

famine, wasted the country, when the coarsest food rose up to a fabulous price, and thousands perished of starvation. Father Ohrwalder and the sisters who survived through all this misery, had their share of the sufferings as well as others, indeed how they managed to exist through it all is a mystery about which we should have liked fuller information. The good Father had to resort to some manual occupation to earn his poor and scanty meals. The sisters managed to earn their scanty living by needle work. And employment was at least some relief to the misery of those slowly dragging years. Father Ohrwalder's picture of the state of society in the big barbarous city of Omdurman might well convert an anarchist, and make us all thankful that, while our legislation may not be perfect, or justice always perfectly carried out, we live in a land of constitutional liberty, achieved through ages of conflict, and which some madmen would throw away. Even here however.

The personal interest of the narrative centres in the thrilling description of the eventual escape of Father Ohrwalder and the two surviving sisters, through the energetic intervention of the ecclesiastical authorities at Cairo. Father Comboni had been rescued before, and Father Ohrwalder had to witness his departure with a sad heart, so far as he himself was concerned, but at last the scarcely-hoped-for deliverer came, in the shape of an Arab, who had undertaken the perilous exploit for a generous reward. Camels were secured with all secrecy. For once, there was no treacherous betrayal. Under cover of the darkness, the little party, consisting of two Arabs, Father Ohrwalder, the two sisters and a little girl under his protection whom he would not abandon, rode out of Omdurman, and, by the most unfrequented paths, bent their course northward. The suspense and weariness of the long and fatiguing journey on their camels, with few halts to rest, little food, and often little water, and at one time the imminent danger of discovery and capture, are vividly set before us, and great is the reader's relief when, faint and exhausted, they at length reach the little hill-top fortress, on which floated the Egyptian flag, a sign that they had escaped beyond the jurisdiction of Abdallah. After a sorely needed rest there, they again pursued their journey through the desert, to Koroosco, where they took steamer to Assouan on the Nile, thence the train to Cairo, where they were joyfully welcomed. Here Father Ohrwalder wrote down his reminiscences while fresh in his memory, and Major Wingate arranged them in this fascinating and exciting volume which will be eagerly read by all within whose reach it may come. We cannot close without quoting Father Ohrwalder's plea for help to rescue the unhappy Soudan. "How long shall Europe, and above all, that nation which has first part in Egypt and the Soudan, which stands deservedly high in civilizing savage races; how long shall Europe and Great Britain, watch unmoved the outrages of the Khalifs and the destruction of the common people?" Meantime, it seems as if Gordon's heroic sacrifice had been made in vain!

—Fidelis, in The Week.

CURIOSITIES OF LANGUAGE.

The Hindoos are said to have no word for "friend." The Italians have no equivalent for our "humility." The Russian dictionary gives a word, the definition of which is, "not to have enough buttons on your footman's waistcoat;" the second is, "to kill over again;" a third, to "earn by dancing." The Germans call a thimble a "finger hat," which it certainly is, and a grasshopper a "hay horse." A glove with them is a "hand-shot, showing they wore shoes before gloves. The French, strange to say, have no verb "to stand," nor can a Frenchman speak of "kicking" any one. The nearest approach he, in his politeness, makes to it is to threaten to "give a blow with his foot," the same thing, probably, to the recipient in either case, but it seems to want the energy, the directness, of our "kick." The terms, "upstairs," and "downstairs," are unknown in French.—*Exchange.*

Our Young Folks.

MY BOYS.

"The Angel which redeemed me from all evil, bless the lads!"—Gen. xlviii. 16.

I looked from one to another's face
Of the lads I was circled by,
"Does nobody pray for my poor wild boys?
Does nobody pray but I?"
Then there came a voice from Heaven above,
And soft, and clear it fell—
"Lo, every lad by Jesus Christ
Is named in prayer as well."

I thought of their Godless, Christless homes,
And the tears fell silently.
"Does nobody weep for my boys as well?
Does nobody weep but I?"
And I thought how the Lord had trod this earth,
And I thought of the tears He shed;
And I knew that He wept o'er every one
Of the souls for whom He bled.

Some crossed the seas into foreign lands,
And I heaved a heavy sigh.
"Does nobody think of the lads out there?
Does nobody think but I?"
Then I hushed the words ere they reached my lips,
For I knew that everywhere,
On the lower deck or in barrack rooms,
Their Saviour would be near.

I yearned o'er some who seemed loved by none
And I sadly wondered why;
And I said, "Does nobody love my boys?
Does nobody love but I?"
Then I thought of the Love which died for them,
And was greater far than mine,
For the love I bore was only a part
Of that wondrous love divine.

So I leave my boys with my loving Lord,
They are not my boys but His;
If He bid me work for Him and them,
I will praise His name for this.
If He bid me only to wait and pray,
I will trust His boundless love;
And the lads I have loved with Him on earth
I shall one day meet above.

THE SENSES.

Dr. Alexander Whyte, Edinburgh, is lecturing on the *Holy War*. He concludes his lecture on Ear Gate thus—Shakespeare speaks in Richard the Second of "the open ear of youth," and it is a beautiful truth in a beautiful passage. Young men, who are still young men, keep your ears open to all truth and to all duty and to all goodness, and shut your ears with an adder's determination against all that which ruined Richard—flattering sounds, reports of fashions, and lascivious metres. "Our souls would only be gainers by the perfection of our bodies were they wisely dealt with," says Professor Wilson in his *Five Gateways*. "And for every human being we should aim at securing, so far as they can be attained, an eye as keen and piercing as that of the eagle; an ear as sensitive to the faintest sound as that of the hare; a nostril as far-scenting as that of the wild-deer; a tongue as delicate as that of a butterfly, and a touch as acute as that of the spider. No man ever was so endowed, and no man ever will be; but all men come infinitely short of what they should achieve were they to make their senses what they might be made. The old have outlived their opportunity, and the diseased never had it; but the young, who have still an undimmed eye, an undulled ear, and a soft hand; an unblunted nostril, and a tongue which tastes with relish the plainest fare,—the young can so cultivate their senses as to make the narrow ring, which for the old and the infirm encircles things sensible, widen for them into an almost limitless horizon."

DOGS OF MOUNT ST. BERNARD.

Near to the top of the great St. Bernard Mountain, in one of the most dangerous passages of the Alps, between Switzerland and Savoy, is situated a convent. The monks who live there are most hospitable, and always take in travellers who seek a shelter, for in high regions a shelter is often needed. Even when the day looks bright and clear a storm comes suddenly on, the snow comes thick and fast, and the traveller cannot see a foot before him. By-and-by he gets benumbed with the cold, and sinks in the snow. He would soon die if no help reached him.

But the monks of St. Bernard go out on such stormy days, and look for any strangers

who may be in need of help. Besides, they have some noble dogs who are trained to seek for people in the snow. The monks fasten a small flask of spirits around the dog's neck, in case the lost traveller should have energy enough to open it, and refresh himself; they often fasten a warm rug over the dog's back, that the man may wrap himself in it.

The keen scent of the dog soon enables them to find any lost people, even if they are buried deep in the snow. They scratch away the snow with their feet, and bark loudly to bring the monks of the convent to their assistance.

One of these dogs found a child unhurt, whose mother had been destroyed by an avalanche; he managed to drag the boy to the convent door, and there by barking and whining brought the monks out, who carried the perishing boy to the fire, and after great exertion, saved his life.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

A poor little boy stood some time ago at the corner of one of the busy streets in Glasgow, selling matches. As he stood there a gentleman approached him and asked him the way to a certain street. The way to that particular street was very tortuous, but the little fellow directed him very minutely. When he had finished his directions the gentleman said, "Now, if you tell me the way to heaven as correctly, I'll give you a sixpence." The boy considered for a moment, then suddenly remembering a text he had learned at the Sunday School, he replied, "Christ is the way, the truth, and the life, sir." The gentleman at once handed him the promised sixpence, and left him visibly affected. The child thought this an easy way to make money, and going along the street he met an old companion of his father's whom he stopped and to whom he said, "If you give me a sixpence I'll tell you the way to heaven." The man was surprised, but from curiosity he handed the boy a sixpence, and was told, "Christ is the way, the truth and the life." "Ah," said the man, "I have been looking for the way in the saloon these many years, but I believe you are right. It was my mother's way." In after years it was his privilege to tell it to the heathen; for the little fellow saved a child from being run over one day, and, from gratitude, he was educated by the child's father, and to-day he is a foreign missionary showing to others the way to heaven.

K. D. C. has proved itself The Greatest Dyspepsia Cure of the Age. Try it! Test it! Prove it for yourself and be convinced of its Great Merits!!!

THE TRUSTS CORPORATION OF ONTARIO

held their annual general meeting on Wednesday, the 31st January, in their offices, Canadian Bank of Commerce building. Among those present were the following:—Hon. J. C. Aikins, J. L. Blizkie, A. H. Campbell, J. Catto, W. H. Cawthra, William Cooke, William Hendrie, J. J. Kenny, Matthew Leggett, Thomas Long, Alexander Manning, W. D. Matthews, Edward Martin, Q. C. D'Alton McCarthy, Q. C., A. Nairn, E. B. Osler, Hugh Ryan, A. M. Smith, etc. The following extracts from a somewhat lengthy report will give a good idea of the prosperous state of the corporation:—

"The additional business acquired during the past year, embracing administrations, executorships, guardianships, trusteeships, committee of lunatics and other like offices, has been gratifying, not only from the volume of business gained, but also on account of the extended area covered from which these have come. From Sarnia to Prescott and from St. Catharines to Peterboro' trusts have been committed to us, thus affording a satisfactory evidence of the growth of our corporation.

"The continuous growth of the operations of the corporation warrant your directors in pointing to that feature as an index, that the trusts placed with it have been discharged in a manner fitted to retain the confidence and continued support of its clientele.

"The growth of the safe deposit business has been steady. Starting in March, 1892, with an income of \$1,610, we have now a rental of nearly \$2,500—an appreciable increase in a business of this nature."

The corporation have purchased on very favorable terms the deposit vaults, safes, etc., formerly owned by the Dominion Safe Deposit Company. These vaults, foundations, etc., were specially constructed for this company, and in point of strength and accommodation are said to be the finest in the Dominion.

The directors recommend, and the shareholders approve, of the capital stock of the corporation being increased to \$1,000,000.

The former Board of Directors were unanimously re-elected, and at a subsequent meeting held the Hon. J. C. Aikins was elected President, Sir Richard J. Cartwright and Hon. S. C. Wood Vice-Presidents.

A GIRL'S NARROW ESCAPE.

HER FRIENDS DID NOT THINK SHE COULD RECOVER.

A Case Where the Expression "Snatched From the Grave" May be Most Appropriately Used—A Story Worthy of a Careful Perusal by Parents. From the Penetanguishene Herald.

A few evenings ago a representative of the Herald while in conversation with Mr. James McLean, fireman on the steamer Manitou, which plies between here, Midland and Parry Sound, learned the particulars of a case which adds another to the long list of triumphs of a well known Canadian remedy, and is of sufficient importance to deserve wide-spread publication for the benefit it may prove to others. The case referred to is the remarkable restoration to health of Mr. McLean's daughter Agnes, 18 years of age, who had been so low that her recovery was deemed almost impossible. Miss McLean's condition was that of very many other girls throughout the land. Her blood had become impoverished, giving rise to palpitation of the heart, dizziness, severe headache, extremely pale complexion and general debility. At this period Miss McLean was residing in Midland, and her condition became so bad that she was finally compelled to take to her bed. A doctor was called in, but she did not improve under his treatment and another was then consulted, but without any better results. She had become so weak that her father had no hopes of her recovery and did not think she would live three months. The lady with whom Miss McLean was residing urged the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and finally a supply was secured. Before the first box was all gone an improvement could be noticed in the girl's condition, and by the time another box had been used the color was beginning to come back to her cheeks, and her appetite was returning. The use of Pink Pills was still continued, each day now adding to her health and strength, until finally she was restored to perfect health, and has gained in weight until she now weighs 140 pounds. Mr. McLean says he is convinced that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved his daughter's life, and he believes them to be the best remedy in the world, and does not hesitate to advise their use in all similar cases.

The facts above related are important to parents, as there are many young girls just budding into womanhood whose condition is, to say the least, more critical than their parents imagine. Their complexion is pale and waxy, in appearance, troubled with heart palpitation, headaches, shortness of breath on the slightest exercise, faintness and other distressing symptoms which invariably lead to a premature grave unless prompt steps are taken to bring about a natural condition of health. In this emergency no remedy yet discovered can supply the place of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which build anew the blood, strengthen the nerves and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. They are certain cure for all troubles peculiar to the female system, young or old. Pink Pills also cure such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration, the after effects of la grippe, influenza and severe colds, diseases depending on humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of any nature.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark. They are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. The public are also cautioned against all other so-called blood builders and nerve-tonics, put up in similar form intended to deceive. Ask your dealer for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and refuse all imitations and substitutes.

These pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Brockville, Ontario, and Schenectady, N. Y., and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams Medicine Co. from either address, at 50 cts. a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.