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No. 1.

MARCH.

Price postage free 10 Cents, or Yearly in advance \$1.20.

GRAND ROUNDS.

EDITED BY MRS. HUNT-MORGAN.

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PREFACE.

In editing this MAGAZINE, I have in view three special objects.

I. To provide a medium by which our christian soldiers and sailors may be kept in communication with each other, and may know what is being done by members of their honorable earthly services, in a still more honorable heavenly service; also to afford me an opportunity of saying many things to my friends who have as yet contented themselves with the earthly service, but whom I would fain recruit into the ranks of a Divine Commander.

II. To inform the christian public of what the Lord is doing in the mission which He has privileged me to begin in Nova Scotia under the title of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Home and to make christian civilians better acquainted with their brethren who wear the truly honorable, but hitherto, too often despised uniform of our Queen. As I am constantly receiving very interesting communications from soldiers' and sailors' in different parts of the world, I purpose inserting such as are suitable for publication in these pages, and besides expect to give to the public many articles contributed by men of various ranks in our army and navy, which will doubtless prove interesting not only to their comrades in uniform, but to all who may read our monthly.

III. To enlarge the sphere of my personal labors, by maturing a plan of evangelization among the English and foreign merchant seamen, entirely apart and distinct from the Soldiers' and Sailors' Home, which must necessarily be kept solely for the use of the Royal Services. This subject will be found treated more circumstantially in the article in the present No. "What can be done for our merchant seamen?"

Finally, This MAGAZINE is sent forth with the prayer of faith that God may be pleased to own it in the effectual calling of His chosen, and in the more entire separating from the world of those whom He has already called out of darkness into His marvellous light. And with my whole heart do I desire that He will not permit its publication to succeed beyond what shall accord with the truth of His Holy Word.

In commencing this new effort to spread the knowledge of the gospel of Jesus Christ, I would solemnly ask of every child of God who may read these pages to pray that grace may be given me to declare "the whole counsel of God," not yielding to friend or foe, but only

"LOOKING UNTO JESUS."

GRAND ROUNDS.

Edited by Mrs. Hunt-Morgan.

Grand Rounds.

ADDRESS BY THE EDITOR.

Sentry.—Halt! Who comes there?

Field Officer.—Grand Rounds.

Sentry.—Stand, Grand Rounds! Advance, one, and give the countersign!

Field Officer.—(Gives the countersign).

Sentry.—Pass, Grand Rounds, All's well!

The Bible is emphatically a book for warriors. Life is there frequently spoken of as a warfare; and the many beautiful illustrations used to explain the gospel are peculiarly suited to the feelings and understanding of the men who are professionally engaged in the service of their country. The position of the sentry, the watchman, is often alluded to in God's word; he is one to whom a solemn trust, a great honor, are committed, and from whom is expected the accomplishment of very definite duties. It is not his part to command, nor to plan; he has simply to hold his post, and give the alarm should an enemy approach. He possesses no high rank, yet the honor of his Commander is to a great extent in his power, for one faithless sentinel might lose the city which his Chief

would have held for the sovereign, or might otherwise bring reproach on the discipline maintained by his officers. Then he must be ready not only for the enemy, but for the visit of the Field Officer going on his Grand Rounds from one post to another to see that all are on the alert and performing their duties as becomes faithful soldiers. And how beautifully all this is spiritualized in the Bible! God has placed us in the world, not to live independently, just for ourselves, but to be a mighty chain of sentries holding the world for Him, not choosing our own post, but filling the position to which He sees fit, in His infinite wisdom to appoint us. O how many ought to be God's sentinels, who cast away this glorious birthright, refuse the honor, and are but deserters and traitors to their King. How many, in this poor sinful world of ours choose the devil's service rather than the Lord's, and yield up to their spiritual enemy the time and strength and talent which should be devoted to their rightful Lord. And remember, dear friends, God has a special right to every one of us. He created us and therefore we are absolutely His to use as He pleases; but He has a deeper, tenderer right to us than that of our Creator; *He redeemed us*, when we were such enemies, such rebels that we had lost all claim

to the privilege of entering His service. Remember, how gallantly the 97th fought to bear off their wounded captain, the Hedley Vicars whom they loved so well; and think that our great Commander has done more for us than ever Vicars did for his men; and the Lord Jesus calls on us, not to fight for His life, *that* is Divine, nor for His body, *that* He bears in heaven to represent us before the Father, but, in a certain sense, He bids us *for His honor* strive against the world, the flesh and the devil, because when we yield to the temptations of either, He is dishonored. Especially does this concern those who have already believed in Him, who have entered His service, who wear the Spiritual Uniform of a Christian profession. A *little* slip in your conduct will cause "the enemy to blaspheme." When those who are not His people, resist His call, He is *dishonored*; but when you who are His, serve slothfully. He is *disgraced*; the wounds are very deep which are inflicted on Him "in the house of His friends." Zech. xiii. 6. If a civilian were to insult a Colonel of our army, the Officer would have been dishonored, wronged, and the offender, would suffer the due penalty of his fault; but if the transgressor were one of the Colonel's own regiment, following the same colors as himself, wearing the same uniform, claiming the same regimental motto, how keenly would a good Officer feel the disgrace brought on colors, regiment and motto. For active service, actual warfare, the Christian's motto should be "*Celer et audax*"; for times of passive resistance, "*Firm*"; and at all times, and in every place. "*Ich dien.*" And He who can truly, by God's grace through Christ's redemption for the forgiveness of sins, say "I serve," "*Firm*," "*Swift and bold*," can also rejoicingly make his own that song of joy and triumph contained in the closing verses of Romans viii.—"*Quis separabit*?"

I should like to say much more, but have not space. In succeeding numbers of our own magazine I hope to say

something about the names and mottoes of our various ships and regiments.

As some of my friends may like to find the passages of Scripture specially interesting to them when "on sentry," I mark several, in which the subject is referred to, historically and spiritually.

Gen. xxxi., 49. Psalm cxxvii., 1.; cxxi., 4. Here God Himself deigns to represent Himself as, even in this particular, "leaving us an example."

Neh. iv. 9. Is. xxi., 6-8, 11, 12. Jer. li. 12.

Nahum ii. 1. 2 Sam. xviii. 24-27. 2 Kings ix. 17-20. 2 Chron. xx. 24. Ezek. iii. 17-21; xxxiii. 1-9. Hos. ix. 8.

Is. lii. 8; lvi. 10; lxii. 6. Jer. vi. 17; xxxi. 6. Eph. vi. 11-18.

The following are some texts which are spiritually appropriate to all, and which my dear soldier friends will find specially interesting to remember, some night when they are faithfully keeping their lonely post, and expecting Grand Rounds. Matt. xxiv. 42; xxv. 13. Mark xiii. 35. Luke xii. 36-38; xxi. 34, 35, 36. Rev. ii. 25; xvi. 15. Micah vii. 4. Hab. ii. 1.

May those dear friends whom I have met with so much happiness on earth be all forgiven their sins through the blood of Jesus, so that when He calls them, they may be able to reply,

"All's well!"

"Come Lord Jesus, come quickly!"

For the countersign with which he thrills the hearts of His people, is:

"I have loved thee with an everlasting love, therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee."

"Those short-lived pleasures which are reaped by sin, are sure to be lost by after sorrow. "What fruit had ye in those things, whereof ye are now ashamed? For the end of those things is death," Romans vi. 21. Death to our present comfort, and death to our immortal souls."—*Mason*.

"It is no shame to beg at Christ's door."—*Rutherford*.

Sonnet.

BY MRS. HUNT-MORGAN.

Not *my* will, Father! Only what *Thou*
willest.

Give me Thy work to do, Thy cross to
bear;

I can do all, when Thou my spirit thrill-
est:

When Thy sweet whisper breathes,
heaven's peace is there.

Teach me to bend my heart in meek
contrition,

Mould my proud will to bow in full sub-
mission;

Let my whole soul beneath Thy life
word bending,

Constantly worship Thee, while heaven-
wards wending.

Guide me to do, or bear, as Thou seest
meet,

To act with joy, or suffer silently;

Trained to obedience be my willing feet,

Walking the path all crimson-tracked
by Thee;

Till trial, probation, weary waiting cease;

My Saviour's voice shall whisper me to
God's eternal peace.

Thoughts on Sentry.

BY A PRIVATE OF THE 87TH.

"Out of the knottiest timber He can
make vessels of mercy for service in
the Palace of Glory."

As I was pacing up and down on
my lonely post, close to the river-side,
with the beautiful carpet of snow at
my feet, and the bright moon shining
in all its glory overhead, at the mid-
night watch, my thoughts were wan-
dering over the time I had lost; that
precious time lost for ever, never to be
recalled. And I was thinking of God's
grace and mercy to me, and remem-
bered with a shudder, when I used to
stand on the deck of a ship, the sea as
calm as a lake, and the vessel tossing
lazily about, then I used to curse the
God that made the sea; and at another
time, in the utmost peril in a storm,
when you could hear the stout timbers

crack and groan, and the masts were
bending like reeds in the strong blast,
when the sea would be mountains
high, and you would not know one
minute from another, when you would
be cast into the unknown depths of the
ocean; even then I defied the God in
His power, that God who holdeth the
seas in the hollow of His hand, and
whom the wind and seas obeyed.
Rash man that I was, how would it
have been with my soul?

I remembered with a shudder and
with trembling the way I had escaped
from the very jaws of death, and as I
watched the tide ebbing and flowing, I
thought of the vast multitude of men,
beings going on in blindness along the
stream of life, and being hurried to
certain destruction; and as I glanced
on the opposite shore, and saw the gas-
lamps shining brightly on the clear,
frosty air, and noticed how few and
far between they were; then I thought
of the Lord's faithful few, who are
struggling against this great stream of
life, endeavoring by their practice and
example to lead their fellow-creatures
to the Living God. O! how I prayed
to that God, with tears in my eyes!
For I could no help weeping, my heart
was so full; they were tears of sorrow
for sin, and tears of joy for redemption.
The Lord's own words came home with
full force upon me, when He said:

"I have blotted out as a thick cloud
thy transgressions, and I will remem-
ber them no more for ever."

And I thought of one in the city of
Halifax that has a heart for the soldier,
one from the shores of Old England,
one that has had a hard struggle and
has "conquered through Him that
loved" her. I left it all to the all-wise
God and I asked Him to give us both
the desires of our hearts.*

Such were my thoughts while on
sentry. Whether it is cold or wet,

*He alludes to my having asked him
to unite with me in prayer that God
would bless our "Soldiers' and Sailors'
Home."

rough or smooth, the Lord is with me, and I feel it a pleasure to do his bidding.

"Then when on earth I breathe no more,
The prayer oft used with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
Thy will be done."

Our Historical Sketch.

THE COURTSHIP OF THE CID.

By Mrs. Hunt-Morgan.

Rodrigo Diaz de Bivar, whose birth-place was the solemn old city of Burgos, made his appearance on the stage of life in 1025, only a few years before our Norman ancestors took possession of England. His more familiar appellation of "The Cid" was a title applied to him by the Moors whom he compelled to become his vassals, and is from the Arabic "Said," signifying "a lord," or, "master," and is proudly retained by his Spanish countrymen in exulting memory of his triumphs over their natural enemies. They also added the well-known title, "Campeador," which, in its richness of meaning, gives the idea of a champion in his glory; there is a wild, mighty flourish of trumpets in the very sound of the word.

Of course, this mainspring of history, this hero of romance had a wife; for who ever heard of a crusty old bachelor being a country's hero until those degenerate times when the misogynistic Swede refused to acknowledge that woman had any "rights" at all? But our Cid was a man of sense and chivalry. He did a few gallant things at first, to prove himself worthy the bright glance of a lady's eye; then selected a true-hearted woman, and gave her the most precious and natural "woman's right"—that of being loved and honored by a noble, manly heart, which, with her love, had also the power to claim her obedience.

Ruy Diaz began his courtship, certainly, by rather overdoing a man's

right to be master; but as he acted according to his measure of knowledge of what was right, as well as in obedience to his father's instructions, the lady overlooked his misdoemeanor; after she had first, in true woman's style, declared she never would forgive him.

The affair began thus; Old Count Lainez, the father of our Cid, had received a gross insult from the powerful Count of Gormaz. So deeply did he feel his disgrace that, in the words of the ancient Spanish ballad:

"Sleep was banished from his eyelids,
Not a mouthful could he taste;
There he sat with downcast visage,
Direly had he been disgraced."

His son, on seeing the old man's grief, and learning its cause, sallied out to single combat with the offender, after the custom of those days, (the arbitration committee of Geneva wasn't formed just then); and after defeating him, carried the head to his father, who gave him his blessing, and declared him "head of his house."

But Ximena, daughter of the slain count, carried to the king at Burgos her bitter complaint, demanding vengeance, and offering personal defiance to Diaz, who was present. But the Champion, who would have answered a man's defiance readily enough, turned his horse and rode away when a lady began to declare herself his enemy. The king felt for the orphan, but dared not harm the Cid, who was too popular, and also too valuable a subject, to be trifled with, more especially as the slain count had really brought his fate on himself. The royal judge, therefore, quitted Ximena with promises which he left unfulfilled. But Ximena either was in earnest, or wished to be thought so; but which was the case, subsequent events have left doubtful. Again and again she besought the king to avenge her; and the Spanish account goes on to represent her as saying

"King, six moons have passed away
Since my sire was reft of life
By a youth, whom thou dost cherish
For such deeds of murderous strife."

"Four times have I cried thee justice ;
Four times have I sued in vain ;
Promises I get in plenty,
Justice, none can I obtain."

The king, thinking to extricate himself from the dilemma in which Donna Ximena's request had placed him, suggested that the feud should be merged in her marriage with Ruy Diaz.

The king had observed that the Cid had for some time past been in the habit of taking daily rides by the dwelling of Ximena, during which his hawks had been sent in pursuit of the lady's pet doves ; and the royal mind was convinced that the sportsman intended his falconry as a hint that himself was anxious to fly at the more precious game he saw in the person of the doves' mistress.

Ximena seems to have spent some little time in "thinking over" the king's hint. Doubtless, to a haughty *senorita* of old Spain, it was considerably in the lover's favor that he could boast of possessing the very bluest of blue blood, being only fifth in descent from Lain Calvo, who had been elected one of the "Judges of the Castile" in the tenth century. The mother of Diaz was the daughter of Count Alvarez, Governor of the Asturias, so that the nobility of Diaz was unimpeachable. The king further remarked that as Ruy Diaz had slain the father, so it was the more proper that he should become the lawful protector of the daughter whom he had deprived of other defence.

While Dona Ximena deliberated on the subject, came the news of a splendid victory gained by the Cid over the Moors on the mountains of Oca. Five kings were made captive, and were then generously released, after consenting to become tributary to the Cid Campeador.

This exploit completed the conquest of the Spanish girl's heart. The hero of her country was henceforth her own hero ; and the quaint old Castilian rhymers thus describe her consent to the king's wishes,

"King, I come to claim a favor,
This the boon for which I pray ;
That thou give me this Rodrigo,
For my wedded lord this day."

"Happy shall I deem my wedding,
Yea, my honor will be great ;
For right sure am I, his fortune
Will advance him in the state."

"Grant this precious boon, I pray thee,
'Tis a duty thou dost owe ;
For the great God hath commanded
'That we do forgive a foe:"

"Freely will I grant him pardon
That he slew my much loved sire,
If with gracious ear he hearken
To my bosom's fond desire."

The king was delighted at this fulfilment of his wish, but remarked somewhat spitefully concerning the damsel who had given him so much trouble, that "it was true what he had often heard, that the will of woman is wild and strange. Hitherto she hath sought deadly vengeance on the youth, and she would have him to husband !"

When the royal matchmaker addressed the intended bridegroom on the subject, the instant response was :

"King and lord, right well it pleaseth
Me thy wishes to fulfil ;
In this thing as in all others,
I obey thy sovereign will."

Notwithstanding his boast of submission to his majesty's will, he had by no means, however, been at all times so ready to obey ; for when at the beginning of his military career, he swore allegiance to his sovereign, he boldly told his lord that not he, but King Ferdinand was the person privileged by the ceremony. But Dona Ximena was the lady of his love, and therefore Diaz most obediently took her to wife, saying when he met her at the altar :

"I did slay thy sire, Ximena,
But, God wot, not traitorously ;
'Twas in open fight I slew him,
Sorely had he wronged me."

"A man I slew,—a man I give thee—
Here I stand thy will to hide !
Thou, in place of a dead father,
Hast a husband at thy side."

"All approved well his prudence,
And extolled him with zeal;
Thus they celebrate the wedding
Of Rodrigo of Castile."

The pair thus plighted, lived together in the most tender and faithful union; and years of wedded happiness were but the prolonging of love's first romance.

Such is the account of the courtship of the Cid, furnished by the old chronicles and metrical romances of Spain.

It is useful to know the histories of those olden times, and to contrast the ignorance and troubles of those days with the opportunities for intellectual and spiritual instruction which we now enjoy. And even in our times of education and refinement, with Bibles in abundance open for our perusal, we may well pause, and wonder if our lives are as faithful to what we have been so mercifully taught, as the lives of those old heroes of Spain, who knew very little of the Lord Jesus Christ, but who so honorably practised the virtues of courage and patriotism which they, alas, had been taught to regard as all-sufficient. We would do well to remember for our own part the words of the Redeemer, that "to whom much is given, of him much shall be required."

Heaven for an Asylum.

When that true "Soldiers' friend," the late Duncan Matheson, was engaged in preaching in the villages of Scotland, he was frequently accompanied by Dan Collison, a young Christian who might be accurately called a giant in faith. Many taunted Dan with being mad with his religion, but the noble lad replied:

"If I'm mad, I'll get heaven for an asylum!"

After assisting one evening at a preaching service at a fair, he remarked to a friend as he went towards his home:

"I'm gaun' hame to tell my Faither."

He spent the night in prayer, as he said, and a few hours after his Heavenly Father took him into the safe asylum of the Eternal Home.

Only One Cent in Hand!

Most of those who have heard of the "Soldiers' and Sailors' Home," at Halifax, N. S., know what is the plan on which it is conducted. Feeling called by God to this work, I gladly devoted to it all the means in my possession, but as these were very limited, much more was needed in order to enable me to accomplish what was in my heart for our country's defenders. For the supply of this large need, I look *only* to the Lord, and He has richly answered my trust, trembling and mixed with sin as that trust has too often been. Many times has He, in a marked manner, brought means to carry on the work, when but for His special interposition it must have ceased. Three days before removing to our present house, I knew that on the third day seventy-two dollars would be absolutely required. I cried to the Lord, and *two* days before the demand I was informed that an unknown friend had placed *one hundred dollars* at my disposal. I have never been able, even in my own thoughts, to know who this friend was, but certainly he was God's messenger. Several times since the Lord has graciously sent help from unexpected quarters; the sums brought in have been large or small, according to our need for the work.

On November 3rd, of last year, Colonel Gordon, of the 1st 60th Rifles, brought me the money, (see financial report) which he had obtained for the Home. A few days after, our gas-bill came in, and within a month the quarter's rent was due.

Not so very long ago we had, one day, "only one cent in hand"; several little things *must* be had for the house-keeping that day. I expected nothing

from any one I could think of, only from the Divine Friend who has promised that "they that fear the Lord shall not want any good thing." To Him was my silent petition made. The morning passed, afternoon stole away, when just as the gloaming fell, a lady, before a stranger, called to bring two dollars which one of her friends had given her for me. I did not tell her of that lonely little cent, but if she sees this she will know how God sent her that afternoon on His errand.

Our larger Home entails larger expenses, but the ONE who has done so much can do still more. The work is only His, and being unsustained by human promises, is simply dependent on His direct support. "History repeats itself," and "Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever." The same Divine Will that fed the multitude on the five loaves and two small fishes, brought me help when I had

ONLY ONE CENT IN HAND.

Our Lost Sailor.

BY MRS. HUNT-MORGAN.

A year ago a most touching story came to my knowledge, which has not lost its painful interest through the lapse of time, and I make it public through the pages of our magazine, in the hope that it may please God to use this means to give the sailor-boy back to the widowed mother whose heart so sadly longs for the one who "is not." The following is the letter which I received last March:

WOBURN ROAD, BEDFORD, ENGLAND,
27th February, 1875.

To the Superintendent Soldiers' and Sailors Home, Halifax, N. S.:

SIR,—I trust you will kindly excuse the liberty I take in troubling you, when you are informed of the great anxiety I endure through not having heard from my son, George Walter Cranney, for the last *four years!* He

had served his apprenticeship in the "Prince George," Captain Hawkins, of Liverpool. Afterwards, in the S. S. "Dacia," Captain Dowell, laying the telegraph cable round the West India Islands in the years 1871-2. He having had the yellow fever twice, was discharged. Then took passage in a brig, the "Eleonora," for Marseilles. Through H. B. M. Consuls I have traced him. It appears that he shipped in the barque "Stag," of Halifax, N.S., Captain Wilson, for New York, U. S. The "Registrar General" informs me that he was discharged from the barque "Stag," officered No. 53,572, at New York on the 18th May, 1872.

My son was born at the Cape of Good Hope, S. Africa, 5th May, 1850, my late husband having been an officer in the army serving there at the time.

I fear he has not succeeded so well as we could wish, probably that may be the reason he does not write, as he formerly used to do. *I wish him to know that his mother's house is always his home!* I shall therefore esteem it a great favor if you will kindly permit the enclosed paper to be placed on the mantelpiece or some other place; somebody may hereafter meet with him, and so be able to inform him of my constant anxiety.

I remain, dear sir,
Your obliged servant,
MARY CRANNEY.

The paper of inquiry to which Mrs. Cranney refers is still in my Home, and a copy of it will be found on the cover of each No. of our magazine. It may meet the eye of the missing son, or of some one who may be able to give some tidings of him. Will our friends in Bermuda and the West India Islands especially, as also on other foreign stations, make it their *business* to inquire for the widow's son! And, in the name of our common humanity, will all Good Templars, Free Masons, Foresters, and similar Societies place a copy of the inquiry in some conspicuous place in their respective places of

meeting? It may be that some of their visiting members from foreign lands may be able to furnish some clue to the situation of this loved and lost one.

One word more to my brothers and sisters in Christ who may read these lines: You, who have known for yourselves the readiness of our Heavenly Father to answer the prayers of His children, will you remember this mother and her deep sorrow, her wearing agony of suspense, when you seek the presence of the Prayer-Hearer? Will you pray to Him who raised the widow's son at Nain that He will again have mercy on a mother who is a widow? Let not your hearts coldly regard or feebly engage in this quest: remember, while you have *your* dear ones safe, there is a lonely heart which your efforts may perhaps yet cause to "sing for joy."

Converted on Sentry.

BY MRS. HUNT-MORGAN.

The solemn stillness of night had fallen on the great English camp at Aldershot. The inhabitants of the town had, for the most part, retired within their respective homes, and the tattoo had long ago been heard in the barrack-squares of the different regiments, warning the soldiers to their rest. Now, all was quiet in the town, save where the hasty footstep of some solitary passer-by might be heard swiftly returning from some late excursion; and in the camp itself, nothing broke the silence, save the measured tramp of the patrols, or the challenge of the sentries when any one approached their stations.

A Christian corporal, with a file of the guard, had been patrolling round the cavalry-stables, when, on returning from his duty, as he passed up the hill towards the hospital-guard, the fulness of his heart's praise to God burst forth in song; and clear on the trembling night-air rose the soldier's powerful voice in tones of thrilling joy:

"There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain."

His happy melody finished, he returned to his quarters, not knowing that God had that night made him a messenger of eternal life to a comrade of another regiment.

A short distance from the hospital hill, a sentry stood at his post, at an earlier part of the night, and as he paced to and fro, or stood by the sentry-box, who can describe the rushing world of remembrances which visited his mind? Thoughts of the past lengthened out into dreams of the future, and these were broken in upon by a sense of weariness, mingled with a wish that the hour for relieving sentry were come. Slowly rolled by the minutes at that silent post, when the soldier's attention was suddenly arrested by the sound of singing not far off. His quick ear told him at once that it was not the wild tones of the bacchanalian reveller breaking in on the holy quiet of the night; but the clear, ringing tones of a soldier's voice, in firm and even measure, singing of the "house of many mansions." As verse after verse pealed gloriously forth, the listener felt that he who sang *believed* his song, and over the lonely sentry stole thoughts of his boyhood's home; stole memories of the old days of Sunday-School attendance; stole, still more clingingly, windingly about his heart, the often-heard, but alas! too-often-forgotten story of the thorn-crowned Nazarene, the light-crowned Son of God.

Man would have said that the sentry was alone on his solitary post; but God looked down and knew that His own time to favor that soul was come; and so the great Captain of Salvation went forth on his "grand rounds" that night, and pausing beside the young soldier, left a blessing there. The all-subduing love of Jesus conquered the brave, but hitherto stubborn will. Long-past teaching of early youth came

back again with renewed power, and in the still starlight the gallant servant of an earthly sovereign, abjured the long spiritual rebellion of a lifetime, and rendered to the King of Kings the vow of his heart's allegiance.

The time flew now. The corporal of the guard came with the relief that would dismiss our sentry to his quarters. But One greater than any earthly official had visited the post before them, working a wondrous change; and when they drew near, they found the soldier, still faithfully grasping his rifle, but on his knees in earnest prayer beside his sentry-box.

Sympathising Friends.

BY A RIFLEMAN.

"Mrs. McDougall, hae ye no heerd the news fleem' aboot?"

"No, Mrs. McTavish, what is the folk sayin' noo?"

"O! Mrs. McDougall, I thocht aye body kened that Mrs. Campbell's bonnie fair-haired laddie hae rin awa' frae hame, and listed for a sodger; and his puir, winsome mither's gaein' aboot the toon amais't laft; but am thinkin' mysel', an' sae do a' mi neebors, that, gang whar he likes, he'll aye du weel; for ye ken his mither was aye awesome particular aboot his education. An', Mrs. McDougall I'm thinkin' he's weel awa' frae amang the lads runnin' aboot the toon, an' bein' a sodger is nae sic disgracefu' thing after a', as ye ken my ain gndeman was in the army himsel', an' leuk how weel he gat on! After twenty-ane years' service, was discharged a Quartermaster-sergeant, an' nae body kens what he might be—may be a Colonel, an he had bided lang eneuch? Weel, Mrs. McDougall, I dinna think the laddie will gang astray; but ye maun ken vara weel, that in gaein' in amang sae mony, he's amais't sure to fa' acquent, an' they might 'e-coy him awa' frae his early habits o' sobriety for a time; for ye ken, a sodger has sa muckle time tae himsel',

and aften taks nae pride in cultivatin' his mind, an' sae things gang on frae time tae time, an' he amais't forgets his teachin'; but at times there's things comes intae his head that mak's him mindfu' o' his boyhood; an' sae to droon sic thochts, he flees awa' to some dram-shop to droon them in whiskey. But I could trust that laddie anywhar, for I hae kent him since he was a bairn. But yet, bein' awa' frae a' kind freends may mak' a difference. An' yet again, I canna misdoot but a' things will turn oot a' richt in the eend."

This sympathy was bestowed upon a youth who had enlisted in one of the line regiments contrary to the wishes of his beloved mother and well-wishing friends; but having taken a fancy to the army, he joined with the full determination to do well.

All - things progressed favorably during his probation of recruits' drill; after being dismissed from this he soon found himself under orders to join his regiment serving in the Colonies, and was soon crossing the Atlantic with bright prospects of a happy future and rapid promotion.

But, alas! his hopes were soon blighted, for, on joining, he found fresh friends and new amusements, which caused him to forget the early instruction of his pious mother. He commenced by card-playing; went from that to drinking, which caused him to come home to barracks rather unsteady.

Unfortunately for him, this continued until he one evening found himself on his back, singing "Home, sweet Home," not in a garret, but on the top of a snow bank. But this noise soon attracted the picket, and the consequence was that he found himself in the guard-room the following morning, waiting to go in front of his Commanding Officer. For such offence he may come under the penalty for drunkenness.

But thinking over his folly, he makes resolutions to give up his evil ways, becomes a useful member of society, and a good, steady, intelligent

non-commissioned officer, loved by the men, and looked upon as trustworthy by his Commanding Officer, all through giving up swallowing "Red-Heart-Ruin," or what is commonly called "THUNDER AND LIGHTNING."

Our Question Box.

"England" asks: "Who first preached the gospel of glad tidings?"

God Himself, when He told our first parents of the coming Deliverer, who would crush their enemy, and whom Eve expected to be "a Person of the Essence-Existing." (See Gen. iii. 15 and iv. 1.) In the New Testament dispensation, the angel Gabriel was the first preacher of the glad tidings, to Zechariah, in the temple. (Luke i. 16. 17.) Then to Mary at Nazareth, (verse 26-33.) Then God again condescended to declare the good news to Joseph, by his angel. (Matt. i. 20, 21.) Zechariah next gave the glorious message to his assembled neighbors and kindred. (Luke i. 67-97.) The angel of the Lord preached the same theme to the shepherds, who in their turn became advocates of the cause. (Luke ii. 8-14, 17, 18.) The aged Simeon is the next preacher on record; he, in the temple at Jerusalem, declared the good news. (Luke ii. 27-32.) And in the same sacred place, and elsewhere in the city, the venerable Anna was privileged to be a messenger of the Saviour. (Luke ii. 36-38.) So that even before our Lord Jesus Christ began His personal public ministry in the form of our humanity, He had already declared His purposes of mercy in His Divinity, and had caused His announcement to be repeated by angel, priest, shepherd, devout man, and even by a woman, for the Lord chooses His own messengers and sends by whom He will send.

A condensed answer to the question may be found in Heb. ii. 3: "How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation, which at the first began to

be spoken by the Lord, and was confirmed unto us by them that heard Him."

W. H. inquires: "What are the first six duties of a soldier?"

The Editor does not presume to decide on military questions; but without waiting to refer "W. H." to more competent authority than her own, she thinks she may safely venture, in the present instance, to suggest the following six "duties" as especially worthy the continued attention of her soldier-friends.

1. Fear God.
2. Honor the Queen.
3. Obey your officers.
4. Show courtesy to your comrades.
5. Sign the Temperance Pledge (and keep it).
6. Re-engage.

X. wishes to know: "Where does Jeremiah mention two lying prophets and their fate?"

Jer. xxix. 20-23.

"Where is it said that the Medes were not to be bribed with gold or silver.

Is. xiii. 17.

"Why was it that Herod desired to see Jesus?"

From curiosity, and a wish to be amused by some new wonder.

Luke xxiii. 8.

"In what year was Moses found among the bulrushes?"

1571 years before Christ.

"A Soldier" asks: "Gen. i. 26. 'And God said: Let us make man in our image.'—Why did God make use the words 'us' and 'our,' which both mean more than one person?"

The fact of these words being used proves that more persons than one were engaged in the works of creation, so that we find in the very first chap-

ter of the Bible an answer to the false doctrines of Deists and Socinians. This verse of itself proves the existence of the Holy Trinity—*three* Divine persons, yet *one* God; and the very construction of the Hebrew language, in which the Old Testament was first written, and its rich depths of meaning and fulness of expression, are admirably adapted to make this important doctrine clear to every sincere seeker of the truth. The word *Elohim*, or *Aleim*, used in the original Scriptures, and which is translated *God*, in our English versions, is a plural noun, and is used sometimes with plural, and sometimes with singular verbs and pronouns, as in the following literal translation of the 26th and 27th verses: "And the *Aleim* said, *we* will make man in *Our* image, according to *Our* similitude," etc., etc. "So the *Aleim* created the man after *His* external form, according to the image of the *Aleim*, *He* created them, male and female *He* created them." Even the grammatical construction of these verses show clearly that the God who is *one*, has a triple personality. There is another passage exhibiting this with great clearness. (Josh. xxiv. 19.) "Ye cannot serve Jehovah, for *He is Aleim Kedshim*, the Holy God." Here both the noun *Aleim* and the adjective *Kedshim* are in the masculine plural, while the verb and pronoun are in the singular. Dr. Priestley and his adherents have endeavored to defend their deistic opinions by contending that *Aleim* is not a plural noun, but "a word that has no singular number, with a plural termination which sometimes influences the adjunct in opposition to the sense." But if this were so, and the nature of the word were singular, why should a plural adjective be used in connection with it? Besides, the unbelieving Jews themselves, who are anxious in every possible way to confute the doctrine of the Trinity, and so deny the Godhead of our Lord Jesus Christ, yet cannot deny the plural meaning of *Aleim*; indeed one

of their most learned Rabbis, has critically given a most beautiful eduction of this precious doctrine from the nature of the language, when he says:

"In the word *Elohim*, there are three degrees, each distinct by itself, yet all one; joined in one, yet not divided from one another."

Leslie, in his address to the Jews, says:

"Nor is it we Christians alone that would infer a Trinity from your law, your own Cabalists do distinguish God into three lights; and some of them call them by the same names as the Christians, of the Father, the Word, and the Holy Spirit, and yet say, that this does not at all break the unity of God."

And the same writer says again:

"And you know how many of them do think, that a plurality of powers in the one nature of God, is intimated in the very name of God, *Elohim*, which is the plural number."

Eve's exclamation on the birth of Cain, whom she seems to have expected to be the promised "seed," proves that she who had received the promise of a Saviour from God Himself, understood that the Deliverer was to be both God and man. "I have gotten a person of the Essence Existing," or, "I have gotten a man of the *Aleim*."

The late William Romaine, in a sermon on the Right Knowledge of God, says:

"The word *Aleim* is a plural noun, from the root *Aleh*, a curse, or an oath; neither is there any other root from whence it can be derived, without offering great violence to the established rules of the Hebrew tongue."

Another Hebraist writes thus:

"In looking over the radical words of the Hebrew language, one finds the root *Aleh*, to mean an oath, or adjuration; the execration made to affect the breaker of a covenant; and the genius of the language certainly admits the word *Aleh* to be used, from that, to signify a person that hath taken upon him this oath, and *Aleim* to denote

more persons, become subject to it, or entering into covenant or agreement together; and nothing was more common among the Heathen than that notion, that the Supreme God could bind Himself by oath." *Thoughts on Religion, by the late Lord President Forbes.*

Parkhurst declares the word to signify "the Denouncers of a conditional curse." Bate says: "*Aleim* is a title of the ever-blessed Trinity; it means the persons under the oath, or binding curse of a covenant." Calcott writes: "*Aleim* signifies Föderators, or covenanters, upon oath."

Hutchison explains the same word: "In man, who takes an oath, it is to imprecate a malediction upon himself, if he performs not the covenant. In Jehovah, or *Aleim*, it is a condescension to the capacity of creatures. He, or They, call their own attributes to witness, and cannot lie. So *Aleim* is that action which is performed in making a covenant by oath. But in these *Aleim*, it is not only the confederates among themselves, the makers of the covenant, the swearers, those who had bound themselves to perform the conditions, the witnesses of the oath, the adjutors, but now the Performers of that oath, so that we cannot find any single or compound word to express *Aleim*."

This is borne out by the many passages of Scripture in which God is said to make a covenant, or in which some consultation or agreement is implied, without any other than God Himself being said to take part in such agreement. Now, as a covenant or agreement, or consultation, requires more than one party, the very meaning of the Holy Name shows that more than one Sacred Person was concerned in these transactions. See the verse referred to in the question, and also Ps. lxxxix. 3; cx. 4. Is. vi. 8: "Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?" Eph. i. 12; Is. xlv. 23; Gen. iii. 22; Gal. iii. 17; Heb. vii. 21; Rev. xiii. 8.

Financial Report,

OF THE SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' HOME,
36 BRUNSWICK STREET, HALIFAX, N. S.

BY THE EDITOR.

Donations in Money.

Mr. Shand, Windsor.....	\$ 1 00
A Friend, Upper Canard.....	50
Mrs. A. Morton, Middleton.....	1 00
A Friend, Paradise.....	1 00
Mr. Marshall ".....	50
Friends at Bridgetown, handed to me by a Christian Friend...	3 00
A Friend, Roundhill.....	25
Mr. and Mrs. E. Rand, Canning	50
Mrs. DeBlois.....	1 00
Friend unknown.....	100 00
"A Christian Friend," unknown	5 00
Mrs. Duncan Campbell.....	1 00
Miss Selden.....	4 30
Mr. Murray, Water and Bar. Sts.	2 50
A Friend.....	25
Miss Weston, Devonport, Eng.	4 87
Major Hall, 88th "Connaught Rangers".....	4 87
Collected at Berwick by Miss L. Masters and Miss L. Wallace.	6 55
Col. at Granville St. Baptist Ch on Thanksgiving Day.....	13 83
Total.....	\$151 92

Proceeds of my own Lectures and Sermons:

May 30, 1875, Hammonds Plains	\$ 3 00
June 3, " Sackville.....	1 28
" 4, " Mt. Uniacke.....	2 40
" 5, " Rawdon.....	2 34
" 6, " Middle Rawdon...	5 17
" 6, " Rawdon.....	1 33
" 7, " Ellershausen.....	1 84
" 8, " Saint Croix.....	4 00
" 9, " Scotch Village....	2 92
" 10, " Brooklyn.....	4 70
" 11, " Windsor.....	3 33
" 13, " Hantsport.	1 55
" 16, " Canard.....	3 69
" 17, " Port Williams....	2 70
" 20, " Canning.....	3 70
" 21, " Kentville.....	3 00
" 22, " Cambridge.....	3 67
" 23, " Somerset.....	2 64
" 24, " Berwick.....	3 75
" 25, " Aylesford.....	2 69
" 26, " Tremont.....	4 15
" 27, " Malvern Square...	3 79
" 28, " Middleton.....	5 40

July 1, "	Lawrencetown....	\$8 00
" 2, "	Paradise.....	2 37
" 3, "	Clarence.....	2 61
" 4, "	Lawrencetown....	4 75
" 5, "	Bridgetown.....	8 46
" 6, "	Roundhill.....	2 65
" 7, "	Annapolis.....	2 88
" 8, "	Granville Ferry...	5 37
" 9, "	Prince William St	
	Aylesford.....	1 93
" 11, "	Canning.....	2 00
" " "	Port Williams....	3 79
" " "	Falmouth.....	3 37
Oct. 14, "	Presbyterian Ch., Pleasant St., Halifax....	11 55
Nov. 30, "	Address at Dart'h	2 50
Total.....		\$140 22

Received from sale of my little books, about..... 50 00

Given me by Temperance Lodges of Soldiers and Sailors :

"The Swallows' Nest," (H. M. S. Swallow).....	\$ 8 00
H. M. S. "Argus".....	6 00
"Hedley Vicars Lodge," soldiers	5 00
Total.....	\$19 00

Profits of the Concert given on Jan. 20, 1876, by our soldiers \$29 05

This money is set aside at the wish of the donors, for the purchase of a boat for the "Home."

In October, 1875, Colonel Gordon, of the 1st. 60th Royal Rifles, drew up several collecting cards, which he distributed among his acquaintances, and the result was as follows :

Mrs. William Hills' card.....	\$ 20 00
Mrs. Hall ".....	8 50
Mrs. Clarke ".....	15 00
Mrs. Hartshorne ".....	11 50
Mrs. Gordon ".....	17 60
Mrs. Elgee ".....	23 00
Mrs. Lovell ".....	2 50
Mrs. Wallace ".....	22 50
Mrs. Stevenson ".....	9 00
Mrs. Oliver ".....	23 25
Mrs. Pryor ".....	9 00
Mrs. Sinclair ".....	13 50
Miss Odell ".....	9 50
Mrs. Lynch ".....	13 75
Mrs. James Scott ".....	24 00
Rev. G. M. Grant ".....	12 00
Mr. Gordon ".....	6 00

Mrs. Robie Uniacke, donation.	\$5 00
Captain Wells, R.N., donation.	10 00
Total.....	\$255 60

The total receipts in cash, from April 8th, 1875, up to Feb. 1st, 1876, therefore, are :

General donations.....	\$151 92
My lectures and sermons.....	140 22
Sale of my little books.....	50 00
Soldiers' concert.....	29 05
Lodges of the Army and Navy.	19 00
Rec'd. from Colonel Gordon...	255 60

Total..... \$645 79

All of which has been spent except the Soldiers' \$29.5, in hand for the boat.

The expenses of the Home since April 8, 1875, have been :

Houserent.....	\$206 50
Rates and Taxes.....	22 10
Gas.....	71 10
Coals.....	60 00
Furniture.....	130 87
Attendance.....	18 00
Stationery.....	10 50
Papers.....	15 25
My travelling expenses on my Lecture tour, etc.....	43 27
Publishers' account.....	41 50
Repairs, carriage of parcels, etc	9 20

Total..... \$628 20

There have been many other expenses, as washing for the Home, cleaning materials, and similar items, which have far overbalanced the sums given, and have necessitated rigid economy and much personal exertion on my own part.

In future, the yearly expenses of the work will be much heavier than they have hitherto been ; for it must be remembered that nearly half the period accounted for in this report was passed in the very small house at first taken for the Home. The present Home entails increased rent, gas, and firing. The soldiers and sailors have nobly aided to support a work from which many of them will probably soon cease to derive any personal benefit, as some of the ships have already been changed,

and the regiments now with us will, it is likely, be replaced by others before long. They have worked in right good earnest for themselves and their unknown comrades and shipmates who will be with us in future years; and they have done work which should, I think, be done entirely by the rest of the world for the gallant fellows to whom, under God's blessing, we are so deeply indebted for the safety of our homes, as well as for the glory of our Empire.

I would gladly have toiled for them—those noble wearers of my Sovereign's uniform—but they have rallied round me, and we have worked together in the establishment of what is, simply, and essentially, a military and naval "Young Men's Christian Association." Pictures, which are their gifts, decorate our walls, their contributions have flowed into our Home treasury, and they have been ever ready to volunteer their powerful aid when the domestic toil has been beyond my own strength to perform, or my means to pay for having done by hired service. Our Home has been truly the centre of a genuine "Friendly Society," and when opposition and discouragement have gathered thick and dark around me from without, my heart has often been cheered and comforted by the loyal and hearty friendship of the inner circle, the circle of honorable uniforms, and of warm soldier and sailor hearts. All ranks of the service, from Colonels to drummer-boys, are found marked on our Visitors' Book, and while we feel the past is rich with blessing, we look for still brighter days in the future, because the success of our enterprise is not limited by any human ability to support it, but

"Our help is in the name of the Lord, who made heaven and earth."

Gifts other than cash have been received as follows:

Books and Tracts from Mrs. Longley, Paradise; Mr. Marshall, Paradise; Mrs. Chesley, Mrs. Chipman, and "A

Friend," Bridgetown, "A Friend," Malvern Square; Mrs. Tupper, Mr. Fellowes, Bridgetown; Mr. Bishop, Roundhill, and Mr. Fulton; Mrs. Bent, Paradise; Mrs. R. Marshall, Clarence; Mr. Rand, Berwick; Mrs. Harding Parker, Miss Vidito, Berwick; Miss Macgregor, Somerset; Mrs. Harding, Windsor. Mrs. Leadle, Halifax; Miss Vas; Gunner Smele, R. A.

Other gifts to the Home, from "A Christian Friend": Tea, Sugar, Apples, Bundle of Dusters, 2 Pillowcases, 2 Sheets, 2 Housecloths, 3 Tables, Side-board, Chest of Drawers, Butter-print, 11 little Tart-tins, a Fender, Milk, Brush, Calico.

Mrs. Simper, England, Two guineas' worth of Scriptures, in English, French, German, Italian.

Trinitarian Bible Society, A similar gift.

B. & F. Bible Society, Seven Bibles.

Mrs. Hedley, Box of Dinner-ware.

Mrs. Lawson, Box of Dinner-ware, and Moreen for 2 Quilts.

Mrs. G. M. Grant, Box of Dinner-ware.

Colonel Gordon, 1st 60th Rifles, Newspapers, A "Union Jack."

Miss Rand, 2 Quilts, 2 Pillowcases.

Two Sailors from H. M. S. "Pert," viz., J. Tuscott and H. Preeedy, A Portrait of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales.

Corpl, McGowan, late R. A., Four Frames of Soldiers' Portraits; one Frame.

Mrs. Leddle, A Tea-tray, a Butter-cooler.

Mr. Ginette, 2 Doz. Cups and Saucers.

J. Haines, A Hand-bell.

Mr. Lindsay, Several Planks for Shelves.

Mr. B. O'Neal, Six Soap-dishes.

Mr. Walpole, 1st 60th Rifles, 2 Blankets.

J. Sommers, H. M. S. "Bellerophon," Sailors' Portraits.

Mrs. Thompson, A Doormat.
Three Sailors from H. M. S. Belle-rophon, A Union Jack.
Miss Halliburton, A Stove.
Pte. Carroll, Pte. Heeley, 87th, and J. Haines, A Picture—"The Death of Nelson."
Pte. Murdoch, 87th, Painting of his Regimental Colors.
Mrs. and Miss Selden, A Picture, 2 Towels, a Quilt, a Teapot, 2 Cakes, Bundle of Dusters.
Mrs. E. D. King, 4 Pillow-cases, Toilette-cover, 8 Towels.
 "A Friend" at Malvern, 1 Towel.
Mrs. Sears, A Blanket.
Mr. Gordon, 6 Chairs.
Pte. Williams, 1st 60th Rifles, Chimney Ornaments.
Mrs. Femans, Apples (for pies for the Refreshment Room.)
Mrs. Murdoch, 2 Cakes, Moss-basket, Cake of Dripping.
 "A few Ladies of Bridgetown," A Scripture Patchwork Quilt.
Pte. Carroll, 87th, A Tea-tray.
 The Papers and Magazines given me regularly are:
The Christian, London.
The Rock, (Episcopal) London.
The Gospel Magazine, (Episcopal) London.
The Methodist, London.
The Baptist, London.
The Temperance Record, London.
The British Workman, London.
The British Evangelist.
Old Jonathan, England.
The Band of Hope Review, London.
The Gospel Trumpet, England.
The Herald of Mercy, England.
 (These six are given by the "British and American Tract Society," Halifax, N. S.)
The Scripture Readers Magazine, England.
The Christian Messenger, Halifax, N. S.
The Presbyterian Witness, Halifax, N. S.

Grace and Truth.
The Evangelist, New York.
The Christian at Work, New York.
The Star, Berwick, N. S.
The Mail, England.
Punch, England.
 (These two are sent by Colonel Gordon.)
The Contributor, Boston, U. S.

I have, at the close of this Report, to express my thanks for the kindness I have received from many friends in the loan of Churches and Lecture-rooms; also for the hospitality shown me during my tours for the Home, as well as for the very kind way in which Editors of papers, etc., have always been ready to insert notices of meetings in the interests of my work.

Other personal kindnesses of a more private nature have been manifested towards me by some who love the work because they love Him in whose name it is carried on.

What can be Done for our Merchant Seamen?

BY MRS. HUNT-MORGAN.

When engaged in the Lord's work in England, I spent much time in visiting the merchant shipping at Portsmouth and Southampton, distributing tracts in many languages, and holding Bible-readings, sometimes in lodging-houses ashore, and often on the ships, both English and Foreign. Frequently was it with but imperfect utterance that I was able to make known the glad tidings, but it was my constant rule, just to use whatever knowledge of a language God had given me, and to leave the result with Him. My taste for linguistic study I have long felt to be a talent to be devoted to the service of its Giver, and many happy hours have been spent in reading the Bible and Christian Tracts to the poor foreigners who crowded to those two ports of my own dear land. Here I am anxious to continue the same blessed work. And be it remembered that,

apart from the advantage derived from an acquaintance with the native tongue of those visited, a *lady* has always greater facilities for going among this class of men than a man would have. In all my experience of ship and lodging-house visiting, I have invariably been received, even by the roughest, with kindness and respect amounting to reverence.

Our soldiers have given me the means of obtaining a boat, which, of course, I shall be able to use in visiting all kinds of vessels; but I want something more. I believe the Lord has laid this work on my heart, and I make known my wishes to His people, in the hope that some of them may find joy in denying themselves of worldly luxuries which can endure but a little time, and so be able to devote of their substance to an investment which will be profitable for eternity.

Now, visiting the separate ships is good, very good, so far as it goes; but I want a place where I can gather a large assembly, where I can hold regular meetings and classes for both English and Foreign seamen. Perhaps some who know nothing of our army and navy will say, "You have your Home, use that." To this I reply. That is simply impossible. Our soldiers and Royal seamen are trained, and frequently cultivated men, who live by rule, are under constant and very exact discipline. A place to which the merchant service were promiscuously admitted would be no Home for them, *nor would they be allowed to frequent such a place*, even if they themselves could find pleasure in doing so. Space does not permit me to enter into particulars, but every reader who knows anything of the services will at once be aware that it is perfectly natural, right, and necessary, that our regular soldiers and sailors should not be encouraged to mingle with a miscellaneous crowd of sailors from all nations, many of whom are untaught, and utterly reckless, of almost all restraints, either religious or moral.

I want to reach the *very lowest*, and should feel quite safe from hearing evil language, which would certainly not fail to be uttered in a promiscuous assembly where no Christian lady was present. I would feel it quite right, in the Lord's service to go myself where I would feel it very wrong to take an unconverted friend.

I want, then, a Bethel Ship, which I could keep at her moorings in Halifax harbor during the greater part of the year, but which I could occasionally take out, round the coast, on a missionary tour to the fishermen, both English and French. A Christian, well qualified by his former life and habits, to take charge of such a vessel, and whom I know and have proved to be worthy of my confidence in the Lord, has expressed his willingness to accept this post, without any other dependance than on the Lord, who has filled his heart with a readiness to serve. This servant of Christ, waits with me the further manifestation of the Lord's favor in this matter. In a Bethel Ship at home, with the management of which I was familiar, six destitute orphan boys were employed under the care of the godly sailing master, thus being a further means of blessing; and my wish is to carry out something of the same kind here.

Then I would like to establish a house ashore, close to the wharves, where the merchant seamen might obtain a night's lodging in the same way as the Royal Navy men can do in my present Home. This would be under the care of a resident Christian couple, who would manifest something like parental kindness to the poor stranger lads who might seek the shelter of what would be known as "The Sailors' Rest." My own head-quarters would, of course, continue to be at the "Soldiers' and Sailors' Home," but I should exercise a constant supervision of the "Rest," and should organize and conduct Meetings there for Prayer and Bible study in various languages.

For suitable persons to live at the

"Rest," and for means, I wait the Lord's giving. As yet, I find my way made plain to pray to the Lord and to speak to His people of these matters, but for further action the hour has not yet come; may our God hasten it in His good pleasure!

And O, ye followers of Jesus, while you send missionaries at a great expense far hence unto the heathen, forget not, slight not the weary sin-stricken souls whom God sends almost to your doors.

Should the Lord see fit to stir up His people to aid in this matter, communications may be addressed to me at 36 Brunswick Street, Halifax, N. S. In this, as in my work hitherto, I look simply to the Lord, and purpose continuing to rest *only* on Him, unfettered, unhindered by worldly entanglements of committeeism or human system.

If the work be of God, He will bring it to pass; if not, then let it fail. Far, far better than we do, "Our Father knows."

Our Bible Class.

QUESTIONS.

I. Mention some remarkable persons belonging to the Tribe of Dan.

II. What women assisted to build the walls of Jerusalem, 455 B. C.?

III. Ezra and Nehemiah successfully accomplished a great work. To what did they ascribe their success?

IV. How many of the Twelve Disciples belonged to Bethsaida?

V. How many times is the fig-tree mentioned in the Gospels, in connection with our Lord, either historically, or by His own lips, as an illustration?

VI. What one subject in the preaching of the Apostles, was specially distasteful to the Jews?

VII. In what parts of Scripture are we taught that human nature is utterly depraved?

VIII. How does the Bible tell us that we may be saved?

IX. What are some of the things that accompany salvation; or, in other words, what are some of the marks which distinguish a child of God from a child of the devil?

X. Can any man serve God and the world, too?

N. B.—Answers are invited from our readers.

Removed.

Batteries No. 2, and No. 7, Royal Artillery, which have been with us so long, left Halifax for Barbadoes and Jamaica, on Wednesday, Feb. 23, in H. M. Troop-ship "Simoon."

I went into the Dockyard to watch the embarkation of the men and their wives; and having, through the kindness of their Colonel, obtained permission to go on board, I had an opportunity of many a hearty shake-hands and parting word with those, who a little more than a year ago, were my *first* visitors to the then newly opened Soldiers' and Sailors' Home. Several of them are hearty workers in the Temperance cause, and as they have promised to send me information of future work as they may be able to accomplish it at their new stations, our readers may expect to see the old names and hear of the old friends before long.

Berwick, Nova Scotia.

The young people of this pleasant little village have shown a very hearty missionary spirit in connection with the work of my "Home." I lectured there during the past summer, and was received with ready warmth. In addition to the \$6.55 sent me in January, the members of the "Juvenile Circle" have again proved that they remember me and my words. The following letter with its enclosure came to hand while these pages were passing through the press. May the simple, loving spirit of earnestness it breathes, be a means

of stirring up even older Christians to deny themselves for the Lord's service.

BERWICK 21st, 1876

Dear Mrs. Hunt-Morgan.

We the members of the "Juvenile Circle of Berwick have made \$22.93 for the benefit of the Sailors and Soldiers Home which we send to you by Post Office Order. We have worked hard for nearly a year now but have not made much. But what we have made we give freely. We trust the Lord has blessed us in our work; and we hope you will be successful in the good work in which you are now engaged. We close praying for your success.

Agnes McLeod, President; Alice Masters, Vice-President; Carrie Collins, Treasurer; Josey Halliday, Clara Balcom, Ella Chipman, Ella Sanford, Maria Masters, Grace McLeod, Gussie Illsley, Bessie McNeill, Kisboro Masters, Anne Caldwell, Lillie Parker, Lamna Legg, Fannie Eaton, Laurie Illsley.

LILLIE WALLACE.

Careless Street.

BY MRS. HUNT-MORGAN.

A ragged boy, one of the poor outcasts of society, strolled lazily along the city streets, his hands idly thrust into his dilapidated pockets, his battered hat tilted back on his head, and his whole air marking him as one of those who, as far as this world's friendships are concerned, have too much reason to say:

"Refuge failed me; no man cared for my soul!"

He lounged down the sidewalk, looking about him with an air of indifference, and then he burst out, at the top of his voice, with the words:

"I live in Careless Street,
And careless I will be;
I care for nobody, no, not I,
And nobody cares for me."

He is not the only dweller in Careless Street. That street is neither a short,

nor an uninhabited one. It is surprising, too, that ragged boys are by no means its principal denizens. After Sunday morning service, quite a number of respectable-looking individuals wend their way back to their residences in this part of the city. They are easily recognized in public meetings. The minister tells the story of Jesus' love to perishing sinners; and as he warns his hearers to flee from the wrath to come, and cries, imploringly, "We beseech you, in Christ's stead be ye reconciled to God," they listen, with eye undimmed, pulse unflinching. It is nothing to them; they live in Careless Street! Some of them have slipped into the ranks of church-members. Watch them at a missionary meeting! What is it to them if the whole world were one importunate Macedonia, crying out, "Come over and help us!" What is it to them, when letters are read from some veteran man of God, toiling afar amid heathen darkness, and sending home the urgent entreaty, "Send more to preach Jesus!" The fields are white unto the harvest, but where are the laborers? I have worked almost into the gates of the New Jerusalem glories; now, who will follow me in the toil? I have fought a good fight, and have almost finished my course; who will take up the red cross standard, as it falls from my dying hand? Brethren, forget me, if you will, but oh, forget not the MASTER and HIS work!"

And they hear unmoved, and God's aged servant may plead in vain for them, for they dwell in Careless Street!

Reader, where do you abide? Do you care for your own soul? Do you watch for the souls of others? Professing Christian, you have no title-deeds in Careless Street. If your present home is there, hear the Lord's question to you, as to Elijah of old, "What doest thou here, Elijah?"

Jesus never took up His habitation there. He went there once, and saved some, as He Himself has told us in the words, "I am sought of them that

asked not for Me; I am found of them that sought Me not; I said, 'Behold Me, behold Me,' unto a nation that was not called by My name." But He never *abode* there. He is full of that exhaustless love which makes His heart one grand care for His poor, sinful world. He wept for the Grief of Mary and Martha, even although He knew He was about to heal their sorrow. He mourned over His ruined Jerusalem, which rejected Him. He lived and suffered reproach as the "despised of the people," culminating His glorious existence of earthly suffering in the triumphant death-finale, when he crushed the serpent's head for ever, and made His royal progress through the realms of the grave back to His throne, shaking the gates of Hades, and opening the portals of Heaven, with the mighty victor-shout.

"It is finished!"

And now, dwellers in Careless Street, He sends to you the blood-stained record of His care for you, and in deep, crimson lines are traced the words:

"This did I for thee!
What doest thou for me?"

Barnard's Cross, and how the Mission was Begun.

BY MRS. HUNT-MORGAN.

It was a still autumn evening, and the gloaming stole with almost imperceptible softness over the little English city of Salisbury. A faint golden shimmer still lingered in the fast darkening west, and one by one the pale, pure stars jeweled the floor of the calm, gray-blue heaven, and "let the glory through." The breath of the autumn roses came and went "like sweet music in the air"; and the lazy hum of the cockchafers, as they droned homeward, harmonized with the sleepy twittering of the birds, as they chirped "good-night."

But alone, in a small upper room, by a window which looked out on the shadowy west, knelt a young girl in

earnest prayer. Keenly sensitive to the beauty of nature, yet, for once, every thing around was unheeded, for faith had grasped the hand of the Fore-runner "within the veil"; and face to face with God, her soul in an ecstasy of pleading repeated the old, old words of wrestliug Jacob, "I will not let Thee go, except Thou bless me." Young as she was, years had passed since the heart of Elsie Ryle had been laid on the altar of consecration, and she had vowed her life to her Saviour. But the intellectual gifts which should have been used for His glory became her snare, and dreams of worldly ambition had chilled her love to Christ. Prayer and her Bible had been neglected, while she cultivated to the utmost every talent calculated to enable her to shine in the world, and she drank deep and long of the streams of earthly knowledge. Visions of coming fame dazzled and enticed her onward; but the light was not of God; rather was it the deceitful flare of the fitful *fata morgana*, luring her soul astray from its heavenly home.

Then, in the midst of her wanderings, came over her the shadow of her Father's hand, leading her back through darkness and terror, but surely, safely, to His own right way. Struck down suddenly by severe illness, life and death struggled hard for the mastery; and when, after weeks of the fierce conflict, life conquered, and Elsie arose from her sick-bed, it was with a feeble frame, and nerves that seemed utterly shattered. The studies she loved so well had to be abandoned, and now, in her sorrowful weakness, she acknowledged the loving Hand that had wounded, and bowed in a new, deep consecration vow at the feet of her forgiving God. She felt unworthy to work for Him; and yet, even in the midst of her weakness, her active spirit could not be satisfied with the thought of a life of passive devotion; and tremblingly, but more and more hopefully, as she relinquished her dreams of earthly glory, did her soul

become absorbed in one impassioned desire that she might occupy some place, however humble, among the toilers of her Father's vineyard. At first she scarcely dared to claim, after her grievous backsliding, the Christian's privilege of being a "co-worker with Christ;" but gradually the comfort grew into her heart, that where God forgives, He forgives *fully*; and on this autumn evening, she had felt her soul drawn, as it were, within the very radiance of the cross; and as her heart poured itself out in prayer, the burden of her pleadings was, "Give me Thy work, my Father, be it in ever so lowly a sphere! Let whoever may, have the honour, but O! let me do the work for Thee!" That hour of earnest supplication was not in vain. Comforted with the assurance that her petition was accepted, she lay down to early rest determined to let no opportunity pass of doing something for Jesus.

The Sabbath dawned calm and fair in its quiet, restful beauty. Too weak and nervous, as yet, to sit through a long service at public worship, Elsie spent the morning alone with her Bible. In the afternoon, taking a small parcel of tracts, she feebly crept into the next street, inhabited by some of the poorest people in the city, and, entering two or three of the miserable courts, distributed the tracts among the slatternly women who stood gossiping in their narrow doorways. Her few words of loving, Christian warning and kind interest were well received, and she returned home exhausted by the slight exertion, but feeling encouraged by the belief that, weak as had been her effort, yet the Lord had accepted her as one of His messengers. Day after day was this work continued; and, with increased exertion, came increased health. Hope and faith stilled the throbbing of the quivering nerves; and as daily the love of Christ constrained her, it seemed, with its wondrous healing, to bring back strength to the frail body. Now and then some impulse of the old

worldly ambition would whisper, "This quiet distributing of tracts is a work beneath your talents; any one less richly endowed with genius than you could do this just as well." But faith stilled the murmur with the remembrance of the Saviour's words, "He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in that which is greatest." And Elsie felt that in learning the lesson of patience and self-abnegation set her by the Great Teacher, and in fulfilling the small tasks lying ready to her hand, was to be found the surest way to higher work in His own good time. So, quietly and patiently, she labored on, unknown, unnoticed, a stranger in the city, but soon no stranger in the dens of misery into which she carried the message of Jesus' love to sinners. As yet she heard but the distant and confused echo; but the time was rapidly approaching when the trumpet-call would reach her, unmistakably summoning her to a post of honor in the Lord's Church militant; when, out of the seemingly insignificant work in which she was engaged, was to grow a mighty power for good, and when God would appoint His quiet toiler to be an acknowledged leader in His sacred host.

One Sunday afternoon, as she entered one of the crowded courts with which the city abounded, a number of squalid children gathered round her, asking her for books. She smilingly gave them some gayly-colored children's tracts; but on questioning her little friends, who seemed disposed to improve their acquaintance with the lady who gave them such gentle words and loving smiles, she found that not one of them could read, although all eagerly grasped after a book.

"But don't any of you go to school?" inquired Elsie.

There was a general chorus of hearty noes, and one tiny girl added:

"We dot no clothes, and I dot to stop home to mind de babby."

Elsie then began to question them on their knowledge of Bible truths,

thinking they might have picked up a few facts at some Sunday-school; but not one could tell what Jesus had done for them, or even who He was; the only correct answer given to any question being that, after much consideration and many doubtful glances to and fro, one little fellow said rather anxiously, that he thought God made him. Elsie's heart ached for these poor little heathens in a Christian land, and the next day she sought for some ragged-school to which she might induce them to go. But vainly did she question policemen and store-keepers; no one had heard of such a thing as a ragged-school in Salisbury. Now the thought suggested itself to her mind, Was this left for her to do? Was hers to be the honor and the toil of establishing a mission among these "whom no man sought after"? She doubted the purity of her own motives, fearing lest the old self-seeking was urging her on. The struggle drove her to renewed prayer. At length the report reached her that a certain Mr. Mace had, two years before, talked of forming a ragged school, but had not gone beyond talking. Elsie at once called at his house and stated to Mrs. Mace what she had seen and heard during her visits among the poor; and added that, although not rich enough to contribute largely in money, yet she was willing to devote her whole time and energy to the practical work of a ragged mission.

After much hesitation among several to whom she applied on the subject, Elsie had the satisfaction of seeing a number of Christians of various sects collected together at a sort of *conversazione*, for the purpose, as a deacon solemnly said, "Of consulting respecting the desirability and possibility of establishing a mission to the extreme poor of this city." But deeply was Elsie's heart wounded by the cold calculations of those who called themselves Christians, yet hesitated to deny themselves for the sake of perishing souls and a pleading Saviour. One deacon, with less grace than fancied gentility,

remarked that although he had lived in the city eleven years, yet he had never seen such courts and lanes as those described by Miss Ryle, and imagined there could not be a sufficient number of destitute children to justify the Churches in incurring the expense of a mission. Another, a wealthy tradesman, objected that sufficient funds could not possibly be raised; his Church would not be able to contribute much, for they were about to purchase a new organ, "that the service of song in the house of the Lord might be made more attractive to the worshippers." A third said that his Church was going to paint and improve the Chapel and schoolroom, and therefore could not be expected to engage in outside work. In short, "they all, with one consent, began to make excuse," the only exceptions being one or two poor Christians who could work, but whose pecuniary means were small. Then, her heart on fire with love and indignation, Elsie spoke. Unfolding a roll of manuscript she said, in tones of trembling earnestness:

"Christian friends, this meeting has not been called without my having distinct data to lay before you. With regard to the number of children eligible for the mission, I have here a list of the names, ages, and residences of seventy-nine children whose poverty and silt are such that, if I could coax them to either of your regular Sunday-schools, your regular scholars would refuse to sit in the same class with them. These seventy-nine have, with their parents' consent, promised me to attend a Ragged School if we will form one. As to your organ and decorations, good in themselves, yet can you refuse the bread of life to those who have none, that your ears may be indulged with more dulcet tones of music, or your eyes gratified by more elegant interiors to your Chapels? Let our Christian ladies deny themselves a little of the costly trimming on their dresses; let Christian gentlemen give up their glass of choice wine; let us

all work, and God will give us success. This mission *must* be established; it is needed! I will procure the money; appoint me collector, and I will go from house to house until we have subscriptions enough. We send missionaries abroad, let us not forget our heathens at home! This ought we to do, and not to leave the other undone!"

A silence, almost of awe, fell on the company as she ceased; then one doubting Christian said, hesitatingly:

"You are quite right, Miss Ryle: we ought to deny ourselves for Christ. But perhaps if we do take a house for the mission, the children won't come: they are such wild Arabs: do you think they will? I doubt if we can get hold of them."

"I will visit them in the week, and invite them continually," said Elsie: "and on Sundays I will go round and fetch them to school. I will undertake to provide the scholars and to collect the money, for I feel that God calls me to do this for Him."

"But your health is delicate, and this is a very rough sort of work for a lady," objected another.

"My health improves every day: and be the work rough as it may, I can never do so much for Jesus as He has done for me!"

Her words were not lost. In a few weeks an old cottage was hired and furnished with second-hand forms and desks, some bought, some begged. Elsie sought out from the various Churches a number of earnest men and women as teachers, and then went to the wretched homes of her *protégés* to invite them to school for the next Sunday. The mission-cottage was at Barnard's Cross, where four of the worst streets of the city converged into one common centre of misery and sin. Low beer-shops and lodging-houses abounded in the neighborhood, and several fights during an evening were of no unusual occurrence. Here was the glorious standard of Jesus raised up, and here for the past four years,

Sunday after Sunday, has the sweet old story of the cross been told.

The mission which Elsie Ryle was thus privileged to begin, is carried on now by other hearts and hands, while far in another land, and under another name, she still prays, and preaches Jesus.

[*Note.* Since the above was written, two years have passed away, but the ragged-mission still prospers. About two months ago the Editor received tidings that new schoolrooms were about to replace the old cottage where "Elsie Ryle" first taught her little Arabs. Three hundred names now stand on the roll of scholars, and who can tell where the blessing will end? "Who hath despised the day of small things?" It will interest our soldiers to know that "Elsie's" noblest and most faithful helper in the work at Salisbury was a discharged corporal of the Royal Artillery, who had bravely won honors at Sébastopol, and who, after gallantly doing and suffering during the terrible Crimean war, has returned to his Salisbury home to be "apprehended of Christ Jesus," and to show to the world what a soldier can do for the Lord.]

Our Serial Story.

In consequence of the numerous requests for the publication of Mrs. Hunt-Morgan's story, entitled

THE MOCKING BIRD,

a part of which appeared last winter in the "Graphic," the Editor has resolved to give it to the public in these pages. The first four chapters will therefore appear in the next No. of "Grand Rounds," and the story will be continued from month to month.

"When a Christian gives way to sinful passions, he dishonors his profession, grieves the Spirit of God, and makes sport for infernal spirits. 'Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.' Rom. xii. 21."—*Mason.*

He Cometh.

BY MRS. HUNT-MORGAN.

Work, O Christian, while the day-star shineth!

Work with zeal, for thou art not thine own;
Soon the night its braided shades entwined,
And thy labor-season will be flown.
Ah! the evening-mists are surely falling,
And the Master cometh for His right;
Souls around, in waiting accents calling,
Bid thee haste to help them ere 'tis night.

Fight, O warrior! for the Captain speedeth!
Even now, from heaven He looketh down;
All thy weary sighs for Him He heedeth,
And but tarries to prepare thy crown;
Gather trophies quickly for His glory;
Ah! thy Captain's smile will be so sweet,
When He lists His soldier's eager story,
And beholds thy laurels at His feet.

Watch, fair Spouse, the heavenly Bridegroom
nareth;
Soon He comes, His waiting love to claim;
Quickly, surely, He, thy God appeareth,
To bestow on thee His own new name:
Watch, in readiness of love to meet Him,
For His heart once throbb'd out blood for thee
That thou might'st amid His glory greet Him,
And the King in all His beauty see.

Mourner, wipe the tears thy cheeks bedewing,
For the Man of Sorrows draweth nigh;
He has wept, and He thy sorrows viewing,
Hastes to bid the flowing drops be dry;
Then shall all thy griefs be calm'd for ever,
When thy Saviour clasps thee to His breast,
Whispering that no evil again shall sever
Thee from God, thy everlasting rest.

Trembler, let His trump thy spirit gladden,—
Lo, it soundeth even now from far;
All the fears which now thy weak heart sadden,
At His coming shall be chased afar.
Sinner, dread: for the Avenger bendeth,
Looking on thy darken'd deeds of sin.
When His way amid the clouds He wendeth,
How wilt thou thy Sovereign's mercy win?

Haste, before that day's terrific dawning,
Trust the saving blood on Calvary spill'd;
Though the ready gulls for thee are yawning,
He can save thee, He can cleanse thy guilt.
Hark, the trumpet louder still is sounding—
Christian, thy redemption draweth near.
Lord be in us all Thy love abounding,
So that we may meet thee without fear.

Draw us upwards; ever, ever nearer
To the Lamb who takes our sin away;
May we see, with vision daily clearer,
Heaven's own portal of immortal day.
Jesus cometh, Saviour, Prince, Creator,
Cometh surely, though we know not when;
Wait we for the glorious Consummator,
Lord of angels, but the Friend of men.

The Captain and his Dog.

BY AN ACQUAINTANCE OF THEM BOTH.

Captain Wrinkles and his dog, Bow-Wow, the latter name usually, for convenience sake, shortened to Bow, are, by no means, individuals who can be treated of separately; the biped and the quadruped were connected by such, evidently sympathetic bonds of "selective amity," that either might have said to the other, "You are my affinity."

The approach of one was considered by the friends of either as naturally heralding the advent of the other; and strangers, who were being shown over the barracks by some tall private, would be surprised to see their guide give reverent military salute to a shabby little figure, followed by a white bulldog; and in reply to their inquiries, the soldier would remark:

"O! that's Captain Wrinkles and his dog."

And if further interest were manifested on the part of the visitors, they would soon be in possession of a number of fact (?) respecting the gallant pair. Captain Wrinkles, it was said, had most loyally and dutifully paid his father's debts, but could by no means be induced to think it necessary to pay his own, having on the former point a most scrupulous sense of honor, which he carried to the noblest height of chivalrous perfection; but on the latter score, his conscience appeared to be in a state of the most complete innocence, as regards the possession of any small idea on the subject. In the payment of the paternal liabilities, Bow had no share; but in the shirking of the Captain's personal duties, he was an able assistant. The unhappy quadruped was kept in a chronic state of raging famine, or clemming, as they say in Yorkshire, and thus he became more valuable to his patron; for when the latter was at home in his quarters in the barracks, and had any reason to expect a visit from some impatient creditor, Bow was

posted outside the door in his normal state of furious hunger, when his faithful attachment to his martinet-master, together with the gnawing agonies of his "internal organization," made him viciously ready to fly at the first comer. No real harm, however, came of Bow's most alarming demonstrations towards the besieging party, for the Captain, being a man of resolute will, as well as of really kindly heart, kept strict watch over his formidable guard, and woe unto Bow, if he did more than growl. His master's orders, transmitted to him through the key-hole, maintained discipline, and retained him within due bounds; so that the attacking party, seeing no signs of their debtor's presence, but hearing Bow's fierce growls, and seeing the awful glare of his hungry eyes, and the carnivorous eagerness of his red tongue as it licked his expertant chops, did not fail to consider "discretion the better part of valor," and to "right about, turn!" marching off the premises much more quickly than they had marched on, thus disappearing uninjured but wofully dejected, leaving the Captain to chuckle over his easy victory.

Why Captain Wrinkles should prefer to remain in debt, nobody knew. It was clearly a matter of taste on his part, for, in addition to his pay as an officer, he possessed private property of his own; while so far was he from indulging in habits of personal extravagance, that his rooms were as bare as those of the lowest private; and his toilet arrangements produced a result which more than once brought on him a reprimand from his Colonel on parade.

On one occasion, during the absence from quarters of both Wrinkles and his dog, it is said that sundry creditors of the former embraced the golden opportunity to obtain entrance into his rooms, intending to make a seizure, but found themselves completely "sold," there being none of the articles of luxury which they expected to see, the rooms containing nothing but the

simple government property, which was not seizable. The disappointed visitors therefore withdrew, laughing at their own failure, and endeavoring to console themselves for the same by remarking to each other:

"Well, to be sure! We shall get our money some day, I suppose, for he isn't spending it anyhow."

The regimental shoemaker was one day electrified by the appearance of the Captain's servant bearing a pair of boots dilapidated beyond all description, which the worthy craftsman was desired to "mend at once, as the Captain wanted them."

"But it's impossible!" exclaimed he. "Take them back and tell Captain Wrinkles that they are much too far gone for anybody to attempt mending. Mend!" he continued, indignantly, "why, there's nothing to mend! They're gone completely!"

In a few minutes the orderly returned with a request that the shoemaker would be good enough to send over a bit of wax-end, an awl, and some cobbler's wax, as Captain Wrinkles "thought he could mend the boots himself." And so he did, and wore them triumphantly next morning on parade, regardless of the smothered laughter of his brother-officers, who had somehow got hold of the story that "Wrinkles had mended a pair of boots given up by the regiment . . . authority on the subject."

There was a report (but for the truth of this I cannot vouch) that the Captain could make one pair of trousers do for either plain dress, or uniform; and that he had in fact managed this by placing a row of hooks and eyes along the whole length of the military stripe; so that, when he had to appear in uniform, the crimson stripe was allowed to show itself; but when, on the contrary, he wished to be in plain dress, he had merely to fasten up his row of hooks and eyes, and lo! the stripe was neatly folded away out of sight!

One thing is certain; either the Captain took no interest in his personal

appearance, or else he imagined his beauty to be too perfect for any omissions at the toilet to detract from his charms.

I met him and his dog returning one day from a walk. There had been no rain for some time, yet they both appeared to have discovered plenty of mud, and to have taken the full benefit thereof. The Captain, with his battered crush hat, his dirty coat, and collar that seemed to have long forgotten any past acquaintance with the laundress, came up to me and entered into conversation on some of his favorite intellectual subjects with perfect ease, apparently quite unconscious of being in any but the most approved costume for a gentleman belonging to Her Majesty's army.

His untidiness in dress had become a by-word among all his friends. He was very accomplished in chemistry, and had made some valuable discoveries; but in course of time his wardrobe had become so thoroughly saturated with the odor of the various chemicals among which he loved to linger, that, in his absence, he was generally distinguished among his lady acquaintances by the irreverent *soubriquet* of "Carbolic Acid"; and as Bow was his constant companion in the laboratory as elsewhere, of course the canine hero was equally well perfumed.

If Captain Wrinkles went out to dinner, or to spend the evening with a friend, he invariably walked, no matter how great the distance, or how muddy the roads might be, and when some alteration was unavoidable, his servant was sent on, walking also, bearing the good Captain's evening attire, to await its owner's arrival in his host's dressing-room.

Bow, on these occasions, always accompanied his master to the door, there patiently awaited his pleasure a little while, and then — vanished! The reason of such behavior, of such unpardonable inattention to his superior's wishes, may be easily divined. After the long walk, poor Bow's

hunger was no longer bearable, and he went to seek wherewithal to appease its pangs.

Now the Captain's statement to me was, that he kept Bow hungry, in order that the excellent animal might be the more disposed to return home at proper time, being incited thereto by hopes of getting his supper; but this *regime* worked quite the wrong way, Bow appearing to think that if he attended his master to the door of the house where the evening was to be spent, he fulfilled his duty as a good dog by waiting a short time to see whether the visit were to be a long one; and then if after a reasonable time (or what he considered so) his ruler did not appear, he felt that he must surely be at liberty to go in search of a supper, very naturally preferring to get it as speedily as possible; not to mention, that the home-meal was, to say the least, but *probable* in fact, as well as certainly *poor* both in quantity and quality, the Captain's cupboard being frequently almost, or quite, in the same condition as Mother Hubbard's of honorable notoriety, while Bow was by no means the philosopher of that classic tale.

Therefore, when Captain Wrinkles was ready to leave, some half-hour had to be spent in searching for Bow, whose habits were so well known, that only those places were examined where edibles were known to be.

Often, when the lady of the house had committed some gentle fair into the charge of the gallant Captain to escort to her home, was the whole party convulsed with their efforts to look gravely unconscious while the excited escort hunted high and low for his missing animal, in a state of agonized uncertainty whether to forsake the truant, or keep the lady waiting.

It was once my lot to be handed over by my hostess to the care of Captain Wrinkles, when the customary search after Bow preceded all possibility of our starting homewards.

On this occasion the hunt was a

long one, for Bow, not having been as fortunate as usual in picking up a stray supper, was still in full chase after the same, regardless of his lord's chase after *him*. Being at length discovered at some distance from the house, prowling about the deck of a ship that lay alongside the quay, he sulkily followed the voice which he never dared disobey, and being brought back in triumph, my walk home was at liberty to commence.

But most devoutly did I hope that if ever Captain Wrinkles should again be my escort, his dog would first have secured a supper.

Our way was through the main streets of the town, and at every corner, where, from some distant alley, surged down the odorous tidings of stewed herrings or fried sprats, poor Bow felt the temptation to be beyond his power to resist, and never failed to scatter away up the alley in search of his missing supper. Of course the Captain had to stop and whistle back the deserter; and how many times this interesting ceremony was repeated during our walk of half-a-mile, I am afraid to say.

No matter how entertaining the subject of conversation might be, (and the Captain, being a man of splendid intellectual power, notwithstanding his eccentricities, could converse very pleasantly), yet, just in the midst of some amusing incident which he was relating, or exactly at the most critical part of some deep, metaphysical argument between us, (and Wrinkles was particularly good at metaphysics), *then* Bow would be missing, and anecdote must stop, argument must pause, while we retraced our steps to seek the absconding starveling. I felt thankful that both myself and my companion were too well known to excite any curiosity on the part of the passers-by, on account of our very erratic proceedings; and very glad was I to reach my own door at last. How the Captain got Bow to his own quarters, two miles farther on, I never heard, but could

easily imagine from the specimen to which I had been treated.

In closing this character sketch of "The Captain and his Dog," I must observe that the dog wasn't his after all, being an animal belonging to one of Wrinkle's brother-officers, but which had, probably from mutual magnetic sympathy, transferred his allegiance from his lawful possessor to the eccentric Captain.

Lessons in French.

COMPILED BY THE EDITOR.

During the past winter, we have had a succession of very interesting classes for the study of French at the Soldiers' Home; and it has been suggested that a series of published Lessons would be appreciated by our military readers. We therefore in this No. begin a course of study which, while it will give instruction to those who have at present no other means of obtaining a knowledge of the language, will also assist the more advanced students for whom additional means of improvement may be available. The suggestions at the close of the different Lessons are such as have grown out of our personal experience and have been found useful when carried out either for our own pleasure, or by others under our direction.

Our oral classes are held at the Home on Tuesday and Thursday evenings at 7 o'clock, and are open to all members of the Army and Royal Navy.

LESSON I.

Nouns, or names of things, are, in French, either masculine or feminine; the language has no neuter gender.

Articles, therefore, (*a*, and *the*), change their form according to the gender of the word before which they are placed.

<i>A</i>	;	(before a noun masculine),	un.
<i>To a</i> ;	"	"	à un.
<i>A</i> ;	"	"	feminine), une.
<i>To a</i> ;	"	"	à une.

The ; before a noun masculine), le.
Of the ; " " " du.
To the ; " " " au.
The ; " " feminine), la.
To the ; " " " à la.
Of the ; " " " de la.
The ; (before any noun in the plural), les.
Of the ; " " " des.
To the ; " " " aux.

N. B.—Before a noun beginning with a vowel, or *h* mute, *the* is translated by *l'* ; *to the*, by *à l'* ; *of the*, by *de l'*.

In the following vocabulary, the student will discover the gender of the nouns by means of the articles placed before them.

VOCABULARY.

The milk, Le lait.
 The apple, La pomme.
 The potatoe, La pomme de terre.
 The bread, Le pain.
 The butter, Le beurre.
 The cream, La crème.
 The tea, Le thé.
 The chair, La chaise.
 The table, La table.
 Have you? Avez-vous?
 Give me, Donnez-moi.
 Put, Mettez (imperative form.)
 Upon, Sur.
 Under, Sous.
 And, Et.

EXERCISE 1.

1. Put the milk, the apple, the tea, and the butter upon the table. 2. Give me the cream, and put the potatoes under the table. 3. Have you a chair? 4. Give me the apples and the bread; and put the tea upon the chair. 5. Have you the table? 6. Have you the milk and the butter? 7. Put the butter upon the bread. 8. Give me the cream of the milk. 9. Put the potatoes and apples upon the table. 10. Have you the bread and the butter?

LESSON II.

The word *some*, immediately before a noun, is translated into French exactly in the same way as *of the*.

Example: I have *some* bread; j'ai *du* pain. I have *some* apples; j'ai *des* pommes.

VOCABULARY.

The dress, La robe.
 The coat, L'habit.
 The vest, Le gilet.
 The house, La maison.
 The man, L'homme.
 The father, Le père.
 The mother, La mère.
 The sister, La sœur.
 The brother, Le frère.
 Will you? Voulez-vous?
 Can you? Pouvez-vous?
 To give, Donner (infinitive form.)
 To write, Écrire.
 To read, Lire.
 In, Dans.

[NOTE. *Will you*, and *can you*, require the infinitive form of the verb after them.

EXERCISE 2.

1. I have the dress of my sister (i. e. my sister's dress). 2. I have the houses and the coats of my brother. 3. Can you give some dresses and some apples to my sister? 4. Put some cream in the tea. 5. Have you sisters and brothers? 6. I have a father and a mother. 7. My mother is in the house of the sister. 8. Will you write to the brother of the man? 9. Can you read? 10. Will you read to the mother? 11. Put some potatoes in the bread. 12. Can you give some tea to the man? 13. Will you give a chair to the father?

LESSON III.

The expression *I have just*, must be followed by the infinitive form of the verb telling *what* you have just done. Example: I have just *given* a book to the sister. Je viens de *donner* un livre à la sœur.

We will make this a little plainer by taking the sentence to pieces. The French *de* not say, as we do, *I have just*; but they say really: *I come from*. Then instead of saying, I have just given the book, they say:

(I come from (to give) the book.)
Je viens de donner le livre.

VOCABULARY.

To tear,	Déchirer.
To open,	Ouvrir.
To shut,	Fermer.
To eat,	Manger.
The cake,	Le gâteau.
To take,	Prendre.
The door,	La porte.
The window,	La fenêtre.
Where is?	Où est?
The cup,	La tasse.
The saucer,	La soucoupe.

EXERCISE 3.

1. I have just torn (I come from to tear) the dress.
2. Put the cup and (the) saucer upon the table.
3. Will you open the window?
4. I have just opened the door.
5. Can you shut the door?
6. Will you eat some cake? I have just eaten some bread.
7. Will you take a cup of tea?
8. I have just taken (the) tea.
9. Where is the cream?
10. I have just read the book to the mother.
11. Where is the sister's apple (the apple of the sister.)
12. Give me a cup of tea.
13. Put some milk in the tea, and put some butter upon the bread.
14. I have just taken the brother's cake.
15. Will you shut the door?

"Haud in wi' Christ; whatever happens, aye think weel o' God; an' tak' care o' ye yerself, for, ye ken, a breath dims a polished shaft!"—*Life of Duncan Mathieson.*

"Think not much of a storm upon the ship that Christ saileth in; no one shall fall overboard; but the crazed ship and sea-sick passengers shall come safe to land."—*Rutherford.*

"Let us be ballasted with grace that we be not blown over, and that we stagger not."—*Rutherford.*

"Christ, the Captain, went in over the door threshold of Paradise, bleeding to death."—*Rutherford.*

Correspondence.

H. M. S. "Seagull."

The following letter was written me by a seaman of H. M. S. "Seagull," recently returned to England. He was here on the very first day of our entering on occupation of the present Home, and with all a sailor's warm-hearted readiness to lend a helping hand, did me the honor to perform the first floor-scrubbing done in the new Home, while I and two military friends were flying round the rooms, unpacking crockery-ware, arranging furniture, and settling affairs generally. I am sure my friend will pardon me for publishing the letter which possesses so keen an interest for myself, and which cannot fail to give pleasure to all who care for our gallant sailors:

PORTSMOUTH, Nov. 15, 1875.

Dear Sister and Brother in the Lord:

You will think it very unkind of me not writing you before, but, up till last Thursday, I have not been able to finish my mission, or carry out your wishes, for nearly all the time I have been home my poor wife has been so unwell, and the weather has been so wet, that I was not able to reach Eastney Barracks until the day I have mentioned. When I reached the barrack-gate, and making inquiry for some of your dear old friends, and running over the list of names of your friends, to the corporal at the gate, he pointed out one that was well known amongst them, that was Corporal Skerry; they told me that I should find him on the canteen; but on reaching the canteen I found that our friend Skerry was not there, but it was his next watch; but being very kindly directed to Corporal Skerry's residence, which was a very pretty little house in one of those terraces in the Milton Road, which I have no doubt you have oft-times had the pleasure of passing through: reaching this, rapped at the door, which was soon answered by the very man himself.

He was just going out to relieve the man at the canteen, the man that I had been speaking to for him. Corporal Skerry was very pleased to receive a message from you, and to hear that you were still about your Master's work, and working for our sailors and soldiers. He took your note. I think he said that he had received one letter from you since you had been at Halifax. I did not have much time with him, as he was just going on watch; so leaving two of your little books, the "Cutlass and Bayonet," and some of those small books of yours, "I take the Pardon," and as time and duty called him away, we wished each other good-bye, he promising that your note should reach the whole of them whose names were there.

I took your letter in to Mr. Doukontt at the surgery in the Dockyard, Oct. 20th, and he was much pleased to receive a letter from you. I gave him a little book of your work. We had a long talk together about old times that you and him had spent together. I have no doubt but you have received a letter from him in answer to yours before this. He directed me to another dear old friend of yours, who he said he thought would be glad to hear from or about you; that was Mr. Brooks, the sick-bay-man belonging to H. M. S. "Sultan"; and as she was laying alongside of the jetty, I thought I might call on Mr. Brooks. So, making my way on board of the "Sultan," and being directed to the sick-bay, I soon found Mr. Brooks, who, as soon as he found that I was from Mrs. Hunt-Morgan, gave me a hearty welcome, and said that he had been longing to see you on board of the "Sultan" again. He showed me his book of names of the temperance branch which you started on board of that ship, and he wished me to inform you that he was still going on with the same work. He also informed me that Miss Weston had been on board the evening before lecturing. So me and Mr. Brooks had a long chat together,

and I found that he was an old acquaintance of Mr. Bunoy, (Benoit) who had been my companion all the time I was in the "Sengull." Moreover he told me where I should find Miss Weston. She was at the Sailors' and Soldiers' Institute in High Street. I went there I think in the following week, and I arrived just in time to see Miss Weston, for she was just taking her departure for the train to go to London. She was very glad to receive a message about you, and was happy to hear that the Lord was prospering you. So I wished her good-bye, and she rode off for the train. I left one of your books, the "Cutlass and Bayonet," to be put in the reading-room of the Institute, that the sailors and soldiers may read of your work and know where to find you. Everyone seems to wish you well, and I trust they will all pray for you.

And, dear sister, may you and your husband have good health, and that God will abundantly bless you, and help you through the work that He has set you about, is our earnest prayer, and we will ask you to remember us, me and my dear wife, when you pray.

We remain,

Your brother and sister in Christ,
ALFRED AND EMILY LIGHTFOOT.

H. M. S. "Swallow."

BERMUDA, Jan. 28th, 1876.

My dear and Christian Friend,—

In answer to your very kind and cheering letter of last month, and also to the Lodge, (*i. e.* the "Swallows' Nest,") I now write a few lines, hoping they will find you and all in good health and spirits, as I am pleased to inform you that I am still well. * * * No doubt you are thinking we are in England ere this with our friends; but such is not the case, for since our arrival here we have been at St. Thomas's, West Indies, for mail, and I am pleased to inform you now that we shall, (D. V.,) leave here to-morrow direct for Spit-

head, where we hope to arrive about the 20th of February, and pay off 10 or 12 days later. I sincerely hope and trust the home is being well patronized by our friends of the army, and that the temperance branch is growing strong, and the cause spreading with great rapidity. * * * Please inform friends and brethren that the "Swallows' Nest" Lodge is left at Bermuda. The Lodge Deputy is E. G. Connor junior, H. M. Naval Establishment, Bermuda, and having several dockyardmen, their wives, and also a daughter, members. Also please inform them that the Lodge now established at St. John's, Newfoundland, completes the alphabet (26), under the Naval District. Please excuse this scrawl, and accept the Swallows' best and sincere wishes to Mr. Morgan, and to all friends and acquaintances. * * * Being busy I now conclude, hoping you are well, and Mr. Morgan.

I remain,

Your humble servant and well-wisher,
H. J. BARTON,
Gunner's mate of H.M.S. "Swallow."

The following is an extract from a letter received from the "Mr. Doukontt" mentioned by Lightfoot:

H. M. Dockyard.

My dear Sister in Christ Jesus:—

Still at the same place, you see, and writing this in the same office as I was in where you called to say good-bye. I have often thought of you, and with others have wondered how you were getting on. * * Many here were glad to hear of you, and to know that a way of usefulness had been opened to you by the Lord, and that yourself and Mr. Morgan were hard at work. I rejoice with you that the Lord is blessing you, and making you a blessing. May He do so more and more. He is looking out for *willing* and *fitted* instruments, caring only that they come to Him *empty*, to be filled and directed by Him

alone. But what a difficult thing it must be, from what I know of myself, (letting others alone), for Him to find such. Mr. Self, in such a variety of ways, springs up, and thinks and acts as *he* sees best. There cannot be a more truly blessed position to be found in than sitting at the Master's feet, waiting His pleasure. * * * I have been permitted to do a little for the Master since you left. Miss Robinson has the Institute in full swing. I suppose you have heard of Miss Weston's success.

I may tell you that I was at Halifax in the "Crocodile," in May, 1868, and have a lively recollection of the cheap lobster-suppers obtained there, if nothing else. Oh! yes, something more; I met with some christian people there, although I could not now tell you the names of the places. I think the main street is either Water or River Street, and at the top, nearly, there is a large china-ware store. We brought out, in 1868, a poor widow and her family who had a relative that was a kind of foreman at this place, but I have forgotten their names now. Well, my dear sister and brother, good-bye for the present, till we meet on the Golden Shore, if not again below. The Lord bless and prosper the work of your hands, is the prayer of

Yours in Him,

G. D. DOWKONTT.

It may interest some to know that the writer of the above is by birth a Pole; his father was a soldier under the renowned patriot leader, John Sobieski, and the son still remembers much of the language of his native land. He formerly served Her Majesty in the ship "Crocodile," and a remark of his, reported to Miss Weston by a christian soldier, was the means of the "monthly letters to seaman," being published by that lady, who is known throughout the British Navy, as the "Sailors' Friend."

WANTED,

TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS! for the purchase of the very suitable property now used for the Soldiers' and Sailors' Home, and for the enlargement of the building. Friends sending donations will please intimate whether they wish their gift to be funded for this object, or to be used for the current expenses of the establishment. Gifts of furniture, blankets, tablecloths, and household utensils of all kinds are much needed. Address MRS. HUNT-MORGAN, SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' HOME, 36 BRUNSWICK ST. HALIFAX, N. S.

Information required concerning a Seaman, named GEO. WALTER CRANNEY, who served first in the "Prince George" of Liverpool, Captain Hawkins, till 1870. Afterwards in the "Dacia," Captain Dowell, laying "Telegraph Cable" round the West India Islands, 1870, '71, and '72. When last heard of, had been discharged from the Barque "Stag" of Halifax, N. S., Captain Wilson, at New York, 18th May 1872. His mother will be very thankful to any one who will kindly inform her of her son's welfare, and address: Mrs. Cranney, Woburn Road, Bedford, Beds. England, or information may be addressed to Mrs. Hunt-Morgan, Soldiers' and Sailors' Home, 36 Brunswick Street, Halifax, N. S.

Mrs. Hunt-Morgan will be happy to address Drawing-room meetings in the private residences of any friends to her work, who might be disposed thus to afford their more intimate circle of acquaintances an opportunity of hearing the details of the undertaking in which she is engaged; at such assemblies, Mrs. Morgan would be willing, after giving a general account of her mission, to reply to such questions concerning it as the interest felt by the guests might suggest to them.