man Legion and of Gen. Garden. To the right of the round, and near the better of the valley, are the remains of the Hoageumont farm-house, the key to the Bristsh position, which was held throughent the day at such great cost. Many changes have been made in the appearance of the country in the rear of the ridge which the allies held during the great battle. The forest of Soignise, which was immediately in the rear of the British position, has alsoe retreated some distance toward Brussels, and several fleurishing hamlets have sprung up in the neighborhead. An eld stone windmill, hewever, which stood at the edge of the forest, still remaire.

The valley on which the Belgian lien looks down has undergone few changes. The only inscription on the lion memorial is * XVIII. Jane, MDCCOXV." The block on which the lion stands has been covered with the an tographs of tearists. Some have been write ten in penoli and others in chalk. Some have faded out, while others will remain, for the reason that they have been occued into the atone. Among the preminent of these sutegraphs is that of William Smith, of Texas, no doubt a wealthy cattleman who in his humble cowbey days was known as WAL Rill. But he gained wealth, and having a trong arm and a trusty jackknife he reselved to make his name known to the tourists of the world. The gate of the little farm yard of Hongenmont stands invitingly open to teurists, but when the latter attempt to leave they are met by a maternly-leoking weman, who remarks in a business like manner. "A half a franc fer every ene of yeu." Although a Belgian woman, and probably knows no other Reglish, constant use has enabled her to get of this sentence with a trass accent than the average English peasant weman could master. In the ruins of an old Hongesmont outbuilding which was shatsered during the fight is a little chapel with an altar on which stands the figure of a saint. The wall, and even the saint, are covered with the autographs of vandal tourists. Even the eyes have been discurred by initials. In the little wood which adjoins Hencommont atill remains the rad brick wall which an advancing column of French saldiers misteck at ifirst sight for the B andia connection with which mistake THEY CAME TO A SUDDER HALT. ALTENG the alf .4 treops were a number of Belgians who early in the fight were troubled with weak knee Some of those man were very anxious to good away, and, not wishing to rouse general attention by walking ever to the French modestly started in the direction of Brussels. Among them was a men who lived to mer a arge family of nealthy sons. The yenngest at light of these sees has for some time part bosn a profondenal orphan. The path in the Lion Mound has been fenced in in ich a way that the returning tourists are compelled to passic review before the health rphan of the Waterloo soldier referred to. to the explan, and fue galdin ed the explicit and required to the ghides. If it with all his English ...

being imposed upon, had

seagh of the prophe

ad what armoyance

Yakure countrymen el a British victory

allied treeps were posted. Close to this road and immediately under the shelter of the summit of Mont Salat Jean was the cornfield in which until the close of the bestie the sturdy Regileh buildegs of the Guard lay and listened to the shouts of the fray and the whisting of the cannon balls which Tere

NAMES EST WOOD DRIVOM

of their comrades while they impostantly awaited the erdor to threw themselves upon the enemy. When at length the day was starly over and Wellington from his peet at the meighbering cross reads observed the Prumians rushing out of the woods on his left he also waw a heavy column of men from the appealts side of the valley maving toward the erect of Saint Jean, where was posted the Writish artillery. Then Welling. ten spurred his heree toward the sheltere cornfield and told the stardy builders who lay there to sup, and at there." The fast sinking sen streamed out through a break in the evening cleuds and peured its mallow rays ever the forest of Solgales as the Guards rushed out from among the ripening carn and threw themselves upon the callant Franchism who had forced their way up Saint Jean's side. Across the valley, .ear La Belle Alliance, Napoleen then sat upon a mow white charger and calmly se algustic sorell aid the fister aid betlamp the hillside of Saint Jean. The struggle was soon ever. Then the grim figure on the white charger saw his gallant Imperial Guard flying down the hill pursued by the men who had rousen them. He saw the lines of the allies which had stood like bulwarks all day long against the French onslaughte new turn into moving, shouting, s, which poured triumphantly down into the valley. He heard the stubbern Pressians thundering on his right, and new the veturans around him wavering. Then he know that the star of his dectiny had fallen, and pushing blindly forward, strove to fling himself upon the bayensts of the ebbrocopina occionatera

Over 70 harveste have been gathered in from that little valley at the foot of Saint Jean since the day when death resped her great harvest there. Each Springwine the Descript Reloisn farmer upturns the same sell which 70 years ago was plowed up by the cames of the contending armies, sell which was once sprinkled with the blood of thousands of the bravest sens of France. England, Germany, and Belgium looks as ceful as Hit had never been disturbed by anything bearing than the rade earse of the laboring peasants. Oattle and shoop graze quietly on portions of the kisteria field, while in other partices the greand is hidden by the ripening grain. The quiet even ing wists sometimes settle where the, clouds of battle once rolled. The lowing of the cattle, the bleating of the akesp, and the of tra plaines bus soling and to sector, only sounds that now come up from the quies valley which on that fateful Jun Sunday sheek beceath the mal thurder of Waterlan.

BRUSSELS, RELGIUM.

LOOKING BACK.

y by Aronie Made.

Who simpaged an door not do let Who but sometime or other lifts the ourtake from Mamery, and gazes on the scenes and famil-مما عما e of the Part! Who does not feel bo doing, a thrill of sadness pervade han ,amore retta emena as ,guind eleg emind's sys? Hero we come

tion, source a shadow to dim its enjoyment, merry faces gladden every hour, and youth and pleasure walk hand in hard; there leems up one of the dark days of our experience, when we resined to stand utterly alone, forsaken of God and man, when the billows of adversity were awallowing us up, when friends had deserted up and Hope almost gene, and so we gene on that dark picture, Ge feel, even yet, our cheeks pale, and the heavy heart-time that speak of sympathy with that midden. I peat,

Anen troop before us the dear, familiar faces of "Lung Age." Some have slope for years beneath the green sed, and a tear rises unbidden at memory of these early ties so radely sundered. Same have driftod slowly and surely out of our lives, and a light sigh escapes us as we think of the many changes which lead to such a consummation. Some, but they are few, still eling to us, and each day grew more precious, for their trust and leve have been tried by separation, serrow, and the kindred ills which come and go with the years of life; but each year only strengthens and brightens the chain which binds us to them, adding link to link of pure gold, usuallied by act or word unwarthy of a place in the highest and nablest of all virtues, and one of the rarest, unsalilah friendship. But. alas! there are sems who were friendship's mank only to centreal the hatred they bere m, who never had an epperhenity of wounding sorely the heart that trusted them, rer of spreading maliolous slanders where they could ill be traced and brought home to the smiling hypocrites, who fawned to ear face, vowing etermi intendably. This last is one of the sames which brings no ray of joy with it, which even at the distance of a score of yearsonear blood to palse with indignation, and like many ether disagree-able things, the loss dwelt on, the belier,

But there are other theusits intrading. Gar ewn lives Isom up before us, and it is a selemn thing to turn loaf after leaf of the beck of life and read what we have inscribed thereez. Some of the pages are dark, almost illegible with blots and fallures, others are fairly clean, but neus perfect, no, not ene ! If we dwell on them in the right spirit they will benefit us, but if met, also I for the page we are writing at the time ! If we heed the lessan, taking past faulta and fallures as a guide for the future, to help avoid the stumbling-blocks which daily, henry men us, the experience gained by these vory faffaros will eventually lead us ferward to sloom; but it, instead, we weakly sit down and sigh over while is gone forever, homeoning the ill fate which ted us cetray, pitying curselves and aurring our misory, sitting spiritions under the weight of part fallures and mixters, then is the memory of these things were than a socurpe, infinitely worse for it has grown into a curse, one of the kild that keeps on growing till it evershadews us completely, soping all the life and spirit from our nature. He, Memory never was eded for a ourse.

Let us, them, look things beldly in the face, and if some pages of our Part will not bear inspection without weakening and dispiriting us, let us resolutely close down that page, place our heel on it determinedly. and keep it closed, keeping our face ever forward and upward, full of a grand pur pece to make each succeeding page of our life purer and fuller of that great love which

face, passed in swift, nelsoless relings for what cannot new be altered. We

human nature to regret as much as to hope. but we must also bear in mind that the Past is beyond recall, and useloss regret mover yet righted a blunder er righted a wrong ; the Future sproads before us whether for weal or woo time alone will tall, but the Present is ours, and of it we are expected to make the best use that lies within our pewer. Let us do so humbly, heartily, praying God's blessing on our earnest endeavors, and we will not fall.

"Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Fast bury ise dead!
Act—act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'etneed."

BRITISH COLUMBIA, 1886,

Boulanger's Unselfish Act.

A Paris paper relates an instance of unselfish brawery in the career of General Beulanger, the French minister of war:

In 1871 General Osmond was operating scalust the Communists, and had commanded a young lieutenant to carry at the bayens'te paint a barrioade which commanded the Paris read.

Faris read.

"Take some men with you," said he.

"Do not give them any cartridges. At midnight advance, try to get as near as possible
te the eccury without attracting attention,
and when you are discovered charge with
the bayenet I Behind the barricade you will
deabless find the Cross of the Legion of

The Hentemant, having formed his men, according to command, at midnight, was preparing to advance when Colonel Boulanger arrived in undress, cane in hand. The lieutenant cruid not conceed his vexation. Doubtiese the colenal was going to command the small feror, and the premised cross would fade from the horison. The colouel

would fade from the horison. The colonel saw what was passing in the mind of the lieutenant, and heatened to reasure him.

"I have nothing to do this evening," said he, "and have come here to amuse myself. I will follow your company as an amateut, without pretending to command."

The order to march was given. At sixty paces from the barriosde all the man and the two efficers extended themselves on the ground and tried to get as near as possible on their hands and knees. On a sudden the Federalist sentinel, who was guarding the barricade, leaned forward, listened, and then spake to his companions.

"We are discovered," murmured the liertenant in the ear of the colonal. "We cannot prevent a general discharge, and

Herronant in the ear of the colonel. "We carnet prevent a general discharge, and shall like some of our man,"
"Very well," replied the colonel, "This is what must be dens. I will get up suddenly; they will fire at me and miss me, and before they can relead, you can carry the barricade."

18 Ret. colonel this is mer down."

"But, colenel, this is my duty."
"There is no but in the case, and for
this cocasion I resume the command. Stay where you are and den't got up till I toll

The colenal suddenly stood upright in front of the Federalist Chassepots. As he had ferezoen, he was fired at and missed. Then, with a leud voice he called out:

"Forward, my lads, at double-quick."
The barricade was carried with the loss of

Queen Victoria is the aldest relgning severeign of Europe with two exceptions. Emperor William, who is in his 90th year, and King Christian, of Donmark, who has entered his 59th.

The great Blamarck has stipulated that his eldest sen, Herbert, at present Semetary of elices sen, Herbert, at present Socretary of State for Ferdign Affairs, shall succeed him as Chancellor, and with that view he is mak-ing him a depository of all his schemes and plans.

Women semetimes attain a great age in Russia. A Mile, Semitzki died in the work-house at St. Peterslang the other day at the age of 122 years. In the same institution another weman named Irene Micalsieff has reached the age of 110 years.

Lie purer and fuller of that great love which is premised to us, if we only seek it in the Charles Johnnyczke, chief of the Delaware Part. Who does not leek, right way.

When we do indulge in the innury of Makington to hold a conference with the "Great Father." He is 72 years of age and passes is swift, nelselses religious what connect new be altered. We cannot new to indulg sad ever some of cannot new sermens overy sabbath to the present age delivers two sermens overy sabbath to his pecule.