

The Heroes of the Soudan.

ENGLAND, is thy glory fading?
Is thy hero spirit fled?
Did thy sons forget the story
"Deeds of daring—Life blood shed?"

Answer noble, valiant spirit,
Answer Gordon, real and true,
Christian soldier, Christian hero,
With sad hearts we think of you.

Witness weary desert marches!
Who are these that follow on
Eager now to meet the Arab,
Doomed to find their hero gone?

Witness Stewart, Earle and Eyre,
Korti, Gubat, Gakdul Wells!
Witness patient, thirsting, wounded,
Suffering soldiers!—Silence tells.

British people, these are heroes,
Dashing forward, noble, brave,
Burnaby at Abu Klea—
By the Nile a lonely grave.

Why this wealth of blood and treasure,
Why these precious lives laid down?
England seeks to break the fetter
Of the slave. 'Tis sacred ground.

Christian England, rise to conquer!
Free the slave, at home, abroad;
In their cause victorious ever,
Pause not now, trust thou in God.

M.

Toronto, March 13th, 1885.

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TORONTO, JUNE 20, 1885.

Our Great Exemplar.

CHRIST is not only our Saviour, but our Example as well. He came to earth, not only to bear and atone for the sins of men, but also to show men how they should live. It is this thought which leads the apostle to say: "Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus."

There is nobody, as far as we know, who dares or even wishes to criticize the life of Christ. Whatever men may profess to think about his teachings, or the work he claimed to do, they have but one opinion with regard to his life. That was as beautiful and perfect as it is possible for us to imagine. From its beginning to its close, there is nothing that mars it. The spirit Jesus displayed, the words he spoke and the deeds he wrought, are the noblest and best that the world has ever seen.

If, then, we would live anything like a satisfactory life, we must strive to walk in the footsteps of Jesus. We must seek to share his spirit, to speak his words, to do his deeds. The nearer we come to him, the grander and sweeter will be our stay on earth. Vain will it be for us to expect to live

a right and true life apart from Jesus. He only can speak peace to our souls, and he only can be our leader in the sure way to the better land. God help us to trust, love, and follow him.

The Horrors of War.

WHILE there is so much talk of war, not only in our own land but in lands beyond the sea, the speech of John Bright against the continuance of the Crimean war in February, 1855, is worth recalling. It contained the following passage: "I do not suppose that your troops are to be beaten in actual conflict with the foe, or that they will be driven into the sea, but I am certain that many homes in which there now exists a fond hope that the absent one may return, will be rendered desolate when the next tidings shall arrive. The Angel of Death has been abroad throughout the land; you may almost hear the beatings of his wings. There is no one, as when the first-born were slain of old, to sprinkle with blood the lintel and the sideposts of our doors that he may spare and pass on. He takes his victims from the castle of the noble, the mansion of the wealthy, and the cottage of the poor and the lowly; and it is on behalf of all classes that I make this solemn appeal." Those who heard the speech said that it was listened to in a silence which was itself impressive, and the "beating of the wings" might have been audible could it have occurred. It is needless to say that Mr. Bright is as strongly opposed to war now as then. He left Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet when England made war on Egypt.—*Globe*.

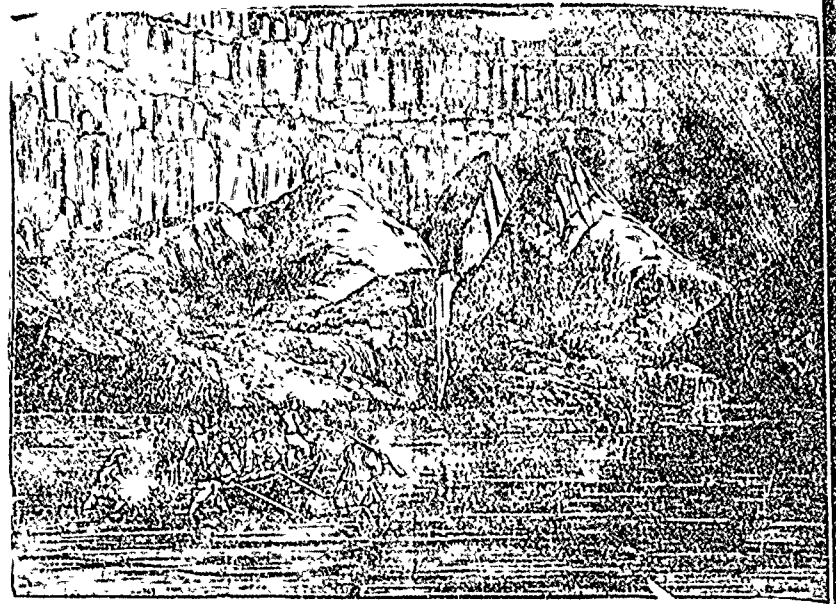
Prince Albert Victor.

PRINCE Albert Victor Christian Edward, the eldest son and the heir of the Prince of Wales, completed his twenty-first year on the 8th of January. He is the oldest of a flourishing family of five royal children, having a brother, Prince George, now in his twentieth year, and three sisters, the youngest of whom is fifteen.

With the advent of this Prince to his majority, a new generation of royalties may be said to have come upon the stage in England. The Prince of Wales' children will now take their places in public life. The sons will probably sit in the House of Peers and wear ducal titles,—for even princes are not members of the House of Lords by right until they are formally created peers; while we may expect ere long to hear of marriages being arranged for the Prince's just-budding daughters.

The young Prince derived his names from his grandfather, Prince Albert, his grandmother, Queen Victoria, his other grandfather, King Christian of Denmark, and his father, Albert Edward. He has heretofore been known as Prince Albert Victor, but his name in the family is Edward, and the newspapers are beginning to call him Prince Edward.

It is supposed, however, that he will take his place in the peerage as the Duke of Kent. That was the title of his great-grandfather, who was Queen Victoria's father and the brother of George IV., and it is said to be the intention to revive the dignity for the benefit of the Prince. If this should be done, he will always be spoken of in the newspapers as the Duke of Kent, until the death of his grandmother or his father, or of both, makes him Prince of Wales or King.



SOUTHERN SHORE OF THE DEAD SEA.

The world has as yet heard but little of Prince Albert Victor. It is mainly because he will in due time, if he lives and if monarchy is maintained in England, ascend the throne, that his coming of age is a matter of general interest.

He is described as a comely young man, resembling his father in personal appearance and in the amiable good-nature of his character; but he has as yet given no signs of unusual ability or talents. At least, the young Prince, who may one day wear the Crown of the Conqueror, has seen a good deal of the world. After completing his university education, he was sent on a long voyage, with his brother, Prince George, almost or quite around the world, in a British naval vessel; and in the course of this trip he saw many lands and curious peoples.

The outlook before Albert Victor is fair and full of pleasant prospects. No doubt a large annual allowance will be made to him from the public purse. He will have an "establishment" befitting his rank as a probable future king. He will sit among the Peers, the highest in rank of them all, his father only excepted; and probably a brilliant marriage with some fair continental princess will be arranged for him in a year or two.

Yet the future of the young Prince is not altogether unclouded. A strong and growing democratic tendency exists in England. Already there is a clamour for the disestablishment of the State church, and another for the abolition of the House of Peers. The democratic leaders become bolder, more outspoken, more popular and powerful every day. It may be, therefore, that before Albert Victor ascends the throne, an attack may be made on the monarchy itself. It is not impossible that, some years hence, a movement to replace it by a republic may become formidable, and that it may even prevail.

Queen Victoria bids fair to reign as long as her grandfather, George III., who occupied the throne for sixty years; and it is, of course, not impossible that she may outlive the Prince of Wales. In this case, she would be succeeded by Albert Victor.

There is only one instance, however, in recent English history in which a Prince of Wales has died before the reigning king, and that was in the case of George III., who succeeded his grandfather, George II.

The career of Albert Victor will be

watched with interest; not that he has developed any interesting traits in his own character as yet, but because of the high destiny to which he has been born.

View on the Dead Sea.

THE northern shore of the Dead Sea is a flat, desolate waste. The aspect of the southern shore is quite different. The view down the sea, looking seaward, is not wanting in a solemn grandeur and beauty. The water, clear as crystal, is of a deep blue, almost purple; its waves are crested with foam of a dazzling whiteness. Along the eastern shore the mountains of Moab stand like a mighty wall, the ridges and precipices of which slope down "in wild confusion to the shore, terminating in a series of perpendicular cliffs from twelve hundred to two thousand feet above the water." Though their outline is somewhat monotonous and unbroken, their marvellous colouring, which varies from a delicate pink to a rich crimson, invests them with a magical beauty. Seen especially in the morning or the evening light, their tints are quite unearthly. The mountains of the western side, though lower than those of the eastern, seldom rising above fifteen hundred feet, are more irregular and broken, at least as seen from the northern end, and assume forms of striking grandeur. The most characteristic feature of the southern shore is a vast ridge of fossil salt, called Jebel Usdum, which is cut into ravines and hollows by the action of winter torrents. Canon Tristram describes many of these in terms which recall the glacier caves of the Alps. The light gleaming through the roof produces an exquisite play of colour—green and blue and white of various shades. Columns of rock salt are constantly left standing, detached from the general mass. Travellers—forgetful of the fact that these isolated fragments are but of short duration, and are in the course of a few years washed away by the same agency which produced them—have often identified one or another with the pillar of salt referred to in Genesis 19: 26. Sulphur and bitumen, which are found throughout the whole region, are very abundant, and traces of ancient igneous action are more obvious here than elsewhere.

THE things of this world, like Absalom's mule, run away and leave us when we have most need of them.