

GENERAL READING.

A NIGHT'S JOURNEY IN INDIA.

FROM D. H. M. FIELD'S "EGYPT TO JAPAN."

We had now accomplished our visit to the Himalayas, and were to bid adieu to the mountains and the valleys. But how were we to get back to Saharanpur? There was the mail wagon and the omnibuses. But these seemed very precarious after our mountain raptures. Mr. Herron suggested that we should try dooleys—long palanquins in which we could lie down and sleep (perhaps), and thus be carried over the mountains at night. As we were eager for new experiences, of course we were ready for any novelty. But great bodies move slowly, and how great we were we began to realize when we found what a force it took to move us. Mr. Herron sent for the Chaudri—a kind of public carrier whose office it is to provide for such services—and an engagement was formally entered into between the high contracting parties that for a certain sum he was to provide two dooleys and a sufficient number of bearers, to carry us over the mountains to Saharanpur, a distance of forty-two miles. This was duly signed and sealed, and the money paid on the spot, with promise of liberal bach sheesh at the end if the agreement was satisfactorily performed.

Thus authorized and empowered to enter into negotiations with inferior parties, the Chaudri sent forward a courier, or Sarbarah, to go ahead over the whole route a day in advance, and to secure the relays, and thus prepare for our royal progress.

This seemed very magnificent, but when our retinue filed into the yard on the evening of our departure, and drew up before the verandah, we were almost ashamed to see what a prodigious ado it took to get us two poor mortals out of the valley. Our escort was as follows: Each dooley had six bearers or Kohars—four to carry it, and two to be ready as a reserve. Besides these twelve, there were two bahangi-wallas to carry our one trunk on a bamboo pole, making fourteen persons in all. As there were five stages (for one set of men could only go about eight miles) it took seventy men (besides the two high officials) to carry our sacred persons these forty-two miles! Of the reserve of four who walked beside us, two performed the functions of torch bearers—no unimportant matter when traversing a forest so full of wild beasts that the natives cannot be induced to cross it at night without lights kept burning.

The torch was made simply by winding a piece of cloth around the end of a stick, and pouring oil upon it from a bottle kept for the purpose (just the mode of the wise virgins in the parable). Our kind friends had put a mattress in each dooley, with pillows and coverlet, so that we could make ourselves comfortable for a night's journey. I took off my boots, and wrapping my feet in the soft fur of the skin of the Himalayan goat, which I had purchased in the mountains, stretched myself like a warrior taking his rest. With his martial cloak around him, and bade the cavalcade take its march. They lighted their torches, and like the wise virgins, "took oil in their vessels with their lamps," and set out on our night's journey. At first we wound our way through bazaars, and past temples, till at last we emerged from all signs of human habitation, and were alone with the forests and the stars.

When we were fairly in the woods, all the stories I had heard of wild beasts came back to me. For a week past I had been listening to thrilling incidents, many of which occurred in this very mountain pass. The Sewalie range is entirely uninhabited, except along the roads, and is thus given up to wild beasts, and nowhere is one more likely to meet an adventure. That very morning at breakfast, Mrs. Mood-side had given me her experience. She was once crossing this pass at night, and as it came near the break of day she saw men running, and heard the cry of "tiger," but thought little of it, as the natives were apt to give false alarms; but presently the horses began to rear and plunge, so that the driver loosed them and let them go, and just then she heard a tremendous roar, which seemed close to the waggon, where a couple of the bruits had come down to drink of a brook by the roadside. She was so terrified that she did not dare to look out, but shut at once the windows of the gharri. Presently some soldiers came up the pass with elephants, who went in pursuit, but the monsters had retreated into the forest.

One would suppose we were safe enough with more than a dozen attendants, but the natives are very timid, and a tiger's roar will set them flying. A lady at Dehra, the daughter of a missionary, told us how she was once carried with her mother and two other children in dooleys, when just at break of day a huge tiger walked out of a wood, and came right towards them when the Coolies at once dropped them and ran, leaving the mother and her children to their fate. Fortunately she

had presence of mind to light a piece of wadding, and throw it out to the brute, who either from that, or perhaps he was too noble a beast to attack a woman, after eyeing them for some moments, deliberately walked away.

Such associations with the road we were travelling gave an excitement to our night journey which was not the most composing to sleep. It is very well to sit by the fireside and talk about tigers, but I do not know of anybody who would care to meet one in the woods, unless well armed and on an elephant's back.

But what if a wild elephant should come out upon us? In general, I believe these are quiet and peaceable beasts, but they are subject to a kind of madness which makes them unmanageable. A "rogue elephant"—one who has been tamed, and afterwards goes back to his savage state—is one of the most dangerous of wild beasts. When the Prince of Wales was hunting in the Terai with Sir Jung Bahador, an alarm was given that a rogue elephant was coming, and they pushed the Prince into a tree as quickly as possible, for the monster has no respect for majesty. The possibility of such an adventure was quite enough to keep our imagination in lively exercise. Our friends had told us that there was no danger with flaming torches, although we might perhaps hear a distant roar on the mountains, or an elephant breaking through the trees. We listened intently. When the men were moving off in silence, we strained our ears to catch any sound that might break the stillness of the forest. If a branch fell from a tree, it might be an elephant coming through the wood. If we could not see we imagined forms gliding in the darkness. Even the shadows cast by the starlight took in the shapes that we dreaded. Hush! there is a stealthy step over the falling leaves. No, it is the whispering in the trees. Thus was it all covert, our flaming torches kept them at a respectful distance. We did not hear the tramp of an elephant, the growl of a tiger, or even the cry of a jackal.

But though we had not the excitement of an adventure, the scene itself was wild and weird enough. We were entirely alone, with more than a dozen men, with not one of whom we could exchange a word, traversing a mountain pass, with miles of forest and jungle separating us from any habitation. Our attendants were men of powerful physique, whose swarthy limbs and strange faces looked more strange than ever by the torchlight. Once in seven or eight miles they set down their burden. We halted at a camp fire by the road side, where a fresh relay was waiting. There our fourteen men were swelled to twenty-eight. Then the curtain of my couch was gently drawn aside, a black head was thrust in, and a voice whispered in the softest of tones, "Sahib, back-sheesh!" Then the new bearers took up their load and jogged on their way. I must say they did very well. The motion was not unpleasant. The dooley rested not on two poles, but on one long bamboo, three or four inches in diameter, at each end of which two men braced themselves against each other, and moved forward with a swinging gait, a kind of dog trot, which they accompanied with a low grunt, which seemed to relieve them, and be a way of keeping time. Their burdens did not fatigue them much—at least they did not groan under their load, but talked and laughed by the way. Nor were luxuries forgotten. One of the men carried a hook, which served for the whole party, being passed from mouth to mouth, with which the men when off duty refreshed themselves with many a puff of the fragrant weed.

Thus refreshed they kept up a steady gait of about three miles an hour through the night. At length the day began to break. As we approached the end of our journey the men picked up speed, and I thought they would come in on a run. Glad we were to come in sight of Seharanpur. At ten o'clock we entered the Mission Compound, and drew up before the door of "Caldwell Padre."

The Book Committee of the Methodist Episcopal Church, at a recent session, showed plainly that they had had enough of the premium system. The objections to it are: 1. It is too costly, \$35,000 having been paid out in premiums in one year. Too costly—we should think so! 2. It takes up too much of the time of the Book Agents and the Book Committee.

3. It leads to forgetfulness of the real conditions of journalistic success. A circulation bought by premiums is factitious and unreliable. 4. It produces discord in their Ad- vocate family. This vast expenditure in premiums did not increase the aggregate circulation of their papers, as it only resulted in transferring subscribers from one paper to another. This is what the figures say.

The Agent of our Publishing House and the Book Committee have set their faces against this premium business. This experience of our sister Church will probably confirm them in their attitude of hostility to it.—Nashville Ad-

NEWSPAPER PREMIUMS.

It has become a sort of established theory that children are always happy, that there are no cares in the little lives, no pains in the little bones, and no sensitive spots in the little hearts. Consequently, people who are not parents—nay, some who are—actually believe that the years between one and fifteen are years of perpetual bliss, and it is their duty to moderate this ecstatic condition of things whenever it is in their power to do so.

These people were probably born grown up; with stiff shirt collars, tight boots and well-stuffed pocket-books all properly adjusted. They have less sympathy with little ones than the heated poker has, and the little ones know it at

FAMILY READING.

LITTLE LIZZIE'S LETTER.

A CHILD'S MISSIONARY WORK.

(Contributed to the Stratford Beacon.)

The following letter was given by little Lizzie—early in the war—to a gentleman about leaving Philadelphia to spend a few days with the Christian commission in the army of the Cumberland. It was really dictated and written by the little girl herself. I had this fact from the child's mother some months after it was written.

Lizzie, aware that the gentleman was about to start for the front, went to him and asked, "Mr. Miller, are you going to see the sick soldiers in Nashville?" "Yes, Lizzie." "O! I am so glad that you are going to visit the poor sick soldiers. I wish I could go with you, I could read for them, and bathe their heads, couldn't I?" "Yes, Lizzie, but you are too young to go, and the distance very great." "Well, Mr. Miller, if I buy a little Testament and give it to you, won't you take it and give it to the first sick soldier you find?" "With pleasure, Lizzie." "If I write him a little letter, won't you give it to him also?" "Yes, Lizzie." She ran home and got some of her own pocket money and bought the Testament, and wrote the little letter, returning soon with both, and receiving the injunction as to their destination.

The letter was as follows:

PHILADELPHIA, April 13, 1863.

My dear soldier,—I am a little girl seven years old, and I want to do something for the sick soldiers who do so much for us. I wish I could go to nurse you. I could bathe your head and read to you. I send you a little Testament which I bought for you with my own pocket money, won't you read it to everybody? Do, and although I never saw you I'll be praying for you every day. Do you kneel down and say your prayers before you go to bed? I would if I were you; and I would not care if even the other soldiers were laughing at me. God will be smiling on you while they are mocking. O, how sorry I am that you are sick, and that you had to leave your dear mother, don't you often think of her; especially at night when you are going to bed? Did she cry when you were bidding her good bye? Do you know that little hymn,—

"There is a happy land, far, far away?"

I hope you will go to that happy land when you die, but I'll be praying that you may not die now, but soon be up and get well again. When you are able won't you write to me and tell me all your troubles? I live at 243 North 9th street. Good bye! God bless you!

LIZZIE.

I knew the young man to whom this letter was handed by Mr. Miller. He was then unconverted. This letter was followed by little Lizzie's heartfelt prayers; and he was soon led to the Saviour. He belonged to the 4th Michigan cavalry; and after his restoration to health he fought his way through many a battle without ever being wounded. He was at the taking of Richmond and the capture of Jeff Davis. I heard that, after being honorably discharged, he became an active and useful Christian man in the State of Michigan. Lizzie and he kept up a constant correspondence—perhaps more of that anon.

I hope he may thank her above "in that kingdom that never shall end, where there are no wars or rumors of war."

Lizzie's letter was printed and circulated extensively throughout the whole army. The good directly and indirectly resulting from this noble little girl's effort will only be revealed when the waves of the little ripples shall reach the shores of eternity, and when it shall be said of little Lizzie, "She hath done what she could." T. A.

CHILDREN NOT ALWAYS HAPPY.

It has become a sort of established theory that children are always happy, that there are no cares in the little lives, no pains in the little bones, and no sensitive spots in the little hearts. Consequently, people who are not parents—nay, some who are—actually believe that the years between one and fifteen are years of perpetual bliss, and it is their duty to moderate this ecstatic condition of things whenever it is in their power to do so.

These people were probably born grown up; with stiff shirt collars, tight boots and well-stuffed pocket-books all properly adjusted. They have less sympathy with little ones than the heated poker has, and the little ones know it at

a glance. All day long they utter their "Don't Billy," and "You musn't Kate." They restrain the heels, the voices, the hands of those specimens of perpetual motion whenever it is possible. Whenever the children like to eat is at once pronounced bad for them. The heaven-born "sweet-teeth" is a crime; and also the general aversion to fat meat, gray and spices.

How often do these believers in childhood's blissful state send shor-legged little ones up long flights of stairs, prefacing the order with "Your bones are young, you know," or "Children are never tired!" People like these crowd into already over-crowded cars, with the words: "The children can all stand up, you know." They "wonder" at mothers who bring their families to see magic lantern and panoramic exhibitions. "Children are such a bother," they say, audibly. Oh, the sensitive little souls that thrill and ache! Oh, the suffering that only "mother" knows anything about!

Unhappily, such people are sometimes school teachers. Children under such instructors are supposed to be little automatons—things to be "kept in order" and made to sit bolt upright while a certain amount of cramming is gone through with. You could not make a teacher of that kind—of whom there are happily but a few left—believe that each child is an individual. To such a teacher children are simply a little row of nuisances. Besides, are they not children? and children, even when being "smoked," scolded and bathed, must be happy.

CLASS MEETINGS IN THE WORK OF CONVERSION.

Class-meetings are too often looked upon as of no real importance, except as a means to build up and strengthen weaker members of the church. But may they not be made an important adjunct in the work of converting men, and bringing them into the church? For instance, if a class leader should seek out thoughtful and serious persons, and invite them to class-meeting with him, how many, think you, could an earnest man lead to Christ during a year in this way? I know a class-leader—a modest, unpretentious man—who is carrying on an important business, whose hands are consequently full from Monday morning until eleven o'clock on Saturday night, but who, in the midst of this activity, has managed to bring into his Sunday morning class—the largest and most popular class in the church where he is—and average of two persons a month during the year, who have been converted and brought into the church. Are there not many others who bear a voice saying to them, "Go and do likewise?"

If our churches were well organized under such leaders, we should hardly have occasion for a six week's siege every winter in order "to get up a revival." The church would be aggressive and making additions to her numbers every month in the year, and that through the ordinary means of grace. Then might we look for the conversion of the world around us, as well as in Pagan lands.

LET IT DRY.

Mr. Spurgeon once went to preach in a church a little outside of London. The day was wet and muddy, and the pants of Mr. Spurgeon were plentifully covered with dirt. A good deacon in the vestry said:

"Brother Spurgeon, let me get a brush and take off some of that mud; you can't go into the pulpit in that state."

"Don't be foolish, deacon," said Mr. Spurgeon, in his usual good-humored way; "don't you see the mud is wet, and if you try to rub it off now, you will rub the stain into the cloth? Let it dry, and then it will come off easy enough and leave no mark."

There is an admirable hint here for every one. When evil spoken against, as we may be for the sake of truth, and men throw mud at us, don't be in a hurry about brushing it off. Two great eagers in this respect is apt to rub the stain into the cloth. Let it dry; and then, by and by, if need be, it can be removed by a little effort. If there is a little trouble in the church, don't foster it by haste and hurry in doing something. Let it alone; let it dry; and it will be more easily settled than you think now. Time has a wonderful power in such matters; and it is surprising how many things in this world would be far better arranged, and how many difficulties easily got over, by judiciously letting them dry.—Ez.

HOW A PRINCESS WAS SAVED.—Rev. J. Denham Smith recently stated in a public meeting in London that the late Princess Alice, while calling on a lady, was told of a gathering of poor people about to be held, which she expressed a desire to attend at the same time.

In the course of conversation the lady asked her when she first felt she was saved? The Princess replied: "A poor Scotch Christian talked to me about the Gospel, and since then I have been able to say: 'I am saved!'"

CROMWELL'S LAST HOURS.—Men prayed for his recovery, looking into the dark future with dismay at the anarchy that might ensue when the one man was gone who could hold the rival parties down and compel them to live in peace. "His heart," says one who then attended him, "was so carried out for God and his people, yea, indeed, for some who had added no little sorrow to him, that at this time he seemed to forget his own family and nearest relations." He would frequently say, "God is good, indeed he is," and would speak it with much cheerfulness and fervor of spirit in the midst of his pains. Again he said, "I would be willing to live to be further serviceable to God and his people; but my work is done. Yet God will be with his people." He was very restless most part of the (Thursday) night, speaking often to himself. And there being something to drink offered him, he was desired to take the same and endeavor to sleep, unto which he answered, "It is not my design to drink or sleep; but my design is to make what haste I can to be gone." The next day was the 3rd of September—his lucky day—the anniversary of his victories at Dunbar and Worcester; and at four o'clock in the afternoon of that day Oliver Cromwell lay dead.

CLASS-MEETING METAPHORS.

A correspondent of the London Methodist gives some pleasant notes concerning the imagery which sometimes prevails in relating experience. Recently in a class met for tickets in an English fishing village, while the prevailing metaphor was "like a door on its hinges, going back and forth," an old fisherman introduced a new symbol, "I wasn't say much about my experience; I've been like the jolly boat, at the stern." In another fishing village the cry of one in his prayer was "Lord, help me, I'm going astern." Another fisherman, after describing the wildness of wind and wave, and vain attempts to get a light, said, "We thank Thee, we never need scratch a match to find Jesus." A famer in a village a little way inland, where life moves very sleepily, mourned for some time over the slow progress of his Christian life, then said, "We thank Thee, Lord, because there were snails in the ark."

THE THREE ANSWERS.

Beautiful, indeed, was the lesson which a little Sabbath School class had been reciting—about the Saviour's kingdom. They learned that it was a kingdom of great joy and deep love; peace dwelt there, and kindness and good will spring along the wayside. It was a kingdom upon which the Sun of Righteousness shone, and in its clear sky hung the star of Bethlehem. The eyes of the children grew bright with interest while the teacher talked; and they longed to know more about a state so glorious. Then the teacher turned to the book, and this question came next, "What will you do to advance the kingdom on earth?" "Yes," added the lady, looking seriously upon the little boys, "what will you do to help on the Saviour's kingdom? What will you do, James?"

"I will give my pennies to the missionaries, and they shall preach about it to the heathen," answered James, with great earnestness.

"And what will you do, George?"

George looked up and said, "I will pray for it."

"And what will you do, John?" said the teacher, addressing the youngest in her class.

He cast down his eyes and softly said, "I will give my heart to it." The teacher blessed the little boy, and breathed a silent prayer that Jesus might take the offering.

These three answers comprehend all we can do for Jesus. It is good to give our money and prayers; but the first thing we must do, the best gift we can offer, is to give up our hearts to the Saviour's kingdom, and let Jesus rule over us.—Christian at Work.

IMPORTANT TESTIMONY.—The Earl of Chesterfield writes: "I have run the silly rounds of pleasure, and have done with them all. I have enjoyed all the pleasures of the world, and I appraise them at their real worth, which is in truth very low. Those who have only seen them outside always overrate them; but I have been behind the scenes. I have seen all the coarse pulleys and dirty ropes which move the gaudy machines, and I have seen and smelt the tallow candles which illuminate the whole decorations to the astonishment and admiration of an ignorant audience. When I reflect on what I have seen, what I have heard and what I have done, I can hardly persuade myself that all that frivolous hurry and bustle of pleasure in the world had any reality; but I look on all that has passed as one of those romantic dreams that opium commonly occasions, and I do by no means desire to repeat the nauseous dose."

TEMPERANCE.

SHORT TEMPERANCE.

BY JOHN W. WELLS.

X.—INTERVIEW WITH OLD FELLOWS.

As I came out Glasgow, where I 2,500 people, (I was of the merchant's carriage was take me away. A man in livery, and a pair of mounted harness things because to ride in such style drizzily, wretched man said: "Betty Mr. Gough, the soon;" and I got ed round to shake was the last spee previous to going tretched creature. I saw his naked rags; I saw his a little gray hair over his face.

He came up to hand, and said, "with me?" I n hands with any they are. If the honesty, that is rather than nine than that the ten feeling sad that him in the right hand for any ma wrong to me, Go an clear of the he my hand, and he then said: "Do "Why, yes," I s not your name I "You used to v bookbinder's sho achusetts, in 184 son's?" "Yes, matter with you poor." I said: look like it."

And I gave him a friend to ascer He picked up b streets for a livi of the most wret Glasgow. As I with the ring of ear, with my ha grasp of friendsh I saw that shiver gaslight, ragged and starving who came into the I, but for the tea there am I. He than I. He wor with me, drank v his prospects we and now, there is

What was the between us; A p wretched thing years of age, whe never was heard acquaintance—a was it print, a Jo own a trade—Jo hand on my sh kindness, and all maelite of civiliz against every ma every man's hand magnetic influen ed from his heart an electric wire, at and I looked to never seen him h as a brother, and ingly as I ever w sure, and put my which has been t

It is because I movement that "Why do you no else?" "Talk about of the abundance speaketh." Ther a night, that I do the influence of f there are men ju be saved; and y can exert an influ dropping a pebb "center of whic the circumference —a pebble causi till it becomes h on its bosom sym

Words of sym ness, in days of storms gathered me, strengthened

CHRISTIANITY AD

From Cannon Temperance," we quent passage: "Will you liste aries who tell us glory of England name over whole mon the Moaris, healthy that I m broad-axe and in well, now, in the ment official, 'po by their drink"