

The Charge of the Light Brigade.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

I.  
Half a league, half a league,  
Half a league onward,  
All in the valley of Death  
Rode the six hundred.  
"Forward, the Light Brigade!"  
"Charge for the guns!" he said:  
Into the valley of Death  
Rode the six hundred.

II.  
"Forward, the Light Brigade!"  
Was there a man dismay'd?  
Not though the soldier knew  
Some one had blunder'd:  
Theirs not to make reply,  
Theirs not to reason why,  
Theirs but to do and die,  
Into the valley of Death  
Rode the six hundred.

III.  
Cannon to right of them,  
Cannon to left of them,  
Cannon in front of them  
Volley'd and thunder'd;  
Storm'd at with shot and shell,  
Boldly they rode and well,  
Into the jaws of Death,  
Into the mouth of Hell,  
Rode the six hundred.

IV.  
Flash'd all their sabres bare,  
Flash'd as they turn'd in air,  
Sabring the gunners there,  
Charging an army, while  
All the world wonder'd;  
Plunged in the battery-smoke  
Right thro' the line they broke;  
Cossack and Russian  
Reel'd from the sabre-stroke  
Shatter'd and sunder'd.  
Then they rode back, but not,  
Not the six hundred.

V.  
Cannon to right of them,  
Cannon to left of them,  
Cannon behind them  
Volley'd and thunder'd;  
Storm'd at with shot and shell,  
While horse and hero fell,  
They that had fought so well  
Came through the jaws of Death  
All that was left of them,  
Left of six hundred.

VI.  
When can their glory fade?  
O the wild charge they made!  
All the world wonder'd.  
Honour the charge they made!  
Honour the Light Brigade,  
Noble Six Hundred!

interested themselves in the young Englishman, he made rapid improvement.

Indeed, I am certain that his own father and mother would not have recognized in the tall, respectable young man teaching a class in the Sunday school, the rough, wild sailor lad of only a year or two since.

To the great joy of Henry Duncan, his old scholar wrote him a letter, relating the story of his life since his landing in America, and telling of his happy decision for God, and his joy and gladness in the Christian life.

Mark's industry and integrity so commended him to his principles, that they employed him in travelling in their interests, to many of the larger cities in the United States. Desirous of following the tide of settlement and emigration, they followed in that track where "westward the course of empire takes its way," and determined upon extending their operations even to the Far West.

Thus it came to pass that Mark crossed the continent, passed over the Rocky Mountains, and found himself at length in that El Dorado of the West, San Francisco.

But what a contrast was presented by the Golden City to the peace and order and piety so conspicuous in the city he had left! Nevertheless even here there was a band of noble men who strove to keep the standard of the Cross before the eyes of the people. Almost every Sabbath the gospel was preached to hundreds on the Plaza, or market-place, and the city possessed, for its age, as many churches, erected at as much cost, as any other city on the continent.

Mark soon allied himself with some earnest Christian men who made it their business to visit the hospitals and the shipping. Thus was he brought into contact with some strange and distressing scenes.

"Come with me," said a minister to him one day; "I am going to the Parker House, to attend the funeral of a young fellow who, in a quarrel with a fellow gambler last night, was shot."

Mark and the good man went on together, and as they walked towards the east side of the Plaza, Mr. Sartor told him how one of the companions of this young fellow had come to ask him to conduct some sort of a service at the funeral.

The body was laid out just where the murderous deed was done, and in a gambling-house, stained with the blood of the slain, the minister of God and his young companion stood, in the presence of a number of men, who uncovered their heads as Mr. Sartor, in a strong and musical voice, sang a few solemn verses. He then gave an address based on the last two verses of the book of Ecclesiastes: "Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter. Fear God and keep his commandments, for this is the whole duty of man. For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil." With singular boldness and faithfulness, the preacher said—

"Gentlemen, I always endeavour in my public discourses to adapt my remarks, so far as I can, to my audience. I take it for granted that the greater portion, if not all, of you are sporting men; as such I shall address you.

"The conclusion of the whole matter," the great summary of life's duties, what is it? Do you understand it? You are not a set of ignoramuses. I know from your appearance that you are educated men. Some of you have had pious mothers to instruct you, and many, I doubt not, have been brought up in the Sabbath-school; and you have all had the opportunity of reading the Word of God and hearing it preached, from your boyhood to the present hour. You cannot plead ignorance."

In this faithful manner he went on to tell of the use that they might have made of such advantages, and of the good influence they might have wielded.

"But," said he, "what are you doing? Look at his bloody corpse. What will his mother say? What will his sisters think of it? To die in a distant land amongst strangers is bad; to die unforgiven, suddenly, unexpectedly, is worse; to be shot down in a gambling-house at the midnight hour, oh, horrible!"

Mark marvelled as much at the subdued and silent attention of the gamblers as at the boldness of the preacher. It was evident his remarks made a profound impression, whether it remained or not.

Among the crowd was one young man with whom certainly the convictions then wrought were abiding. Less than three years before he had come to California in health and strength, with a good character and a considerable sum of money. But he had fallen among thieves when he associated with drinkers and gamblers. And at the end of this brief period Steve Judson was as much an adventurer as any of them. Health had given place to disease, while both reputation and money was gone. To obtain a decent situation was now well-nigh impossible.

Nevertheless, Judson turned away from the cemetery where he had seen the remains of his murdered acquaintance deposited with a resolve to lead another life.

The preacher's references to home and Sunday school and mother had touched a long slumbering chord in his heart.

There were not wanting some among the dissipated throng of men who formed that singular funeral procession who returned from the grave to the *cachet* table and the spirit glass. But Steve Judson turned aside to the miserable shanty which was his lodging, and threw himself upon his wretched bed to think over the past and the future.

Mark had observed this young man, attracted at first by his dissipated appearance, and thin, haggard face. And when Steve Judson, with eyes wet with the tears he could not restrain, broke away from the throng, and took his way alone towards his "home," Mark felt irresistibly drawn to follow him. He saw him enter, and thinking that to break in upon the young fellow now might be deemed an intrusion, Mark Hobday retraced his steps.

Towards evening, however, something impelled him to return to that quarter of the town, when he saw Judson stealing quietly and thoughtfully along the street.

He walked up to him, and raising his hat politely, said, "Pardon me, did I not see you at the funeral of the poor fellow who was buried to-day?"

With a tact that was not natural, but all born of Christian kindness and sympathy, Mark managed to win Judson's confidence, and succeeded in taking him to his own rooms. There he gave him coffee and refreshment, and that night became possessed of the whole story of a "gay" and miserable life.

Mark's kindness went further than this. He found Judson some employment, and provided him with decent apparel.

But the poor young fellow, enfeebled by recklessness and excess, was not able to work long, and Mark found him within a fortnight in his wretched lodging utterly prostrate, and too ill to move. To obtain his removal to the hospital was the first thing, and there for weeks Judson lay in the torture of rheumatic fever.

Mark was his daily visitor, and through those days of illness he became the instructor of the sufferer. How the poor fellow delighted to hear the sweet Bible words which Mark read! From my own pages, too, Mark read many a word of comfort. Again and again would Judson ask for some word that struck his fancy, and suited his case. He was never tired of hearing "Jesus, lover of my soul," while one verse of a hymn of John Wesley was constantly in his mind and on his lips.

"O King of glory, thy rich grace  
Our feeble thought surpasses far,  
Yes, even our crimes, though numberless,  
Less numerous than thy mercies are!"

When Stephen Judson rose from his sick-bed, he rose a penitent, humble yet happy Christian.

Mark's duties shortly afterwards recalled him to Pennsylvania, but he was able to leave Judson in San Francisco as an agent of his house. And as we here take leave of the City of the West, it may suffice to say that the *quondam* gambler maintained his consistency as a Christian, and became an earnest worker among those who still lay involved in the toils from which he had been mercifully delivered. Judson ultimately became the confidential representative of the Philadelphia house, and had the happiness of providing a home for the mother and sister whom he had forsaken, and who had not heard of his whereabouts for the three years of his prodigal career.

(To be continued.)

What Sang the Apostles?

What song sang the twelve with the Saviour  
When finished the Sacrament wine?  
Were they bowed and subdued in behaviour,  
Or bold, as made bold with a sign?

Were the manly breasts strong and militant?  
Were the naked arms bravely and strong?  
Were the beards' lips lifted yellows,  
Thrust forth and full sturdily with song?

What sang they? What sweet song of Zion,  
With Christ in their midst like a crown?  
While here sat St. Peter, the lion,  
And there, like a lamb, with head down,

Sat St. John, with his aiken andraven  
Rich hair on his shoulders, and eyes  
Lifting up to the face unshaven  
Like a sensitive child's in surprise.

Was the song as strong fishermen swinging;  
Their nets full of hope to the sea?  
Or low, like the ripple-wave singing  
Sea-songs on the loved Galilee?

Were they sad with foreshadow of sorrow,  
Like the birds that sing low when the breeze  
Is tip-toe with a tale of to-morrow--  
Of earthquakes and sinking of seas?

Ah! soft was their song as the waves are  
That fall in low musical moans,  
And sad, I should say, as the winds are  
That blow by the white, graven stones

SAVED BY A BIBLE.

"On one occasion," says Bishop Tucker, of Africa, "a man named Benjamin came to me with a Testament in his hand, but he asked if I would give him another. I said, 'You have one.' 'Ah,' he said, 'this one is so injured that I can only read part of it.' I asked to be allowed to see it, and, true enough, it was greatly injured. I asked how this had happened. 'Well,' he said, 'when I went to war against the Mohammedans I took my book with me, and I wrapped it in my cloth here. In the fight a bullet struck it, and it pierced it nearly through. It saved my life. I love it very much, but can you give me another?' I told him, 'I have only one, and that is my own, but,' I said, 'if you will give me your book I will give you mine.' The exchange was made, I received the shattered book, and here it is, and I need not say that I look on that book as one of my greatest treasures.

"In Uganda a man will very readily do three months' work for a New Testament. A sister of the late King of Uganda, Mtssa, for several days came to see me, but sat in my room almost in silence. She was naturally a very taciturn woman, but at last she summoned up courage enough to ask if she could have a New Testament. Happily I had one, and she purchased it for we believe in selling our books; we believe the people value them when they buy them—and it was remarkable the change that came over that woman as she got her new possession. She smiled, she laughed, she clapped her hands, and I almost thought she would sing, but at any rate she told us that her spirit was singing within her for joy."

THE LIQUOR INTEREST.

THERE is not another power in existence which exerts so malign an influence on the human race than the liquor interest. Not a day passes but that its hands are red with blood. Every day brings wife murders by drunken husbands, shooting affrays caused by alcohol madmen, and a reign of anarchy and blood due to liquor. In 1891, according to a high license journal, there were 1,130 murders in this country caused by liquor. The country thrilled at the outrages of the slave power, it rises in indignation over the oppression of the black race or of labour, but it holds its peace when the liquor power revels in a carnival of blood.

Two hundred and forty thousand saloon-keepers virtually rule the land. The cities are controlled by them, they dictate the election of mayors and councilmen; the police are their obedient servants; the legislatures are careful not to offend them. Senator Ingalls was right. The parties, the political aspirants, and the officials are all afraid of the 240,000 freebooters who prey upon the country. They dare not raise their little finger to forbid their plunder of the people.—St. Louis *Evening Post*.

The Story of a Hymn-Book.

CHAPTER XI.

A STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND.

THE same day Mark Hobday turned his back upon Baltimore. It is not possible to detail all the strange vicissitudes through which he passed, & strangers among strangers.

In all his wanderings I was his companion. His Bible and hymn-book, formerly but little esteemed, were valued as his guide and comfort in many a season of loneliness and hard trial.

Mark did not find it difficult to obtain employment in a country where a steady hand and a willing hand may always command occupation. But he obtained no settled work until he reached the city of Philadelphia, some five months after he left Baltimore. It was his good fortune, in God's providence, to meet with Christian friends in the beautiful "city of brotherly love."

Installed first as a porter in a large delivery and "dry goods store," he won the confidence of his employer, and was made in due course warehouseman, having entire charge of one important department of the business. He joined himself to the Methodist Church, and, happily, became associated also with the Young Men's Christian Association.

In the classes for Biblical and secular instruction, he sought to retrieve the lost opportunities of his early youth. And, with a sound constitution, a retentive will, and good natural abilities greatly assisted and encouraged by the Christian men who