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THE KING AND QUEEN OF ABYSSINIA.

The recent terrible defeat of the Italian army in Abyssinia has brought into prominence a woman of whom the world has hitherto known almost nothing. Twenty-eight years ago Sir Robert Napier, now Lord Napier of Magdala, marched a British army of sixteen thousand men through Abyssinia to Magdala, the capital, and without losing one drop of British blood took complete possession of it. On the entry of the British forces the king took his own life.

Since that time those who know tell us that Abyssinia has made vast strides in civilization. Its present king is a strong ruler, and he is aided by a clever, shrewd, patriotic woman. It is probably due, it is said, more to the Empress Taoti than to anyone else that the Italian effort to subjugate the country has so disastrously failed.

Taoti, or Taytou, as she is sometimes called, has had a strange and romantic career. She was born in 1850, and, like her husband, who is also her cousin, claims descent in a direct line from that Queen of Sheba whose visit to King Solomon is described in the ninth chapter of the Second book of Chronicles. In common with all the members of the ancient royal house, she was driven into exile by the tyrant Theodore, who suspected all who were of royal blood of plotting against him. But early in 1868 she and her parents returned and found refuge at Gondar. There Taoti met her cousin, Menelik, an exile like herself. The two young people fell in love and were about to be married when Theodore interfered. He insisted on Menelik marrying one of his own daughters, and on Taoti becoming his own wife. As disobedience meant certain death, both yielded. Theodore treated his young wife with such savage brutality that his death a few months later came to her as a relief. After his downfall Abyssinia became a scene of anarchy and civil war. The various petty kings struggled for the supreme command, but no one of them could attain the rank of Emperor. Five times in succession Taoti was married and five times became a widow through the continuous fighting that went on. At last, weary of the repeated misfortunes, she entered a convent and became a nun. But convent life to a woman of her active, ambitious temperament was intolerable, and she obtained from the Archbishop of Abyssinia a release from her vows. While living quietly with

her brother at Ephrata, she met her first lover, Menelik, who in the changes of the national kaleidoscope had emerged as king of Shoa. Their old passion was rekindled, and in spite of all difficulties Menelik made her his wife.

The marriage was celebrated in 1885 with imposing ceremonies. Since that time Taoti has made herself famous. Through her tact and diplomacy her husband has been chosen Emperor, and has established his rule in Abyssinia. In dealing with Italy, Taoti's skill as a diplomatist was the mainstay of Menelik and his ministers. She guided the negotiations, and when war became inevitable it was she who initiated the measures for drilling and equipping the army, and her undaunted spirit that gave courage to the Abyssinian leaders. It is believed that Menelik would



KING MENELIK OF ABYSSINIA.

A sparkle came into his eyes as he thought of the fortune he so soon thought to lay at her feet. Then, as he realized his condition, a great wave of agony, shame and distress swept over the once manly countenance.

Now he found himself alone—the man beside him had just left. Where did he want to get off? He did not know or care.

With downcast eyes he espied a slip of paper. Slowly and thoughtlessly he picked it up, and was about to throw it down when he thought the hand-writing looked familiar. As he glanced at the script, the words attracted his attention; he read and re-read them until the words burned themselves into his memory. 'I thought on my ways, and turned my feet unto Thy testimonies.'

He was aroused to a sense of his

with his countenance full of pity, and said: 'Have you lost anything?'

'Yes, I've lost my all, my manhood!'

The lady had missed the little urchin, and called him, but he paid no heed. She came across the street for him. As she came nearer them the little boy said in tones of sympathy:

'Mamma, he lost somefing.'

'Can I help you, sir?' she asked in the kindest, sweetest tones he had heard since he had left home and mother.

She drew from him the story of his present condition, and invited him to her home, saying her husband would be in soon, and she was sure he could help him. In the meantime she would prepare tea, and Nellie would sing for him.

He is now the noble man he had planned to be. With constant employment and pleasant, Christian surroundings in this home, whose motto was, 'Look up, lift up,' his feet had been turned and the lost found.

A few years later he remarked to Nellie, who had become his wife: 'I wish I might see the man who dropped that slip of paper on that memorable day. I want to thank him for it.'

Nellie promptly replied: 'Thank God instead, for it was he that willed it. It was the Lord's words you needed. He says: "So shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth; it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it."—The Christian Monitor.'

PROFITABLE LOSSES.

The following good speech is nearly a verbal report of one heard at a temperance meeting:

'I have been thinking, since I came into the meeting to-night, about the losses I've met since I signed the total abstinence pledge. I tell you there isn't a man in the society who has lost more by stopping drink than I have. Wait a bit until I tell you what I mean. There was a nice job of work to be done in the shop to-day, and the boss called for me.

'"Give it to Law," said he. "He's the best hand in the shop."

'Well, I told my wife at supper time, and she said:

'"Why, Laprie, he used to call you the worst. You've lost your bad name, haven't you?"

'That's a fact,' wife,' said I. 'And it ain't all I've lost in the last sixteen months either. I had poverty and wretchedness, and I lost them.'

have yielded without fighting to the Italian demands but for Taoti's firmness.

A SLIP OF PAPER.

A dissipated young man entered one day a street car in one of our large cities, and sat down all unnoticed. Listless, unobservant, he heeded not nor cared who occupied the seat beside him; he would go to the other part of the city and try for work.

He had lost one job after another because of his dissipated habits and now the extremity had come. He mumbled to himself: 'If I cannot get work I can die—there's an end to all things. When one ceases to be useful he ought to be out of the way.'

He then looked back to the time when he had come to the city, full of hope, ambition and promises to mother to be a pure, honest boy. But, alas, the old, old story!

surroundings as the car stopped, and he saw they were at the terminus of the line. Yes, he would get off. So without noticing what he was doing, he crossed the street, and sat down on the grass in the shade. With head down, eyes fixed upon the ground as if seeing them there, again he repeated the words, 'I thought on my ways, and turned my feet—'

He was coming to himself, as many another prodigal has done. He was not thinking.

He did not know he was being watched by a lady on the veranda across the way, and had not heard her daughter singing; but now the words floated out through the open window—

Other refuge have I none,  
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee,  
Leave, oh, leave me not alone—

'Alone, yes, alone,' he said, while he wept. He glanced up as a little fellow about three years old ran past him, then turned and looked at him

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