

top of the third?" "Well, perhaps it is; but it is not so easy."

This conversation between father and son set me thinking. Does not the heavenly Teacher deal thus with His scholars sometimes? and do they not feel discouraged at their slow progress, when they do not understand that they have been promoted? For instance, the *doing class* is an easy one to some of us. We thought we had learned the lesson of entire consecration quite perfectly, when we had said from our hearts, and lived out in our lives—

"Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee."

But the work was taken from us, and we were sent down, as we thought, into a lower class, and put to the uncongenial work of suffering. And we felt aggrieved, and did not take up our cross in the same spirit of perfect trust in which we went to our work. What a mistake we made! The Master meant it for promotion. We thought we were very near the top of the class when we felt all on fire at that precious meeting, as we sang those glorious hymns, which were the true language of our souls, and as our ready tongue made haste to give the joyous testimony it could not but speak. Well, our consecration was sincere enough, and God honoured it by taking us at our word, and we were called to bear the harder testimony of faithfulness in little worrying daily duties. We sang with all our hearts, "My will is the will of My God," and so it was when that will meant singing His praises and speaking for Him; but how about it when

"Love adds anxiety to toil,
And sadness doubles cares;
And one unbroken strain of work
The flagging temper wears?"

Some of us find out, to our bitter humiliation, that our environment is changed: we are strong or weak, as the case may be. But we know in our heart of hearts that this need not be so; "God is able to make all grace abound towards us." This is a plain statement of fact, as multitudes have proved, and, thank God! are proving to-day. If our resolutions are not strong enough, we need not be surprised. We have no right to expect more of ourselves, but we have a right to expect everything of our God. Whether the lesson is hard or easy, we cannot do without His help; so let us bring all our work to Him and ask Him to arrange the service and the discipline of our lives. Then, whether our path takes us through the Land of Beulah or the Valley of Humiliation, whether it seems an earnest strife or an easy victory, God will in all things be glorified; and what higher life could we desire?—*King's Highway.*

It is significant that although the sinews of war for the destruction of the Scott Act came from the whiskey wing, all the effort was concentrated upon saving the traffic in beer and light wines. No one opened his lips in behalf of the whiskey interest. Hence we learn that the effort to legalize the sale of beer and light wines was only a ruse; and that both branches of the traffic have one purse, and must stand and fall together. In speaking of the stand taken by the Churches in opposition to the above effort, the *Toronto Globe* speaks of Methodists as "seemingly a unit and a very determined unit at that."—*Wesleyan.*

By the Alma River.

WILLIE, fold your little hands;
Let it drop that "soldier" toy!
Look where father's picture stands,—
Father, who here kissed his boy
Not two months since,—father kind,
Who this night may—never mind
Mother's sob, my Willie dear,
Call aloud that he may hear
Who is God of Battles; say
"O, keep father safe this day,
By the Alma River."

Ask no more, child, never heed
Either Russ, or Frank, or Turk,
Right of nations or of creed,
Chance-poised victory's bloody work
Any flag the wind may roll
On thy heights, Sebastopol;
Willie, all to you and me
Is that spot, where'er it be,
Where he stands—no other word!
Stands—God sure the child's prayer heard
By the Alma River.

Willie, listen to the bells
Ringing through the town to-day.
That's for victory. Ah, no knells
For the many swept away,—
Hundreds—thousands! Let us weep,
We who need not,—just to keep
Reason steady in my brain
Till the morning comes again,
Till the third dread morning tell
Who they were that fought and fell
By the Alma River.

Come, we'll lay us down, my child,
Poor the bed is, poor and hard,
Yet thy father, far exiled,
Sleeps upon the open sward,
Dreaming of us two at home:
Or beneath the starry dome
Digs out trenches in the dark,
Where he buries—Willie, mark—
Where he buries those who died
Fighting bravely at his side
By the Alma River.

Willie, Willie, go to sleep,
God will keep us, O my boy;
He will make the dull hours creep
Faster, and send news of joy,
When I need not shrink to meet
Those dread placards in the street,
Which for weeks will ghastly stare
In some eyes—Child, say thy prayer
Once again; a different one;
Say: "O God, Thy will be done
By the Alma River."

—*Dina Muloch Craik.*

Little Sins.

You make light of them now, but they are not to be trifled with; they creep on so stealthily that you scarcely notice them; by-and-bye you will find it impossible to turn them out.

I think of the Indian story of the tiny dwarf who asked the king to give him all the ground he could cover with three strides. The king, seeing him so small, said, "Certainly." Whereupon the dwarf suddenly shot up into a huge giant, covered all the land with the first stride, all the water with the second, and with the third knocked the king down and then took his throne.

Holding a "Durbar."

A MEMORABLE meeting took place in April between Earl Dufferin, the Viceroy of India, and the Ameer (or king) of Afghanistan. The object of this meeting was to consider the recent aggressions of the Russians on the territory of the Ameer, and to come to an agreement as to its defence. The result was that such an agreement was made, and an alliance was concluded between England, as the Ruler of India on the one hand, and Afghanistan on the other.

The spectacle afforded by this meeting was so brilliant as to impress itself upon the memory of all who witnessed it. It combined all the splendour and show which attend Oriental display, with the military weight and polished ceremony of European celebrations.

The "durbar," as such meetings are

called in the East, was held at a place called Rawal Pindi, in the north-west corner of Hindoostan. From the gorgeous encampment which was pitched for the reception of the Afghan prince by the representative of the British Queen, could be seen, through the green hills, the broad, flat, sunny valley of the Indus; while the lofty mountains of the Khyber range, in the dim distance, bounded the horizon.

All around were the growths of a semi-tropical climate. The palm and the date-palm, orchards of many fruits though not yet in bloom, green pastoral hillsides, greeted the view.

The meeting between the Viceroy and the Ameer was one of serious business, with probably grave results to the history of the East. But outwardly, it was a superb show of troops and retinues, of glittering costumes and dazzling cavalcades, of elaborate ceremonial and right royal feasting.

The Viceroy was attended by a brilliant train of the native princes of India, who came appalled in richest cloths studded with the rare gems found in their valleys, and followed by crowds of turbaned and feathered escorts.

With the Ameer came a host of the barbaric chiefs of Afghan tribes, in flowing garments, glittering arms, and stern, swarthy countenances.

Amid the forest of tents which dotted the smiling Punjab plain, one especially was noticeable for its enormous size and its lavish decorations. This was the great "durbar tent," where the two potentates were to clasp hands and rival each other in flowery compliment. From its poles and staffs fluttered many a vari-coloured, gilded pennon.

It was spread with costly carpets woven with every hue; about its sides were hung curtains of gilded silks; its chairs were carved and gilded thrones, and stood on a raised dais. The Viceroy, surrounded by a dense group of native princes, of English officers, and of high officials, awaited the Ameer in the tent. The avenue leading to the tent was lined with rows of raised seats, which were crowded with European and Oriental spectators to the thrilling scene.

Presently the thunder of the cannon announced the approach of the Afghan monarch and his swarthy cortege. The many bands struck up, and a roar of applause greeted welcomed the Ameer as he passed into the tent. The Viceroy met his guest at the entrance, and led him to the thrones on the dais, and there he received the homage of the assembled dignitaries.

Then the Viceroy welcomed the Ameer "in the name of her most gracious Majesty, the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, and Empress of India; and the Ameer replied in his own tongue, with a highflown assurance of friendship.

Following this imposing ceremony were others not less striking. Rich presents were brought on trays by brightly arrayed Hindoo servitors, and a number of horses of the finest mettle and breed were led to the tent door; also gifts from the English to the Afghan sovereign. Then a feast was held, and the camp became a scene of hilarity.

Having thus paid his visit, the Ameer departed as the sun was sinking behind the Khyber hills. The trumpets sounded, the drums beat, and the Ameer passed along a road lined with twenty thousand English and Hindoo soldiers, arrayed in an infinite variety

of uniform, who saluted him as, with his turbaned attendants, he slowly returned to his own frontier.

Amid all the show, however, the Viceroy and the Ameer had had time to discuss the solemn questions of peace and war, and had come to an agreement that England and Afghanistan should stand by each other in what seemed a fast approaching conflict.

The North-West Problem.

"As Canadians," writes a well qualified observer in the *Methodist Magazine* (the Rev. Egerton Ryan, a young graduate Methodist missionary at Norway House), "we have most assuredly received a rude shock by the stirring events which are transpiring in our own Dominion. Our vanity is wounded, our record tarnished, and we Britons, who in Yankee parlance and in the press used to wax eloquent, in our own eyes, as we with much assurance contrasted, always to our own advantage, the methods of treatment pursued in reference to the Indians by the two nations, seem to have reached a period in our national history when we can sit down and ruminate on the proverb that 'they who live in glass houses should not throw stones.'"

Mr. Young is of opinion that the great cause of the present trouble is the scarcity of meat since the destruction of the immense herds of buffaloes. The advent of the white man, with his superior firearms and his eagerness to destroy the buffalo, either from sheer love of the chase or from longing for the profits to be made by the sale of the skin, has brought with it the comparative extinction of this great resource of meat for Indian and backwoodsman. The consequence is that the Indians are in a wretched, half-starved condition. "The transition has been too sudden; the old life was too deeply ingrained to be forgotten in a year, or even a decade. Placed on their reserves or settlements they have never felt contented."

According to this competent authority the whole system of reserves is a failure and a mistake. Mr. Young's theory for the future is the formation of a large Indian province north and east of Lake Winnipeg, in which all the Indians of the Dominion could be advantageously placed for their own happiness and welfare, leaving the great prairie regions, now dotted with settlements, free for the millions who shall till the earth and live contented on its fruitful soil. For we must remember that, while under skillful agriculture a single acre will more than support a man, each man in a forest country, according to Sir John Lubbock's estimate, requires 50,000 acres for his maintenance.

The whole question of Indian reserves demands the immediate attention of the statesmen of the Dominion, and we have no doubt that they will, as in the past, act kindly and justly towards the Indian hunters, and solve, with thoughtful humanity and patient firmness, the difficult problem that has now been set so prominently and unexpectedly before them. The Methodist Indians have thus far been loyal without exception, and Mr. Young believes they will all remain so. "Next to teaching them," he says, "to sing the songs of Zion, we taught them to sing 'God save the Queen.'"

WALK in wisdom toward them that are without, redeeming the time.