



IN the centre of Trafalgar Square, under the shadow of Nelson's monument, stands the statue of a man. His foot is on a cannon, under his arm is a little stick, in his hand is a book,—the Book of Books—the Bible.

"Charity! Justice! Fortitude! Faith!"

Those four words standing four square to the four winds of heaven are the tribute which a loving country has paid to his memory. Those four words would serve as the epitome of the life of the hero, for he was a hero, as great in life as he now stands great in death among the sculptured effigies of the dead heroes among whom his statue stands erect.

"Charles G. Gordon, C.B.,
Major-Gen. Royal Engineers.
Killed at Khartoum, XXVI January,
MDCCCLXXXV."

Those are the words engraved upon the pedestal.

"Killed at Khartoum!" England's shame lying at the feet of England's glory.

But what son of England cares to dwell upon his mother's shame? Could those silent lips speak, they would say forget the shame! Let us forget the shame! Let us think only of the glory!

England's glory! The glory of her glorious son, soldier of the Queen! Soldier of the Lord! For *his* glory was not that he was a hero, but that he was a Christian.

Charles G. Gordon! "The ever victorious!" "The Uncrowned King!" That was what his enemies called him, and they were right.

From the day when, as a boy—burning with the ardour of his long race of ancestors, who have one and all left imperishable names in the history of our land,—he tore off the epaulettes from his shoulders, and flung them at the feet of the officer who had told him "he would never make a soldier," from that day to the day when he came down the steps of his house at Khartoum, to meet a martyr's death from a traitor's hand, Gordon deserved his title "ever victorious!" "The uncrowned king!"

Kingly he was every inch of him, in his scorn of everything false, in his contempt of everything mean. In his sublime courage, in his fearless life, in his more fearless death! Every inch of him a king!

"You'll never make a soldier," the officer had said.

What would that officer have thought had he seen the lad a few years later, in the trenches before Balaclava, sitting on a stone, whilst the bullets fell round him like drops of rain.

"Great heavens, Charlie," exclaimed his brother who was with him in the campaign. "Are you hurt?"

The boy who would never make a soldier took off his cap. There was a hole in it. "Those Russian chaps are jolly good aims," he said, admiringly. "They're better than the French,"—and he put on his cap again.

His mother at home tore open her letters in an agony of fear.

"Charlie's a hero," wrote the elder Gordon. "Everyone's talking about him."

But what did the hero himself write? "Please send me a box of tooth-powder."

Never make a soldier! Perhaps that officer might have changed his opinion had he seen him storming Peking, at the head of his men, who would have followed "Young Gordon" with a laugh to certain death.

Armed? Not a bit of it! A gun might do for a soldier, a little stick under his left arm was quite enough for him. It was his "Wand of Victory" as the Chinese called it. As men fear steel, so did they tremble when they saw that little piece of cane.

"Those walls of Peking are twenty-five feet thick and thirty feet high," said the men under their breath. They looked at the impassable terror in front of them, and for an instant the bravest of them stood still.

"Got a match," said Gordon, taking a cigar out of his case and lighting it. "Now then, boys, come on!"

The boys followed him to victory with a yell. "The women and children are to be saved," said Gordon to the Chinese Viceroy. "Have I your word?"

"My word," said the Viceroy with a smile. "I'll shoot that smile from his lying lips," said Gordon, two days later, when he learned that that smile was the smile of a lie. "Give me a revolver! My stick's too good for him," and he chased the Viceroy through the Palace in the night, from room to room.

Not two years ago that Chinese Viceroy, with tears in his eyes, prostrated himself in Trafalgar

Square, before the statue of the man to whom he had lied.

"The greatest Englishman that ever lived," said the Viceroy, for his name was Li Hung Chang.

"He alone would not take money for himself. When we offered him a fortune he flogged our messengers with his stick out of his room."

"The greatest Englishman of them all," said the Chinese Viceroy in 1896, and so said all England in 1864, when he came back from his triumphs in China. Assemblies, parties, receptions were given in his honour. Invitations poured in. "Come to us, Chinese Gordon," said London, "and we will make you the lion of the London season."

"Thanks," said Gordon, "but at present I've some work to do at Gravesend."

And work he did. From the schools to the infirmary, from the infirmary to the workhouse, from the workhouse to the church, the lion of the London season found work for six years in the slums of Gravesend."

"Show me some of your great maps of victory," said a friend to him one night.

Gordon pointed to a map of the world, hanging on the wall.

"Are those your victories marked with pins?" asked the friend.

Gordon turned to him with his beautiful smile. "Those pins are my kings," he said. "My boys whom I found in the gutter. My boys who are out in the world. Each pin has a name, and moves as its nameake moves. That's the way I keep in touch with my kings."

They were kings indeed, their crown was his faith in them. Kings ruled by an uncrowned king!

Ever victorious! That was what the people said of his life. Ever victorious is what we say to-day, thinking of his death.

"There is trouble in the Soudan," said the War Office. "You must go out and be its Governor."

"You shall have £10,000 a year," said Ismail Pasha.

"I will take £2,000," said Gordon. "That's all it's worth. That's what I'm going to take."

From place to place he went, until he reached Khartoum.

Khartoum, the word inscribed on his monument. Khartoum! The word inscribed on his country's heart. Khartoum, which is red with his hero blood. Khartoum the desolate, on the borders of the blue Nile, in the midst of a desert of sand.

"The trouble in the Soudan is increasing," said the papers. "The Mahdi is gathering force. Gordon is in Khartoum."

"That's all very well," said England. "But is Gordon safe?"

"Gordon all right. Dec. 14th," said the

papers, "and the bearer reports he has cigars and his Bible."

"There's been a message from Gordon! Gordon's safe!" said England, and rejoiced.

"The Mahdi is advancing on Khartoum," said the papers.

"Then Gordon must need help," said England. "We'll send Wolseley to Khartoum."

Parliament sat. The Expedition was fitted out. Wolseley left for Khartoum.

England breathed freely once again.

"The Relief Expedition is advancing slowly," said the papers;



GORDON'S LAST STAND AT KHARTOUM.
As modelled in wax at Madame Tussaud's.

GORDON AND AFRICA.

THE DARK CONTINENT FOR CHRIST!

Gordon is shut up and can't get out. The Mahdi is at the gates of Khartoum."

England stood aghast.

"Surrender," said the Mahdi.

"Not for twelve years," said Gordon.

"Then you'll starve," said the Mahdi. "I know you'll soon be at the end of your bread."

"Then we'll eat stones," said Gordon.

"I am a Prophet of the Most High," said the Mahdi; "you can't fight against me! I am Divine!"

"Then why trouble to fight!" said Gordon. "Dry up the Nile and we shall die of thirst!"

"The Relief Expedition is advancing slowly," said the papers. "Gordon is cut off from communication with the outside. There is no news from Khartoum."

England held its breath.

Inside Khartoum there was a terror growing stronger day by day.

"The gates are strong. Relief will soon be here," said Gordon. "Only be faithful; then we have nothing to fear!"

"We are all faithful," said the people.

In the silence of the night one of the Faithful opened the door in the side of the wall and let the Mahdi in. In a moment the city was in an uproar.

"Gordon! Gordon! Gordon!" cried the Mahdi's followers.

With his wand of victory in one hand, and the Book of God in the other, Gordon came out on the steps and stood still.

For one fearful instant the enemy paused. Then with a cry, a man sprang at him like a beast.

"We are mightier than you!" cried the man. "Die!"

"Right fears no might," said Gordon. And he died.

"Khartoum is fallen. Gordon is dead," said the papers. England wept.

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In Trafalgar Square the sunshine falls across a statue of a man, his foot on a cannon, under his arm a little stick, in his hand a book, the Book of Books—the Bible.

Chinese Gordon's body is dead. Chinese Gordon's spirit like Chinese Gordon's name will live for ever.



THE highest learning is to be wise, and the greatest wisdom is to be good. — MARCUS ANTONINUS..

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I WOULD rather make people religious through their best feelings than their worst—through their gratitude and affections, rather than their fears and calculations of risk and punishment.

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THE study of literature nourishes youth, entertains old age, adorns prosperity, solaces adversity, is delightful at home, unobtrusive abroad, deserts us not by day or by night, in journeying nor in retirement.—CICERO.

THE Archbishop of Canterbury relates that shortly before General Gordon left on his last expedition to the Soudan he called upon the Archbishop (who was then Bishop of Exeter) in order to settle some doubts as to the future of that country. An idea had been formed by General Gordon that if he could purchase a thousand slaves, he could take a hundred of them as soldiers in his service. But as he had conscientious scruples about purchasing slaves, he communicated with the bishop, who told him that it would be a very Christian duty to purchase slaves and make them free. In the matter of their conversion, however, Gordon had said that he would convert the whole of Africa if only he could permit the men to retain the same number of wives. The bishop was obliged to tell him that they could not eliminate from Christianity the law which permitted to Christians no more than one wife, and Gordon responded sadly that, as the wives did most of the work, he could convert Africa if Christianity allowed four wives to one man.



COMMONPLACE DUTY.

IT is nobler far to do the most commonplace duty in the household, or behind the counter, with a single eye to duty—simply because it must be done—nobler far, I say, than to go out of your way to attempt a brilliant deed with a double mind and saying to yourself, not only, "This will be a brilliant deed," but also, "and it will pay me, or raise me, or set me off, into the bargain." Heroism knows no "into the bargain."

CHARLES KINGSLEY.



TO REACH THE MULTITUDE.

TO reach and win the multitudes outside the church requires not more relief committees and philanthropic societies, but more love at first hand. These multitudes need not your basket of provision, sent by a servant, so much as they need yourself. They hunger for love more than for bread, and must be reached by Christians who, like Christ, go about doing good, and who possess what Theodore Cuyler says is needful to save the world—"religion in shoes."—F. T. KEENEY.



WHEN thou shalt have dominion over others, forget not that thou hast been, like them, weak, destitute, and afflicted; be it thy happiness, therefore, to afford them comfort.—FENELON.

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THE more we live before the world, the less we live before God. The more the world's judgment is to us, the less is God's. The glare of the world's eye is angry and jealous, and it blinds us to the soft, persuasive, pleading look of the eye of God.—F. FABER.