

thought. She heard from Paul — short accounts, written where and how he could, of tiresome marches, unaccustomed duties, and conjectured movements to a doubtful end—letters which in their spirit of loyalty and honor made her heart glow. Through him also Annis heard of Norman, (who, under stress of duty and renewed hope was bearing himself as a soldier should) and the girl brightened visibly; so much so as to sensibly lighten the remorse of the grandfather who in his over-care of his fragile darling and denial of what seemed to her hurt, had brought about the very mischief he had striven all her tender life to avoid. There was no question of denial now; and when in Paul's letter at last came a few lines which Annis read with a happy blush and hid upon her heart before she slept, the doctor on his next visit marvelled what had wrought so sudden a change for the better in his patient. Grace knew—she had her own heart-medicine of the same description—but she held her peace.

Then came a day when all thought of peace was ended, and the dream of those who had preached it was rudely broken; when the crack of the rifle on the far Saskatchewan was echoed in the hearts that throbbed by the St. Lawrence, and the news came that a fresh harvest of young lives had been cut down like the grass; when the beautiful old city was stirred as never before in the memory of living man; when in street, and home, and market, there was but one cry—for news; when the bulletin was besieged and amusement forsaken; and when people coming even from the house of God thought less of the holy words still sounding in their ears than those of the yet wet "extras" that met them at the door.

On Grace and Annis the tidings of the skirmish of that eventful 26th of April wrought very differently, though neither found the loved name in the lists that brought grief to so many. To the one, lifted above self by an agony of sympathy, not the least strange sensation was that of the unreality of surrounding things, the triviality which seemed suddenly to invest the items that made up the sum of daily life, and the feeling by which the distant and unknown became the essence of existence. That life should go on as usual and all the pageantry of Nature remain unchanged—that roses should bloom and birds nest and sing while blood was flowing, groans were drawn, and hearts were aching—seemed to Grace an unpermissible anomaly; that business cares should engage and youthful gaieties be indulged in while pain, danger, privation and death were the lot of companion, comrade and friend, appeared unfathomable in its depth of pettiness; and the consciousness of a double self, of the contrast between the outward contact with the world of sense and the inner life that pulsed and throbbed with unspoken and unshared emotions, remains with Grace as the most ineffaceable memory of that never-to-be-forgotten time.

The interest of Annis on the contrary was but a kind of sublimated selfishness. "It toucheth thee and thou faintest," are words not applicable to Job alone. To the sick girl, prostrated anew by the fresh excitement, and shut in upon herself and from all outward intercourse, the North West Force soon came to mean Norman Wright alone, and every incident of the struggle, success or failure, shame or triumph, to be only thought of as it regarded him. Annis had known that sorrow was the common lot, but when brought face to face with the truth in her own experience she found it harder that she could endure. No doubt the Dispenser of causes has known how to apportion each to the work it is to perform, and if to the mother or mistress the welfare of son or lover outweigh the obliteration of battalions we are bound to believe that that force was needed to preserve the balance of creation; but to eyes that have opened on a wider horizon it looks incredible that others should have less range of vision—that personal joy or pain should engross the mind is wonderful to the soul touched and awakened by patriotic fire.

(Concluded next week.)

SOME ANTELOPE CHARACTERISTICS.

Have you ever seen a band of Antelope wending its way over mountain and valley? If not you have missed a charming scene.

The antelope (*Antilocapra americana*) is a small animal weighing from 60 to 100 lbs.; dark yellowish sides and front, with white legs, and rump patch; small, slender legs and a small hoof. Their eyes are large and expressive, and their ears are fans which catch every sound of danger. They are a cautious yet curious animal, and when alarmed almost invariably circle back to the point from which they were startled.

Antelope usually perform a seasonal migration to and from their different feeding grounds. Those of western Wyoming winter on the Colorado desert. As the snow gradually recedes, they wend their way back to the mountain basins, where the grass starts late and is green and tender throughout the summer. They stay here until the fall snows come, and then work back to the desert as fast as the snow compels them.

While young they are easily captured and domesticated, and the prevalent idea that they will not breed in captivity has been proven an error by a gentleman who has some in a park on the Mississippi.

But if you want to see how agile and fleet they are, suppose yourself watching some of the bands we came across on a trip over the mountains last fall. Once we came over a high hill only to find on the other side a deep ravine. The horses started, snorted and turned from the trail, and the cause of this disturbance was a band of twenty or more antelope. They saw us at once and we waited and watched them. Like the wind they were off, going up the steep mountain side as if they had wings, an old doe in the lead. They offered splendid shots, but we had all the meat we needed, and no true sportsman would kill such an animal merely for sport. We crossed this ravine and on gaining the summit saw them standing on an eminence beyond watching us, ears erect, eyes dilated, nostrils quivering, and on the ridge just ahead was the old doe acting as advance guard. When she had satisfied herself that we were not of the dangerous kind of humanity, she uttered a peculiar whistle and started to the leeward of us, and the whole band followed.

Their fleetness of limb even when wounded is something remarkable. I saw my husband attempt to rope one that had its left foreleg broken near the shoulder. He was mounted on a good horse, but the little animal seemed to fly, the broken limb flapping from one side to the other; and although it had but three legs it got away from him. I tried to join in the chase, but it was too hard riding for me to enjoy.

We saw these graceful creatures day after day in bands of all numbers, from three to one hundred or more; but their number is fast being diminished by the wanton war made upon them by the Indians. The red man's thirst for intoxicants leads him to skin-hunting, and this method is fast decimating the game.—Forest and Stream.

Is It Right

to say that \$50 can possibly grow, in 3 years, to \$500?

Depends on the facts.

What are the facts?

Too many to print here. See pamphlet, sent free, with a map.

We are taking partners. A man or woman wants to know what \$50 is likely to bring in 3 years.

It may not bring 1 cent in 3 years; the business is watering land in a country where nobody lives and nothing grows without water, but where wealth springs out of the ground with water. Takes time; incredible time; so quick.

Pioneers grow vegetables to sell and live on first and fruit to sell next; and then they can pay for water and land. Takes time; but time works wonders there.

Do you want the facts?

THE COLORADO RIVER IRRIGATION CO.,
66 Broad Street, New York, and
CANADA LIFE BUILDING,
Toronto.

Missionary World.

AN INTERESTING SKETCH.

Some time ago there was word from Dr. Mackay, concerning four of the native missionaries in Formosa, whose health had failed and whose days are evidently numbered. Their names, as published, are Siau Tien, A. Trig, Thien Sang, and Chhoa Seng. Some incidents concerning these men may be of interest to our readers.

In a small town in North Formosa, surrounded by beautiful green hills, stands a strong stone building, solid enough to hold its own against wind, rain, and terrible typhoons. Plain and unpretentious, yet the place is neat, clean, and attractive, thereby proclaiming, silently but very distinctly, that it is dedicated to the worship of the God of purity. There I sat, (it seems but yesterday,) watching the assemblage of bare-footed burden bearers, talkative women, and half-clad children, gathered about the door; and the more decorous group of worshippers nearer the platform, and then watching, too, with no little interest, Siau Tien's tact in keeping the close attention of the whole crowd for more than an hour, while he contrasted the teachings of Paul and of Christ with those of China's priests and sages, and taught his hearers to praise Jehovah. I learned something from that teacher. Many evenings in Oxford College I noted the eager expression of A Trig's face as, with characteristic perseverance he laboured night and day to gain the necessary preparation for combating heathen superstition, and making known the only Saviour. One would not need to understand Chinese at all to see that A Trig was in earnest.

Once we paid a visit to Kap-tsu-lan and when there found Thien Sang prostrated with fever, his wife doing her best to keep out of bed and care for him. An old woman (a heathen) coming in and out of the chapel said to me, "I am so sorry and so are all the neighbours, about Thien Sang and his wife, for they truly have good hearts and know how to sympathize with us. When well they are always ready, day or night, to do anything in their power to help us in our troubles." I thought Thien Sang had done some practical preaching.

I often listened with profit to Chhoa Seng, but never can I forget with what intense earnestness on one particular Sabbath—after himself being brought very near to the unseen world—he pleaded with heathen and converts alike to "redeem the time." Seng was one of the number who, at the time of the French trouble, just escaped with their lives from the Chinese mob.

Faithful preachers! Not faultless; neither are we. But, Canadians! there will be revelations some day, when you are permitted to look into the faces of Chinese brethren for whom you have often prayed. I know all these four workers, and honor them as I do others in Formosa. When I think of what they have had to contend with; and contrast their situation with ours in this delightfully healthy climate, surrounded as we are with Christian communities I hear "a still small voice" yet reverberating, penetrating, irresistible as the thunder—"Unto whom much is given of them much shall be required." "Awake, thou that sleepest."

ANNIE STRAITH JAMIESON.

Chatham, May 3rd, 1893.

At Penang there is a leper hospital under the care of the English Presbyterian Mission. Here those who show symptoms of disease are received and kept until the disease reaches a certain stage, at which time they are sent to Leper Island, which is in the vicinity of Penang. On the island are two hundred and thirty lepers, and a number of them while in the hospital at Penang received gladly the Gospel, and have carried it to their present miserable companions.

Bishop Thoburn has great faith in a rapidly advancing evangelization in India. He says: "I shall be surprised and disappointed indeed if the ingathering of the next eight years does not exceed that

of the previous ninety-two. The converts may be from the ranks of the lowly, but the lowly of this century will be the leaders of the next. The Brahman must accept Christ or see the pariah walk past him in the race of progress. The first converts in India will be the Brahmins of a future generation."

A man named Chang has long been a warm-hearted convert, ever ready to help. He had passed well through sore home trouble on account of his faith. But an old sin at length again enslaved him, and it seemed as though he would be lost. Then God used the story told in Matt. xvii. 14-18, to convince him of sin. Weeping, bitterly, he said: "Yes opium is a devil, who has often flung me into the fire. He went home to destroy his pipe. For four days he would see no one, nor did he either eat, or leave his bed. He refused help from medicine; said he would trust to prayer only. 'I'll starve the devil; I'll die if I must, but I won't give in.' God heard his cry, and he was soon back at the chapel, confessing his sin, but hoping that he was forgiven. His wife no longer persecutes him. His son was converted not long ago by hearing an exposition of a hymn. Two of his daughters and son-in-law are also sharers with him in Gospel blessings.

An English missionary on the Congo writes to Regions Beyond a sad description of the misery produced in Africa by the introduction of intoxicating liquor. He says: "European nations are more guilty to-day than they were half a century ago, for it has now been demonstrated that to introduce liquor among aboriginal tribes means nothing less than their perdition and extinction. It is wicked to be indifferent to the awful drunkenness at home, but it is positively satanic to deliberately sow the seed of this terrible vice in a country where it is comparatively unknown. I was especially struck during my stay at Matadi, with the awful strides that the drink traffic is making in this country. Wherever you go you see the natives engaged in the one pursuit of buying, selling or drinking the 'malava mamputu,' or trade gin. If one speaks against the habit they will, perhaps agree, that it is injurious, but they drink on all the same, only a few having sufficient will-power to resist its fearful fascination. At every one of the small markets of 'Lalu' on the road there is sure to be a liquor seller, no matter how short the food supply; and it is pitiful to see poor half-starved up-country carriers bartering away their very insufficient rations for a drink from the man with the bottle."

The Rev. E. P. Scott, a missionary in India, saw one day in the streets of the city where he was working, a queer-looking man, who had come down from some mountain village. Upon inquiry, Mr. Scott found that the people of that place had never heard the Gospel, and he made up his mind to carry it to them. His friends tried to dissuade him from his purpose, and told him that he would never come back. But he took his violin and started bravely off. As he entered the village, he was at once surrounded by natives, and a dozen spears were pointed at his heart. Still he did not quail, but closing his eyes lest the cruel faces so near his own should shake his courage, he began to play upon his violin the old hymn, "All hail the power of Jesus' name." As the sweet notes fell upon the air, there was a sudden hush about him, and he wondered what had happened to his savage companions, but he did not pause until his arm was too tired to move the bow any longer. Then glancing up, he saw that the men were standing motionless around him, and that tears were on many of the dusky cheeks. The power of that wonderful Name had made itself felt through the music, and awed them into silence. There was no further opposition to the messenger of good tidings. Mr. Scott lived with these people for two years and a half, teaching them from the Bible and helping them in many ways. At the end of that time he was obliged to leave them, because his health was failing, but the inhabitants of the village went as far as possible with him on his journey, saying over and over, "Oh, missionary, do come back to us soon; there are tribes beyond us who must hear your story, too."