

giving back to these Sultans their ancestral powers—withdrawn, or suspended, during the period of Egyptian occupation.

Here is a role worthy, indeed, of the Napoleon of Peace, who went forth unarmed, like David, save with the few "smooth stones" drawn from the Word of God. History records no more heroic figure than that of this simple-minded, God-fearing, Christian officer, perched aloft upon his swift-footed dromedary, and riding forth with only one English friend and companion, the gallant Col. Stewart, and a few Arab attendants, to confront the wild and barbarous hordes of the Mahdi! The eyes of the whole civilized world have followed with eager but anxious gaze the progress of that little cavalcade.

Gordon was hailed with enthusiasm by the people of Khartoum; but soon the city was besieged by the hordes of the False Prophet. For nearly a year the dauntless Christian hero defied the foe, and on the very eve of deliverance was betrayed to his death by the treachery of some of his craven and false-hearted garrison. But death to him had no terror. He has taken his place among the hero-souls whose name and fame shall never die.

A PRONUNCIAMENTO.

Note the errors in pronunciation in these rhymes.

FT. when in a pensive mood,
I have sought th' umbrageous wood,
Plucking flowers one by one—
Daffodil and anemone.
Aw-inspiring is the view,
Mountainous and picturesque!
Now the winged mido doth scar
Up to Zeus and Terpsichore;
New delights to think upon
Sophocles' "Antigone";
Or, perchance, explores the signs
Of the old aborigines;
Till one utters, o'er and o'er,
Language terse and extempore,
Springing from the inmost soul
In the form of hyperbole!
Of the good it is to roam
This is but an epitome,
Of a weekly stroll or two
I'm a zealous habitue.
If one hasn't the time to loaf,
Surely 'tis a catastrophe!

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

Indian History for Young Folks. By Francis S. Drake. 8vo, pp. 479. Illustrated. New York: Harper Brothers. Price \$3.

There is no more stirring tale of heroism and valour on record than that of the fierce struggle of the British colonists in America against the Indian tribes. Every boy ought to know something of the conflicts by which the broad domain of the continent was purchased for civilization by the dauntless daring and often by the blood of the pioneer settlers. The constant shadow of terror under which they dwelt is difficult for us to conceive. The Indian tribes exhibited a fiendish savageness. Like human hyenas, they lay in wait for their prey, thirsting for blood, and, after the savage spring, skulked off into the forest with the victims who were not slain on the spot. Bloodstained and smouldering embers were all that marked the site of many a happy home. Death hovered upon the frontier. Within many a village palisade the sentinel watched the live-long night away. Every house was a fortress. No mother lulled her babe to rest but knew that before morning the roof-tree above her

head might be in flames, or her infant's life dashed out by the blow of a tomahawk; and often, in shuddering dreams, the terrible war-whoop rang like a death-peal in her tingling ears. No man might go abroad in safety. As he held the plough, or reaped the scanty harvest, the bullet of a lurking foe, perchance, would whistle through the air, and the scalpless body would be left lying on the ground. Even little children gathering flowers, and mothers going to the well, or cooking the mid-day meal at their own hearthstone, were startled by the apparition of a dusky form, the glare of fiendish eyes, the gleam of a glistening knife, and were slain on the spot, or dragged off prisoners to a doom still worse than death.

But the march of civilization has made Indian wars of any magnitude no longer possible. It is true, in the United States the frauds of rascally traders and Indian agents have from time to time exasperated the native bribes to savage outbreaks; but the policy of educating and christianizing the Indians is proving far more effectual than that of exterminating them. In Canada, happily, within the memory of living man we have had no Indian war. This is due more than anything else to the labours among the red men of heroic and devoted missionaries, who have saved the country from the hideous Indian massacres which have often taken place among our neighbours. Nowhere else that we know is there such a full, authentic, and fascinatingly interesting account of the relations of the red and white races throughout the whole continent, from the earliest times to the Custer massacre in 1876, as in this book. It is sumptuously gotten up in the Harpers' best style and is illustrated by 250 fine engravings. The stern facts here disclosed will dispel much of the romance about the red man that fills the imagination of dime-novel reading boys.

Left Behind; or, Ten Days a Newsboy
By James Otis. New York: Harper Brothers. Price \$1.

Mr. Otis needs no introduction to the readers of *Harpers' Young People*. His stories in that paper are followed with delighted interest by many thousands of boys and girls. This book is a reprint of one of the most popular of these stories.

AN ANGEL'S TOUCH.

RUGH natures and careless lives often show surprises of redeeming kindness. An instance of this victory of the better feelings, in the presence of innocent want is related in the *San Francisco News Letter*. A little girl of nine or ten years old entered a place which is a bakery, grocery, and saloon combined, and asked for five cents' worth of tea.

"How's your mother?" asked the boy who came forward to wait on her. "She's sick, and ain't had anything to eat to-day."

The boy was then called to wait upon some men who entered the saloon, and the girl sat down. In a few minutes she was sound asleep and leaning her head against a barrel, while she held the nickel in a tight grip between her thumb and finger.

One of the men saw her as he came

from the bar, and after asking who she was, said: "Say, you drunkards, see here! Here we've been pouring down whiskey when this child and her mother want bread. Here's a two-dollar bill that says I've got some feeling left."

"And I can add a dollar," observed one.

"And I'll give another."

They made up a collection amounting to five dollars, and the spokesman carefully put the bill between two of the sleeper's fingers, drew the nickel away, and whispered to his comrades, "Jist look here—the gal's dreamin'!"

So she was. A tear had rolled from her closed eyelid, but on her face was a smile. The men went out, and the clerk walked over and touched the sleeping child. She awoke with a laugh, and cried out, "What a beautiful dream! Ma wasn't sick any more, and we had lots to eat and to wear, and my hand burns yet where an angel touched it!"

When she discovered that her nickel had been replaced by a bill, a dollar of which loaded her down with all she could carry, she innocently said: "Well, now, but ma won't hardly believe me that you sent up to heaven and got an angel to come down and clerk in your grocery!"

We would like to believe that those men, who let the angel in them speak, went away resolved never to drink whiskey any more.—*Selected.*

SMALL CHANGE IN MEXICO.

IN one of the small towns I bought some limes, and gave the girl one dollar in payment. By way of change she returned to me forty-nine pieces of soap the size of a water-cracker. I looked at her in astonishment, and she returned my look with equal surprise, when a police-officer who witnessed the incident hastened to inform me that for small sums soap was the legal tender in many portions of the country. I examined my change, and found that each cake was stamped with the name of a town and of a manufacture authorized by the Government. The cakes of soap were worth about one cent and a half each.

Afterward, in my travel, I frequently received similar change. Many of the cakes showed signs of having been in the wash-tub; but that, I discovered, was not at all uncommon. Provided the stamp was not obliterated, the soap did not lose any value as currency. Occasionally a man would borrow a cake of a friend, wash his hands, and return it with thanks. I made use of my pieces more than once in my bath, and subsequently spent them.

We have as an experiment bound up in paper covered boards some back numbers of the *Methodist Magazine*—three numbers in a volume—for Sunday-school libraries; each volume contains 288 pages and is beautifully illustrated. We will sell these in sets of four, containing the numbers for an entire year—for \$2 net—and will send them post paid to any address. The Rev. A. Hocking, of the Nova Scotia Conference, in whose school is a set of these books, writes: "I would like to see our magazine from the first number so bound, and in each of our Sunday-schools. I know of no better library that we could obtain."

DOING LITTLE THINGS.

LET us be content in work,
To do the thing we can, and not presume
To fret because it's little. "Twill employ
Seven men, they say, to make a perfect pin.
Who makes the head, consents to miss the
point;
Who makes the point, agrees to miss the
head;
And if a man should cry, "I want a pin,
And I must make it straightway, head and
point,"
His wisdom is not worth the pin he wants.
—Mrs. Browning.

A BROKEN-HEARTED FATHER.

IN affecting scene, one of the saddest, occurred lately at the visiting window of the jail in one of our cities. A boy about eighteen years old was incarcerated, awaiting transportation to Danemora prison, where he is to serve a six years' sentence. The prisoner was a fine-looking young fellow. His father, an aged minister, had come to visit him. The son stood with shamed face on one side of the grating and the grief-stricken father on the other. Drink had been the cause of the boy's troubles. The father pleaded earnestly with his child to reform while in prison, to read his Bible and improve all his spare time in study. "Son," continued the father, "if you had had the grace of God in your heart you wouldn't be here. If those cursed grog shops were swept away I'd have been spared all this. Let it be a lesson to you, boy. This is the last time you will probably ever see me. I am old and probably won't live your six years' out. Oh, my boy, promise me to give yourself to God, that I may see you over yonder." The boy promised, and the old man went his way.

While this father returns to his home to go down to a premature grave in sorrow, the man who ruined his son is now engaged in ruining other sons. Which shall we have, "The Home or the saloon?" It is within the power of the people to answer this question.

THE MINUTES.

WE often think and speak of "making good use of our time," meaning our days and weeks and months and years, forgetting that all these are made up of seconds and minutes. If we waste all our minutes, we waste all our years.

The French have a proverb,—"God works by minutes." His great plans are not wrought out by years, but move on through all time, while we are sleeping or trifling, as well as learning or working, and thus ought we ever to do.

Some people are always complaining that they have not time to read, or study, or think, and that while they are wasting years by casting away the golden minutes as they are given from heaven.

Red Jacket once heard a wise man say, "I have not time enough!" Looking at him in surprise, the Indian exclaimed, "You have all the time there is, haven't you?"

Yes, we have all the time there is. God has given us time to work for ourselves and to bless the world. Let us catch it, minute by minute, and make such use of it as we wish each moment to record in heaven.—*Christian Intelligencer.*