



THE SASKATCHEWAN RIVER.

The Sabbath.

BY EDWARD LYTTON BULWER.

FRESH glides the brook and blows the gale,
Yet yonder sits the quiet mill;
The whirling wheel, the rushing sail,
How motionless and still.

Six days of toil, poor child of Cain,
Thy strength the slave of want may be;
The seventh thy limbs escape the chain—
And God hath made thee free!

Ah! tender was the Law that gave
This holy respite to the breast;
To breathe the gale, to watch the wave,
And know the wheel may rest!

But where the waves the gentlest glide,
What image charms to lift thine eyes?
The spire reflecting on the tide
Invites thee to the skies.

To teach the soul its nobler worth,
This rest from mortal toil is given;
Go, snatch the brief reprieve from earth,
And pass a guest to heaven.

They tell thee in their dreaming school,
Of power from old dominion hurled;
When rich and poor with juster rule,
Shall share the altered world.

Alas! since time itself began,
That fable hath but fooled the hour;
Each age that ripens Power in man,
But subjects man to Power.

Yet every day in seven, at least,
One bright republic shall be known;
Man's world awhile hath surely ceased,
When God proclaims His own!

Six days may rank divide the poor,
O! Dives from thy banquet hall!
The seventh the Father opens the door,
And holds his feast for all!

The Saskatchewan River.

THE Saskatchewan is one of the great rivers of the world. It flows in two great branches from the Rocky Mountains eastward till they pour their united flood into the waters of Lake Winnipeg. These rivers water one of the best wheat-growing regions in the globe, the vast "fertile belt" which is destined within the experience of those now living to be the home of millions of industrious settlers. The picture gives a view from the elbow or great bend of the river, looking west. It is on the south branch of this stream that the recent battles have taken place which have given such heroic exhibitions of the valour of our volunteers in conflict with the half-breeds and Indians, entrenched as they were in almost impregnable strongholds.

The Battle of the Giants.

IT seems as though there must be war between the two great empires of the world. The question is not who shall rule in India, but whether the Saxon and Celt, or the Slav and Tartar shall be the promoter or retarder of human progress. Wisdom as well as Christianity say there is no occasion for war and need never be. Russia is, however, not governed by reason. She is a blind force in forward motion, which cannot stop itself. A stop would be a crash. A sufficient postponement of the war, were that possible, would probably save England the task of dealing with her. England is not a brute force, but a moral force, whose world-wide ascendancy gains ground rapidly through her commerce, mechanical skill, missions and other modes of activity, all of which are promoted by peace and checked by war. The contest between England and Russia would be aptly represented by a fight between a man and a bear, the one all nerves, grievously hurt by every scratch, the other all strength, feeling nothing but a shot through the heart or brain. Yet the man conquers. The fighting value of the English soldier as compared with that of the Russian soldier is, when war does come, the leading element in the problem. Happily, even here, the moral element comes in, and decides the question. The warlike qualities of the soldiers of India are very good; But the real strength of the Indian army is in its European core, and upon the Englishmen who form this the brunt of every fight will fall. In like manner, it is not upon the Cossack or the half Russianized Tartars, but upon the true Slavs that the Russians must depend, and if modern war is a true test of prowess the victory will go to the strongest of the two, the Slav or the Englishman. No two races of men could have a more diverse history than these. The English race has been in the fore front of the world's progress, fighting always for liberty, for knowledge, for commerce, and for the mere sake of fighting, with an individuality, and an intellectual life, that no other race has ever shown. The Slav, on the other hand, has been content to rest upon the earth that supported him until, as some writers have expressed it, you can see in the face of the Rus-

sian peasant the clay of which he is made. Whatever the Slavic race has done or whatever advances it has made have been always in masses in obedience to despotic power. It is certainly the younger race, for as a mass it is yet rude, but history has not proved that the Englishmen who swept back the wild Arabs from the square at El Teb, or dashed across the desert under Stewart, are weaker men than those who fought all day at Hastings, not knowing how the battle went, only caring to fight on. The Russian soldiers, who, with stolid faces, marched up to the crest of the slope before Plevna and fell under the fire of the Turkish repeating rifles until their dead bodies, piled up like a wall before them, were as unlike the men who stormed Lucknow as it is possible for men to be. The field of Inkerman, where the individual courage of a few scattered groups of Englishmen held out on the ridge against solid masses of Russians coming on in column after column marked the difference between the two races forever. In the army of England every man is a volunteer, who fights for the love of the game, for victory, for his country, and his own future, every good stroke he makes, telling on that as surely as if he made it for himself alone. The Russian peasant is torn by the conscription from his home and mother earth, to lead a dog's life, and all he can expect from battle is the scars of it. On the one hand is individual thought, intelligence, fiery courage; on the other, hearty but unthinking submission. It is not to be wondered at, then, that throughout the whole British Empire there should be no fears, nor even doubts, as to what the issue of the great duel will be, and that Englishmen, while they do not want the war, feel as ready for it now, and ever, as men can be.—Witness.

Jacob's Sermon.

"HAD a good sermon, Jacob?" my wife asked me last night, when I came home from church.

"Complete, Rachel," says I.

Rachel was poorly, and couldn't go to meeting much, so she always wanted me to tell her about the sermon and the singing and the people.

"Good singing, Jacob?"

"I'm sure I couldn't tell you."

"Many people out to day?"

"I don't know."

"Why, Jacob, what's the matter? What are you thinking about?"

"The sermon."

"What was the text?"

"I don't think there was any. I didn't hear it."

"I declare, Jacob, I do believe you slept all the time."

"Indeed, I didn't. I never was so wide awake."

"What was the subject, then?"

"As near as I can remember, it was me."

"You! Jacob Gay?"

"Yes, ma'am. You think it is a poor subject. I'm sure I thought so, too."

"Who preached? Our minister?"

"No. He didn't preach—not to me, at any rate. 'Twas a woman—a young woman, too."

"Why, Mr. Gay! You don't mean it, surely? Those women's right folks haven't got into our pulpit?"

"Well, no, not exactly. The minister preached from the pulpit, but I could not listen. I was thinking about my sermon. I'll tell you about it. You knew that young woman at the postoffice, Mrs. Hyde's niece. She and I were the first ones at meeting, and we sat by the stove, warming. I have seen her a good deal in the postoffice, and at her aunt's, when I was there at work. She is pleasant-spoken, and a nice, pretty girl. We were talking about the meetings. You know there's quite a reformation going on. She was speaking of this one, and that one, who was converted. There was quite a silence, and then she said, sort of low, and in a trembling voice, and with a little pink blush on her cheek, and the tears just a-starting:

"Oh, Mr. Gay, some of us were saying at the prayer-meeting that we did so want you to be a Christian."

"Her cheeks flushed redder, and the tears fell. I knew she felt it, and it was a cross to say it. I never was so taken back in my life."

"Why, bless your soul," I said, 'my child! I have been a member of the church forty years.'

"Do excuse me, Mr. Gay," she said. 'Excuse me for hurting your feelings, but I didn't know you were a Christian. I never see you at prayer-meeting or Sabbath-school, and I never noticed you at communion. I'm sorry I've hurt your feelings.'

"Tut, tut, child," I answered, 'No harm done. I'm glad you thought about an old man. I am a member, as I said, but I haven't worked at it much, I'll allow. I don't go to prayer-meeting and Sunday-school because—well—I made the excuse to myself and other folks that Rachel was poorly, and needed me to stay with her, but I'm afraid the Lord wouldn't accept it.'

"Just then the people began to come, and I took my seat, but the looks and words of that young woman went to my heart. I couldn't think of anything else. They preached to me all the meeting time. To think some of the young folks in Warton didn't know I was a member, and were concerned for the old man. I said to myself, by way of application, 'Jacob Gay, you've been a silent partner long enough. It is time you woke up and worked for the Lord; time to let your light shine so that the young folks can see it.'—"