

The World is Moving On.

BY REV. R. LOWRY

A SONG, a song to day,
For those who meet the fray,
Where sunshine struggles with the night;
The cloud of Error's reign
Is lifting from the plain,
And brave hearts battle for the right.

CHORUS.

Oh, the world is moving on,
The world is moving on,
From lowland and from valley,
On mountain tops to rally;
The battle-bow is strung,
The banner is out-flung,
And great Wrong no more is strong,
For the world is moving on.

The Truth, in durance long,
Is coming forth with song,
The nations catch the swelling tide;
Oppression, Crime, and Greed,
And Superstition's creed,
Are stricken, drivon out to die.

Then shout and sing again
The new evangel strain,
That ushers in the rising day;
The coming ages wait
At freedom's golden gate,
And brave hearts throng along the way.

Khartoum.

"THE Land of the False Prophet" is the title of the opening illustrated article in the *March Century*, by General R. E. Colston, who was formerly a B y in the Egyptian service. From it we quote the following: "Khartoum is a city numbering between fifty and sixty thousand people. Several European consuls reside there. The American consul was Azar Abd-el-Melek, a Christian Copt from Esneh, and one of the principal merchants. The European colony is small and continually changing; for Khartoum is a perfect graveyard for Europeans, and in the rainy season for natives also, the mortality averaging then from thirty to forty per day, which implies three thousand to four thousand for the season. Khartoum is the commercial centre of the Soudan trade, amounting altogether to sixty-five million dollars a year, and carried on by one thousand European and three thousand Egyptian commercial houses. Drafts and bills of exchange upon Khartoum are as good as gold in Cairo and Alexandria, and vice versa. From official sources I learned that the city contained three thousand and sixty houses, many of them two-storied, each having from ten to one hundred and fifty occupants. Stone and lime are found in abundance, and the buildings are, after a fashion, substantial, the houses belonging to rich merchants being very spacious and comfortable. There are large bazaars, in which is found a much greater variety of European and Asiatic goods than would be expected in such distant regions. In the spacious market-place a brisk trade is carried on in cattle, horses, camels, asses, sheep, as well as grain, fruit, and other agricultural produce. Many years ago an Austrian Roman Catholic mission was established and liberally supported by the Emperor of Austria and by contributions from the entire Catholic world. It occupies a large parallelogram surrounded by a solid wall. Within this inclosure, in beautiful gardens of palm, fig, pomegranate, orange, and banana, stand a massive cathedral, an hospital, and other substantial buildings. Before the people of Egypt and the Soudan had been irritated by foreign interference, such was their perfect toleration and good temper that the priests and nuns, in their distinctive costumes, were always

safe from molestation, not only at Khartoum, but even at El Obeid and the neighbourhood, where the majority are Mussulmans and the rest heathens. It was stated some months ago that Gordon had abandoned the Governor's palace and transformed the Catholic mission into a fortress, its surrounding wall and massive buildings rendering it capable of strong resistance."

Gordon the Hero.

THE hero never dies.

Whether General Gordon lives at this moment on the earth or above the skies makes little difference to the feeling in which he is cherished and in which he will continue to be cherished. In the mould, quality, and proportions of his manhood he is as near an approach to the hero race, "those ever living men of memory," as this age is likely to witness.

The like of his solitary watch in the desert has never been. He is himself a new achievement for our race, and as such elevates the ideals of our common humanity. His impression on the imagination and memory of men is just so much moral force added to the influences that work in their breasts to lift them up from the life of gain and gainful emulation to the higher plane on which heroism begins in some practical working out of the divine maxim, "except a grain of corn fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone, but if it die it bringeth forth much fruit."

It is not genius that we honour in him, but heroism; and this is the ideal that is worth most in life. Genius is a special gift, and is neither to be asked for nor hoped for. The elements of the heroic character are the common ideals that shine in all true hearts. If it is the prerogative of genius to give "the touch of nature which makes all the world akin," it is the higher prerogative of the hero to touch nature itself and develop some new powers from its very springs.

Gordon's English heart and English faith did not narrow or confine him. His manhood was of the universal type. Place him in China, in Abyssinia, in the Soudan, or among English roughs, this slight, delicate, and almost effeminate-looking man became a king in whom men trusted. He is the most striking example of the universalism of the hero character in the whole range of biography. He had some force in him that was intelligible to everything that had in it the passions and the perceptions of a man.

The world will wait long for another such career, and longer yet, perhaps, for another such example of simplicity in character and in action. England has had heroes who loved duty better than life, but never one before who, while he loved life little, and never cared for it at all as an end, crowded its days and nights, in un pitying rigour, with the service which makes it most worth living.

The national hero of England in all these modern times is the Iron Duke; but the iron of Wellington has its counterpart in the firm, hard steel of Gordon. He was tender as he was true, and it is easy to match in his life the action of Wolfe, who, just before he was shot through the body, above Quebec, stopped in his rush to death and victory to take the hand of a captain sorely wounded, to whisper words of comfort in his ear, and promise to remember him to the king.

But Gordon was to his inmost core a man of steel, and a yet stranger instrument to execute the inefficient gentleness of his plan for Egypt.

But great as is his contrast with Gladstone, it is yet greater with our whole age—with its temper and with the spirit that pervades it. We cannot endure hard doctrine. Gordon looked steadily at the power that rules the world and saw there an Electing Grace that gave a tinge of fatalism to his theology. He was as rigorous in his daily spiritual exercises as in military vigilance. He lived on the Word of God and prayer. The elements of his character were a transfusion of faith and prayer and Holy Scripture. He did not quail before the dogmas of a stern faith. He looked on life with a mind firm enough in its texture to keep its edge. The work he had to do required a man of steel. He could do it, and did do it, because he was not fashioned as other men are, but on the grand models of an age that could face with serene heart the hard realities of truth and life.

This is the way with heroes; but it is not the temper of our age. In all this Gordon won his imperishable fame by being strangely and yet gloriously in contrast with his times.

The grandeur of England's history lies largely in her roll of martyrs and of heroes. It is a roll with an immense store in it of the moral force that gives our race its upward progress. But there is no page in it all that will prove richer in this ideal inspiration than that Gordon has just closed at Khartoum. The best thing to be hoped for the policy to be adopted by England in the case is that it be such that she need not be ashamed to remember Gordon.—*The Independent*.

A Practical Help.

ABOUT five years ago one cold Sunday morning, a young man crept out of a market house in Philadelphia into the nipping air, just as the bells began to ring for church. He had slept under a stall all night, or rather lain him there in a stupor from a long debauch.

His face, which had once been delicate and refined, was blue from cold and blotched with sores; his clothes were of a fine texture, but they hung on him in rags covered with mud.

He staggered faint with hunger and exhaustion; the snowy streets, the gaily-dressed crowds thronging to church, swam before his eyes; his brain was dazed for want of usual stimulant.

He gasped with a horrible sick thirst, a mad craving for liquor which the sober man cannot imagine. He looked down at the ragged coat flapping about him, at his brimless hat, to find something he could pawn for whiskey, but he had nothing. Then he dropped upon a stone step, leading, as it happened, into a church.

The worshippers were going in. Some elegantly dressed women, seeing the wretched sot, drew their garments closer and hurried by on the other side.

One elderly woman turned to look at him, just as two young men of his own age halted.

"That is George C——," said one. "Five years ago he was a promising young lawyer in P——. His mother and sister live there still. They think he is dead."

"What did it?"
"Trying to live in a fashionable set

first, then brandy. Come on. We shall be late for church."

The lady went up to George C—— and took his arm.

"Come inside," she said sternly, with a secret loathing in her heart. "The Gospel is for such as you. Come and pray to God that perhaps at this late day he may lead you to redemption."

He stared stupidly at her. She lectured him for some time, sharply, trying to compress the truths of Christianity into a few terse sentences.

But that young man's brain did not want truth or the gospel, it wanted physical stimulant. His head dropped on his breast; she left him, going with a despairing sigh into the church.

A few minutes later a gentleman came up, who had different ideas of teaching Christ. He saw with a glance the deadly pallor under the bloated skin.

"You have not had breakfast yet, my dear friend," he said briskly. "Come, let us go together and find some."

George C—— muttered something about "a trifle," and "tavern."

But his friend drew his arm within his own, and hurried him trembling and resisting down the street, to a little hall where a table was set with strong coffee and a hot, savory meal. It was surrounded by men and women as wretched as himself.

He ate and drank ravenously. When he had finished his eye was almost clear, and his step steady, as he came up to his new friend and said: "Thanks. You have helped me."

"Let me help you farther. Sit down with me and listen to some music."

Somebody touched a few plaintive notes on an organ, and a hymn was sung, one of the old, simple strains with which mothers sing to their children and bring themselves nearer to God. The tears stood in George C——'s eyes. He listened while a few of the words of Jesus were read. Then he rose to go.

"I was once a man like you," he said, holding out his hand. "I believe in Christ; but it is too late now."

"It is not too late!" cried his friend. It is needless to tell how he pleaded with him, nor how for months he renewed his efforts.

He succeeded at last. George C—— has been for four years a sober man. He fills a position of trust in the town where he was born, and his mother's heart is made glad in her old age.

Every Sunday morning the breakfast is set, and wretched men and women whom the world rejects are gathered into it. Surely it is work which Christ would set His followers upon that day.—*Truth*.

"Upsettin' Sins."

PRESIDENT McCOSH, of Princeton College, tells the story of a negro who prayed earnestly that he and his coloured brethren might be preserved from what he called their "upsettin' sins."

"Brudder," said one of his friends at the close of the meeting, "you ain't got de hang ob dat ar word. It's 'be-settin', an' not upsettin'."

"Brudder," replied the other, "if dat's so, it's so. But I was prayin' de Lord to save us from de sin ob intoxication; an' if dat ain't a upsettin' sin, I dunno what am."