

FOR THE CANADIAN QUEEN.

"TIS I—BE NOT AFRAID!"

By MUNSA.

When earthly pleasures, one by one,
Wither, and droop, and fade,
What whisper gently greets my ear?
"Tis I—be not afraid!"

Though earthly friends forsake my side
I will not be dismayed;
For One, true Friend is ever near;—
"Tis I—be not afraid!"

Death's angel came and hovered o'er
My darling—dark the shade!
Anew—divine—the message came;—
"Tis I—be not afraid!"

"My Father, take *this* cup from me!"
In agony I prayed,
"I drank it deep for thee, my child!"
"Tis I be not afraid!"

And e'en, when clouds of sorrow burst,
My soul on him is stayed.
I listen for the murmured words;—
"Tis I—be not afraid!"

And when I hear Death's flowing tide,
And,—shrinking—cry for aid,
O Saviour! let me hear thee say;—
"Tis I—be not afraid!"

BARKED HIM OFF.

WILD beasts are easily alarmed by the unexpected. The Italian's organ monkey that saved itself from the bull-dog by taking off its cap, evidently seemed to the startled brute a creature that could pull off its own head. A stranger instance is related by an African hunter who had returned from the Hottentot country, where he had been trapping for the animal collectors of Hamburg. He was out one afternoon with some of the natives preparing a bait in a rocky ravine.

"We had built a stout pen of rocks and logs and placed a calf as a bait. The sun was nearly down as we started for camp, and no one had the least suspicion of the presence of danger until a lion which had been crouched beside a bush sprang out and knocked me down.

"In springing upon his prey the lion or tiger strikes as he seizes. This blow of the paw, if it falls on the right spot, disables the victim at once.

"I was so near this fellow that he simply reared, seized me by the shoulder and pulled me down. I was flat on the earth before I realized what had happened.

"I was on my back and he stood with both paws on my waist facing the natives and growling savagely. The men run off about three hundred feet and then halted, which was doubtless the reason I was not carried off at once.

"I can say without conceit that I was fairly cool. The attack had come on so suddenly that I had not time to get "rattled." I had been told by an old Boer hunter, that if I ever found myself in such a predicament as this I must appeal to the lion's fears.

"Had I moved my arm to get my pistol the beast would have lowered his head and seized my throat. So long as I lay quiet he reasoned that I was dead, and gave his attention to the natives.

"Suddenly I barked like a dog, following the bark with a growl, and that beast jumped twenty feet in his surprise. He came down between me and the natives, and I turned enough to see that his tail was down.

"I uttered more barks and growls, but without moving a hand, and the lion, after making a circle around me suddenly bolted and went off with a scare which would last him a week.

"If you had picked up a stick and discovered it to be a snake you would do just as the lion did. He supposed he had pulled down a man. The man turned into a dog. He could not understand it and it frightened him."

WIDOWS IN INDIA.

THE practice of treating widows as quasi-criminals, outcasts or slaves is among Hindus of high antiquity. It is probably a substitute for a still older custom, once universal among the conquering tribes of the Asiatic world, of slaying the wives of chieftains on the burial-places of their lords. As manners grew milder and men less desperate, and new religious ideas were born, that practice was abolished, and widows were permitted to live, but only as persons whose right to survive must be regarded as imperfect. Their position became that of household slaves, or rather family outcasts, entitled to no honor, bound to servile offices, dressed in the meanest clothes, fed with the cheapest food, and regarded by all around them as persons who ought to consider themselves incurably degraded. Had not the very gods themselves, or the fates, pronounced them deserving of heavy suffering?

It is the rooted belief of every convinced Hindu that unexpected or severe misfortune, brought about without human hands, is evidence that the sufferer has in some former state of being deservedly incurred the displeasure of the higher powers, and is justly expiating by his own misery his own actual, though forgotten, guilt. They think this even about themselves, and we have known a respectable Hindu, full of life and energy, and by no means specially bigoted, upon the death of an only son suddenly to renounce the world, and thenceforward to live, covered with ashes, and repeating only prayers, the painful expiatory life of the sunyasee, or Hindu hermit. What he believed about himself his friends were more ready to believe about him, and, as the death of a husband is the highest misfortune his wife can endure, those who insult or degrade his widow, even if her own closest connections, do not carry out the visible will of the Divine. The widow is, therefore, in theory, at all events, abandoned to her fate.

Of course, natural laws are not wholly suspended even by superstition, and thousands of widows protected by personal affection, or their own abilities, or by their wealth—for widowhood does not cancel rights of property—lead decently happy and contented lives. The majority, however, suffer under the ban typified by the shaving of their heads, that is, they are regarded, till death, as fallen from all title to respect, and are treated with an habitual indignity which, even when they are exempt from actual oppression, makes the position of millions of unoffending women no better than that of slaves or convicts. So severe is their lot that it excites pity even among those who believe that it is sanctioned by religion, and it would probably have been ameliorated long since but that it fits in with one of the principal Hindu social arrangements—that of early marriage.

RETALIATION is like the storm which sweeps through the forest in destruction. Kindness is like the combined influence of the sun and the rain of the cloud, which germinates seed and upholds their leaves, flowers and odors.

BARON LIEBIG, the great German chemist, says that "as much flour as can lie on the point of a table knife contains as much nutritive constituents as eight pints of the best and most nutritious beer that is made."