

Japan.

The Rev. Dwight Williams has written the following beautiful piece of poetry about Japan.

From long and gloomy ages
She comes to join the van,
And pass to higher stages;
All hail, we say, Japan!
From solitudes of ocean,
Self-exiled from the world,
Her millions are in motion;
Behold a flag unfurled.

The conqueror's flag is lifted
Above Mikado's throne;
The night of years is lifted,
And she who sat alone,
Amid the desert waters,
Looks on the azure blue,
And o'er her sons and daughters
Appears the day-star now.

Her temples, dim and hoary,
Have felt the touch of time;
And, lo! a stranger story,
And, lo! a sweeter chime
Breaks on the air enchanted,
And tells of Him whose charm,
Shall bring them, idol-haunted,
To know His kingly arm.

The steed of progress enters
To find a new renown,
To dash through royal centres
The joy of serf and crown;
Old empire of the islands,
Her cities spring elate;
Her valleys and her highlands
The coming glory wait.

It comes, a new dominion,
And Jesus King shall be;
Spread out His broad pavilion,
O islands of the sea;
The weary lands and olden,
And peoples young and strong,
With silver cords are holden,
And echo one sweet song.

A new reveille breaking,
The lines are forming fast,
And old pagodas shaking
Shall linger with the past.
The Lord's house on the mountain
Shall sound the welcome far;
There flows the healing Fountain,
There rests the Morning Star.

Soon shall the lightning's flashes
The song of peace repeat,
And moldering back to ashes
Shall turn the idols' seat;
The Conqueror comes unbidden,
With neither grape nor sword;
He comes with treasure hidden,
The beauty of His word.

A Time of Peril at Prince Albert,
N. W. T.

THE people of Prince Albert received on Thursday night news of the skirmish at Duck Lake, and the death of so many of those whom they had sent off full of life, and confident of an easy if not bloodless victory. It was expected that as soon as Irvine and Crozier had united their forces, the movement would collapse at once. Now a serious disaster had occurred, and Riel and his savage forces

FLUSHED WITH VICTORY

were nearer to us than our own men. The citizens at once set to work to build a barricade of cordwood around the Presbyterian Church and manse grounds, in which the women and children might obtain shelter. Almost every man in town, including three of the ministers, worked with a will, and in less time than could have been supposed, a strong stockade was completed, in most places eight feet high, and lined within by another pile of wood on which the men could stand. Stores and ice cut from the river were rapidly driven in. A large shed was run up in the enclosure, and a two-storey house across the street, which commanded the square, and would have given protection to the enemy advancing, was pulled down and levelled with the ground. All through Friday no courier

came from Col. Irvine. Seven nuns from the convent had the novel experience of spending two nights under the roof of a Presbyterian clergyman.

The manse, church, and shed were filled with the people of the town. Three women with little babes only two or three days old were carried on mattresses into the manse. The houses near at hand were also filled with people ready to run into the stockade as soon as an alarm should be given.

Not till 1 p.m. on Saturday was intelligence received of Irvine's march from Carlton. Two hours after the wounded were driven in. It was with thankfulness learned that only 12 were dead, and that the wounded had borne the journey very well. The police and volunteers were greeted on their arrival with ringing cheers—the joy and gratitude shaded only by the thought that nine of their brave comrades were still

LYING DEAD UPON THE FIELD,

exposed, as far as was then known, to the hot sun by day and the frost at night, and possibly also the beasts of prey.

About 7 p.m., just as the people were hoping that all was safe, the scouts and telgraph operator came in from the road that leads to Batoche and reported that a force of Indians was approaching and close at hand. A shot was fired from the stockade, and messengers rushed in all directions to alarm the people, and bring them within the stockade. The church bell was rung; and even in the midst of the alarm there were many who noticed how different is the effect on the soul of the same sound in different circumstances. The bell which had rung out joy and gladness after a wedding, which had filled them with solemn and devout feeling as they went to the house of prayer, seemed now to be pouring out sounds of horror and making the heart quake with alarm.

"Hear the tolling of the bells!

Iron bells!

What a tale of turbulence now their music tells—

In the silence of the night,

How we shudder with affright,

At the melancholy menace of their tone—

For every sound that floats

From the rust within their throats

Is a groan."

Such a panic many pray to God that they may never see again. Women arose from their sick beds and rushed into the enclosure; children snatched up in their nightclothes were carried into the manse in blankets. Another woman with a babe only a few hours old was added to the number of those previously carried in. The minister and others guarded the door, admitting

WOMEN AND CHILDREN

only, and sternly refusing admittance to selfish or timid men and boys. Some sad and one or two amusing scenes might be described. Two or three of the women fainted and the doctor was pressed in to attend to the sick. After the first rush was over all behaved very well, keeping quiet as they sat on the floor, and receiving as well as could be expected the assurance that there was no sufficient cause for the alarm. Meanwhile the stockade was lined with police and volunteers in arms ready to receive the enemy. After a time it was discovered that the scouts had been far too hasty in giving the alarm, as they had not actually seen the Indians at all.

On the Sabbath, Sanderson and two others went with sleighs to Duck Lake to bring in the dead. They found that Riel had permitted the prisoners whom he holds, and some of the French, to go out and carry the bodies into the house from which so many had been shot. On Monday at noon they returned, bringing along with the corpses Newith, the wounded prisoner, whom Riel had liberated. The bodies were laid out in an empty building, and with great thankfulness it was found that none of them had been grossly mutilated by the savages. The nine bodies lying side by side, the faces of two blackened with powder, formed

A GHASTLY SPECTACLE.

A few days before they went forth, full of life and spirit, too eager, poor fellows, for the fray, and there now they lay—stiff, discoloured, and silent in death. But they went at the call of duty, and they died on "the field of honour." Loving and gentle hands carried them to different places and prepared their bodies for the burial. Well may the people of Prince Albert cherish their memory with sorrowing affection and solemn pride. Like Him in whom we trust for salvation, though of course in a lower sense, they "laid down their lives for their friends."

On Tuesday, at 2 p.m., the funeral procession started for the Church of England cemetery, where it was thought best to lay the nine together in one common grave. The Prince Albert band led the way playing a funeral march. Then followed the volunteers, a body of police, and the ministers of the town. Next came the coffins, the mourners, and the general public. The Bishop and two of his clergy read the ordinary burial service. There was no sermon nor address, nor allusion to the peculiar circumstances. To some it seemed a pity that the order of the Church should be so rigid as to prevent any more honour being done to these brave men brought in from the field of battle, than would be shown at the burial of a newborn child. The Bishop of Saskatchewan, and the Presbyterian minister, however, both preached funeral sermons appropriate to the circumstances on the following Sabbath.

Before Batoche.

He lay at evening by our tent;
And who was graver, who more gay?
Out there the sentry came and went,
And we thought of the coming day.

His soldier's heart with hope beat high,
His eyes shone in the watch-fire's light;
Too slowly did the hours pass by,
For with the morn would come the fight.

A random shot far on the right,
Tells that our picket sees the foe;
A gun booms out upon the night,
The scouts dash up—away they go.

The bugle sounds. The call to arms
Rings wild across the prairie grass;
An eagle, scared by war's alarms,
Screams from his perch as on we pass.

Again at evening by our tent
He lies, but death cold is his face.
He smiles as if perchance he dreamt
The charge was o'er and won the place.

Nathaniel Nix.

CANADA has a great future if she can hold to her heritage. She has as much arable land as the United States, and she can draw from the northern latitudes of Europe races which thrive only in a semi-arctic climate. The problem which confronts the rest of mankind is how to control the increase of species. With Canada this question

is a hundred years away. The main thing for her now is to hold together. The public enterprise of Canadians, all things considered, exceeds anything of the kind in the history of provinces or nations.—*Chicago Current.*

The Prose of War.

POETRY, romance and even sober history have done much to throw over warlike deeds and scenes of battle a glamour that does not fitly belong to them. We have heard too much of the pomp and circumstance of war and too little of its cruelties and miseries. Heroism, self-sacrifice, patriotism, are worthy of all admiration considered by themselves, but they should not be allowed to blind the eyes of men to the reality of things. The prose of war differs from the poetry to the extent that martial music, huzzas of victory and the gleaming of banners and the tramp of armed men, differ from the groans of the wounded and dying, the ghastly corpses, the blood-soaked fields and the weeping and mourning of those whose loved ones have been laid in gory graves. One who has visited a battlefield just after the smoke of conflict has lifted and looked upon things to be seen, and heard the sounds that smite the ears, may well pray in all fervor that such scenes may never again be spread before the eyes of men.

If war ensues between the two great Empires of the Eastern world, who shall estimate the number of men whose duty it will be to abandon home, friends and peaceful pursuits, to engage in the fearful work of killing and mutilating each other, and whose fate in the end it will be to perish on distant battlefields, or to return at last maimed and disfigured to drag out a weary life of suffering? Who shall forecast all the sorrow that shall fall upon the homes of England should this calamity actually come to pass? Who shall give even an approximation to the losses that shall ensue to the world in the way of ravaged cities, countries wasted, commerce destroyed, industries paralyzed, and countless other interests diverted from their proper and legitimate purposes? These are the things that have prime consideration in the question of war. This is not sentiment, but sober fact. If war must come with all its terrible realities, let peoples and rulers enter upon it with a full realization of what it means and upon whom the awful responsibility rests for plunging the world once more into an era of blood and carnage.

We commend to our legislators at Ottawa, says the *Canada Citizen*, as an example that might be copied by them with advantage to themselves, the transaction of our public business, and their standing with the better part of the community, the following rule of the Congress of the United States:—"No intoxicating liquors shall be offered for sale, exhibited or kept within the Capitol, or in any room or building connected therewith, or on the public ground adjacent thereto, and it shall be the duty of the sergeant-at-arms of the two Houses, under the supervision of the presiding officers thereof respectively, to strictly enforce the foregoing provisions, and any officer or employee of either House who shall in any manner violate or connive at the violation of this rule shall be dismissed from office."