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Vol. XX.

TORONTO, JUNE 30, 1900.

No. 25.

Canada.

BY ALEXANDER M'LACHLAN.

Land of mighty lake and forest? Where the winter's locks are hoarest; Where the summer's leaf is greenest; And the winter's bite the keepest; Where the autumn's leaf is searest; And her parting smile the dearest; Where the tempest rushes forth From his caverus of the north, With the lightnings of his wrath, Sweeping forests from his path; Where the cataract stupendous, Lifteth up her voice tremendous; Where uncultivated Nature Rears her pines of giant stature; Sows her jagged hemlocks o'er, Thick as bristles on the boar; Plants the stately elm and oak Firmly in the 'ron rock; Where the crane her course is steering. And the eagle is careering; Where the gentle deer are bounding, And the woodman's axe resounding. Land of mighty lake and river, To our hearts thou'rt dear forever! Thou art not a land of story-Thou art not a land of glory. No tradition, tale, nor song, To thine ancient woods belong; No long line of bards and sages, Looking to us down the ages; No old heroes sweeping by, In their warlike panoply; Yet heroic deeds are done, Where no battle's lost or won; In the cottage, in the woods, In the lonely solitudes—
Pledges of affection given,
That will be redeemed in heaven.

DOMINION DAY.

In both Pleasant Hours and Onward we furnish for our national birthday special patriotic numbers of these papers. We want our boys and girls to appreciate more and more as the years go by the splendid inheritance which God has given them in this goodly land—the freest land on earth. No land is more favoured of heaven; none has nobler Christian insti-tutions; none exhibite a higher grade of morality than our beloved Canada. Especially important to the future well-being of our country is the observance of the Lord's day, which is so marked a characteristic of our country.

The old-fashioned picture, the first on

this page, represents a scene which is enacted thousands of times on our quiet Canadian Sunday. The rural congrega-tion, who come from far and near to attend worship, are returning from the oldfashloned church which is shown in the rear of the picture. About four thousand Methodist congregations assemble

every Sunday, to say nothing of those of the over thousand four other denomina-These, with Sundaytions. schools, their Epworth Leagues, religious their training, and the religious effort which they represent - these are the true bulwarks of our countrythese are the corner-stone - these are the pledge of the stability of our national greatness and the sta-bility of its institutions.

Our other picshows ture us the characteristic Canadian homostêad in Ontario, many of which hundreds stud this fair and beau-tiful province. Around the comncistam eldstrot every



BUNDAY MORNING IN ONTARIO

sweep the broad acres where well-filled barn and farm buildings show the thrift and industry whereby such comfort has been obtained. We are apt to boast too much of our grand cities, but the farms and farming population are really the backbone of Canada's strength. "The king himself is served by the field," and the population outside our cities is many times greater than their in them. The times greater than that in them. men of brawn and brain who succeed in cities are, for the most part, those who were brought up in the wholesome farm life of the country with its fresh air, free life, good food and plenty of it, and ex-empted in their early years from the hurry and worry of city life. Let our Let our young folks learn by heart some of the patriotic poems in the present number and learn more and more to prize the noble country in which it is their good fortune to be bern.

Our country girls, too, have a better time than many of them think. With With our splendid school system, with the social and religious enjoyments and privileges which are theirs, they need not envy any girls in the world. If our young folk knew the hard fare and hard work and scanty food and coarse clothing of the boys and girls in many European lands they would prize their own all the more. Of our Canadian homes it may be said, "It snows within the house with meat and drink." We commend the verses which follow to all who are discontented with country life:

COUNTRY GIRLS OF CANADA.

Ye country girls of Canada, Who think your lot is hard, Who think your life monotonous, For you I have a word.

Ours is no royal-ridden land, Where nobles are by birth, But one of free equality, Whose standard is true worth.

Despise not then its rural scenes. Where youthful fancy roams; You'll find few spots more kind to you Than quiet country homes.

The busy towns are rushing streams, Where men forget their Lord; And seeking after wealth or fame, Care little for his Word.

Ye like the rippling fountains are, Fresh from the mountain's brink; Beside whose pure untainted streams It pleaseth one to drink.

And doubt not this, 'tis serious truth! Tho' you feel not the weight, That on your gentle shoulders There rests a nation's fate.

Because your life is humble. Think not it matters small Whether you make it well or ill,
Or make it not at all.

Few of the great, of any age. In luxury's lap were reared; Whence come these mighty minds, you

The world has loved and feared ?

Few, few of these were ever reared 'Mid cities' giddy whirls;

Their homes have been the country, Their mothers, country girls.

And from your heart those intellects That fifty years to come Shall hold the roins of Church and State, Protect our land and Lome,

Must take the cast which moulds their

minds
The way that they shall go,
Which makes their path all blessing, Or makes their lives a woo,

The things you love, the words you speak.

The very thoughts you think, Will in a measure live in them, Thro' some mysterious link.

Then prize your truth and vir'ue, Your very thoughts keep pure. Let faultless nature mould your forms, Life's battles to endure.

With "woman's right" or franchisement, Let not your hearts be vexed, However man this age may rule, 'Tis yours to rule the next.

The simple truth that you may teach. In words and accents mild, And by the manner of your life, Impress it on your child,-

May peal in loudest thunder tones, When you and I lie low, From men, within whose hands then rests Our country's west or wee.

There's much truth in that saying old, "Man works from sun to sun; Though woman toileth night and day, Her work is never done.

It reaches out beyond her life, Far into other years, Beyond her day of weary care, Beyond her night of tears.

When she long since has passed away, Still monuments we find, In living men, whose words and life, Show forth her mould of mind -Witness.

TWO BRAVE BOYS.

Two young boys, sons of a clergyman, living in Cincinnati, O., went not long ago with their father to visit the Sol-diers' Home in Dayton. After a while the clergyman left his sons in charge of an officer, who was to show them the sights. Presently the old soldier began:
"Now that the old man has—"

more interrupted the boy; "he is our father."

A little while afterward the soldier began to swear. The younger brother looked up into his face and said: "Please don't use such words." "Why not?"

"Because we do not like to hear them; we are church folks." "Oh!" said the

soldler, as he gave a whistle.

But he did not swear any more, and he guided those boys around the grounds as respectfully and attentively as 15 they had been the sons of Queen Victoria.



BELOIR FARM HOMESTEAD, DELAWARE, ONTARIO.

Canada.

BY MORLEY LOUIS BWART.

O what varied beaut) thine.— Land of maple land of pine, Land of glacier land of vine Land of rivers rushing free Canada Canada. I love thee

Others dark in shame and tears. Others old in servile years.
Thou a free-born child appears.
Thou art young and fair and freeCanada Canada, I love thee!

Faithful jewe, in Britain's crown, Rising star of her renown, Star that shines when tempests frown, Gunrded, yet so truly free,-Canada, Canada, Canada, Ca

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK. Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, JUNE 30, 1900.

THIS CANADA OF OURS.

An article of extraordinary interest on "Canada and its Resources," appeared in a recent number of The Methodist Magazine and Review. A few passages grouped together may enable us to form a more vivid impression of the magnificent heritage we in the Dominion possess. Some of the statements sound more like the wonderful things of the more like the wonderful things of the Arabian nights than as a sober reality. We have become accustomed to the statement, that excluding Alaska, Canada is a larger country than the United States. But we form a new conception of the magnitude of Canadan territory when it is stated that it comprises nearly when it is stated that it comprises nearije forty per cent, of the British Empire, that, including encircling and penetrat-ing lakes, and the rivers of enormous size and length by which it is permeated. Canada claims more than one-half of the fresh water of the entire globe.

The day is past for any one to speak of the northern territory, with its vast area, as so many acres of snow and ice.
Modern readers are better informed than the King of France who wasted no regrets on the country which he had ceded to the British crown. Still an impression prevails that a very large proportion sion prevails that a very large proportion of Canada, in consequence of unfavourable climatic conditions, must ever remain an inhospitable waste, valuable chiefly for its furs or perhaps for its fishing. But here we have the startling statement, made upon presumably reliable data, that Canada possesses a greater wheat-producing area than does the United States, that the soil of this wheat area is richer, and will produce a theory are the order of the order higher average of better wheat than any other part of the continent or of the world, and that it is practically inex-haustible. This fact atone indicates a haustible. This fact aione indicates a purpose of Frovidence that this northera territory should be the home of uncounted millions of people. Bread is the staff of life. Wheat-growing area is the natural homestead of the human race. Even the severity of the climate in the extreme north has its compensations. "What would be thought of a device that should provide a well-spring of molsture that should continually exude

and feed the delicate tendrils of roots that the wheat plant sends into the earth for sustenance or Yet this is the very provision that nature makes A frost

for sustenance. Yet this is the very provision that nature makes. A frost tine in the earth is full of force. Thawed out in the summer months it supplies a needed and unfailing element of moisture as list other conditions are favourable to the production of wheat, grains, and routs. "Climate is more the result of altitude than listitude." It is stated as altitude than listitude." rous Climate is more the result of altitude than latitude. It is stated as a significant circumstance that while Europe has a mean elevation of 671 feet and North Europe of 718 feet, the Canadian portion of the continent has an altitude of only 200 feet. The failing off is shown from the fact that the great rivers run to the north. Marino currents are said to be extremely favourable to Canada as also the moderating inducences of great bodies of fresh water. But there is still another advantage in these northern wheat-fadied of Canada and that is that which there there is still another advantage in these northern wheat-fadied of Canada and that is that which there there is still to be an average of two hours more seen to a second of two

equally the longest cays in summer. There is said to be an average of two hours more each day of sun during the period of growing wheat in Canada than in any other country capable of producing wheat to advantage. Thus condiin any other country capable of produc-ing wheat to advantage. Thus condi-tions unite to make the northern wheat lands the most valuable on the continent or of the globe.

or of the globe.
Reference is made to rivers and bays as a means of judging of the vast expanse of Canada; the Si John, NI. New hundred miles in length, the largest river on the Athantic Coast; the St. Lawrence one of the noblest rivers in the world, with the Oltawa as an affluency the Winnipeg River in the centre of the continent, "one of nature's most delightful miracles;" the great Red River of the north the cumily great Assimblence, and nut mirracies; the great Red River of the north, the equally great Assinibolne, and the noble Saskatchewan, "the gateway of the Northwest;" and beyond the range of these, the Athabasca, and the Mac-

grandpa," remarked Charlis. "Who pays them t"
"Oh. the men owning the loga."
"One of the men I know quite well. I guess he likes boys."
"That is good"
"lut—he drinks."

"Is aw him pull a bottle from his pocket and he put it to his mouth and smacked his lips." macked ... Borry 1 Somebody ought to speak to

"I dare say."
"Why don't you speak to him,

What, me !" "Why, yes. You are good at speak-

"Yes, you speak to fifty at once."

"I heard you advise fifty people at least, not to drink anything stronger than water." "Why, when?"
"Didn't I hear you say that in school?"
"Oh, when I spoke a piece?"
"Of course, and the boy who can speak

to fifty can certainly speak to one."

Charlie was silent.

"Well, if somebody don't speak to the

"Well, if somebody don't speak to the river driver, he will go on."
"Grandpa thinks he's funny, I don't see any fun in it." thought Charlle. That Grandfather liaven might not joke any more, Charlle did what older folks do when annoyed by disagreeable talk, he changed the subject.
"Didn't you say Uncle Jonas wore a red shirt like those river drivers, when he went hunting?" asked Charlle, adding to himself, "now I've got grandpa "Ab, grandpa liked to talk about his absent Jonas.
"Oh, yee, yee, and how Jonas did like

Absent Jonas.

"Oh, yes, yes, and how Jonas did like to hunt! He liked to do other things, too, and he was fond of saying what he



BREAKING A LOG JAM.

kenzie Rivers; while the Fraser River flows through British Columbia. In their forests, mines, fisheries, gateways of commerce, the valuable resources of the Lower Provinces are indicated. A few facts and statements only on this subject have been summarized. They abundantly illustrate the magnitude of Canada, and the magnificence of its varied resources. We close the perusal of such a paper with a deepening impression of the grand possibilities of Canada in all that pertains to the material greatness of a country. Our young men should think well of the advantages which the Dominion possesses, vantages which the Dominion possesses, before crossing the lines to the more crowded communities of the United States.—The Wesleyan.

THE CANADIAN RIVER DRIVERS.

BY EDWARD A. POND.

"Oh, grandpa, they are driving the logs down our-our-river. The mcn came from Canada, and there's a J-jam at the bridge," cried Charlie Haven excitedly, as he stood at the window overlooking a river in Maine. "Come, grandpa! Don't you want to see them?" Grandpa Haven responded to this invitation, and coming to the window, looked across a sloping field down to the river and the bridge spanning it. The logs that had drifted down the river to the sawmills waiting for them, had caught at the stone plers of the bridge and were slowly pling up in a confused mass. Hopping over these piles, trying to disengage what logs they could, were half a dozen men, river drivers. They half a dozen men, river drivers. They wored red shirts as a rule, and looked like a flock of flamingoes that with their red hodies and long less had lighted on the logs to see what they could do for the sawmills patiently waiting for these

perverse logs.
"Those river drivers work hard,

would do when he came home tor good. He would begin with the barn. Then he would tackle the bouse, and so on and on." Poor Jonns! He don't seem to get on a tal." Here grandpa dropped further remarks about the beloved Jonsa and wiped his

Charlie had heard about his uncle, and Chartie had heard about his uncle, and he knew what the trouble was with the warm-hearted, generous, but sorely tempted Jonas, he loved the bottle, "Where is he now, grandpa? Does he go huntling now?" asked Charllo. "Dunno! He don't stick long in one

place.

The old gentleman's tone indicated that he did not wish to talk any more to-day about Jonas, and Charlie said nothing about Jonas, and Charne said nothing more. He gazed at the barn that sorely needed a work of repairs. Every year its walls spread out farther and farther, like a man who is stradding, and the straddle widens and he threatens to fall any moment.
Soon Charlie left for a walk to the

"Ah," he said, "there's the river driver I like." The voice of the man had first attract-

The voice of the man had first attracted Charlie, a cheery, hearty voice, and the two at once became friends.

"Well, Bub, and how are ye to-day?" said the man, heartly holding out a hand of weekman, heartly holding out of weekman, heartly hea

He thought the matter over quickly, father.

Of course, somebody ought to speak to the templed. A word might work won-ders. Was not he the somebody to speak to the river driver. And if he could to the river driver. And if he could speak to fifty—to fifty, mind—could he not speak to one?

not speak to one?
These arguments did not go through his boylsh brain so deliberately as that, for he was obliged to thisk fast. His thoughts flow past him somewhat like the cars of an express train. However, he made up his mind to try.
"Bir " said Charlie solemnly," Well, Blub, what is it?"
"Sir " began Charlie again. Then it seemed as if all power of speech failed him.

"S-s-" he whispered,
He-began again, "Sir-"
"Why, Bub!" said the astonished flamingo, "what is the matter?"

He hesitated, then tried again, "Don't!"

He had got it out at last.
"Don't want me to drink? Ha-ha!
Now, Bub!"
The river driver's tones were not at all

angry. They were just as kind as they could be, for he pitied this boy in his

could be, for he pitted this coy in his perplexity.

"Lemme think!" he said pleasantly.

"Why, Bub, I can't stop."

Charlie's words were coming now.

"Yes, you can, it you try hard."

"But I don't believe in stopping all at once. I believe in tapering off."

"Tapering off."

"Why. The property to the gradually.

"Why, in coming to it gradually, drinking less and less. That is what I

aim at."
"Oh, I see. How long have you been tapering off?"
The river driver laughed. "Oh, fifteen But I can't stop.

Should Charlle say the next thing?

snould Charlle say the next thing? Yes, he was brave.

"Ask God to stop you."

"See here, Bub! Now I've got ye! I'll make you an offer. If you will pray—right here—I'll stop. Ha-ha, I got

yo ! Charlie looked around.
"You come behind that waggon and

I'll try to."
"You will, Bub! Come on!"
What Charlie said he never could recall. It was a very poor sort of a prayer in Charlie's opinion. It had an effect,

"Where do you live:"
"Up in that house on the hil!"
"You don't say! My!"
The river driver thought in silence.

He soon began again: "Bub, I do feel interested, but how do I know I can stop? "You can stop for to-day."
"So I can"

"You have only to stop a day at a "Why. I never thought of it in that

way.

"Well, here goes for to-day"
Down went the flask.

"Lemme think I want to see my
boss. I want to see Simon Chadbourne.
You stay right here. I'll be back
soon."

While he was gone. Simon Chadbourne came out of the depths of the lumber yard accompanied by one of his hands, and they began to load the waggon with joists and boards. Then they harnessed

joists and boards. Then they harnessed into the waggon a span of horses.

"All right, is it?" said the river driver, suddenly appearing.

"All right!" answered the lumber

deal I told you, Simon, I wanted to drive

"I told you, Simon, I wanter to our myself."
"Jump up with me, Bub" called out the river driver to charlie, as the beauth, he said to Charlie, as the said to the said to Charlie, as the fitteen dolors into this lumber. Guess I can dispose of it. Wasn't that wise?"
"On west You solne to sell it?"

"Oh, yes! You going to sell it?"

To Charlle's surprise, the river driver guided his team to Grandpa Haven's door, and throwing down the reins, jumped to the ground, and then accested the old gentleman who was sitting in his ancient armehair, mournfully contemplating that dropping barn. "Father, templating that drooping barn. "Father, I said I was coming home some day to fix up and begin with the barn, but I, couldn't come till I had stopped drinking, and had something to begin on. I've just told my boss to lot another man who wants my place to take it and—""Why, Jonas!" exclaimed the old father.—Ram's Horn,

A National Hymn.

BY THE MARQUIS OF LORNE.

From our Dominion never Take thy protecting hand. United, Lord, forever Keep thou our fathers' land ! From where Atlantic terrors Our hardy seamen train, To where the salt sea mirrors The vast Pacific chain. Aye, one with her whose thunder Keeps world-watch with the hours, Guard Freedom's home and wonder, This Canada of ours.

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.

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 guerdon, Hers are the conquering powers, No foeman's yoke shall burden This Canada of ours."

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 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.

May Canada's fair daughters Keep house for hearts as bold 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 lead the van to-day.

inheritors of glory O countrymen! we swear To guard the flag whose story 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.

CANADA-ITS EXTENT AND ITS RESOURCES.

BY REV. JAMES S. ROSS, D.D.

Three hundred and sixty-six years ago Jacques Cartier set sail from St. Malo to obtain glory for his royal master. Soon the erected cross, surmounted by the "fleur-de-lis," told the tale of Canada's discovery, and France's new glory. Not by diplomacy, nor through the strife of war, but silently and unconsciously, was Canada thus incorporated into a mighty From the scattered wigwams empire. of the dusky Indian, and from the silence of dense forests broken only by the warbling of birds and the cry of feroclous beasts, who could then have predicted the brilliant future that awaited our country? It is true, we may have no myths reaching back into the hazy past, to soften the rugged outlines of our early history; no legends to tempt the curiosity of literati; nor narratives of mighty conquests to arrest the attention of the world; but if greatness consists in sacrifices borne, hardships overcome, and brave deeds conceived and performed, our claim to permanent fame equals that of many of the lauded nations of history.

Nature's gifts have been lavished upon our possessions, reach from ocean to ocean! how extensive our waterways! how exhaustless our fisheries, forests, and mines! how fruitful our soil, and how invigorating our climate!

Yet the restless activity of man, ever striving to supplant nature, has ramified the country with electric nerves, woven a network of rail, launched the magnifi-cent steamer, delved the langer-avoiding canal, and erected the school—the foc of the tyrant, and the church—the hope of the world.

Our land is young; no ivy-crested towers or storied castles are hers. She 'nvokes not the aid of proud historic names, nor deeds of knightly chivalry to procure her fame. She is young! but her robes are unsulfied, and the flush

of health is on her cheek. How stately her steps as she goes forth to take rank among her peers! Behind her lies the darkness of night; before her, the growing brightness of the spring-tide day.

Consider a few of the elements of her greatness! Her climate is shulprious and invigorating, and although she boasts not of a temperature where summer flowers flourish in perpetual bloom, nor where spicy breezes breathe through the live-long year, yet she possesses a clime in which men attain the greatest vigour of body and mind, under which the conquering nations of the world have the conquering nations of the world have developed. Her winters, so much dreaded by the European, are seasons of business prosperity, whilst the merry jingle of the sleigh-bell betokens enjoyment. The abundant snow proves a beneficial covering for the plant, frosts pulverize the soil, and the melting of the snow supplies moisture to the local earth. Our summers are sufficiently long and warm for the maturing of the crops. Wheat ripens as far north as Great Slave Wheat ripens as far north as Great Slave Lake, and lands hundreds of miles farther north about in the coarser grains and grasses. Most of the fruits brought to perfection in Spain and Italy may also be produced to advantage in the southern portions of our Ontario. Maize, that will not ripen in England, and seldom in the vicinity of Paris, is here a field crop; and the beautiful and useful sugarmaple, which cannot grow in England, owing to the lowness of temperature, attains here to a height of from sixty to one hundred feet. The productiveness of the maple has induced Canadians to adopt its leaf as a national emblem. As one of our native poets has sung :

"Let older nations proudly praise the

emblems of their fame, That sounding down thro' ages long have won immortal name;

Let Britain, greatest of them all, loud praise her glorious three, That like her sons are joined in one in

"But there's another emblem yet, dearer

Canada the Free.

to us than all, That tells of happy hearts and homes

and Freedom's joyous call; And magic light—a heacon bright—to myriads o'er the sea, Our Emblem chief, 'ae Maple Leaf, of

Canada the Free.

"It breathes no tale of ancient feuds, betrays no barren soil, But welcomes to our grand old woods the honest sons of toil;

Gives equal rights and equal laws to

all, whoe'er they be, Our Emblem chief, the Maple Leaf, of Canada the Free.

"Then while we prize, with children's love, the Shamrock and the Rose, The Thistle and the Fleur-de-Lis, for-

get not that there grows Upon our broad and fertile soil a noble forest-tree,

With graceful leaf, the emblem chief of Canada the Free."

Our natural resources are rich and varied. The commercial value of our forests is simply inestimable. With care, the supply is unlimited for centuries to come, and the influence they exert upon the climate is both powerful and favourable. Our forests are at once the envy and the admiration of the world.

The development of our mineral resources is, as yet, in an embryonic state, but sufficient is known to prove the existence of a vast amount of national wealth, lying locked in the dark chambers of the earth.

Our fisheries are, and will continue to be, a great source of wealth. From the banks of Newfoundland, over the gulf of St. Lawrence, around the three great oceans to Vancouver, through innumerable straits, seas, and inlets, we possess eleven thousand miles of sea-coast, swarming with most prolific fisheries.

They yield about \$20,000,000 annually. while yet only one-third of them is developed.

The facilities we possess respecting ratural and artificial means of communication will be apparent from a consideration of our lakes and rivers, our railways and canals. From Belle Isle to the head of Lake Superior. a di tance of twenty-four hundred miles, there are only seventy-two miles of canal; and from Belle Isle to Montreal, a distance of seven hundred miles, there is navigation for the largest steamers. As recently as 1815, the first steamboat was built on Lake Ontario. Now, Canada takes rank as third maritime power in the world.

Though the labours of our forefathers in providing for their physical wants were long and severe, they never over-

looked the necessity of a sound education, as being the basis of a nation's greatness. Through the wise fore-thought and administrative skill of Dr Ryerson, we possess a system of primary education which is excelled by none other in the world. In addition to high schools and academies, there are several colleges where any young man of industry and intolligence may obtain a classical, scientific, technical, or general education of the highest grade. Though in a young country "learned leisure" must, of necessity, be comparatively rare, yet Canada has reason to be proud that she possesses names in literature and science on which the world's renown has fallen.

With an invigorating climate; inexhaustible mines and fisheries; millions of fertile acres waiting for the coming of the husbandman, a vast natural system of water communication; a strong military position; an enlightened and liberal educational policy; religious freedom in its most perfect form; an impartial judiciary, alike independent of popular favour and of political influence; a form of government speedily giving expression to the popular will, and with institutions of stability and order, attracting population and capital to our shores; what earth-born power can rob us of our destined glory? How encouraging the auguries of future greatness! The busy hand of toll is seen everywhere. whole country is astir. The myriad sounds of cities respond to the farmer's voice and the herdsman's call. The watercourses are vexed with innumerable keels. The valleys are vocal with the din of manufactures. The mountains tremble at the miner's blasts. The woodman's axe resounds through the dense forests, and boundless prairies are soon to be solitary no more. Canada thus sets out on her career, with as bright a future before us, as any state whose craft has been launched upon the stream of time. Then,-

"Sail on, Dominion, strong and great! Humanity with all its fears, With all the hopes of future years, Is hanging breathless on thy fate! In spite of rock and tempest's rear, In spite of false lights on the shore, Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea! Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee: Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,

Our faith triumphant o'er our fears, Are all with thee,—are all with thee !"

Canada.

BY DR. DEWART.

The grand old woods of Canada: How cool and dim below The shade of their sweet rustling leaves! Swift-changing webs the sunlight weaves Where ferns and mosses grow.

The giant trees of Canada: Dark pine and birch drooped low; The stately elm, the maple tall, The sturdy beech, I love them all, And well their forms I know.

The forest wealth of Canada: The choppers' blows resound Through the crisp air, while cold and still

The snow's deep cloak o'er vale and hill Lies white upon the ground.

The sparkling streams of Canada: That 'neath cool shadows pass, Then wind, where sleek-fed cattle sleep, Through verdant meadow, ankle deep In clover-blooms and grass.

The crystal streams of Canada: Deep in whose murmuring tide, From pebbly caverns dimly seen 'Neath leafy shade of living green, Grey trout and salmon glide.

The beauteous lakes of Canada: With loving eyes I see Their waters, stretched in endless chair By fair St. Lawrence, to the main, As ocean wild and free.

Where white sails gleam o'er Huron's wake,

Or fade with dving day. Fend memories in my heart awake, Of home's dear dwelling by the lake, Like sunshine passed away.

The prairies vast of Canada Where sun sinks to the carth, In setting, whispering warm good-night To myriad flowers, whose blushes bright Will hail the morrow's birth.

The robust life of Canada In cheery homes I see, Though gold nor jewels fill the hand, 'Tis nature's self has blessed the land, Abundant, fair and free.

I Have Closed My Books. BY KATHKRINE LEE BATES.

I have closed my books, and hidden my slate,

And thrown my satchel across the gate, My school is out for a season of rost, And now for the schoolroom I love the best.

My schoolroom lies on the meadows wide. Where under the clover the sunbeams hide:

Where the long vines cling to the mossy bars. And the daisles tumble like falling stars;

Where clusters of buttercups glid the

scene. Like showers of gold-dust thrown over

the green, And the wind's flying footsteps are traced as they pass,

By the dance of the sorrel and dip of the grass.

My lessons are written in clouds and trees.

And no one whispers except the breeze, Who sometimes blows, from a secret place.

A stray, sweet blossom against my face.

My school-bell rings in the rippling stream. Which hides itself like a schoolboy's

dream, Under the shadow and out of sight, But laughing still for its own delight

My schoolmates there are the birds and

bees, And the saucy squirrel more dull than these,

For he only learns in all the weeks How many chestnuts will fill his cheeks

My teacher is patient, and never yet A lesson of hers did I once forget; For wonderful lore do her lips impart, And all her lessons are learned by heart. O come! O come! or we shall be late, And autumn will fasten the golden gat-

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Canada to England.

BY JAMES L. HUGHES.

Tune . Beulah Land "

Oh! Mistress of the mighty sea! Oh! Motherland, so great and free! Canadian hearts shall ever be United in their love for thee,

Yes, Motherland! Iwar Motherland! Beneath the Union Jack woll stand, A parc of thy Imperial whole; From sea to sea, from pole to pole On woodland height and fertile plain True British subjects we'll remain.

Thy power shall faith and hope impart, Thy liberty inspire each healt, Thy justice ever guide us right, Thy honour be our beacon light!

We share the glories of thy past, Thy sailors brave beneath the mast, And soldiers true on many a field, Have taught Canadians not to yield

Wo'll build a nation great and free, And greatest in its love for thee No other fate could be so grand As union with our Motherland ! Globe, Toronto.

THE BEAVER.

The beaver, the emblem of Canada, is to nibble tough, woody fibres.
a small animal with a fur skin and a flat! As has been stated, beavers show re-

the beavers had built a dam across the creek, and made a pend to live and play in at that place. There are very few in at that place beavers in this country now, and perhaps not many reavers of this have ever scen one.

Not very long ago beavers were abundant in nearly all the wooded districts of North America, but they have become scarce, and are now found only in wild and unfrequented parts of the continent Their hind feet are webbed for swimming, and they have a curious broad tall, flattened above and below like a paddle, and covered with thick skin. They have been said to use this tail as a trowel for pinstering their dwellings, and also for driving stakes, but authentic accounts inform us that the tail is used merely as a rudder in swimming, and as a support to the beaver while sitting up at its

An unusual degree of interest is felt in beavers on account of the skill which they display in building their homes, and in felling timber for the construction of their dams. In the arduous labour of cutting down trees, the only implements used are their short gnawing teeth. Beavers belong to the family of rodents, or gnawing animals, and as all these animals feed upon nuts, or the bark and woody stems of trees, they are supplied with them obtained teeth in order with sharp, chisel-shaped teeth, in order

lengths, and dragged to the water, that it may be floated to the dam. When large trees are needed, the beavers are wise enough to select those that stand near the edge of the water and then near the edge of the water, and they are careful to graw the trees in such a way that they shall fall into it, and thus save the labor of dragging them.—" Animal I to."

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER. STUDIES IN THE LIFE OF JESUS.

LESSON II.-JULY 8.

JESUS THE BREAD OF LIFE Memory verses, 35 37. John 6. 22-40.

GOLDEN TEXT. Jesus said unto thom, I am the bread of life.—John 6. 35.

 Seeking for Jesus, v. 22-24.
 The Meat which Perisheth, v. 25-34.
 The Bread of Life, v. 35-40. Time.-April, A.D. 29. Place.-Capernaum.

LESSON HELPS.

22. 23. "The day following"—Following the night of the walk on the sea and

THE BEAVER-THE FIRST AND ORIGINAL "CANADIAN ENGINEER."

in new countries. These little animals often live in large bodies, and do an immense amount of hard work. gnaw down trees and bushes with their sharp teeth, drag them across the creeks by their united efforts, and construct dams which form large ponds of water In building dams it is said they use their tails for trowels, and when they swim they use them for rudders. There were many beavers in this country in the days of the early settlements, and the people who first settled in the country made much money by killing beavers and selling ing to fur dealers. In these early days there were men who made hats by hand as a trade, and some of the very best and most stylish hats that were worn in those days were made of beaver fur. On this account fine hats are called beavers to this day. On account of the industrious habits of the beaver, we have the familiar and expressive saying. "He works like a beaver" Hence the appropriateness of the beaver as the emblem of the ind istrious Canadians. Some of the creeks in this country are named "Beaver Creek." They were so named by the early settlers of the country on account of the beavers that infested them. Several localities along those creeks are called "Beaver Dam" to this day. They, too, received the name from the early settlers because

homes, and they arrange them so that the entrance may be at all times beneath the water. When the home of the beaver is in a stream or lake deep enough to secure this important object, there is no necessity for a dam, or for the erection of houses, and their dwellings are then hollowed out in the banks. But if the stream is shallow, dams are needed to store up a sufficient quantity of water to conceal the entrance to their homes, as well as to prevent the possibility of their

being blocked by ice.
In order to build these dams, trees roust be cut down and dragged or floated to the spot, stones and lumps of earth are then brought to keep the timbers and boughs in place, and everything is securely fastened. Twigs and pieces of wood are also stored up for winter food in case the beavers should be compelled to resort to such indoor fare.

All the wood-cutting, as we have seen, is done with the sharp front teeth, and it is accomplished very rapidly. Sitting upon the tail and haunches, a single beaver gnaws a circle around the trunk of a tree, going round again and again, gnawing the groove deeper each time. At length, when the trunk is cut nearly through, after examining it frequently, the careful worker nibbles only upon the side toward which it wishes the tree to fall, taking care to dash away at the first crackling of the timber, that it may not be crushed by the falling weight.

The trunk is next cut into the desired

tail, which lives about streams of water | markable intelligence in building their | the day of the feeding of five thousand. "The other side of the sea"-The writer's point of view is changed; and the "other side" here is the eastern side, the side where the miracle had been wrought. The meaning of the close of verse 22 and of verse 23 is simply this: On the evening of the miracle only one boat was in sight; but most of the people having come from the west of the lake, in the morning several boats crossed

over for them.
24. "They also took shipping"—Not, rrobably, the whole five thousand.
"Came to Capernaum, seeking for
Jesus"—They knew that he had not
gone with his disciples in the one boat that had left; they would learn from the ferrymen of Tiberias that he was not there; so most naturally they went to Capernaum.
25. "Other side" in this verse means

western side.

26. "Saw the miracles"—Better, "saw the signs." Their miraculous meal of the signs." Their miraculous meal of bread and fish was meant to be an emblem of the heavenly food which Christ could supply; but it had awakened in their hearts no "hunger and thirst after rightcousness," only a desire for another meal of bread and fish. (1) How many there are to-day who turn from the living God to "loaves and fishes!"

27. "Labour not"—Rather, work not. (2) We should live as being in the world, but not of it. "Meat"—Food. "En-Their miraculous meal of

but not of it. "Meat"-Food. "Endureth unto everlasting life"-This food is not consumed, like physical food, but image in man.

"endures," abides, and the life that it nourishes continues into eternity. (3) This world, with all that belongs to it, "passeth away." "Scaled"—Or, as we would say, "indorsed." In the East men authenticate a document by appending a seal instead of a signature. God the Father by just such miracles as the feeding of the multitude had indorsed Jesus as the Messiah.

as the Messiah.

28. "Work the works of God"—If working for wages, labouring for the "meat which perisheth," is not the high-

est ideal, tell us how we shall work.
29. "Believe on him"—Identify yourselves in every way with the Messiah.
(4) Faith in Christ is the great saving

work.
30. "What sign"—The Jew was born a believer, just as the Greek was born a sceptic. The first demanded a supersceptic. The first demanded a super-natural wonder as naturally as the sec-ond asked for a reason. (5) God gives both reasons and miracles in plenty to the devout soul, but gives neither to the

curiosity seeker.
31. "Did eat manna"—" After all. they thought the feeding of the five thousand was less marvellous than the manna, and

Moses was not the Messiah."
32. "Moses gave you not"--Christ will not allow himself to be unfavourably compared with Moses. "The true bread"—Spiritual bread; eternal truth, which was embodied in our Lord.

34. "Evermore give us this bread"— superficial and unspiritual prayer. These people were shallow; they did not comprehend the meaning of Christ's

words, but if he had anything desirable to give they wanted it."—Abbott.

35. "Bread of life"—Bread that giveth life. "He that cometh"—That is, he that continually comes. "In one sense spiritual hunger and thirst are not ended where "Children continual to the continual of the continual than the continual of the continual of the continual than the continual of t when Christian experience begins."—
Abbott. (6) But the true Christian has no heartache or unsatisfied yearning.
36. "Believe not"—They sought a feeder for their stomachs, not a Saviour for their sough.

for their souls.

37. "In no wise cast out"—(7) Christ's

promise to cast out none is the sinner's warrant.
40. "Seeth "—Contemplateth.

HOME READINGS.

M. Jesus the Bread of Life.-John 6. 22-40.

Tu. Bread from heaven.-John 6. 41-50.

W. Everlasting life.—John 5. 51-58. Th. The manna.—Exod. 16. 4-15. Broken for us.-Luke 22. 13-20.

None lost.—John 17. 1-12.

Su. With him in glory.—John 17. 20-26. QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Seeking for Jesus, v. 22-24. Who came seeking Jesus? When did they come? Why were they seeking him? is there any danger of selfish seeking

ia these days? 2. The Meat which Perisheth, v 25-34 How did they address Jesus?

Why did he say they were seeking him?

What did he tell them to labour for? Explain the "meat which perisheth." What is the "work of God"? Does work always follow faith? What did they ask for? Verse 28. How did Jesus answer them? What did they then want him to do? To what Old Testament miracle did

they refer? What was the "bread from heaven"? 3. The Bread of Life, v. 35-40.

Were the people pleased with Christ's teaching?

What were they seeking? Of what did Christ complain? Verse 36. What precious promise is given in

rerse 57 What always accompanies God's promises ?

Why came Christ to earth? What does this teach us as his fol-

Can anything be lost that is given to

Christ? Need any be lost?

can accept God's promises? Give Golden Text.

What in this displeased the Jews? Who did they say he was? How can we feed on Christ?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Where in this lesson do we learn—
1. That not all persons who seek Jesus seek him with proper motives?

2. That we can work best for God when we believe most in him?

3. That Jesus is the bread of God which nourishes our souls as bread nourishes our bodies?

Alcohol is not a gift of God, but Satan's most powerful agent for destroying God's