

team and yelling—the sight behind us makes us forget the foe in front. The guns jump two feet high as the heavy wheels strike rock or log, but not a horse slackens his pace, not a cannoner loses his seat. Six guns, six caissons, sixty horses, eighty men, race for the brow of the hill as if he who reached it first would be knighted.

A moment ago the battery was a confused mass. We look again, and the six guns are in position, the detached horses hurrying away, the ammunition chests open, and along our line runs the command: "Give them one more volley, and fall back to support the guns." We had scarcely obeyed when boom! boom! opens the battery, and jets of fire jump down and scorch the green trees under which we fought and despaired.

The shattered old brigade has a chance to breathe for the first time in three hours, as we form a line and lie down. What grim cool fellows those cannoners are! Every man is a perfect machine. Bullets splash dust in their faces, but they do not wince. Bullets sing over and around them; they do not dodge. There goes one to the earth, shot through the head as he sponged his gun. That machinery loses just one beat, misses just one cog in the wheel, and then works away again as before.

Every gun is using short-fuse shell. The ground shakes and trembles, the roar shuts out all sounds from a battle line three miles long, and the shells go shrieking into the swamp to cut trees short off, to mow great gaps in the bushes, to hunt out and shatter and mangle men until their corpses cannot be recognized as human. You would think a tornado was howling through the forest followed by billows of fire, and yet men live through it—aye, press forward to capture the battery. We can hear their shouts as they form for the rush.

Now the shells are changed for grape and canister, and the guns are fired so fast that all reports blend in one mighty roar. The shriek of a shell is the wickedest sound in the war, but nothing makes the flesh crawl like the demoniac singing, purring, whistling grape-shot and the serpent-like hiss of the canister. Men's heads and legs are torn from bodies, and bodies are cut in two. A round shot or shell takes two men out of the rank as it crushes through. Grape and canister mow a swath, and pile the dead on top of each other.

Through the smoke we see a swarm of men. It is not a battle line, but a mob of men desperate enough to bathe their bayonets in the fume of gun. The guns leap from the ground, almost as they are depressed on the foe, and shrieks, and screams, and shouts blend into one awful and steady cry. Twenty men on the battery are down, and the firing is interrupted. The foe accept it as a sign of wavering, and come rushing on. They are not ten feet away when the guns give them the last shot. The discharge picks live men off their feet, and throws them into the swamp, a blackened, bloody mass.

Up now, as the enemy are among the guns! There is a silence of ten seconds, and then the flash and the roar of more than three thousand muskets, and a rush forward with bayonets. For what? Neither on the right, nor left, nor in front of us is a living foe. There are corpses around us which have been struck by three, four, and even six bullets, and nowhere on this acre of ground is a wounded man. The wheels of the guns cannot move until the blockade of dead is removed. Men cannot pass from caisson to gun without climbing over winnows of dead. Every gun and wheel is smeared with blood; every foot of grass has its horrible stain.

Historians write of the glory of war. Burial parties saw murder where historians saw glory.

ANY MORE LIKE HIM.

Peter Cooper, the philanthropist of New York, says: I learned three trades. I learned to be a brewer, a coachmaker, and a machinist, all before I was 21 years old. I worked three years at \$1.50 a day, and out of that I saved enough to get a start in life. I was making machines to shear cloth, then I bought the patent right of the machine and made it for sale. That was before the war of 1813. I determined to give the world an equivalent in some form of useful labour for all that I consumed in it. I went on and enlarged my business, all the while keeping out of debt. I cannot recollect a time when I could not pay what I owed any day. I would not spend money before I earned it. Another rule I had was to keep clear of the banks, I never asked them for accommodation, I never got them to discount notes, because I did not wish to incur an obligation without a certainty of being able to pay it. In that way I managed to keep clear of banks. My rule was "pay as you go." I can't remember the time when any man could not have had for the asking what I owed him. Another thing I wish to say, all the money I ever made was in mechanical business, and not in speculation.

GOOD-NATURED EDITING.

"Good-natured editing," says some wise man, "spoils half the papers in the United States." "Yes, verily." "Will you please publish the poetry I send?" says one, "it is my first effort;" and some crude lines go in to encourage budding genius. "Our church is in great peril," says another, "will you publish our appeal?" and a long dolorous plea is inserted. "My father took your paper for twenty years," writes another. "I think you ought to publish the resolutions passed by the Big Lake Church when he died," and in go the resolutions of no interest to the majority of the readers. "I am particularly anxious that the views I present go before the church this week," and out go a covey of small, puffy contributions, to make room for three columns from a ponderous D.D. "There is immediate necessity for the exposure of one who is a bitter enemy to the truth," writes another, as he sends an attack upon an antagonist which will fill an entire page. "I am about to publish a book, identifying the Great Image of brass, iron and clay, and I would be obliged to you to publish the advanced sheets of Chapter V., which I enclose to you."

"Why don't you publish in full R.'s great speech in the General Assembly? It would increase your circulation largely." "If you will publish the sermon I transmit to you, I will take eight extra copies!" "The church must be aroused on the subject of foreign missions," says a pastor, as he forwards the half of last Sabbath's sermon. And the ladies—bless their sweet smiles and their sweet voices—the good-natured editor surrenders to them at once, and they go away happy, utterly unconscious that they have helped to spoil the paper.—*Philadelphia Presbyterian*.

ARE YOU REALLY SINCERE?

Here is a true anecdote, and one shewing us a very practical way of testing the character of our Christian profession: An old Methodist preacher once offered the following prayer in a prayer meeting. "Lord, help us to trust Thee with our souls." "Amen," was responded by many voices. "Lord, help us to trust Thee with our bodies." "Amen," was responded with as much warmth as ever. "Lord, help us to trust Thee with our money," but to this petition the "Amen" was not forthcoming. Is it not strange that when religion touches some men's pockets it cools their ardour at once and seals their lips? We often hear men talk of the "peace of God in the heart," and to this phrase we raise no objection; but it has often occurred to us that if the "peace of God" could only get into some people's pockets it would be a blessed thing.

"ARISE, SHINE, FOR THY LIGHT HAS COME."

Long time in sloth, long time in sin,
Contented with thy dark estate
Hast thou abode, O soul of mine;
Now dawns the morning, fair though late;
Her sunny tides are sweeping in;
Thy light has come, arise and shine!

The sheathed bud, which all night long
Has folded close its purple up
Upon the morning-glory vine,
At the first rose-flush, the first song
Unrolls its petals, rears its cup,
And, light being come, makes haste to shine.

It cannot clasp the whole bright day
Nor the wide-brimming sea of dew
Within its curve exact and fine;
Of countless beams a single ray,
One little freshening sip or two
It takes, and so is glad to shine.

Make ready likewise, O my soul,
God's blessed day has dawned; partake!
Anoint thy head with oil and wine;
From the great sum, the mighty whole,
Thy little crumb and portion break,
And, giving thanks, arise and shine.

—Susan Coolidge.

The purer life draws nigher
Every year;
And its morning star climbs higher
Every year;
And earth's hold on us grows slighter,
And the heavy burdens lighter;
And the dawn immortal brighter
Every year.

LOVE IN THE THREATENINGS.

A shepherd, foreseeing a snow-storm that will drift deep in the hollows of the hill, where the silly sheep seeking refuge would find a grave, prepares shelter in a safe spot, and opens its door. Then he sends his dog after the wandering flock to frighten them into the fold. The bark of the dog behind them is at first to the timid sheep; but it is at once the sure means of their safety and the mark of the shepherd's care. Without it the prepared fold and the open entrance might have proved of no avail. The terror which the shepherd sent into the flock gave the finishing touch to his tender care, and effect to all that had gone before. Such precisely in design and effect are the terrible things of God's Word—not one of them indicates that He is unwilling to receive sinners. They are overflowing of Divine compassion. They are sent by the Good Shepherd to surround triflers on the brink of perdition, and compel them to come into the provided refuge ere its door be shut. The terrors of the Lord are not the salvation of men; but they have driven many to the Saviour. No part of the Bible could be wanted; a man shall live by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.

THE Jesuits expelled from Nicaragua are flying in all directions. They are charged with being the enemies of free government and inciting the populace to acts of disorder.

At a collection for a mission church at Southsea, England, a cheque for \$10,000 was put on the plate, and the report adds that the deacons were astonished. We presume they would be in a similar predicament in Canada.

REV. ROBERTSON SMITH is said in Edinburgh to be on the point of marrying an American admirer of great wealth, who happened to be in Scotland at the time of his "trial," and presented him during its course with numerous bouquets.

ANOTHER attempt is to be made to colonize Jews in Palestine. Eighty thousand acres of land between Jaffa and Jerusalem have been secured from the Turkish Government, upon which to locate the persecuted Jews of the continent.

A LITTLE daughter of Mrs. Chamberlin, Ottawa, has come into the possession of an historical gem. It is the gold token which Mary Queen of Scots gave to Sir Andrew Melville as she ascended the scaffold. The little girl is named after Sir Andrew Melville her ancestor.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN STEMS.

It is a significant fact that the tide of emigration is to Protestant countries. There is not a heathen or Catholic country in the world that is drawing to it population from other lands. Even Mexico and Brazil, the two richest countries or the globe, are not attracting any emigration.

THE Chinese immigration is not welcomed any more in New South Wales than in California. A Sydney telegram reports that an antagonistic agitation has been set on foot by the working classes, and it is expected that legislation restricting the Chinese influx will shortly be proposed.

A LETTER from one of the missionaries of the Union Missionary Society, in Cawnpore, India, describes last year's work in that city. There are now on the Society's list seventy-six Zenanas, six day-schools, and five Sunday-schools. The pupils in the two former number over 200, and in the latter over 150.

It is seldom that we see a prettier thing in a newspaper than the following from a writer in the N.Y. "Observer." It will be appreciated by those who are ministers and fathers. "You do not need large libraries at first. Books ought to come like babies into the home, each one to be well known and loved."

THE "Missionary Herald" for July reports the new expedition to Bihe as having reached Bailunda, about 200 miles from the coast, and receiving a cordial welcome from the King. Mr. Saunders has made such progress with the language as to make himself understood in simple conversation with the natives.

DR. CHALMERS, in speaking of how Home and Foreign Missions did not conflict, but help each other, said, "Should the first traverse for collections the whole of Scotland, the second would only find the ground more softened and prepared for an abundant produce for itself. It acts not by exhaustion, but by fermentation."

IN the death of Major Malan, formerly an officer in the English Army, and afterwards an evangelist in Southern Africa, the cause of missions loses a staunch supporter. He visited this country in 1878 for the express purpose of urging the American Board to extend its work into Central Africa, and the new mission there is largely an outgrowth of his appeal.

ADVICES from China state that there is considerable disturbance at Peking in the shape of anti-foreign demonstrations, but it is now quiet. Official proclamations forbid hostility to foreigners. The tea-market opened earlier than was expected at Foo Chow. German and Chinese gunboats have gone in pursuit of Chinese pirates, who attacked the German ship "Occident."

DURING the year 1880, the money expended on liquor in Great Britain amounted to the enormous sum of £122,279,275, or some \$611,391,375. In Ireland, despite of all the land league agitations and appalling tales of starvation, £13,825,102 has been spent on liquor on an average during the past ten years, ending 1879, or £2,407,210 more than the entire rental of the country.

AMONG the Mohammedans, women are not expected to know anything, they are never mentioned in conversation, and never to appear in public without being veiled. Girls are not wanted in any family, and if a Moslem is asked how many children he has, he never thinks of counting or mentioning his daughters. They are considered as not worth speaking of. How little have we yet learned of our indebtedness to Christianity.

SIR JOSIAH MASON who died in Birmingham some few weeks since, one of the wealthiest and most generous of Englishmen, began life as a street hawk. He made his fortune by the manufacture of steel pens. At one time he had over a thousand workmen, and used over three tons of rolled steel per week in his business. He gave \$1,500,000 to found an orphanage, and nearly \$1,250,000 to endow a science college. He was knighted for his munificence.

A DISCOVERY of more than usual interest of pre-historic man is announced from Spain. Some lead miners in the province of Segovia, about seventy miles north-west of Madrid, recently broke into an immense cavern. In the interior they found, upon an argillaceous deposit, and in the midst of stalagmites, the remains of about 500 human skeletons of both sexes. Chipped stone and quartz implements, and fragments of rude pottery, were also obtained. Ten well-shaped and perfect skulls of a pre-historic type were recovered.

THE Jerusalem Chamber, where the New Testament company of revisers have held their meetings since June 22nd, 1870, was originally the parlour of the Abbot's Palace, and is associated with many interesting events in English history. It was to this spot that Henry IV. was conveyed when seized with his last illness, and where he died March 20, 1413. It was here, in the days of the Long Parliament, that the celebrated Assembly of Divines, driven by the cold from Henry VII.'s Chapel, held its sixty-sixth session on Monday, October 2, 1643, and continued to meet until its closing session (the eleventh hundred and sixty-third), on February 22, 1639. Here were prepared the famed Westminster Confession of Faith and the Longer and Shorter Catechisms of the Presbyterian Churches of Scotland, and for many generations, of the Independents of England. Here, also, just fifty years later, at the suggestion of Dr. Tillotson, then dean of Canterbury, the memorable commission appointed by William III. assembled to devise a basis for a scheme of comprehensive revision of the English prayer book. In the oblong room, somewhat narrow for its length, measuring about forty feet from north to south, and about twenty feet from east to west, the New Testament Company have held the larger number of their sessions, the whole number being 407, the total number of attendances, 6,426 and the average attendance at each meeting, 158 members. Their last meeting for the New Testament work ending at 5 p.m., November 11th, 1880.