



PUBLIC FOUNTAIN AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

Alone with Conscience.

I SAT alone with my conscience,
In a place where time had ceased;
And we talked of my former living
In the land where the years increased;
And I felt I should have to answer
The question put to me,
And to face the answer and question
Throughout an eternity.

The ghosts of forgotten actions
Came floating before my sight,
And things that I thought were dead
Things

Were alive with a terrible might;
And the vision of all my past life
Was an awful thing to face,
Alone with my conscience, sitting
In that solemnly silent place.

And I thought of a far-away warning,
Of a sorrow that was to be mine,
In a land that then was the future,
But now was the present time;
And I thought of my former thinking,
Of a judgment day to be;
Put sitting alone with my conscience,
Seemed judgment enough for me.

And I wondered if there were a future
To this land beyond the grave;
But no one gave me an answer,
And no one came to save:
Then I felt that the future was present,
And the present would never go by;
For it was but the thought of my past life
Grown into eternity.

Then I woke from my timely dreaming,
And the vision passed away,
And I knew the far-away warning
Was a warning of yesterday;
And I pray that I may not forget it
In this land before the grave,
That I may not cry in the future,
And no one come to save.

And so I have learned a lesson
Which I ought to have learned before,
And which, though I learned in dreaming,
I hope to forget no more.
So I sit alone with my conscience
In the place where the years increase,
And I try to remember the future,
In the land where time will cease;
And I know of the future judgment,
How dreadful so'er it be,
That to sit alone with my conscience
Will be judgment enough for me.

—The London Spectator.

Public Fountain, Constantinople.

IN Eastern cities, public wells and fountains are matters of great importance. Indeed in many cities of Europe, the people are supplied with water from public wells, and one of the most curious sights to a tourist is to see the people in their picturesque costumes going to the fountains, and bringing home water for domestic uses. These fountains are proverbially places for gossip and lounging and news telling. The picture shows a large fountain in Constantinople with a broad cool canopy which makes it a pleasant resting place for loungers.

The Hospital for Sick Children.

AT the head of Elizabeth Street, Toronto, stands an antiquated building, in which, from year to year, is carried on a most successful and interesting work. The Hospital for Sick Children was founded by two Christian women some ten years ago, upon the principle of voluntary contributions. The work has grown until it embraces, besides the hospital proper, a convalescent home at the Island, which is shortly to be enlarged through the kindness of a citizen. These institutions are managed by a committee of ten ladies, who meet together weekly for prayer and conference.

Having a morning to spare a few days ago we paid a visit to the establishment. Upon entering we found it was the usual morning, Friday, for the weekly devotional meeting, and that it was not customary to admit visitors to the wards in the forenoon. However, an exception was made, and we were kindly invited to inspect the institution and remain to the devotional service.

Passing through the hall to the larger boys' ward, which is a cheerful room facing the south, we found the nurses in uniform busily engaged dressing and bathing their young charges, bandaging limbs when necessary, and making everyone as comfortable as possible. The majority of the patients in this ward are suffering from chronic diseases of the spine and hip joints, and have, some of them, been in the institution for years. Here we met one of the ladies of the committee, and could not but be impressed with the manner in which opportunities for imparting religious instruction are improved. One of the boys called out, as soon as the lady mentioned appeared: "Oh! here is Mrs. —"; another said hastily, "Where have you been this long time, we wanted you." Mrs. — replied: "One of my friends has been very ill, so ill that I could not leave him; he is not very much better now, but I have been able to get away a little while to see you all." During this explanation the eyes of the boys opened wider than usual, and their faces gathered an expression of sympathy, and one a little more confident than the others, said rather sadly, "What is the matter with him?" The answer was: "He can't walk or move, has to lie or sit all day and all night, but he does not fret nor complain, because by-and-by, when Jesus comes, he will have a new body, a strong leg and a strong arm, and then he will be able to walk about and move his hand." We watched the child intently, and were

moved to tears to see him mutely lift his hand and put it upon the leg, which had not touched the floor for months, as if he had said, "Will I too have a new leg and foot so that I can walk about?" Another boy wanted "some real pigeons to hang up in a cage over the door." The lady said: "She did not know whether it would be best for him to have pigeons or not, but she would mention it at the meeting, and if it was right for him to have them, she believed God would send them to him."

The smaller boys' ward we found to be in many respects the counterpart of the other. The children, however, were much younger, and were as busy as little bees, amusing themselves in various ways, only one or two being seriously ill.

The girls' wards are up stairs, and are three in number. In one of these a young lady was seated beside the cot of a bright little girl, teaching her a text. The tiny learner seemed eager, even anxious in her efforts to repeat correctly the text, consisting of only two words. The reason was explained when a second lady entered, and softly said: "Well, Clara, dear little Maggie is gone to Jesus, and you are taking her place, lying in her cot. We are all so glad that poor Maggie is happy now and free from pain, but we shall all miss her text at the meetings." Then the bright face became illuminated, and "little Clara" cried out: "See Mrs. —, I have got a text for the meeting in Maggie's stead. Miss — taught me, and I can say it right off and it's 'Wait patiently.'"

We learned afterwards that the "little Maggie" spoken of, dead a few days previously, had for months given a text for the Friday morning meeting. The following are some of her selections:—"The Lord knoweth." "What wilt thou that I shall do unto thee?" "This same Jesus." She died, leaving as an impression of her own hope and trust and a message of comfort to the Christian women who had so tenderly cared for her through weary months, these words:—"The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life, of whom shall I be afraid?" "Wait on the Lord: be of good courage, and He shall strengthen thine heart; wait, I say, on the Lord." The power of the grace of God to sustain both soul and body in severe suffering, was tested and proved sufficient in "Maggie's" case. She was afflicted with abscesses on the body, and frequently when bearing for many minutes at a time, a strong and steady stream of water into the holes, produced by these sores, for cleansing purposes, she would wince, tremble, and set the lips firmly, but seldom or never cried out. When asked how she was able to bear what seemed almost like torture, though absolutely necessary, so well, she would reply simply as if it were a matter of course: "Why, I just ask Jesus, and He helps me." After looking through the other girls' wards we descended to the prayer meeting, not much surprised at the prosperity of this institution, as we listened to the earnest prayers of these women, asking God for money for current expenses, a new building, for the conversion of the children and the consecration of every worker in every department in the establishment.

Note.—Contributions for the Hospital may be sent to the Rev. Dr. Withrow, Toronto.

The North-Western Rebellion.

THE news from the Saskatchewan district has been most startling and alarming. A large number of half-breeds, at the instigation of the notorious Riel, are in rebellion against the Government. As a party of 100 loyal men and policemen had gone to Duck Lake to secure a quantity of supplies stored there, they were surrounded and attacked by a force of 200 insurgents, and compelled to retreat to Carleton. In the engagement 11 were shot dead, and 13 wounded. This terrible intelligence startled the whole country; and at once from Winnipeg a volunteer battery and a battalion made ready to go to the scene of trouble. Batteries A from Quebec, B from Kingston, and C from Toronto, were ordered to make ready to go out by the O.P.R. All Saturday and Sunday the greatest excitement prevailed in Toronto. The volunteers met in the drill shed to select from the Queen's Own and Tenth Royals 500 men for the North-West. These with Battery O left on Monday. In all the churches in Toronto reference was made to the alarming news from the North-West. Every family which has a son or brother going out with the volunteers is deeply stirred. Most of the killed and wounded are from well-known Canadian families. This brings it home to the hearts of the people as a matter of profound personal interest. Home guards are being formed in all the towns of the North-West. There was a report on Sunday that another collision had taken place between the police and rebels, in which 30 loyalists were killed and 34 wounded. It is said 47 rebels were killed. Fort Carleton has been evacuated and burnt; and the force under Col. Irvine, consisting of 170 policemen and 200 loyal Stoney Indians, have fallen back on Prince Albert. All news from that point will have to come by Battleford, which is 120 miles distant. Major-General Middleton has called for 2,000 volunteers. Volunteer battalions are forming at different points ready to move.

There can be no question that the situation is very serious and critical. If the Indians largely join the half-breeds, the trouble may be protracted for some time. The greatest danger of failure is from hasty and impulsive action before our forces are fully ready. Cool judgment and care should prevail. Especially should there be great care taken to see that the volunteers have the best possible arms, and are well provided with all that is necessary to their protection from cold and hunger. There should be no bungling. The cheerful spirits of the men should not prevent great care and caution. This rebellion is so utterly unjustifiable, that it must be put down with a firm hand. This is not a rebellion against a despotism sustained by an army. It is a base and murderous attack by settlers on the lives and property of peaceful and loyal Canadian settlers.—Guardian.

REV. EGERTON R. YOUNG OFFERS HIS SERVICES.

ON April 1 the Rev. Egerton Young, well known as a successful Methodist ex-missionary to the Indian tribes of the North-West, lectured on the present condition of these people, and the general state of the country, to a large and interested audience in the lecture room of the Queen Street Methodist Church. Speaking of the probable spread of the rebellion among the