

THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.

The command of the troops at Aldershot is bestowed on his Royal Highness General the Duke of Connaught and Strathearn, K.G. None of our princes, the sons of her Majesty the Queen and of the Prince Consort, has led a life of indolence. Prince Alfred, Duke of Edinburgh, in the Royal Navy, and Prince Arthur, Duke of Connaught, in the Army, have gone through as much professional study and active service as most officers of equal age; they have shown competent ability, skill, and judgment for the ordinary functions of posts of the highest rank. It is not one in a hundred officers who will ever be called upon, in time of war, to prove himself a commander of rare genius; and to keep up the general standard of naval and military efficiency is a task of more constant diligence, without which our great war establishments would not, in case of need, save the interests of the nation. The two Princes can, and do, as well as other Admirals and Generals, aid this continuous work by their personal labors. The Duke of Connaught, who is forty-three years of age, has been in the Army since June 1868, after cadet instruction in the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich. Having rapidly made acquaintance, as a subaltern, with the Royal Engineers, the Royal Artillery, and the Rifle Brigade of Infantry, he joined the 7th Hussars, becoming a Captain in April 1874, and Major in August 1875. Three years afterwards, being colonel of the Rifle Brigade, he was promoted to the rank of Brigadier-General. In the Egyptian campaign of 1882, under Lord Wolseley, his Royal Highness commanded the first brigade, and had his first actual experience of war. He went next year to India, and held command of a division of the forces in Bengal. During four years, 1886, to 1890, as Commander-in-Chief of the army in the Bombay Presidency, his talents for military administration were conspicuously proved. Since that period, the Duke of Connaught has been in command of the Southern Military District of England. Residing at Bagshot Park, with the Duchess, third daughter of a great German soldier, the late Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia, one of the heroes of the great European wars of 1866 and 1870. The Duke has been blessed with three children, a son and two daughters: the eldest, Prince Arthur Frederick Patrick Albert, is now in his eleventh year.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN.

BY MARY HUMPHREY.

'We had better not discuss it, dear, since it is one of the comparatively few questions upon which we are not likely ever to agree,' and with a very patient, superior sort of a smile the Rev. Arthur Hallam stretched his slippers upon the warm hearth, and took another sip of his smoking toddy.

'I know you can take it or let it alone,' pursued his wife, 'and as long as you do not offer it to our boy I shall not complain. But oh, I should like to see it banished from the table of the Lord!—it is "the cup of devils" to me, and it cannot be right to use it at that sacred feast.'

'That is not for you or me to judge,' he returned, loftily. 'We must observe the holy ordinance according to its institution. We have sufficient evidence in the Epistles to the Corinthians to show that the wine made use of by them was calculated to intoxicate if taken to excess.'

'But that is a question upon which there is so much difference of opinion, how can anyone be sure? I have been told by Mrs. Jacobs, who for so many years, before her conversion to Christianity, kept the Jewish Passover in her father's house, that all fermented liquors, as well as leavened breads, were banished from the Feast. How then could the cup used by our blessed Lord at the Passover Supper have contained anything of an intoxicating character?'

'That is a debatable point, and one upon which the Jews themselves disagree.'

'Well, then, let me plead this verse, Arthur,' and, her white hands guiding the fluttering leaves, Mrs. Hallam turned to the twenty-first verse of the fourteenth chapter of Romans, and read, with a tremor of intense feeling, in her quiet voice: 'It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink

wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak.'

'Well,' he said, removing his cigar for a moment, and puffing a tiny wreath of smoke upon the perfumed air—for the reverend gentleman was a moderate smoker, too,—smoking and drinking, it is said, go hand in hand.

'What can be clearer?' said his wife, raising her anxious eyes to his calm immovable face. 'Let us have the pure juice of the grape and be on the safe side.'

'I invite no stumblers to join me at my fireside, nor do I desire to see them at the Holy Table.'

'But, Arthur, there are Christian men to whom the smell and taste of liquor is a terrible temptation.'

'Phaw! Such namby-pamby Christianity as that had better die out and be done with it.'

'Mrs. Hallam bent low above her sewing, to hide the tears of disappointment gathering in her full, blue eyes. So

Mary, you are a perfect fanatic. Please say no more, my dear, or I shall be exceedingly annoyed with you.'

And the patient wife was still.

Not many blocks away the object of her anxiety knelt with his wife and children in family prayer, pouring out his heart to God for help to lead a new and a better life.

'I have never presumed to think of kneeling at the blessed table again,' he said; 'but I feel, somehow, as if God had forgiven me, and as if I might dare to go.'

'He that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out,' quoted Susan Sorley, 'and O John, dear John, to think that we shall go there together once more. I am so happy!'

They broke into singing, together:

'Praise to God, immortal praise
For the love that crowns our days.'

and the four walls of their lowly abode gladly gave back the echo, and the children, unimproved, began a joyous shouting, and

service. Sorley rushed home, alone, through the house to the top most story, where, locking himself into an empty room, he flung the key into the branches of an elm forty feet away.

In sore distress, all day and through the long, long night, his wife and friends sought him. With a shudder he heard them plan to drag the pond. So still was he that his hiding-place was not suspected; none dreamed of his refuge in the unused attic. All day he lay, face downward, upon the bare boards, fighting out his desperate battle alone with God.

'My toddy, Mary, please,' said Mr. Hallam, 'I have had a most trying day. It is very sad about that poor wretch, of course, but really he is scarcely worth all the worry he has cost. Certainly his wife and family would be better without him.'

But the 'poor wretch' conquered, by the grace of God, and in the still morning, while the little birds called to their mates, he spoke his wife's name. The ear of love is keen; she was outside his door immediately. 'Susan,' he said, 'I am safe, I am here.'

'Thank God,' she said, and sank upon the floor, weeping.

Then the wind arose, with timely violence, and the faithful old elm delivered up the key of her master's prison, and husband and wife clung together with a grip as strong as their enduring love.

'Oh, John, such a night of agony!'

'Forgive me, long-suffering wife, but I dared not stir. I have been lying still in the hand of God, and he has kept me safe till the demon passed.'

Neither of them ever bowed again at the table of their Lord, and if, at times, their disregard of the command: 'This do in remembrance of Me,' caused them some unhappiness, they could but humbly plead, 'Lord, thou knowest all things,' and leave the case with him.

The day came when the Rev. Arthur Hallam distributed the elements with a shaking hand; when, instead of one glass of toddy, he needed two, and three, and four; then he realized, in his own bitter experience, the brotherhood of man.—*Union Signal.*

WE KNOW ALREADY.

The *Swatow Church News* tells a bright story of the 'casual' manner in which the Gospel finds its way from point to point in China. A Chinaman went on business to Shanghai from his native place in South China. In Shanghai he bought a copy of St. Luke's Gospel. On his way home he looked into it, liked it, and read it again. When he reached home his neighbors wished to hear his news from Shanghai. So he told them all he had met with and all he had seen, and finally he mentioned the book he had bought, and read a little of it to them. The next evening there were a number again wishing to hear his news, and he read a few more verses in Luke's book. This occurred several times, till there were a good many interested, and wishing to read the book for themselves. No other copies could be procured there, so they took the one volume which they had, and taking it to pieces leaf by leaf, made a good many copies of it, and gave each man a copy, and then every evening they met and read it. 'Afterwards a preacher came to the town, and preached the doctrine of the Lord Jesus in the streets and lanes; when, to his surprise, his hearers said to him: "What ye are preaching we already know, we have long worshipped Jesus and have ceased to worship the idols which we once worshipped." May not this volume of a book be compared to a seed which fell in good soil and brought forth fruit?'

THE WHITE FLAG OF PEACE AND SAFETY.

The wife of an old railway flagman was dying. She said to her husband 'John, there will be a flag held out to-night, a flag in the hand of Jesus. It will not be a red flag, for there is no danger; it will not be a green one, for there is no doubt; but it will be a white one, for all is perfect safety and peace, and I am very nearly at my journey's end.'



THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT AND FAMILY.

swiftly down her cheeks they coursed, however, that she rose and folded her work, and stole softly up the staircase, thinking sorrowfully as she went of the 'weak brother for whom Christ died.'

'What came over you, Mary, to stir up that old total abstinence question again?' Mr. Hallam asked, lightly, as they prepared for rest some three or four hours later.

'O just a little talk I had with Mrs. Sorley. She says her John is quite himself again—hasn't tasted liquor for four weeks, and she is so happy over it.'

'Yes, yes; that's all right for a fellow like him who can't taste a drop without wanting a hogshend.'

'But Arthur, he's going to the communion table to-morrow.'

'The miserable sot! He is not fit.'

'But he is truly penitent.'

'Then let him show his penitence by his life.'

'As sure as he smells or tastes the wine he will be gone again, and his wife's heart will be broken.'

sunshine fell again upon an all-but-shattered home.

Morning service saw them all in their places, poorly clad, but neat and whole.

How Mrs. Hallam longed to send the tempted man and his wife home with their children when the general congregation dispersed, and the communicants gathered together in the sacred memorial service.

In due time John and Susan Sorley passed up the aisle, and close behind them, her sympathetic heart wrung in an agony of prayer, moved the pastor's wife.

Alas! she was right. John Sorley tasted, and drained the cup to its dregs. Mr. Hallam's face took on a look of infinite disgust; his wife thrust her soft hand into that of the inebriate, with a gentle, sympathetic pressure; Susan Sorley bowed her head upon the altar rails with an exceeding bitter cry; John, afire through every particle of his alcoholized body, rose from his knees and strode like a madman from the church.

The children, scattered through the churchyard, awaited the conclusion of the