get up, boys,  
If you never try!

Though you stumble oft, boys,  
Never be downcast;  
Try, and try again,  
You'll succeed at last.

## THEY ALL KNOW HOW.

I took a large spider from his web under the basement of a mill, put him on a chip, and set him afloat on the quiet waters of a pond. He walked all about the sides of his bark, surveying the situation very carefully, and when the fact that he was really afloat and about a yard from shore seemed to be fully comprehended, he looked out for the nearest land.

This point fairly settled upon, he immediately began to cast a web for it. He threw it as far as possible in the air, and with the wind. It soon reached the shore, and made fast to the spires of grass. Then he turned himself about, and in true sailor fashion began to haul in hand over hand on his cable. Carefully he drew upon it until his bark began to move toward the shore. As it moved the faster, he the faster drew upon it to keep his hawser taut and from touching the water. Very soon he reached the shore, and quickly leaping to terra firma, he sped his way homeward.

Thinking that he might be a special expert, and an exception in that line of boatmanship to the rest of his companions, I tried several of them. They all came to shore in like manner. —*Harper's Young People.*

## RULES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

- 1 NEVER call a person upstairs or in the next room; if you wish to speak to them, go quietly where they are.
2. Always speak kindly and politely to the servants if you would have them do the same to you.
3. When told to do or not to do a thing by either parent, never ask why you should not do it.
4. Tell your own faults and misdoings, not those of your brothers and sisters.
5. Be prompt at every meal-hour.
6. Never interrupt any conversation, but wait patiently your turn to speak.
7. Never reserve your good manners for company, but be equally polite at home and abroad.

## HOW SHE GOT LEFT.

An old lady of Williams County, Illinois, who had never seen a railroad, made up her mind to visit Carondale on the "next train." She seated herself on the platform of the depot at Marion, and presently the train moved off slowly. The station-master interrogates the old lady, who sits placidly in her chair watching the departing train. "Why did you not get on, if you wished to go to Carondale?" "Git on!" said the old lady, "git on! I thought this whole consarn went."