

through their ill-gotten gains. For the most of them take good care not to jeopardise their own property by indulging in excess in the nasty and destructive stuffs that they deal out to others.—*Van.*

#### In Canterbury Cathedral.

[March 13, 1885.]

"And He buried him. . .  
No man knoweth his sepulchre until this day."

Through the dim Minster shrills the  
march of woe,  
Over no bier, no mourners following slow  
"This our dear brother;" God knows where  
he lies,  
How he departed; with what obsequies  
Foul beasts and birds have done the work  
of the grave,  
Or if Nile hides beneath its kindly wave  
That broad frank brow and dear unconfined  
head;  
All we know—all we can know—he is  
dead!

And One has buried him: in English hearts  
Of women, though the passionate anguish  
darts

Through every nerve; of children, whisper-  
ing then:

"I want to be like Gordon;" and of men,  
Who, as the worldly-scales slip from their  
eyes,

See how a Christian soldier lives and dies.  
What matter that his sepulchre unknown  
None ever find, to mark with needless  
stone;

Nor ever learn who his last word did hear,  
Who caught his last kind smile, to children  
dear.

God took him. In that hour perchance  
he saw,

Like Moses, all the mystery of the law  
Of sacrifice—did in a vision stand  
Beholding afar off the Promised Land;

Order, peace, freedom, purchased by his  
death,  
And righteousness—the righteousness of  
faith.

Then organ, peal! Sing, sweet boy-voices  
clear:

"Blessed are the departed."

No, he is here;  
Not lost, and not "departed;" a great  
soul

Alive through all the ages, sound and  
whole,  
Strong, brave, true, tender, humble, unde-  
filed;

The lion-heart pure as a little child,  
Our sons, who read his story without taint,  
Ceasing to smile, shall own the hero saint;  
And England, rising from her swoon, in  
pride

Shall show how victory came though Gor-  
don died.

#### Blighted Hopes; or, The Widow's Son.

FRED OSLAM was the son of a respectable widow. His father died when he was only three years of age, leaving Fred and two sisters—one six months and the other five years—to the care of their mother. They were in comfortable but not affluent circumstances. Mrs. Oslam continued the grocery business in which her husband had been engaged.

She resolved to bring up her children respectably, and to give them a good education. Fred was a bright, attractive boy, replete with life and energy. At school he took the most prominent part in every play, and usually stood at the head of his class. His genial, bland, affable and cheerful disposition made him a general favourite.

On arriving at fourteen years of age, he was accustomed every evening after school to relieve his mother from the cares of business. For convenience, in closing and opening the store, and also as a supposed additional safety to the premises, he slept over the shop, which was some distance from the family residence. Mrs. Oslam, though not a member of the Church, was a woman

of great force of character, unblemished reputation, and good principles. She regarded the manufacture and sale of liquor as wrong—opposed alike to the laws of God and the best interests of humanity. She never allowed any in her grocery. If a customer asked for it, she was always ready with an apt reply, such as this: "I don't traffic in the 'sum of all villainies.' I will not take for liquor the money which a poor man should give for bread to feed his hungry family. I cannot make my shop a fountain of death to pour forth its streams of poverty, misery, and desolation upon the community on which I live."

At other times she would vindicate her temperance principles by saying: "I am not a true Christian, though I ought to be; but, I tell you, this liquor business is the darkest blot on Christendom. But for it, we would have little need of police, prisons, or poor-houses."

Her sentiments on the temperance question soon became extensively known; and those who wanted strong drink went to other groceries. Fred's mind was early and thoroughly imbued with his mother's sentiments. He had full sympathy with her in regard to the sale of ardent spirits.

At the age of seventeen he went to college, and at the end of four years graduated with the highest honours of the University. He then began the study of law. On completing the course, he opened an office and commenced practice. His mother was justly proud of him. His neighbours prophesied for him a brilliant career. His business rapidly increased. It was universally anticipated that he would soon become one of the most wealthy and influential men of his native town.

He sought and obtained in marriage the hand of a young lady of beauty and refinement—the daughter of a wealthy wholesale merchant. On the wedding-day the friends of both parties congratulated most heartily the bride and bridegroom. Scarcely twelve months had elapsed when Fred began to keep late hours. His wife became solicitous and expostulated. Business engagements were offered as an excuse. In certain circles it was whispered, with bated breath, that Fred Oslam was drinking. The painful fact soon became generally known that he was a confirmed drunkard. It was now ascertained that, when a lad, sleeping over his mother's shop, young men were accustomed to come in after business closed, and spend the late hours of the night with young Oslam. First they played checkers, then chess and cards.

Fred's temperance principles were thoroughly understood by his companions. They brought cigars, and afterwards liquor was gradually and stealthily introduced. Finally, Fred's scruples were overcome. A taste for intoxicating drink was acquired. It had been gaining strength during his college life.

Simultaneously and imperceptibly the will power became enfeebled as the appetite increased in strength, till the desire for ardent spirits could no longer be concealed. His downward career was then most rapid. Wife, mother, and sister expostulated, pleaded, and wept. But words and tears were unavailing.

Business was neglected and constantly decreased. The little money

he had previously saved was soon squandered. He became utterly reckless and dissipated. He shunned respectable society, and associated with the lowest and most degraded. The disappointment of his mother was inexpressible, and her grief inconsolable. Her health sank under the burden of sorrow, and she died broken-hearted. At her funeral his friends accused him of being the cause of her death. He pleaded guilty of the awful impeachment, and wept like a child. Despairing and alone he entered the room where lay the body of his mother stiff and cold in death. He bowed over the pale form and yielded to unrestrained lamentation. On rising to leave his eye caught sight of a bottle of brandy; he seized it and drank greedily its contents. An hour later, his friends, wondering at his long delay, opened the door, and behold! to their amazement and confusion, there were two bodies on that bed—the body of the mother and that of the *dead drunk son.*

Stung with shame and remorse he moved with his family to a country village. His wife was not only highly accomplished, but a woman of deep spirituality of mind. In the most tender, loving manner, she appealed to every attribute of his manhood; to his former sentiments; to his marriage vows; to his obligations as husband and father, and to his own present and eternal interests. With all the moving pathos and eloquence of tears, she besought him to abandon the blighting, destructive beverage. Strongly and bitterly he reproached himself, and resolved and vowed he would drink no more; but his resolutions and vows were made in the strength of a will shattered and enfeebled by alcohol, and were then broken as often as made. One day after his recovery from a protracted debauch, his amiable and loving wife came to him, and threw her arms around his neck, and, bathing his bloated and disfigured face with her tears, said, "Fred, you do not try to reform in the right way. With you the disease of drunkenness has advanced too far for reformation by mere human strength. Satan is the strong man armed. In your case strong drink is the armour in which he trusts to keep your soul in bondage. Now, Jesus Christ, who is stronger than he, must enter, bind this strong man, and take away his armour. If you will surrender your heart to Him, by the renewing of His Spirit He will take away the appetite for rum."

Fred wept bitterly and said, "I have degraded myself, broken my mother's heart, brought the best wife in the world to shame and sorrow, and my innocent children into disgrace and poverty: I am not fit to live. Oh! that I had become a Christian before this fiend of Intemperance had enslaved me! I see, my dear wife, the course you advise is my only hope." But he did not reform. His wife, reared in luxury, was reduced to abject poverty, and was forced to do all the work for herself, husband, and four children. Her father gave her a cow, the milk of which her degraded, unfeeling husband sold from the lips of his hungry children to buy whiskey. Almost any evening he might be seen in the yard of a low groggery earning a glass of liquor by keeping "tally" for the most abandoned villagers, while they pitched quoits for a "treat." His mental and moral nature was com-

pletely deteriorated. Soon his physical constitution was completely wrecked, and disease, induced by strong drink, bore him to a drunkard's grave. *"Shot and Stalk" for the "Tommy's Conflict."*

#### "That's my Boy,"

"I REMEMBER," says Dr. Fowler, "standing by the surging billows on one weary day and watching for hours a father struggling beyond the breakers for the life of his son. They came slowly toward the shore on a piece of wreck, and as they came the waves turned over the piece of float and they were lost to view. Presently we saw the father come to the surface and char-bro alone to the wreck, and then saw him plunge off into the waves, and thought he was gone; but in a moment he came back again, bringing his boy. Presently they struck another wave, and over they went, and again repeated the process. Again they went over, and again the father rescued his son. By and by, as they swung nearer land, they caught on a snag just out beyond where we could reach them; and for a little time the waves went over them till we saw the boy in his father's arms, hanging down in helplessness. We know that they must be saved soon or be lost. I shall never forget the gaze of that father as we drew him from the devouring waves, still clinging to his son. He said, 'That's my boy! that's my boy!' And so I have thought, in hours of darkness, when the billows roll over me, the great Father is reaching down to me and taking hold of me, crying, 'That's my boy!' and I know I am safe."—*Labor of Love.*

THE funeral of the late Colonel Kennedy, the organizer and commander of the corps of Canadian voyageurs who rendered such excellent aid in conveying boats and munitions of war up the Nile River, took place at Highgate Cemetery, London, England, and was preceded by a service at the Wesleyan Chapel, Archway-road, conducted by the President of the Conference, assisted by the Revs. A. McAulay, R. W. Allen, and John Pearson. Colonel Kennedy was a man of the highest religious character, a statesman and philanthropist, wealthy, beloved, and honoured in his own country; and it seemed inexpressibly sad that he should be cut down in the very prime of life, when on the point of returning to his dear ones in Canada, after passing safely through the perils and discomforts of a trying campaign in Egypt. "Colonel Kennedy," said Mr. Allen, in his eloquent address at the chapel, "was, above all, a devout man, who feared and loved God, and served his generation by the will of God. Godly character was eternal nobility, and he was conspicuous in godly character, worthy in this respect to rank with our Laurences and Havelocks; and this was the highest consolation of his widow and five fatherless children that day; although from the noble and tender-hearted Queen through all ranks of her subjects there would be a current of deep sympathy with them in their day of heavy bereavement."

Why do not more go to the heathen?—"Surely it must be ignorance of the world's state that keeps back young men from offering themselves for these glorious openings."