

HOME AND SCHOOL.

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One Touch of Nature.

CRUEL and wild the battle:
Great horses plunged and roared,
And through dust-cloud and smoke-cloud,
Blood red with sunset's angry flush,
You heard the gun-shot's rattle,
And, 'mid hoof-tramp and rush,
The shrieks of women spared.

For it was Russ and Turkoman,—
No quarter asked or given;
A whirl of frozied hate and death
Across the desert driven.
Look! the half-naked horde gives way,
Fleeing frantic without breath,
Or hope, or will; and on behind
The troopers storm, in blood-thirst blind,
While, like a dreadful fountain-play,
The swords flash up, and fall, and slay—
Wives, grandmothers, baby brows and gray,
Groan after groan, yell upon yell—
Are men but fiends, and is Earth Hell?

Nay, for out of the flight and fear
Spurs a Russian cuirassier;
In his arms a child he bears.
Her little foot bleeds; stern she stares
Back at the ruin of her race.
The small hurt creature sheds no tears,
Nor utters cry; but clinging still
To this one arm that does not kill
She stares back with her baby face.

Apart, fenced round with ruined gear,
The hurrying horseman finds a space,
Where with face crouched upon her knee,
A woman cowers. You see him stoop
And reach the child down tenderly,
Then dash away to join his troop.

How came one pulse of pity there—
One heart that would not slay, but save—
In all that Christ-forgotten sight?
Was there, far north by Neva's wave,
Some Russian girl in sleep-ropes white,
Making her peaceful evening prayer,
That Heaven's great mercy 'neath its care
Would keep and cover him to-night?

—Anthony Morehead.

Among the Eskimos.

To reach the North Pole has been the chief problem which Arctic navigators have set themselves to solve. Whether this is ever to be accomplished admits of doubt; but if it is not, it will not be because there are not heroic spirits ready to attempt it, even at the risk of their lives.

All honour to these heroes. We may regret that so much enterprise and energy should be expended on what appears to be such a forbidding field, and that so many precious lives should be sacrificed in the attempt to accomplish that which may prove beyond the bounds of possibility. And yet we would not have it otherwise. It is not in human nature, in its highest and best forms, to own itself defeated so long as there is the opportunity to make another attempt, even with the bare possibility of success. And they are not the highest style of heroes whose efforts are limited by the utilitarianism which stops at every step to enquire whether it will pay, especially

if the question is asked in the spirit of the market-place.

One is tempted to dwell on the history and tragical fate of the DeLong expedition, but the prescribed limits of this article renders this impracticable.

on the ice, and in their open boats after their ship had been abandoned and had gone down, and the heroic struggle in attempting to reach the nearest Siberian settlement, would require too much space.

miration. They bore themselves no less heroically than did he. Indeed, the case of no other of these gentlemen appeals so strongly to our sympathy as that of Lieut. Denhower. A confirmed invalid, threatened with the loss of sight, subjected repeatedly to painful oculistic operations, and yet, even in the extremity of his weakness bearing himself as a hero, and, finally, by his science and sagacity saving himself and all on board by guiding their frail craft into one of the mouths of the Lena, is certainly a sublime object.—*Methodist Magazine for June.*

A King Admonished.

FREDERICK THE GREAT had acquired from his French associates the disgraceful and degrading habit of profane swearing. On the occasion referred to, when a large atheistic and scoffing element was present, the king was profusely profane. One of his guests was the trusty General Ziethen, who was not only brave in the field, but also loyal to the King of heaven. He was deeply grieved at the unkindly behaviour of his master. Rising from his seat at the table and bowing respectfully to the king, he said in substance "Your Majesty is aware that, with due deference to your Majesty's will, I have ever rendered you such service as I was able to perform. My sword has ever been drawn in defence of your Majesty's rights and interests without a murmur. But I cannot sit quietly by and hear the name of my Lord Christ thus irreverently bandied about at this table. I salute your Majesty." Amid a death-like silence of the company the brave old veteran took his seat. The king was visibly moved by the heroic conduct of his noble officer, and taking him afterward into his private apartment, he acknowledged his fault, begged the general's pardon, and promised never to wound his felings thus again.

THE true pair of compasses to take the measure of a Christian is faith and charity. Faith is the one foot fixed immovable in the centre, while charity walks a perfect circle of benevolence.—*Robert Hall.*

DR. MACLAY, who has spent eight years as missionary to Japan, says he never heard a Japanese oath. He never heard a missionary say that he had heard one swear. He has heard them trying to repeat some oaths in English learned from sailors. They thought they were learning English. This is another illustration of how other nations copy our vices.



AMONG THE ESKIMOS.

To give anything like an adequate description of the terrible experiences of those dreary twenty-one months during which their ship, held in the relentless grasp of the pack, helplessly drifted at the mercy of the wind and the currents; of the still more painful experiences of the three months spent

The sympathy of the world very naturally concentrates upon Lieut. DeLong, Lieut. Chipp, and those of their comrades who perished in this attempt. But Chief Engineer Melville and Lieut. Denhower, though they were fortunate to escape the fate of their chief, have no less claim upon our ad-