

The Christian.

BY R. WALTER WRIGHT, B.D.

I stand and gaze upon Life's crowded highways,
And see the multitudes a-weary plod
For pleasure, riches, fame, in all earth's byways,
Till smitten down by Death's relentless rod,
With all their hopes they sleep beneath the sod.
I seek for pleasures endless, satisfying,
For riches incorruptible and true,
A wreath of fame untarnished and undying;
Death not a frightful goal of gloom I view—
A love arched, luminous gateway leading to
A vaster life, forever rich and new;
Though none but conscience and the angels laud,
One holy purpose, high, and strong, and broad,
Inspires my soul—to live and work for God.
Cayuga, Ont.

A Big Buffalo Run.

BY REV. JOHN McDUGALL, D.D.

"WE had some big buffalo runs at this time, one of which was quite exciting. Perhaps there were between three and four hundred of us as we approached the buffalo that morning, when they were feeding on the ascend-



FROM "THE DAYS OF THE RED RIVER REBELLION," BY REV. JOHN McDUGALL, D.D.

ing slope of a broad, gently rounded hill. The incline which we were approaching was dotted thickly with the buffalo. They seemed to be densely packed on the summit, beyond which we could not see. As we rode up, the stragglers fell in on to the herd, and soon the top of the flat, oblong hill was black with them. We rode slowly, in a long line, our captain and officers a little in advance, and as we came near the summit the herd broke down the other side and the word was passed to charge. I was on a good horse, and with half a dozen others was soon in advance of the general line. The dust was thick as we rode on the dead race down the declivity. I did not know, nor do I think did many of our party, that at and along the foot of the hill there was a long narrow lake with precipitous banks. At this the advance buffalo balked and turned, and soon we were met by the returning herds dashing at full speed upon our line. The little company of riders I was with was now right in the centre of the meeting rush. Buffalo young and old all around us, and we squeezed and jammed in amongst them, and compelled to run with them. I had steel stirrups, and I could hear the ring of them as they struck the horns or were struck in turn by the rushing, seething crowd of wild animals. To make things worse, the main line of hunters came up against the

right angle turn of the herd, and presently arrows and balls came, it seemed to us, all around where we were. Not a shot was fired by any one of our small detachment. We looked for room, and room only; for the time we had too much buffalo! Bulls and cows, and yearlings and calves, and noise and wild swirl and gallop—I can never forget the scene, nor yet how mighty glad I was when the flat along the lake became broader and we spread out more. Now we looked for our game, and began to kill. For about eight or ten minutes, or possibly less, myself and the few with me were having a lively time, and were thankful when we were well out of the scrape with life and limb intact.—From "In the Days of the Red River Rebellion."

The Achievements of Invalids.

IN his recent book, "Conquering Success," which is reviewed in another column, William Matthews has an interesting chapter on "The Achievements of Invalids," which shows how much can be accomplished by those who are weak in body. He gives a number of striking instances:

Bernard of Clairvaux was physically so frail that his speech seemed almost like one disembodied, and after any great effort it appeared as if he must lie the next hour. He often for days was unable to take any food, and hardly ever took it except under the sense of necessity, to prevent the spark of life going out; yet this infirm monk ruled Europe from his cell.

Where in the whole range of pulpit oratory would it be possible to find a series of more powerful and impressive discourses than those of Robert Hall. Yet some of the greatest of these discourses were preached in the intervals of those frightful sufferings which shook his nervous system to its centre.

Among all the intellectual laborers of modern times where can be found a mightier toiler than that giant of theology, Richard Baxter! The results of his gigantic labors are contained in one hundred and sixty-eight ponderous volumes. Yet all these herculean labors were performed by one who all his life suffered from chronic disease, and during a large part of it from penury and persecution.

James Watt, the great Scotch engineer and mechanic, who did so much for mankind by the invention of the steam engine, was of an exceedingly fragile

constitution, and was all his life subject to violent headaches, which were the bane of his existence and confined him to his room for weeks together.

Were the deeds of William Pitt, or those of William of Orange, King of England, performances of great mark! Both these men were invalids. The last named, frail and sickly from childhood, had in manhood a constant cough, and was often tortured by a severe headache. Exertion soon fatigued him.

Who has forgotten the daring voyages, explorations and discoveries of Dr. Kane? Small in body, with frail health, he never went to sea without suffering from sea-sickness, and he suffered also from heart disease and chronic rheumatism, yet he climbed the Himalayas, ascended the Nile to a great distance, traversed Greece on foot, fought like a hero in the Mexican war, and triumphed over sufferings in the Arctic Seas under which the strongest men, specially trained to endure such hardships, sickened and died.

Who gave to the English-speaking peoples that sheet anchor of their liberties, the Habeas Corpus Act? It was it not the born cripple, who could not move without his servant and his crutch; who suffered daily from epileptic fits and was never without a dull, aching pain in his side—Shaftesbury.