

The Drunkard's Wife.

He comes not! I have watched the moon
Sink slowly in the dusky west,
And, like the fading of the light,
Hath hope died out in my sad breast.
'Tis midnight, but he comes not yet;
All vainly still I watch and weep—
How long, O Father, O how long
Must I those lonely vigils keep?

O for one hour of happiness,
Such as I felt when love's sweet spell
Was woven first around my heart,
Ere from its shrine my idol fell!
But now, alas! a fearful doom
Of wretchedness, and woe, and fear,
Is mine—the fate to watch and pray,
With aching heart and bitter tear.

I listen to the ceaseless stroke
Which marks the weary hours go by,
And start and tremble at the sound
Of e'en the night wind's gentle sigh.
I gaze upon my children fair,
And listen to their low, soft breath,
Till, in my broken heart's despair,
I almost wish their sleep were death.

A blight upon a drunkard's child
Rests ever, from life's opening morn;
O must my loved ones feel that sting
Of the world's cold, unfeeling scorn?
Dear Saviour, Thou whose soul hath felt
Deep sorrow's fearful agony;
O fill my weary, fainting heart
With strength that only comes from thee!
—Selected.

The Rev. David Savage and His Band of Workers.

THE ORIGIN AND HISTORY OF A GREAT MOVEMENT.

"THE band movement might be said to have been a spontaneous growth. It began at the beginning, and it grew on our hands."

The Rev. David Savage thus replied to a *Telegraph* reporter's question, "How did your movement originate?"

The famous evangelist is the guest of the Rev. W. W. Brewer, and is to remain here for about six weeks, conducting special services. He is tall and spare, gentle of voice as of manner, and appeals to his hearers with a winning earnestness which goes to their hearts. In personal conversation the rev. gentleman is quite as outspoken, but the fine courtesy which tempers his directness is even more apparent. Going on to speak of the Band movement, he said:—

"Up to three years ago I had been for more than thirty years engaged in pastoral work, with only one break, when I took charge of *The Evangelical Witness*. About the time I have mentioned, I went to Petrolea, Ontario, from London, where I had filled four terms. I went rather reluctantly; but the greatest blessing of my ministry came to me at Petrolea, in the form of a great revival. I was never really settled there, I may say, for the movement floated me out. The whole country was interested, and my brother ministers asked me for helpers. These calls came in so fast that, after a time, I divided my strength, and began to occupy several points at once. Without any effort to that end, I found myself representing a bureau where supply and demand met for

evangelistic work. I held my pastorate for more than a year while I pushed this work, having a young minister on my own charge. Sometimes I was away from home for as much as two months. (It will be a point of interest to Methodist ministers to know that my Official Board never proved obstructive.) The Church prospered at home while I was working for my brother ministers abroad; but of course I found that I must make a choice between my pastorate and the line of evangelical effort opening out to me. At the end of the Conference year I felt a call to vacate my charge, and put myself at the service of the Church at large; and the Conference designated me, by formal resolution, for this work."

"What visible results appear from your movement?" was asked.

"We make no statistical showing," was the answer. "I have avoided tabulating results, since my work is not that of an organiser; but I leave the results of the movement with the pastors, who throw it into any shape they please. We are evangelists, and aim to reach the unconverted and to awaken sleepy churches. You may say, however, that the Band movement has developed in the area of its operations as well as in the connectivity of its life. This week's *Glad Tidings* gives a showing of twenty points simultaneously occupied by Band workers to-day."

"You have trained these Band workers from the first?"

"From the beginning. To-day there are workers in Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Michigan. As one result of this preparation, twenty young men are now occupying pulpits of their own. As to our method of work, Band members sometimes travel singly; but I prefer that they should go out in pairs, and sometimes in quartettes. A Band has no fixed numerical strength. My own touch upon these workers is of the lightest, and I avoid the hard-and-fast lines of the Salvation army, and the regulation spirit of that movement. No element of cohesion is applied beyond what is necessary to unify the movement. For our custom of conducting services I do not hold to any fixed plan. We place considerable reliance on the power of religious song."—*St. John, N. B., Telegraph*.

THE inhabitants of the Andaman Islands are the smallest race of people in the world. The average height of a full-grown Andaman is four feet five inches, and few weigh over seventy-six pounds. They are marvellously swift of foot, and, as they smear themselves over with a mixture of oil and red ochre, present a very strange appearance. Few travellers care to encounter any of these bellicose little people, for their skill in throwing the spear and in using the bow is only equalled by their readiness to attack strangers.

Deep-Sea Wonders.

BY EMMA J. WOOD

AWAY out in the ocean is a vessel. It is moving slowly about, up and down, and the men are on deck looking out over the waters as if in search of something. Suddenly, some distance away may be seen what looks like a cloud of smoke shooting up into the air. Then the shout goes up, "There she blows! There she blows!" and all is hurry and confusion. The boats are quickly lowered, and the men get into them and pull with all their might toward the spot where they saw the water spouting up; for this vessel is a whaler, and the men who were watching know very well that the fine mist out there on the ocean was the blowing of a whale, so they hurry off to catch him if possible. They have in their boats large spears, called harpoons, fastened to long lines. As soon as the men are near enough, they hurl these at the whale. The harpoons whiz through the air, and stick in the body of the great creature. As soon as he feels the pain he dives down to the bottom of the ocean, and so fast does he go that the men often have to pour water over the lines to prevent them from taking fire and burning the boats.

After a while the whale comes up again to breathe, for although he is often spoken of as a fish he is not a fish at all, any more than a dog is. True, he is shaped like a fish, and can stay under water quite a long time; but he is warm-blooded and has lungs; and, as you know, lungs are for breathing air and not air mixed with water, so, no matter what danger is about, the whale has to come up every now and then to breathe. He has two holes in the top of his head, and when he is on the surface he has a way of throwing water out of these holes high in the air, and this is how the sailors know where he is. Well, when he comes up, more harpoons are thrown at him, till at last he dies. In his pain he lashes the water most furiously with his great tail, and although the boats are made very strong on purpose, they are often overturned, and sometimes crushed by him. If he dies under the water the men lose him, but when he is killed before he has had time to dive they fasten him by strong lines to the side of the vessel. This is no easy job to manage, for he is an immense creature—indeed, he is the largest animal known. When on the top of the water he looks almost like a little island, for some are said to be a hundred feet long. Now the real work begins. All around the body of the whale is a net-work filled with blubber, or fat, which the sailors call his blanket; and a warm blanket it must be, for it is between one and two feet thick. It must be cut in pieces and tried out in great kettles, for this is what makes whale-oil. Besides this common oil there is sperm-oil, which comes from only one member of this family. This is formed in a great case in the head of

the sperm-whale. You may know that he has a large head, for from this case ten barrels of oil may be taken. The men dip this out with buckets. When it is nearly empty they go down into the case, and stand there, as in a great cistern, while they dip it all out clean. This kind is said to have such a large throat that he might easily swallow a man if he wanted to. But this is not all that whales supply. There is the whalebone. Perhaps you do not care to have any one tell you about this, for you say you know by the name that whales furnish this too. But now are you sure that you would know in just what part of the animal to look for it? It is found in the mouth. The whale that furnishes this swallows his food whole, so he needs no teeth, but the upper part of his mouth is just filled with long ridges or plates of bone, fringed at the ends, which makes a sort of strainer or sieve. This whale lives on small fish, for although his mouth is so large that two men may go into it at a time, he has such a small throat that he cannot swallow any thing very large. When he eats he takes in a great mouthful of water, fish and all. Then he shuts his mouth and strains out the water through these ridges of whalebone. Of course, the fish remain, and are swallowed. It must take a good many of these for a dinner, for even those whales that live on codfish have been known to have six hundred in their stomachs at a time.

But whales are more useful to the Esquimaux and Greenlanders than to any other people. Its flesh is their chief food. But the blubber—that is what they consider a great dainty. Have you not heard that little children in those cold lands cry for more blubber, just as you used to cry for candy when you were smaller? The bones are used for sledges and tents, while the sinews are threaded to sew their whale skin clothes together.

But how does a whale look? As has been said, he is a very large animal, with a head about half as large as the rest of his body. These great heads are ugly-looking enough, for one side is generally larger than the other, and in one kind the nose is cut straight off with a sharp knife; at least that is the way it looks. It has nothing on its smooth, oily skin except a few bristles near the mouth.

Whales are brown or black, but as they grow old white spots come on them, just as people grow gray by age. Sometimes a whale will seem to be all white, but then it is not the whale that is seen, for he, poor fellow, is just covered with a kind of shell-fish. This never lives anywhere but on the back of some fish, to which he holds tight fast with his great claws.

The mother whale is very fond of her baby. It is a pretty big baby, but may be she loves it all the better on that account. If any danger threatens it she will give up her life in trying to save it. Sometimes great companies of whales are found together, but a few kinds seem to prefer being alone. Some say that they make a sort of grunting noise, or bark.