

BRIEF MENTION.

A new church is to be built at Tilbury Centre. Sir Archibald Geikie, the famous geologist, has been elected a corresponding member of the Vienna Academy of Sciences.

A London omnibus carries on an average 2,500 passengers each week.

The common housefly makes 600 strokes per second when in the act of ordinary flight.

The share of land falling to each inhabitant of the globe in the event of a partition would be about 23½ acres.

Trinity Church, Galt, is to be enlarged and improved.

K.D.C. cures dyspepsia.

Flowers of the family of the orchidaceæ present the most curious deviation from the ordinary type.

The Rev. R. H. Shaw, of Lucan, and Mrs. Shaw, have gone on a visit to Ireland.

The Chinese Government levies a regular tax on beggars, and gives them in return the privilege of begging in a certain district.

Over 400 diamonds are known to have been recovered from the ruins of Babylon. Many are uncut, but most are polished on one or two sides only.

The Bishop of Niagara and family are spending the summer at Cacouna, Que.

A dog market is held every Sunday in Paris, where it is possible to buy anything from a black and tan to a large mastiff.

Sixteen pints of the juice or sap which makes india rubber are frequently taken from one tree.

Perhaps the largest camellia in existence is at Pilnitz Castle, near Dresden, Germany. The tree is about 24 feet high and annually produces about 50,000 blossoms.

Rev. C. P. Emery, rector of Kemptville, has been appointed to be Rural Dean of Grenville.

The average depth of all oceans is supposed to be between 2,000 and 3,000 fathoms.

The observatory at Pekin is the oldest in the world, having been founded in 1279 by Kubla Khan, the first Emperor of the Mogul dynasty.

The long-distance telephone between Paris and London has over 200 calls a day. At the rate of \$2 for each call it pays.

The lapidary who cut the famous diamond Rose of Belgium is now worth \$150,000.

The Russian crown was made by an old-time Genoese court jeweller named Pautze. It was first worn by Catherine the Great. It is worth \$6,000,000.

A busy looking place is the churchyard of St. Paul's, Caintown, where preparations are going on for the erection of an extensive addition to the church.

A necklace, formed of 362 pearls, which the late Duchess of Montrose bequeathed for the benefit of the poor of East London, was sold at auction recently and brought £11,500.

Ernest Butler, ordained deacon, on the 7th, in St. George's Cathedral, Kingston, has been appointed to the mission of Combermere.

Mr. J. Fitzmaurice Kelly, the biographer of Cervantes, has been elected a corresponding member of the Royal Spanish Academy.

The well-known ruin of Croyland Abbey (the raiding of which is graphically set forth in Kingsley's "Hereward") is being gradually restored under the vicar of the parish. The bells have just been re-hung. It is said that the first peal that ever pulsated on English air came from the bells of Croyland.

The battleship "Prince George," which was commenced at Portsmouth, last September, is to be launched early in August, and the ceremony of christening her is to be performed by either the Princess of Wales or the Duchess of York.

The Legion of Honour costs France about 14,000 francs a year. There are pensions ranging from 3,000 francs for the grand crosses down to a small sum a year for the military medalists.

Faith.

If, like a child that ever loves
A mother's least command,
Yet sometimes does half wilfully
Decline her proffered hand,
I, Lord, who know Thy ways are best,
Sometimes still hesitate
To put my hand in Thine; think me
Thy wayward child, and wait.

And if I put away the proof
That once had seemed so clear,
And walk with restless heart alone
Through pathways of new fear,
Dear Lord, believe me still Thy child,
And hold my hand secure;
For tho' the mind that sees not, doubts,
The hand that feels is sure.

Then lead me by a quiet stream
That threads green hills and dales,
Where I may walk in reverence,
Where simple thought prevails.
And let, O Lord, Thy presence fill
My mind with proof of Thee;
But this I know: till as a child
I walk, it cannot be.

A Burmese Woman's Wifely Devotion.

In *Blackwood's Magazine* Mr. H. Fielding concludes an interesting paper on Burmese women with the following narrative:

"The man himself—we will call him Maung Gyi—was an official of the Burmese king in the central part of Upper Burma, and when he was young he had married his wife, who was an actress. He saw her performing in a well-known travelling company, and fell in love with her and married her. It must not be supposed that the profession of actress denotes any immorality in Burma, as it would do in India. There are good women as well as bad in the profession, and she was one of the good ones. She was very pretty. Even when I knew her, quite ten years after her marriage, she was one of the most beautiful women I have ever seen, with great dark eyes and most graceful manners. She bore her husband no children, but they lived together very happily.

"Then the war broke out. In the turmoil that followed the deposition of King Thibaw, and the dissolution of all authority, Maung Gyi found himself at the head of some two or three thousand men, opposing the advance of the British column from the south. He was one of the best known of all the so-called dacoit leaders, and he was one of the few against whom no atrocities were ever alleged. He was accompanied everywhere by his wife, who rode well, and was present at every engagement in which he partook. I do not mean that she took any share in the fighting—she was not that sort of woman at all; but she was there in case her husband should be killed or hurt. I asked her once how it was she cared to see the fighting, and to endure such hardships and such discomfort as she did, and she told me that it was because she found it easier than staying at home. She said the strain and fear of hearing evil news of her husband was greater than any hardship to her.

"But the end came at last. The insurgents were caught by a cavalry troop unexpectedly in some fairly open country, and were almost annihilated. They were resting under some trees when the cavalry came, and it so happened that in the onrush Maung Gyi got separated from his men, and was left almost alone with his wife. He managed to get on horseback with her, and they fled through the forest, pursued by several troopers. But the Burman ponies were handier in the broken country than the larger horses, and they got away. Not, however, for far. The troopers had hardly given up the pursuit, when the horse the wife was on tripped and fell in a ravine, and when Maung Gyi picked her up he found that her thigh was broken. It was so badly broken that every movement was agony to her, and remounting quite impossible. So Maung Gyi took his sword and cut down some branches, and made a little leafy shelter for her; for a bed he brought her great bundles of bracken, and he bandaged her leg as best he could, and laid her on the fern. It was in the evening when the fight occurred, and there was no village within many miles. All the survivors of the insurgents were far away, with the cavalry in between him and them, so that

there seemed to be no help possible. There was water in the stream near, but there was no food at all; and it was the cold weather, when nights are chill, and she had no coverings from the damp.

"As the sun set Maung Gyi, sitting by his wife in the ravine, could hear, not far away, the cavalry trumpets sounding the retreat, so he knew the column had camped where the fight had taken place, and that his last hope of help was gone. For, with the troops so near, no village would have harboured him or his wife; but would have either refused, or have surrendered them to the political officer with the column. As the night fell, and the chill mist came out of the ground, the pain of her wound, and the want of food and warmth, brought on fever, and by midnight she was delirious, and did not even know her husband watching by her. What he thought through that long vigil under the stars I do not know. But at early dawn, when *reveille* was ringing through the woods, and the camp was awakening to the beauty of another day, there came to the sentry beyond the camp a Burman with dew-drenched clothes, and demanded of him to be taken to the officer commanding. And when he was brought to the sleepy officer, just coming from his tent, the Burman explained that he was the great Maung Gyi, the much-wanted dacoit leader, and that he had come to surrender. He said he had come to suffer whatever the English Government demanded; but that before shooting him or locking him up, the officer must send with him a dooly to the ravine, where his wife lay. So the dooly was sent, and the doctor went with the dooly, and Maung Gyi's wife was brought into camp, and her leg was set. Maung Gyi, to his own surprise, was not shot. He was sent to prison to await quieter times, and the wife was cured, and returned to her people. But the separation was not for long, for Maung Gyi is now a trusted and a worthy servant of the Government whom he fought, and his wife lives with him again in the old village as before.

"The British peace is now over the land, and in the districts where he lives dacoits are as rare almost as white elephants. All is changed: even the British officers who know of these things are gone elsewhere. And to their successors it must be difficult to realize that the quiet humorous officer of police was once a noted leader of rebels, and that the dark-eyed beauty of his household followed him throughout many a strange scene. 'Love is strong as death. Many waters cannot quench love.' And though the women in Burma have not read this, they know it as only those who practice can know. They live their love, and as a reward they are loved and honoured as no women have ever been from the beginning of history until now."

"Cold Water to a Thirsty Soul."

Rev. Isaac Baird, Templeton, Cal., well known in Canada: "I have tried K.D.C. and also the Pills, and find them just the thing—vastly better than what the doctor ordered. The very first dose of K.D.C. helped me, and now that miserable headache is all gone, also that oppressed feeling that I suffered from for months. I never mean to be without K.D.C. again; no medicine I have ever taken worked like it; it is like cold water to a thirsty soul. This is the second time I have tried K.D.C., and there is no failure or disappointment." K.D.C. brings solid comfort to those suffering from sick headache and that oppressed feeling. Test its merits now. Free sample to any address. K.D.C. Co., Ltd., New Glasgow, N.S., and 127 State Street, Boston, Mass.

The Festival of St. James, the brother of St. John the Divine, is celebrated on July 25th. St. James was the first Apostle who suffered martyrdom, the only one whose death is recorded in the New Testament. The fact of his death is told to us in the Epistle for the day; of its circumstances no more is known than that he suffered through the hatred of Herod Agrippa. Tradition says his accuser repented as the Apostle went to execution; and, having received the blessing of the servant of Christ, professed himself a Christian, and was baptized in the blood of martyrdom with St. James. St. James the Great is the patron of Spain; his remains are supposed to be preserved at Compostella.