

After the Battle.

Wounded to death a British soldier lies
On burning sands that glisten white as
snow—
The melting sun on Atmoor's barren waste
Sealing his wounds and fevering his brow.

Through wearying march, with comrades
brave and true,
Through battle's dash to victory o'er the
foo,
Through perils few men can indeed con-
ceive—
And now to die—Death comes with foot-
steps slow.

And as he waits, with soul resigned to fate,
His brain delirious, flees through Reason's
gate;
And in a moment home again is he
With darling wife, dear children on his knee.

Their words of love fall on his list'ning ear
Like music from unseen choir near;
He feels their arms caress, their kisses sweet,
Their fond farewells, their hopes once more
to meet.

And now he's homeward bound;
And far away
He spies th' embowered cottage,
Breathes the fragrance of Cathay

From shrubs and flowers blended
In the plot before the door;
Hears the footsteps of his children
As they romp on sanded floor.

Hears the gentle voice of mother
Urging silence prompt and quick,
As she sees a "letter" hanging
From the burning candle wick;

Hears her tell the waiting children
That good news she hopes to get
From dear papa in the army,
Who will surely come home yet.

Stretch out his arms to fold them
To his bosom fond and true,
Opens his lips with words of greeting,
Words so dear to me and you.

But his parched lips fail to utter
Words his soul doth long to speak,
And his fevered tongue refuses
Words to form—he is so weak.

Just one quaff of the pure water
In that dimpling spring so near—
Many a time he's filled his bucket
From its depths, so cool and clear.

Ha! what power is this controls him,
Holds him back from those he loves?
He will break it, shake it from him;
Beating air, like wings of doves.

Ah! a pang shoots through his body,
Wakes him from his dream so sweet—
Resting on supporting elbow,
What a scene, eyes to greet.

Glist'ning rocks and glaring desert
Shimmering in the moon's soft glow,
Mocks him with a fount of ripples
In a brooklet flowing slow.

And, as life's blood weakly oozes
From his wounds so hot and sore
While a film o'ercasts his vision
Shutting out the field of gore.

So those stealthy moving creatures
Stepping through yon pools of red;
Scenting fresh blood, sniffing wildly
O'er the wounded, dying, dead.

Reach they now our dying hero,
Waiting for the last, last gasp;
While they howl, like maniac laughter,
Sounds that pierce with horrid rasp.

Anguished souls, who wait the coming,
Through the sparkling sky of night,
Of Death's ministering angels
Who will bear them on to Light,

Draw the veil! Eyes shrink from gazing:
While these Desert Vampires croon
On the Soudan's field of battle,
Lighted by the silvery moon.

The War Cloud in the East.

THE past week has been one of intense excitement in England owing to the threatening news from the disputed territory on the Russian frontier of Afghanistan. It was by no means certain that the truce with Russia, mentioned here two weeks ago would effect more than a temporary deferment

of hostilities. It now appears that hostilities had already commenced when that agreement was entered into. On March 30 an engagement took place between the advanced guards of Afghans and the Russian troops on the banks of the river Kushk, near the town of Penjdel. Accounts of the battle agree as to the statement that the Afghans were driven back after desperate resistance and that their loss was very heavy considering the extent of the engagement; but they differ in regard to the manner in which the fight was brought on. Upon this point the issue of war or peace between the two great empires of England and Russia may rest. The English representative, Sir Peter Lumsden, who is in Afghanistan as a boundary commissioner, telegraphed that the Russians began the fight, but his despatch was cut short by some occurrence and a further statement is now awaited. The Russian despatches, on the other hand, declare that the Afghans provoked and necessitated an attack. The British Cabinet decided, on hearing the first account of the affair, to make a peremptory demand upon Russia for apology and redress, but subsequently it was deemed best to wait for more explicit intelligence. In the meantime there is no waiting in the matter of preparing for a conflict. Troops are being rapidly massed for departure and the Government has secured by purchase, or charter, a half dozen of the best and fastest ocean vessels for use in the transporting of the men. There seems to be no difference of opinion in the Cabinet, in Parliament or among the people as to the duty of the Government to stand fast against an invasion of Afghanistan by the Russians. By the battle of March 30 the latter gained an important strategic position; but to offset this the English rely upon having thoroughly tested the spirit of the Afghans and having found them not at all disposed to yield to Russia. The Ameer seems to be not only enthusiastic in his attachment to English interests but profoundly grateful for the English protectorate alliance. This consideration, when clearly known by the Russians, may influence them to act cautiously. It is also believed that the falling in value of Russian securities in European markets on the receipt of the war news has greatly dampened the ardour of the Russian war party.

A Doctor's Story.

BY MRS. LUCY E. SANDFORD.

"You know nothing about intemperance," said a noted physician. "I could write volumes that would amaze you."

"Write one," I said.
"It would be a breach of honour. A physician, like a Romish priest, may not betray the confessional." After a moment he added: "Our profession takes us into homes. And lives and hearts that seem all bright and happy are often dark and miserable from sickness of the soul."

"There must be some scenes that it would be proper for you to tell me," I urged; "please think of some."

"I was called to the wife of a distinguished gentleman. Her husband sat by her bed fanning her, and a lovely bouquet of flowers was on the stand by her side. The little girls were playing quietly in the room. It was a picture of love and devotion.

"My wife fell down-stairs," said her husband, "and I fear has hurt herself seriously."

"I examined her shoulder. It was swollen almost black, and one rib was broken.

"How do you find her?" asked her husband, anxiously.

"I will ask the questions, if you please. How did you so injure yourself?"

"I fell on the stairway."

"I hesitated. I was not in a paddy shanty, but in the house of a well-known and unstained man. I re-examined her side.

"When did she fall?" I asked.

"Last night," he said, after a second's pause and glance at her.

"My resolve was taken.

"Please show me the place on the stairs where she struck?" I said to the husband, rising and going out. He followed me.

"I was not with her when she fell," he said.

"The injury was not from a fall, and it was not done last night. Never try to deceive a doctor."

"She begged me not to tell you the truth."

"Then get another physician," I said.

"I will tell you the whole truth. Night before last I had been out to dinner."

"I saw your brilliant speech in the paper. Was it wine-inspired?"

"Partly. Most after-dinner speeches are to a degree. I came home excited by the fine dinner, wit, wisdom, and wine of the evening, and went, not to bed, but to the closet and drank heavily. My wife heard me and came down, hoping to coax me up-stairs, as she had done many times. But she was too late. My reason and manhood were gone, and I pounded her, and left her. She tried to follow me, but fell on the stairs. After a time she crawled, she says, up-stairs, and went into the nursery and slept with the little girls. I slept late, and woke with a fierce headache, and went out at once, thinking no breakfast and the out-door air would clear my brain for my morning engagements. I pledge you my honour I had forgotten I struck my wife. When I came back last night I found her suffering; but she would not permit a physician should be sent for lest it should disgrace me. I think she really tries to believe that she hurt herself, more or less, when she fell." And with an honest quiver of the chin he added, "She is an angel, and wine is a devil."

"What are wine-bibbers?"

"Own children to their father. Is my wife seriously hurt?"

"I cannot tell yet. I fear she is."

"More absolute, untiring devotion no man ever gave a wife than he gave her while she lived and suffered. When her noble, true, loving heart ceased to throb he was inconsolable. His love and devotion were the theme of every lip, and that Providence had so afflicted him was called 'strange' in a tone of semi-censure! On her tomb is cut the 'beloved wife!' He has gone to her now, in that land of no license.

"No one but myself ever knew the truth."—*Nat. Temp. Advocate.*

He that repents every day for the sins of every day, when he comes to die, will have the sin but of one day to repent of. Even reckonings make long friends.—*J. H. Evans.*

M. illing for the Final Onset.

THE Hope star is in the ascendant and shining brightly. The period of rally and muster and skirmish is well nigh passed. In a little while we shall mass our forces for the decisive battle.

You have looked and longed for that crowning battle. You have seen the beleaguered fortress of Society hard beset by the enemy. You have sometimes doubted if over the siege would be raised and Society freed.

Listen! Place your ear close down to the solid earth. Hear ye not the sounding tramp of a million feet? Look! Away yonder rises the dust cloud on the distant horizon—wider and higher and nearer it rolls. See! as it breaks we catch here and there a glimpse of white flags, a gleam of sword and sabre, aye, they are coming, the grand army of relief, the serried ranks of the liberators.

And now they deploy into line and rank. Never yet has battle-field of earth beheld so grand a sight. See how their golden panoply gleams in the sunlight, and what a holy fire beams upon their countenances!

There to the right is the noble band of Christian ministers, each bearing the red cross sign on his breast. No old Crusaders these, headed by a half-crazed Hermit, and going forth to battle for the ruined sepulchre of a buried Christ; but Manning, Farrar, Wilberforce and Cuyler, at their head, all fighting for the living temples of a risen Lord.

There next them the dense masses of rank and file, shoulder to shoulder, moving onward in restless might, and passing from man to man the watchword of the contest, "For God and Human Good."

There upon the left the splendid detachment of scientists and medical analysts, with brain as cool and sword as keen as ever Spanish Cid could boast, when rushing full upon his Paynim foe.

There 700,000 Templars from every clime, Sons, Friends, Rechabites, Rib-boh-men, an innumerable host with flags white as driven snow, and chanting their hopeful battle songs; and lo! there in the very centre of the advancing host 300,000 children's voices ring out the happy song of deliverance, as the young crusade marches joyfully forward to swell the mighty ranks.

And here they come, God bless them! the gathering women of our land, fresh from looking at the rosy cheeks and into the bright eyes, and kissing the pure lips of their darlings; fresh from the sacred hearth of home, the cradle's lullaby, and the infant's prayer; fresh from the blessing of husband, brother, father's love; baptized with the loving spirit of Christ, and the sweet-sympathy of a redeeming mission.

And now the Grand Army, filled with noble courage, and electric with hope, pauses for a single moment upon the crested hill-top, and gathers breath for the final onset.

Listen! and soon our ears shall catch the clear tones of the welcome marching order, "Forward, Christian Soldiers!" Watch with eager eyes and bated breath as they storm the out-works, scale the walls, spike the fatal guns, and are lost amid the smoke and din of conflict. They shout for very joy and make the wide welkin ring, as, out from the coming years, borne on the breath of all the angels, sounds the swelling psalm of "Victory! Victory! Victory!" over the sorrow and the woe, the ruin and the shame of man's intemperance.—*Prof. G. E. Foster, M.P.*