

"THE LAST GLASS."

"No, thank you, not any to-night, boys,
for me,
I have drunk my last glass, I have had my
last spree;
You may laugh in my face, you may sneer if
you will,
But I've taken the pledge, and I'll keep it
until
I am laid in the churchyard and sleep 'neath
the grass,
And your sneers cannot move me—I've drunk
my last glass.

"Just look at my face; I am thirty to-day:
It is wrinkled and hollow; my hair has
turned gray;
And the light of my eye, that once brilliantly
shone,
And the bloom of my cheek, both are van-
ished and gone.
I am young, but the furrows of sorrow and
care
Are stamped on a brow once with innocence
fair.

"Ere manhood its seal on my forehead had
set
(And I think of the past with undying regret),
I was honoured and loved by the good and the
true,
Nor sorrow, nor shame, nor dishonour I
knew:
But the tempter approached me, I yielded and
fell,
And drank of the dark, damning poison of
hell.

"Since then I have trod in the pathway of
sin,
And bartered my soul to the demon of gin;
Have squandered my manhood in riotous
glee,
While my parents, heart-broken, abandoned
by me,
Have gone to the grave, filled with sorrow
and shame,
With a sigh for the wretch that dishonoured
their name.

I've drunk my last glass! never more shall
my lip
Of that fatal, that soul-scorching beverage
sip;
Too long has the fiend in my bosom held
sway,
Henceforth and forever I spurn him away.
And—God helping me—never again shall the
foul draught,
That brings ruin eternal, by me shall be
quaffed.

"So, good-night, boys, I thank you, no liquor
for me:
I have drunk my last glass, I have had my
last spree:
You may laugh in my face, you may sneer if
you will,
But I've taken the pledge, and I'll keep it
until
I am laid in the churchyard and sleep 'neath
the grass,
And your sneers cannot move me—I've
drunk my last glass.

—Exchange.

THE MUTINY IN INDIA.

INDUSTAN, our readers know,
is a vast and populous coun-
try, inhabited by various
Hindu nations, but governed
by the English. The different pro-
vinces under British control were occu-
pied in 1857 by troops commanded by
English officers, but composed mainly
of natives, who are called Sepoys.
These were of two classes—the Brah-
man and the Mohammedan. As is
apt to be the case in conquered
provinces, the Hindus hated their
English rulers, and longed to free
themselves from them.

It had been a hundred years since
the native army of India was organ-
ized, and the English had in many
cases found them brave and faithful;
but suddenly a terrible mutiny broke
out, and the Sepoys began to plunder
and murder all the white people on
whom they could lay their hands.

What do you suppose was the reason
given for the rebellion?

The cartridges which are put into
muskets and rifles are greased with
tallow, which is taken from beef—or
lard, which is the fat of the pig—to
preserve them from damp. Now, the
Brahmans of India consider the cow a
sacred animal, and never kill or eat it.
So they claimed that the English
Government made them sin by biting
off the ends of their cartridges, as
soldiers do when they load their
muskets.

Then the Mohammedans hate the
pig and consider it an unclean animal,
just as the Jews do; so they said, "It
may be lard, and we cannot put the
fat of the accursed pig into our mouths
to defile ourselves." So Brahman
and Mohammedans united and re-
belled.

On May 10, 1857, the first victims
were slain, and every day others were
added to the number, until more than
fifteen hundred white men, women and
children had been cruelly murdered
and their bodies left unburied, to be
devoured by the vultures and the
jackals.

At Cawnpore, in June, 1857, seven
hundred and fifty Europeans gathered
behind a parapet of earth five feet
high, to defend themselves against four
native regiments. About one hundred
were killed, and their bodies thrown
into a well, because there was no
opportunity to bury them. Then the
native chief, Nana Sahib, offered them
terms of surrender and safe conduct to
Allahabad, down the river. These
terms the besieged accepted, and went
on board of twenty large boats of the
chief. These were put out into the
stream, and then the treacherous native
boatsmen set them on fire and fled to
the shore. Besides this, the Sepoys
began firing into the boats from all
directions, and all the men but two or
three were killed. More than a hun-
dred women and children were marched
back to Cawnpore, and after two
weeks' imprisonment were murdered
and their bodies thrown into a well.

After the mutiny was subdued, the
English Government caused this well
to be enclosed by a high Gothic wall
and surrounded by a park, and over it
was erected a beautiful white marble
monument, on the top of which stands
the Angel of Peace—an emblem of
Christian hope for the dead, and of the
good-will to men which is proclaimed
in the "gospel of peace."

Among those who suffered in this
fearful mutiny were native Christians
who might have escaped by denying
Jesus; but they bravely refused, and
like the martyrs of older times, chose
rather to suffer for Christ, and went
to reign with him in heaven. Four
American missionaries also, of the
Presbyterian Church, were shot by
this same chief, Nana Sahib, together
with their wives and two dear little
children. They died a sudden and
bloody death, but death could not harm
them. They are with Jesus, and it
may be are looking down from heaven
to see how much we, who do not have
to die for Jesus, love him.

After the dreadful mutiny was
quelled, the work of sending the Gos-
pel to India was carried forward with
greater zeal than ever. A few weeks
ago the Rev. Mr. Wilson and Mrs.
Wilson, lately of St. Mary's, Ontario,
sailed for India, having devoted them-
selves to the work of the Gospel in
India.

BE KIND AND FORGIVING.

THANK God that in life's little day,
Between our dawn and setting,
We have kind deeds to give away;
Sad hearts for which our own may pray,
And strength, when we are wronged, to stay,
Forgiving and forgetting!

We are all travellers, who throng
A thorny road together;
And if some pilgrim not so strong
As I, but footsore, does me wrong,
I'll make excuse—the road is long,
And stormy is the weather.

What comfort will it yield the day
Whose light shall find us dying,
To know that once we had our way,
Against a child of weaker clay,
And bought one triumph in the fray,
With purchase of his sighing?

PEARL.

PEARL is a substance the pro-
duct of certain shell-fish, some
being marine and others be-
longing to fresh-water. These
mollusks are provided with a fluid
secretion, with which they line the
interior of their shells, in order to
prevent friction of their tender bodies
against anything rough. When this
secretion is hardened, it is known by
dealers as "mother-of-pearl." Besides
this pearly lining, small rounded por-
tions of this material are often found
within the shell, and it is generally
supposed that these are the result of
accidental causes, such as the intrusion
of a grain of sand, which the mollusk,
not being able to expel, in self-defence
covers over with the secretion, thus
forming what is known as "a pearl."

The clever Chinese avail themselves
of this knowledge to compel one spe-
cies of fresh-water mussel to produce
pearls. They keep a large number of
the mussels in tanks, introducing small
pellets of lead into each shell, and
in course of time they reap their ex-
pected harvest.

The particular oyster which pro-
duces the largest pearls is only found
in tropical waters; Ceylon being from
the earliest times the principal locality
of the pearl fishery. On a certain
bank, about twenty miles from the
shore, these oysters are found in pro-
digious numbers, adhering to one an-
other, and all of a very large size.
Divers are employed to bring them to
the surface of the water, where boats
are waiting to receive the shells. Some
danger is incurred in this work, as
sharks abound in these seas, but it is
a singular fact that accidents seldom
happen. This immunity from apparent
danger is attributed by the divers
themselves to the incantations of shark
charmners, who are employed during
the fishery; but Sir E. Tennant is of
opinion that the bustle and excitement
of the water while the men are diving
has the effect of frightening away these
much-dreaded creatures.

Among the Romans pearls were
highly valued, enormous prices being
paid for those of a fine shape or large
size. Admirable imitation pearls are
made by blowing thin beads of glass,
and pouring into them a mixture, of
which the white matter from the scales
of some fish forms an ingredient. The
French and Germans in this way pro-
duce imitation pearls so fine that the
most practised eyes can scarcely see
any difference between them and the
genuine pearls. Roman pearls differ
from other artificial ones by having
the coating of pearly matter placed on
the outside, to which it is attached by

an adhesive substance. The art of
making these was derived from the
Chinese.

THE CONDOR.

THE announcement that the
Chilian Government has de-
clared a war of extermina-
tion against the monarch of
vultures—the condor—and offers five
dollars for every one killed, justifies
some remarks as to the possibility of
that Government realizing its purpose.
The condor has indeed been declared
"an enemy to the republic," and
condor-hunting has become a highly
lucrative business. But when one takes
into consideration the astounding
powers of the bird, and its wonderful
habits, one finds it hard to believe
that the Government can ever succeed
in destroying the species at any price.

Shooting it on the wing is almost
out of the question, for it sails at al-
titudes far beyond the reach of the
human eye, and roosts on peaks im-
measurably above the clouds. It has
been seen at altitudes of twenty thou-
sand feet. It can withstand variations
of temperature beyond human endur-
ance, and hatches its young above
the snow-line. Nevertheless it rests
quite comfortably on the burning
sands of the southern sea-coast. It
haunts the whole western slope of the
Andes—not only Chili, but Peru,
Bolivia, and Patagonia.

With the vast spread of its wings—
often exceeding twelve feet—it can
perform prodigious journeys in a few
hours. Its eye is miraculously keen;
for when no bird is visible in the sky,
even with the eye of a powerful glass,
if a mule or other animal in a convoy
fall or die, the condors instantly drop
upon it like lightning from heaven.
Latterly the birds have so increased
as to form a veritable scourge, not-
withstanding the fact that the female
lays but two eggs at a time, and that
condor-hunting has been a regular and
lucrative calling for more than a cen-
tury.

Traps are the only reliable means
of catching them; but the day will
certainly come when traps shall be of
no avail whatever. Condors have al-
ready learned to fear a gun; and with
their wonderful sight it is absolutely
impossible to get even within rifle-
range of them.

Birds soon learn to avoid danger, as
has been proved since the erection of
telegraph-lines in the United States.
Few are now killed by flying against
the wires. It will be strange if the
condor does not learn to avoid snares
instinctively. When the birds find
life in Chili or in Peru unusually diffi-
cult, they have only to migrate far-
ther south or north, and propagate
their species in other altitudes, until
they become so numerous as to migrate
again to those regions which outlawed
them. Then the work of destruction
would have to be done all over. All
things considered, it seems impossible
to exterminate such a race of vultures,
unless means of destroying their eggs
can be devised. But nobody—not
even Mr. Graham—would undertake
to scale icy peaks 19,000 or 20,000
feet high, for such a purpose.

The condor is certainly gifted with
rare powers of self-preservation; and
it is not unlikely his huge shadow
may float above the corpse of the last
South American in that lurid twilight
preceding the world's final dissolution.