

this way, for about sixty thousand human beings had sought the same path, and were wedged into an almost solid mass, so great was the danger and the anxiety to be away from the cruel sea of fire below.

It was a grand scene, but a truly terrible one; and I thought, as I looked down on it, that the Waganda were now avenging the dead Wavuma with their own hands—for out of a quarter of a million of human beings, there must have been an immense number of sick unable to move. Besides these, what numbers of witless women and little ones, having lost presence of mind, must have perished; and how many must have been trampled down by the rush of such a vast number to escape the conflagration! The wide-leaping, far-reaching tongues of flame, voraciously eating the dry, tindery material of the huts, and blown by a strong breeze from the lake, almost took my breath away, and several times I felt as if my very vitals were being scorched; but, with heads bent low, we charged on blindly, knowing no guide save the instinct of self-preservation.

As soon as an opportunity permitted, I looked after the laggards of my party, and, by dint of severity, kept them together; but three or four were more than half inclined to give in before we breathed cooler air, and could congratulate ourselves upon our safety.

Indignant at such a murderous course—for I mentally taxed Mtesa with this criminal folly—I marched my party far from the route of the Waganda army; and though repeatedly urged by Mtesa to attach myself to his party, I declined to do so until he should explain to me why he had commanded the camp to be fired without warning to his people, or to myself his guest. His messenger at once acquitted him of such gross recklessness, and declared that he had arrested several persons suspected of having fired the camp, and that he himself had suffered the loss of goods and women in the flames. I thereupon, glad that he was not the author of the catastrophe, sent my salaams, and a promise to rejoin him at Ugungu, on the Uganda side of the Ripon Falls, which I did on the 18th October.

(To be continued.)

Sister Dora.

In October last, a statue was raised in the town of Walsall, in the Black Country, "the first ever erected in England to a woman, with the exception of Queen Anne and Queen Victoria."

A singular story lies behind this event. Walsall, a large manufacturing town, was filled, twenty years ago, with a rough, drunken, community of labouring people. The drainage and streets were in a deplorable condition, and every year small-pox and low fever raged unchecked.

In 1864, Dorothy Pattison, better known as "Sister Dora," went to Walsall during a fearful outbreak of small-pox, nursed the sick and dying, and even, with her own hands, laid out and buried the dead, when no man would dare to perform the last friendly office. So violent was the antipathy to the gray gown of the sister, that she was stoned and driven through the streets of Walsall with vile obscenity and abuse.

Once a stone, thrown by a boy, cut her in the forehead and felled her to the earth. She went on with her work quietly, but with indomitable resolution, treating her rough enemies—when they became her patients—with infinite tenderness, mixed with a shrewd, joking humour, which caught their fancy. One of the very men who had stoned her was brought in, crushed almost beyond recognition

in a coal-pit, for her to nurse. He became her most devoted friend.

Slowly she won over the multitudes of ruffianly men and women. She became "Our Sister Dora" to the ignorant, faithful souls.

On one occasion, when the hospital was filled with cases of virulent small-pox, she closed the doors to prevent the spread of infection, and, with one's man help, nursed, cooked, washed, and scrubbed for them all. One patient, when in the last agony, raised himself with a terrible effort, and cried out, "Kiss me once, sister, before I die!" which she did, instantly.

When she fell a victim to her work at last, the people mourned for her as if each man had lost his nearest friend. One of the eighteen labouring men who carried her to the grave, said:—

"We want her cut in marble, with her cap an' goon and blessed face. It's not that we'll forget her—no danger o' that; but we want her to be there, so that when strangers come and see her standing up there, they'll say, 'Who's that?' An' we'll say, 'Who's that? That's our Sister Dora.'"

The statue, just erected, was built by countless small contributions from the poor, and stands in the very square where she was stoned, to show one triumph of pure womanly goodness in the world.—*Selected.*

The Parish Minister's Questions.

THE parish minister in a town not a hundred miles from Dunfermline, Fifeshire, was recently going the round of all the Board Schools in the course of systematic examination. The day was warm, and the minister, feeling exhausted on reaching the school, took a seat for a few minutes to cool down and recover his breath; but even while doing so, he thought he might as well utilize the time in a congenial way, being naturally a bit of a wag.

So he addressed the boys thus: "Well, lads, can any of you tell me why black sheep eat less than white sheep?" There was no answer to this question; and the minister, after telling them it was because there were less of them, with pretended severity said he was sorry to see them in such a state of ignorance as not to be able to answer such a simple question. But he would give them another:

"Can any of you lads tell me what bishop of the Church of England has the largest hat?"

Here the children were again cornered for a solution.

"What! Don't you know," said the minister, "that the bishop with the largest hat is the bishop with the largest head? But, seeing I have been giving you some puzzling questions, I will now allow you to have your turn, and put some questions to me, to see if I can answer them."

Silence fell upon the whole school. No one, apparently, was bold enough to tackle the minister.

At length, from the far corner of the room, a little chap of about seven years got upon his feet, and, with an audacity that actually appalled the master, cried out, in a shrill, piping voice, but with the utmost sang froid: "Can you tell me why millers wear white caps?"

The minister was perfectly astounded, and for the life of him could find no solution of the problem. He began to feel somewhat uncomfortable, while the master frowned, with awful threatening in his glance, at the undaunted young culprit, who stood calmly waiting a reply to his poser.

"No, my boy," said the minister, at length, "I cannot tell why millers wear white caps. What is the reason?"

"Weel, sir," replied the young shaver, "millers wear white caps just to cover their heads."

It is needless to remark that the roar which followed rather disconcerted the minister, and he had some difficulty afterward in proceeding with his official examination.—*Scottish American.*

The Warmth of a Word.

BY MARGARET J. PRESTON.

'Twas a day in the dead of winter,
And the echo of hurried feet
Struck sharp from the icy pavement
Of the pitiless city street.

Each passer-by was loath to linger,
Though wrapped in a fur-clad fold;
For the air was a-tingle with frost flakes,
And the sky was benumbed with cold.

The cimter wind, in its fury,
Bore down like a sweeping foe;
The tempest was waiting the onset,
And abroad were its scouts of snow.

Yet, 'midst it all, with his tatters
A-flap in the whirling blast,
A child who seemed born of the winter—
A creature of penury—passed.

So tremulous were his accents,
As he shivered and crouched and sung,
That the names of the mumbled papers
Seemed frozen upon his tongue.

He paused for a bitter moment,
As a wondrously genial face
Arrested his voice and held him
With a pity that warmed the place.

"Have a paper?" The kind eye glistened
As the stranger took the sheet,
And glanced at the stiffened fingers,
And thought of the icy feet.

Then dropped in his hand the value
Of his fifty papers sold;
"Ah, poor little friend!" he faltered,
"Don't you shiver and ache with cold?"

The boy, with a gulp of gladness,
Sobbed out, as he raised his eye
To the warmth of the face above him,
"I did, sir—till you passed by!"

Gladstone on Bible-Study.

RECENTLY a Bible-class teacher in Manchester, England, wrote to the Hon. W. E. Gladstone for advice about study, and received an extended reply, of which this is a part:—

"Two things especially will I commend to your thoughts. The first is this: Christianity in Christ, and the nearness to him and his image, is the end of all your efforts. Thus the Gospels, which continually present to us one Pattern, have a kind of precedence among the books of Holy Scripture. I advise you remembering that the Scriptures have two purposes:—One to feed the people of God in green pastures; the other to serve for proof of doctrine. These are not divided by a sharp line from one another, yet they are provinces on the whole district, and in some ways different. We are variously called to various works. But we all require to feed in the pastures and to drink at the well. For this purpose the Scriptures are incomparably simple to all those willing to be fed. The same can not be said in regard to the proof or construction of doctrine. This is a desirable work—but not for us all. It requires to be pursued with more of external helps—more learning and good guides—more knowledge of the historical development of our religion, which development is one of the most wonderful parts of all human history, and, in my opinion, affords also one of the strongest demonstrations of its truth, and of the power and goodness of God."