

into action with a tiny cane, which he handled jauntily, and he used to stand amid the hottest fire, pointing quietly with this little rod, which the soldiers called "GORDON'S WAND OF VICTORY." He crushed the rebellion and then left China without taking one penny of reward. By promptly ending a cruel civil war he had rescued an immense population from starvation and misery. After saving an Empire he settled soberly down at Gravesend, worked on the Thames fortifications, taught in Ragged Schools, visited the sick and the poor, and remained in obscurity till the fame of his exploits had almost passed away. But he was fated to rule yet another Empire. In 1874 he was requested to take service under Ismail as Governor of the tribes in Upper Egypt. The Khedive offered him ten thousand pounds a year, but Gordon refused to accept more than two thousand. His own Government had paid him two thousand a year, and he would take no more from a foreign Power. Excepting for one short break,

GORDON RULED THE SOUDAN

during five years, and his task was harder than that of any other Governor known to history. The Province is as large as Great Britain, France, Spain, Portugal, and Germany put together; the slave traders were in revolt; settled government had ceased, and the wildest anarchy prevailed. The Governor-General had to face a deadly climate, bestial savagery, and ruthless fanaticism; he had everything against him and he was alone. But he began his task cheerfully, with a superb self-confidence which is astonishing and admirable. In one year he rode over five thousand miles, ruined the slavers, delivered the natives from oppression, restored order and established the terror of his name, just as he did among the Tai-pings. He once rode alone into an encampment of chiefs who had sworn to kill him. He ordered these would-be assassins to meet him, and they went away from the interview awe-stricken and humble. His task was performed amid constant opposition from Cairo; but he triumphed over all obstacles, and left an empire where he had found a chaos. We know now how weaker men have contrived to render his labor as nought. Gordon's one failure in life came when he tried to impress the authorities at Cape Town with some of his notions of abstract justice; but of that episode we need say little. Common praise becomes an impertinence when applied to such a career, and we prefer to let the inspiring facts speak for themselves. In spite of all that despairing philosophers may say, there are thousands of Englishmen who despise, showy attractions and who admire gallantry, unselfishness, and modesty. To such men no story can give higher thoughts than the life of the recluse who is now quietly living by the side of the Mount of Olives. Gordon has just been sent to the Soudan again.

Passing along the road the other day we thought we had found a very beautiful knife. On picking it up it was found to be only a handle without a blade. So do we hear very beautiful sermons—well written and well read—but they are without a blade. They cut out no cankers of sin and carve out no models of piety. Sermons must have blades.

Centennial Ode.

THIS year is celebrated the Centennial of the organization of the first Methodist Conference in America. The following Ode is written for the occasion. We shall give further particulars about this interesting event hereafter.—Ed.

"Sing unto the Lord with thanksgiving; sing praise upon the harp unto our God." Psalms.

O sing the years—the hundred years,
Now gone from earthly hopes and fears,
And yet gone not beyond our love;
Gone: as dear friends that live above,
Who, though in Christ are glorified,
Still nearer to our hearts abide;
The starry wreaths their brows entwine,
With circling rays around us shine.

Sing the old years; how unlike ours!
Often these days had tragic hours;
Heroes alone can heroes sing;
Your voice lift high until it ring
As thunder rolls from height to height,
When Alpine storms arouse their might;
Well may we sing; those heroes rare,
Was aught too brave for them to dare?

Sing ye again! I strike key-note
Of times no one can deem remote;
Those times of harp, exhausting toil,
From whose great tasks none would recoil;
Not soldiers now on battle-field,
Not husbandmen to make earth yield
Vast harvests fertilized by tears,
Heart tears, through long, labourious years.

The hundred years—the hundred-fold—
This may the parable be told;
So write I here on this fair page,
With thoughts of home and par-itage;
The hymns we sung from Wesley's muse,
Forgive me, Lord, if I refuse
To count this fact a special grace,
That I belong to such a race.

Thanks for the hymns—thanks for the prayer—
Which, morn and eve, rose heavenward
I bless thee, Lord, my lot was cast
Where manna fell each day's repast;
The taste, the strength are with me now,
Though three-score years have marked my brow,
Marked it with many a pain and care,
While still my childhood's faith I share.

I joy to think these later days
Are worthy too of noble praise;
As rivers widen to the sea,
And smile to hear the minstrel's lay,
When winds and waves most gently chime
With voices of an inland clime,
So now this old-time heart is glad
That Zion stands in beauty clad.

Sing of the past—the present sing;
And with the song your tributes bring;
By treasures laid at Jesus' feet,
Youth breath of praise is made more sweet.
Remember ye, the angels' song
Came not alone—but that ere long
The Magi's gifts, "neath guiding star,
Were brought from Eastern lands afar.

You Can't Get Along Without Us.

THE liquor-sellers make a great ado about their usefulness in accommodating the travelling public, in fact that the public cannot do without them and their places of entertainment. This reminds us of the Irishman's dinner. Pat had been listening to a very savory description of a grand dinner, consisting of plenty of roast beef and fine smiling potatoes. "Sure," says Pat, "an' isn't that what meself had for dinner, *barrin' the beef*." This talk about accommodation for the public might do very well, but for one little objection, and that is, that in many such places there is little or no accommodation at all for the travelling public.

What accommodation for travellers is there in thousands of saloons in cities and towns? They are mere grog holes, with plenty of horribly adulterated liquor behind the "bar,"

and a bench or two for their wretched victims to sit on. These groggeries do, indeed, supply a certain questionable kind of accommodation which could be well dispensed with.

Hotels and taverns that do make provision to accommodate travellers would be far better without their liquor bars than with them. As it is, these places are the centres of nearly all the rows and rowdiness that go on all over the country. You can hardly take up a newspaper, but you will see an account of some dreadful crime committed, and it is almost sure to be connected in some way with drinking in taverns.

There is no need at all that all public-houses should be liquor-shops as well.

The liquor-seller likes to call himself a licensed victualler. Whiskey is very poor "victuals," but milk would be "victuals" indeed. Why not have milk taverns? Milk is one of the most nourishing articles of food in use. It is a very popular beverage among women and children, and there are few men but like it. Neither tea nor coffee serves the purposes of refreshment so effectually as milk. It is cheaper, too, than any other fluid of so nourishing a character. In disease it is admitted to be a capital thing as a restorative, and one that can safely be employed very extensively. If milk taverns or saloons were opened by enterprising men, in good situations and in handsome, commodious, and tidy-kept houses, and one-half the pains taken to make them attractive, as the ordinary liquor-sellers take with many of their whiskey-chops, a man might do a splendid business, especially, if bread and cheese were added and the prices charged were moderate.—*Scymour's Temperance Battlefield.*

A Legend of St. John.

"Build for me, O mighty Master,
Lofty palaces, rich and rare,
Let the noblest sons of genius
Work their great conceptions there.

Take your men and take your money,
Half my wealth I will essay;
Spare not time, nor gold, nor labour,
So it shall my thoughts repay.

In that lonely isle of Patmos,
Build this mansion to my name,
So through every age and country
Shall its wonders speak my fame;

That it gild my reign with glory
Till its latest stone be gone,
Thus the mighty Eastern monarch
Spake to Christ's Apostle John.

Thrice three years in distant Patmos,
Faithful to his Master's word;
Labour'd there the trusty servant,
Labour'd for a greater Lord;

Building churches, not a palace,
Schools, to teach God's holy name,
Homes of rest, for poor and aged;—
Sought he thus the monarch's fame.

But the king was wroth to see it,
When he reached that lonely isle,
And he bade them cast the traitor
In the lowest dungeon vile.

And forgotten, there he languish'd
Many years in grief and pain,
Then God's finger touch'd the monarch
And his only son was slain.

He, in whom his hopes were centered,
Lay within his chamber dead;
Anguish fill'd the royal father,
Sleep forsook his kingly bed.

As he toss'd in sad complaining
Through the restless, lingering night,
Stood again his son beside him,
Radiant with a heavenly light.

And he bade the king remember
How his servant suffer'd long—
You have wrong'd him, O my father
You have done a grievous wrong.

Rather bless the great Apostle,
He hath built our palace well,
For in heaven itself he reared it,
And its wonders none can tell.

Far beyond description glorious,
Fairer than your loftiest thought;
On your people's love 'tis founded,
By your people's prayers 'tis wrought.

And its halls are throng'd with servants,
(Tis the badge of love they wear)
Who, with grateful hearts and eager,
Wait to crown your entrance there.

Sweeter strains of music sing they
Than your ears have heard before,
These are prayers of sick and aged,
And the blessings of the poor.

Therefore bless the Great Apostle
Who hath made his work so sure,
Built upon a firm foundation,
Which for ever must endure.

Here, no crumbling palace raised he,
Gilded with a transient fame,
Aut in heaven, an endless mansion,
And an everlasting name."

Value of Kind Words.

A PLEASANT-LOOKING country lady came to my home not long since, and said to me:

"Do you want to buy a jar of butter?"

It was very nice, and I asked the price. She informed me, but added: "You shall have it for five cents a pound less."

How was this? She was not one of my parishioners. She was a stranger, and I was at a loss to know why I was thus favoured. But soon the mystery was solved.

"You said a kind word to my John, and neither he nor I will ever forget you."

As she said this the tears came to her eyes, and I felt a little moisture gathering in my own.

Three months previous to this a young man called to see me. I was in my study preparing my discourse for the next Sabbath. He was a canvasser, and took from his pocket a book. My first impulse was to tell him I was busy, and had not time to spend in that way. But he was a young man, and I at once thought, "If he was my son, would I like another man to repel him?"

I took the volume in my hand. It was Gough's "Sunlight and Shadow." I looked it through, and then said to the young man:

"You have a very fine book, just such a book as I would like to have, and which I wish was in every home in the land. But I cannot buy any more books just now. I am a minister, and not a moneyed man."

He looked disappointed, and said: "You are a temperance man, and I cannot sell this book in this community unless I have your name."

"Well," I said, "I will give you something better than my name."

So I wrote him a little notice of the book, and commended him and his work to the intelligent and appreciative public. It is true I lost half an hour by this interview. But I was in a better mood to return to my study than if I had rudely driven the stranger from my door. Indeed, I believe the smile of that face, and the pressure of that hand, and the hearty "thank you" coming from those lips, gave my mind and my pen an impetus, and I am not sure but in reality that young man proved a benefactor to me.