

Queen Elizabeth." His native soldiers he amused with his magic lantern and amazed them by firing a gun a hundred and fifty yards off with a magnetic exploder.

But his work was terribly dangerous and difficult. His native soldiers were the merest ragamuffins, not soldiers at all; and his native officers were treacherous and intriguing, and could not be trusted out of his sight. Before he came they were in league with the slaves and now he had taken their means of gain from them and they could not forgive him. Once through their carelessness or deliberate treachery he was left without ammunition and a guard of only ten men in a place where no Arab would have stayed without a hundred.

For two years and a half he labored there travelling almost constantly, giving almost all he possessed for the help of the wretched blacks around him, and continually sacrificing his comfort for their welfare; and when at the end of 1876, he returned for a short holiday to England, the slave trade in the Equatorial province was for the time completely suppressed, and the miserable population fairly set on the way to prosperity. But that this prosperity would be only temporary unless further measures were taken Gordon too well knew. "What will become of these poor people whom I have helped," he said, "when my influence is removed from them and from those by whom they are surrounded?"

Early in 1877 he returned to Egypt. The slave trade had been checked in the Equatorial province but through the rest of the Soudan it was as bad as ever, with its headquarters and market at Kartoum, and Gordon told the Khedive that he could do no permanent good unless he had more authority. So this time he was sent down as Governor-General of the whole Soudan and also charged with a mission to Abyssinia to settle some disputes between that country and Egypt. Space forbids us going into the details of this second expedition but it involved, as Gordon said, the sacrifice of a living life. "It was a stupendous task," writes his biographer, "to give peace to a country quick with war; to suppress slavery among a people to whom trade in human flesh was life, and honor, and fortune; to make an army out of perhaps the worst material ever seen; to grow a flourishing trade and a fair revenue in the wildest anarchy in the world." And yet he believed he could do it. But he was not one who could talk much about it beforehand. At his installation at Kartoum when he was expected to make a speech he only said "With the help of God I will hold the balance level." His first edict was that after January 1878 no new slaves should be considered property, and then he set out to attack the slavers in their strongholds. Suleiman, the son of Zobeir Pasha, was one of the most powerful, slave hunters in the Soudan and had in Darfur a standing army of 6,000 robbers, and soon news came that he was in open revolt against the government and had for six months been besieging the city of Dara. Without an instant's delay Gordon mounted his camel, telling his escort to follow as quickly as possible, but not waiting for them, and rode off alone and unarmed to the city, eighty-five miles away, through a country infested with robbers; and reached it in a day and a half. Their amazement when they saw the Governor-General ride in was unbounded. "It was," said Gordon afterwards, "like the relief of Lucknow." The next day he went out with only a few Bashi-Bazouks directly to the robber's camp and told him that unless he submitted he would cut his whole army to pieces. Amazed, and supposing that Gordon had a large force at command, he surrendered and Gordon returned to Cairo. When he came back he found Suleiman again in revolt. Once more he went against him and this time captured him and with some other slave chiefs condemned him to be shot.

This was the end of slave hunting in the Soudan and he was now at liberty to treat with Abyssinia between which country and Egypt he was the means of preventing war.

Gordon's work in the Soudan may be summed up in his own modest words "I have cut off the slave dealers in their strongholds and have made the people love me."

Work accomplished in the Soudan he went to India and after a short stay there he went, on an invitation from his old friends the Mandarins, to China where he was the means of preventing war between that country and Russia. From here he went to the Mauritius, from thence to the Cape,

of Good Hope, and from here, having at last an opportunity for rest, he started for the Holy Land.

But such a man could not be allowed to rest long. The King of the Belgians was planning an expedition to the Congo to plant stations for the aid of explorers and to attack the slave trade at its great source, and at the end of last year telegraphed to Gordon that he wanted him to take the command. But this was not to be. Troubles of a new kind had sprung up in the Soudan. A man calling himself the Messiah, but called by his enemies El Mahdi or the "False Prophet," had raised a revolt there, had defeated various expeditions sent against him, and was threatening to march on Egypt. Gordon had gone to Brussels and was intending to start in a fortnight for the Congo when a telegram came saying that he was wanted by his own government to go to the Soudan. Prompt as ever he turned at once and came back to London; and "the same day that saw him arrive at Charing Cross from Brussels, his first stage, saw him depart on his present mission to the Soudan."

And there he is now and anxious hearts all over the world are waiting for the meagre news of him received from time to time. Conflicting reports reach us but we know that whatever may happen to him he can be nothing but safe, for his whole trust is in God and it is his strong faith that nothing can happen to him but as God wills. When he was starting, as he believed for the Congo, he sent to Canon Willberforce, who was presiding over a religious meeting, asking for himself the prayers of the assembly. "I would rather," he said, "have the prayers of that little company gathered in your house to-day than I would have the wealth of the Soudan at my disposal. Pray for me that I may have humility and the guidance of God, and that all spirit of murmuring may be rebuked in me." And when he found that his destination was changed he sent him another message: "Offer thanks at your next prayer meeting. When I was upborne on the hearts of those Christians I received from God the spiritual blessing that I wanted, and am now calmly resting in the current of his will."

PAT'S GIFT.

BY SIDNEY DAYNE.

"It's no use to try. It isn't the likes o' me as would give a bit to give."

Poor little Pat shook his head dolefully as he walked home from the Band of Hope meeting. For some one there had talked about the duty of even children in giving for the good cause, telling them there were very few who could not, either by denying themselves something for the Master's sake, or by earning, give a little. And we all know that many ladders when put together, made a good deal.

But Pat knew well that the few odd cents he sometimes earned by sweeping a sidewalk or running an errand, were too badly needed at home for him to think of giving them away. He had little time even, for out of school his mother almost always wanted him to carry water for her, or tend the baby while she washed.

Money was wanted just now because the friends of temperance were making a great effort to rid their town of the curse of saloons. Election day was coming, and the ladies had hired a hall in which they were going to give coffee and sandwiches at any time through the day to those who came to vote. This gave them a good chance of speaking earnest words to those upon whom so much depended. Pat—poor little fellow!—fully understood what was going on, for he had good reason to know that if the rumshops could be closed father's money would come home and mother would not have to work so hard, and the little children would never be hungry and would have warm clothes. He knew the meaning of the anxious look on his mother's thin face, and wished with his whole heart that he were a man, that he might work with voice, and hands, and strength to bring happiness to his home and many others where so much sorrow came.

Late in the afternoon of election day he was given leave to play for a while. He passed down the street and peeped into the hall. A lady was looking out as if in search of something.

"Oh, Pat, my boy, is that you?" she said. "I am looking for some one to drive over to Farmer Clover's to get some milk and cream he promised me."

"I don't see any one," said Pat, "but its meself'll go and get it for ye, ma'am. I can walk."

"You could not, Pat. It is a mile over the e, and you are too small to carry it."

"Please to let me do it, ma'am," said Pat, straightening up. "It's a big 'b'y I am and I'd like to be doin' somethin'."

The lady looked doubtfully at him.

"Well you may try, as you are so anxious," she said, "and we do need it badly—it will be a great help."

Quickly the boy ran along the muddy road and up the hill, over it and down again on the other side, glad in his very heart, that if he could not give anything he could at least do something to help. A keen wind was blowing and he was cold, and he looked very pinched and small as he at length stood before the farmer's wife and made known his errand.

"You can't carry it, my little chap," she said. "Why, is that enough for a man?"

"I can," said Pat, very positively. "I'm as strong intirely as any man. It's the ladies would 't be sindin me if I wasn't, would they? An' its the big hurry they're in!"

Mrs. Clover thought the ladies might be mistaken in the matter of Pat's strength, but could not refuse to send by him.

"At any rate you must take something to eat before you go," she said. "Here, Sasan, warm up a bowl of that soup, and be quick about it."

"I can't be takin' the time for that," said faithful Pat; but Mrs. Clover laughed and said:

"You must, for the cream's to be skimmed and won't be done till you've eaten that soup and those doughnuts, too," adding to herself: "He looks about half starved!"

It was so near the truth that Pat had little difficulty in making away with both soup and doughnuts, and the welcome meal was a wonderful help in the long, cold walk before him. The two tin pails, one filled with milk and the other with cream, were heavy, and seemed to get heavier with every step of the way. It was hard work tugging up the hill with them, and he wished himself at the top. But when he reached it, so cutting a wind seized him that he could hardly keep on his feet at all. Any boy with a less stout little heart than his would have felt almost tempted to give up as it whistled roughly about his ears and took away his breath. But Pat would not even sit down a moment to rest. With all his strength he struggled on till he stood panting and exhausted within the door of the hall.

"You poor little fellow!" said the lady. "I was afraid it would be too much for you. Here, take this hot coffee—you're just in time, for the cream was all gone, and there are a great many workmen coming in now."

"Hark! hark!" cried his mother late that evening. "What are the bells ringing for?"

Pat opened his sleepy eyes at sound of her voice, and then sprang from his bed clapping his hands.

"It's the good news it is, mother!—its No License! They said the bells would ring if the good work was done. An' it's meself had a hand in it," he whispered proudly to himself as he tumbled into bed again.

Pat's bright face added one more to the many which gathered in the Band of Hope room the next week. There was a statement made of all which had been given for the cause, in which the gifts of the children made up the sum which astonished many. And last of all came the item:

"Pat Dolan, one dollar."

Pat heard it in amazement, and then rose to his feet with checks on fire at speaking before so many.

"If ye please," he said, "it's loth I am to be contradicted! yez, but it's never a rid out in the wuruld meself has given at all, at all!"

"Ah, Pat," said the leader, after joining in the laugh which went around over Pat's speech, "if you had not carried the heavy pail that day and brought them quickly, too, it would have cost a dollar to send a waggon for them. Don't you know that doing is giving, my boy?"—*Standard*.

Do not attempt to cram the scholars too much. Say to yourself, "Such and such is the point in my lesson; let all the rest of my teaching revolve around that." One point fixed on the mind is better than twenty "in at one ear and out at the other!"

BRICKS V. BEER.

At a meeting of the abstaining mayors in March last, at the Guildhall, presided over by the Lord Mayor of London, the Mayor of Birmingham (W. White, Esq.) said:—

"I can find you a company of a few hundred men who became, to use their own expression, they had learned to 'knock off the fourpenny' (that is the favorite drink in Birmingham), have managed to save something like £14,000, and put it in a savings fund with which I am associated. I know also that they have as much invested in a building society—altogether pretty nearly £30,000—saved by 2000 men who have learned the very great blessing of a sober life. What a multitude of little homes I could take you to and there show you the fruits of temperance. I think of one. Twenty-five years ago I was speaking in one of our mining districts ten miles from Birmingham. It was a crowded meeting in a little inconvenient Methodist chapel. The place was so brimful of people that some of the congregation occupied the pulpit stairs. A great miner in his woollen garb was standing close by me as I occupied the pulpit and gave a temperance address. I began to speak, among other subjects, of how much ale drunk would pay for a yard of land. I enlarged a little upon it, and tried to make it as simple as possible to the audience. By-and-by this miner, who sat with his wife upon the pulpit stairs, began to puff very loudly, and almost shook me out of my shoes with a loud thump on the side of the pulpit, which made the whole fabric crack and tremble, and he shouted, 'Ah! what is that, gaffer! say it again, gaffer. That is the best bit I ever heard in my life. Say it over again, gaffer!' So I had to go through the little arithmetical sum again, and to explain how soon, by giving up intoxicating drinks, how soon by knocking off the 'fourpenny,' a man might possess himself of a piece of land, how he might build a house upon it, and so forth; and the man said, 'Halloo! see if I don't take that little bit of advice.' 'Not you, Jim,' said a man in the audience; 'you like to lush too well for that.' 'Now, lads, see if I don't do it,' said the first man; and again he gave a thump on the pulpit, with such tremendous force that I was afraid for my own safety. The man went home after he had signed the pledge. Three years after that I visited the place again, and I was invited to have a meal in that man's house. He had persuaded a neighbor to join him, and together they had built on a piece of land two neat little houses through the instrumentality of a building society, and that with us means being genteel—a parlour in front, and a kitchen behind. This man had his house furnished, he had a row of books on the shelf, he had the china in a corner cupboard, and every comfort that a working man could reasonably expect to have, and that with three years' exertions and perseverance in the total abstinence principles and practice."—*British Workman*.

THE RIGHT WAY TO GIVE.

Tableaux and charades, are, as I wish thus, innocent in themselves. If you wish to entertain your friends, and spend in such diversion a pleasant evening, do so, and God will be well pleased at your innocent and life-giving enjoyment. But here are six or eight hundred well-to-do farmers, or one or two Christians in a city, who want money for Christ's cause; an amount small as compared to the real ability. Any of those farmers could, if pressed, raise five or six hundred dollars in a year or two, for his own business, those city Christians could raise for railways necessary for their worldly business two or three thousand dollars, and instead of raising it at once for Christ's cause, as for an object worth the outlay, they put a few sensitive, timid girls to work to get up a show, tableaux, charades, etc, as though the object sought, the building up of Christ's cause, could not command that small amount of money, but the momentary interest of a tableau could. What will sensible men think, when, next Sunday, the minister says that Christ's cause is the dearest of all others to all of his disciples! When men wish to have a barbecue, or a dance that costs, or anything in which the heart is, I never knew that they had to go around holding tableaux to raise the money. The interest itself secures the money directly.—*Christian Advocate*.