

This famous soldier, whom the English nation in vain tried to heap honours upon, came back to Gravesend not only to do his work faithfully and well as one of her Majesty's soldiers, but also to act upon his commission as one of the soldiers of the Great King. In the midst of his official duties he found time to visit the sick and the dying, to get acquainted with the inmates of the hospital and the workhouse, and to brighten their sad lives with many a little thoughtful kindness, and also to interest himself especially in the children. Boys employed on the water were looked after very carefully. Homeless, friendless boys were taken to his own home and sheltered for weeks together. He often found places for boys on board ship, and followed their fortunes with the keenest interest. A map of the world, hanging in his own room, was one day observed by a friend to have numerous pins sticking in it. Asking an explanation, he was told that the pins marked the course of the Colonel's sailor lads on their voyages, and they were moved from spot to spot as the vessels went on their way, and, more than this, that "he prayed for them as they went, day by day." No wonder the boys wrote, "God bless the Kernel!"

This great and good man formed evening classes for untaught children, giving his own evenings, after his toil of the day, to this work. His garden was portioned out to the poor people, who were allowed to raise vegetables for their own use. He himself lived principally on bread and salt meats that he might have the more to give away in charity.

The great soldier was not left long in this retirement, but after six years was sent to Egypt to put down the slave-trade and to restore the government. And he did it in a masterly way that commands the wonder and admiration of the world.

Our hero is then the world's hero, and the boys were not mistaken in their judgment.

General Gordon is a wise, fearless, tender man, a soldier brave and true, a Christian loyal and devout. His bravery grows out of his fearless faith in God. He leads his men into battle himself unarmed. He goes alone into the enemy's camp, seeking to make peace, and no man dares lay a hand upon him.

The Monks of St. Bernard's Treasurers:

A TRAGICAL story is told of an adventure that happened to the monks of St. Bernard, when the breed of their celebrated dogs was at its full perfection. No less than thirty robbers, to whom the supposed possessions of the monastery offered a rich booty, had by degrees introduced themselves into the retreat, arriving in parties at intervals, and were always received in the most friendly manner. As soon as the whole band was assembled, they threw off their concealment and summoned the abbot to produce the keys of the treasure. The monk was, fortunately, a man of more resolute character than is usually found in those places of seclusion, and did not lose his presence of mind. He observed to them mildly that their conduct was unworthy, and ill return for the hospitable attention they had received. The robbers, as may be supposed, were deaf to the appeal and continued their demand. "If it must be so,"

said the superior, "as we have no means for defending ourselves, I must submit: follow me, therefore, to the spot where the treasure is kept." He led the way and was tumultuously attended by the eager band. He placed his hand on a door, but before he turned the key he turned back and made another appeal. He was answered with execration, and no choice being left him he threw the door wide open. It was the den in which the dogs were kept. He raised his voice, to which a loud yell responded, then gave a rapid signal, and in an instant the powerful animals bounded forth upon their prey, tearing some, strangling others, and sending the few of the robbers who escaped their attack, flying for their lives headlong down the mountain in frantic terror.

After the Battle.

BY ANNIE ROTHWELL.

"The dead will be buried to-morrow on the field."—*Despatch to The Mail.*

"I shall proceed to-morrow, after burying the dead."—*Gen. Middleton's Despatch.*

Ar, lay them to rest on the prairie, on the spot where for honour they fell. The shout of the savage their requiem, the hiss of the rifle their knell.

For what quiet and sheltered church-yard would they barter that stained desert sod, Where at His trumpet-summons of duty they gave back their souls to their God.

"Private, Number 1 Company, shot through the heart. First to fall." Words immortal! Sublime

In their teaching, their power to move, and their paths to plead, for all time.

Shall we blench where they led? Shall we falter where they at such cost won their crown?

"Greater love hath no man—" we all know it; they obeyed it, and laid their lives down.

From those graves on the far blood-stained prairie, on the field where their battle was done,

They shall speak to our souls, and new fire through the veins of our patriots shall run.

Wail, orphans! Weep, sisters! Look upward, sad mothers and desolate wives. But mourn not as those without comfort the loss of those sanctified lives.

Can you mourn unconsoled for their taking, though your heads may in anguish be bowed,

With a nation's tears falling above them—their country's flag draped for their shroud?

As the blood of the martyr enfruitens his creed so the hero's sows peace, And the reaping of war's deadly harvest is the earnest his havoc shall cease.

If the seed sown in blood you must water with tears, shrink not back from the cost;

What they gave, ungrudging, for honour, you have lent to your country, not lost.

And forgive us who bear not your burden of pain but who share not your pride,

If we grudge you your glory of giving in the cause where your heroes have died.

Kingston, April 23.

MANY a child goes astray, not because there is want at home, but simply because home lacks sunshine. A child needs smiles as much as the flowers need sunbeams. Children look little beyond the present moment. If a thing pleases, they are apt to seek it; if it displeases, they are apt to avoid it. If home is a place where faces are sour, and words harsh, and fault-finding is ever in the ascendant they will spend as many hours as possible elsewhere.—*Baptist Weekly.*

Reading Unions.

READING among the masses is the most potent factor to-day in the formation of character. As an educating influence next to the advantages of the college or university is a well selected library with a wisely formed habit of systematic reading. Dr. Lyman Abbott well says: "The home ought no more to be without a library than a dining-room without a kitchen." Ruskin says: "To be without books is an abyss of penury; don't endure it." A suitable library containing histories, biographies, travels, scientific works for young people, and devotional books cannot be found in one-tenth of the homes in our country. While Methodists have been as zealous as any other denomination in the dissemination of good literature, still there are many societies containing from twenty-five to one hundred members with so few attractive and useful books for general reading in the neighbourhood that a man could carry them all in one arm. So great is the preponderance of trashy literature in many public libraries it can hardly be questioned if they are not in many cities more of a curse than a blessing. Every man and woman in our country, with few exceptions, should read not less than from \$10 to \$20 worth of books each year, besides one or two good newspapers. There are large numbers not able financially to expend \$10 annually for literature, and a still larger number who do not sufficiently appreciate the value of reading to expend that amount for books and papers. How to secure the circulation among the people of the numerous valuable books now piled upon the shelves in our publishing houses and depositories, is one of the most important questions to be solved by parents, ministers, and teachers.

I can certify from personal knowledge that the following plan, if generally adopted, will go far in answering the question how to circulate our literature. Let each society organize a reading union wherever twenty-five persons or more will unite by the payment of \$1 each. On account of the liberal discount the Book Concern will give on books for reading unions (the money to accompany the order), \$25 will purchase about thirty volumes. Any person taking one share and paying \$1 secures the privilege of reading thirty choice books; if fifty members are secured, the reading of sixty books; if 100 members, the reading of 120 books, by only paying \$1. The best qualified member for librarian should be selected for that position. The books should be kept at the church, unless a more suitable place can be secured. A good form of constitution can be found in the appendix of our new Discipline. The following are some of the advantages of this plan:—

1. A reading union is easily organized if the minister will talk fifteen minutes in relation to the evil effects of pernicious literature and the blessings of systematic reading of good books, explain the plan, and then call for members; the requisite number will be secured in a few minutes. The pastor will find a tendency from the beginning to grow into a church-lyceum, which every church should have. 2. Through the reading union the pastor has a rare opportunity to guide the reading of his people. As a rule the pastor is put at the head of the committee to select the books, which is fitting. Wherever a pastor is found whose influence is

potent in selecting the reading of his people, there will be found a successful pastor. 3. There are few persons unable to purchase one share for \$1 which entitles to the reading of all the books in the union. Emphasizing this point wins with the average audience. 4. It furnishes a rare opportunity for benevolent persons to aid poor but worthy boys and girls by purchasing shares for them. In this way often incalculable good may be done. 5. It prepares young people to take up the readings of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle—one of the greatest educational movements of the age. 6. A reading union in a community will create a desire for higher education. It therefore becomes a feeder to the college and university. Upon the above plan thirty reading unions have been organized in the Mattoon district, Illinois Conference, during the past year, through which not less than 1,500 people have enjoyed the privilege of reading the choicest books for general reading our publishing houses contain. Recently I published a list containing the titles of 380 volumes adapted for reading unions, which I selected with great care, aided by a number of well qualified persons to make appropriate selections. To our pastor desiring to organize a union, I will send the list on application.—*Rev. Horace Reed.*

Peril of Postponing Salvation.

JAMES W. sat in his father's office reading an interesting paper. His father sat at a desk opposite, busily engaged in writing. "My son, I want you to go down to the post-office for me." "O father! not now. I am busy reading." His father made no reply then, but in a few moments when his mother and sister came in a carriage to the door, as James was about to step in after his father, the latter replied, "Not now, my son; you may finish your reading."

This little incident brought to my remembrance a picture which I had seen in my early childhood, which made a lasting impression on my mind. The artist represented an old man climbing on a chair, and endeavouring to reach a book from a high shelf. But before the desired object is attained the old man sinks down overcome with exertion. His history has often been written. In his youth kind friends and the voice of conscience urged him to read his Bible, but his answer was, Not now. On entering manhood it received the reply, Not now. At last old age and disease overtook him, poverty and affliction visited him and his former numerous friends deserted him. And now, when all else has failed, he remembers his long-neglected Bible, and goes to look for it to see if it will afford any comfort. He climbs to get it, and as he has a hand almost upon it he hears a voice the awful voice of death, saying, Not now.

"How often would I have gathered thy children together, as a hen doth gather her brood under her wings, but ye would not!"—*Presbyterian.*

Do the heathen surpass Christians in self-sacrifice? A large Buddhist temple is now in course of erection at Kyoto, Japan. All its timbers and pillars are put in place by ropes made of human hair. The devotees of the god "their worship offer their hair on its shrine which is then cut off and twisted by the priests for the purpose assigned.