

own life in a manner thus graphically described.—“‘The Lean Man’ slowly unbound the sash from his waist, and knotted the ends together—he thrust the knot through the loop hole—he drew the sash sharply back, catching the knot against the sides of a narrow gap between two logs—he pulled hard to make sure that the knot would hold. Then he sat a few moments in silence, and covered his face with his hands. He looked about him—the Sergeant of the Guard had taken a book and lay on the trestle bed beside his table reading, and the night around was infinitely still. Holding the loop of the sash the prisoner looked up towards heaven and prayed; then he placed his head within the loop and crouched down, leaning heavily with his throat against the sash. The Sergeant of the Guard was still reading—the two men were breathing quietly in their sleep—the ‘picquet’ came out from the stables and went and stood on the bank of the river near by—the mist lay over the valley, and all was still.

“The cold autumn day broke upon the world, and *reveille* echoed from the wooded sides of the little valley, and rang melodiously against the banks of the broad river; the sun rose triumphant over the mists, and the waters were resplendent before his slanting rays—but the Indian had gone to the place of his fathers, and his sad stern eyes were closed forever in sleep. This man had dared the long agonies of torture in utter silence, had crushed with determined hands the life within him, and had gone down to the grave triumphant, without one sound to tell the watchful soldier, who was actually in the same room with him, that the last tragedy was being transacted in a lingering anguish of suffocation.

“They buried him on the bank of the river, and one of the soldiers made two laths into a cross during an idle moment and set it over the grave. The Indian lay under the prairie flowers in the shadow of the cross; on the one side of him humanity rattled down the long dusty trail, and on the other lay the still expanses of silver, the broad, silent waters of the great Saskatchewan.”

The religious and missionary trend of many of the tales is evident, a sample of which is given in Our Young People’s Department, in the tale of “Buck Stanton.”

Philip Hazelbrook, or The Junior Curate, by Rev. Henry Faulkner Darnell, D. D. The Church Sherrill Co., Publishers, 41 and 43 Franklin street, Buffalo, N. Y. Price, in paper, 50 cents.

This is really a charming story in which English, clerical and social life is forcibly and interestingly brought out. The characters are well and truthfully drawn in every case. Each one is a type of a particular class of people. The principal character, as the name of the book implies, is Philip Hazelbrook, a young English gentleman, who against a rich father’s will, becomes junior curate in a struggling East London parish, and by his genial and open hearted disposition wins love from

the hardest hearts. His father, a wealthy cotton merchant, at first strongly opposed to the Anglican clergy, is at length brought, through witnessing the patient and self-denying work of his son and the clergy associated with him, to respect and love them.

There is throughout the story a pleasing mingling of the real with the unreal, and it includes, of course, the usual story of love which is beautifully interwoven with the other scenes. We gladly recommend it as suitable in every way for a parish or Sunday School library, and it should be widely read.

Charles George Gordon. A biographical sketch by Theodore M. Riley, S. T. D., Milwaukee, The Young Churchman Company. Price by mail, 65 cents.

This book, handsomely bound in red cloth, will no doubt be welcomed by hundreds of persons who do not wish the memory of so great and good a man as General Gordon to be early forgotten. The Church of England seldom does anything that might be construed into parading the piety and good deeds of her members, although abundant opportunities for doing so are continually presented. The late General Gordon is a noble example of true, practical piety, and any one who wishes to have the salient points of his life and character collected together in condensed and at the same time attractive form, will do well to send for Dr. Riley’s handsome little book. We hope to refer again to General Gordon in some future issue as an example of a true lay missionary of the age.

The Laws of Happiness or The Beatitudes. By Rev. A. G. Mortimer, D. D., New York. E. & J. B. Young & Co., Cooper Union. Price, 60 cents.

A series of devotional and useful meditations upon the “Beatitudes,” teaching our duty to God, ourselves and our neighbor.

The Missionary Review of the World for April is not only early in its appearance, but comes to us freighted with the richest treasures of missionary thought and life and information, gleaned by patient labor from all parts of the universal mission field, sifted, arranged and presented with remarkable skill and wisdom, so as to be made available for family reading, monthly concert, and Christian work in every field and department of life. Published by Funk & Wagnalls, 18 and 20 Astor Place, New York. \$2 per year; 25 cents for single numbers. In clubs of ten, \$1.50.

RETURNS BY PARISHES.

As yet returns of Domestic Missions, with amounts contributed by the various parishes, have not yet reached us from Montreal, Huron or Fredricton. Mr. R. V. Rogers, of Kingston, has sent us the returns for Foreign Missions (Epiphany) for the Diocese of Ontario,—the first received, but too late for the present issue.