

Seed-sowing.

Teacher—
 "A wonderful thing is a seed,
 The one thing deathless forever;
 Forever old and forever new,
 Utterly faithful, utterly true,
 Fickle and faithless never.
 Plant lilies, and lilies will bloom;
 Plant roses, and roses will grow;
 Plant hate, and hate to life will spring;
 Plant love, and love to you will bring
 The fruit of the seed you sow."

Boy—
 "Be careful what you sow, boys;
 For seed will surely grow, boys;
 The dew will fall,
 The rain will splash,
 The clouds will darken,
 And the sunshine flash,
 And the boy who sows good seed to-day
 Shall reap the crop to-morrow."

Girl—
 "Be careful what you sow, girls;
 For every seed will grow, girls;
 Though it may fall
 Where you cannot know,
 Yet in summer and shade
 It will surely grow,
 And the girl who sows good seed to-day
 Shall reap the crop to-morrow."

Infant Class—
 No. 1.
 "Only a little word,
 So is a tiny seed,
 Resulting in a blessing,
 Or growing up a weed."

No. 2.
 "Only to follow Christ,
 Though rough the road may be
 Is to be safely guided
 Over the shoreless sea."

No. 3.
 "Only a word from a glad little heart,
 A child's simple word, it is true,
 It cheered another young heart that was
 sad,
 And so there was gladness for two."

No. 4.
 "Only a hand that was outstretched in
 love,
 A wee dimpled hand, it is true,
 It helped a small child who stumbled and
 fell,
 And so it did service for two."

No. 5.
 "Only little children!
 Yet the Saviour knows
 All our little sorrows,
 Al our little woes."

No. 6.
 "Only little children'
 Yet the Saviour hears"

No. 7.
 "Only little children!
 Do not us despise,
 Only come and help us
 To be good and wise."

No. 8.
 "We are Jesus' little blossoms,
 Blooming in his bowers,
 And he watches us and loves us,
 His little human flowers."

No. 9.
 "Blooming, blooming everywhere,
 Each of priceless worth,
 And he bids us work for him,
 Over all the earth."

Larger Boy—
 "Is there anything that I can do—
 You see I am not very tall—
 To help the cause of Jesus through,
 In answer to his call?
 I know that once he took a child
 Upon his loving breast,
 And as he kindly, sweetly smiled,
 His tender love expressed,
 If he has done so much for me,
 Must I be idle still?
 No, no, a worker I would be,
 I want to do his will."

No. 10.
 "Little feet may find the pathway,
 Leading upward unto God,
 Little hands may help to scatter
 Seeds of precious truth abroad."

No. 11.
 "How many deeds of kindness
 A little child may do,
 Although it has so little strength,
 And little wisdom too."

No. 12.
 "It wants a living spirit,
 Much more than strength, to prove
 How many things a child may do
 For others by its love."

All—
 "Where'er we go we'll sow a seed;
 If cloudy be our sky or fair,

God's grain shall fruitful be indeed,
 And we to heaven the sheaves will
 reap."

"And in our hearts the seeds of love
 Shall be growing year by year;
 And we will show for the Saviour our
 love,
 By loving his children here."
 —Missionary Monthly.

A Methodist Soldier

BY
 ALLAN-A-DALE.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE FIGHT IN THE CHURCH.

From that day we had little rest, and I must say the defenders of Copenhagen had less. The fleet lay at one side of their fair city, pounding steadily at their first line of defence—the ships, gunboats, and forts—and sending a continual flight of Congreve rockets far over it into the streets of the city itself.

The horrors of war made themselves apparent to the defenceless citizens and non-combatants. Never before had the rockets been used in warfare, and, as they rushed through the air, leaving a fiery wake and, bursting, dealt fire and destruction around, little wonder that the

the entire fleet set sail. It was now considerably larger than when we left Deal, for we carried away from Copenhagen eighteen ships of the line, sixteen frigates, nine gun-brigs, and twenty-five gunboats.

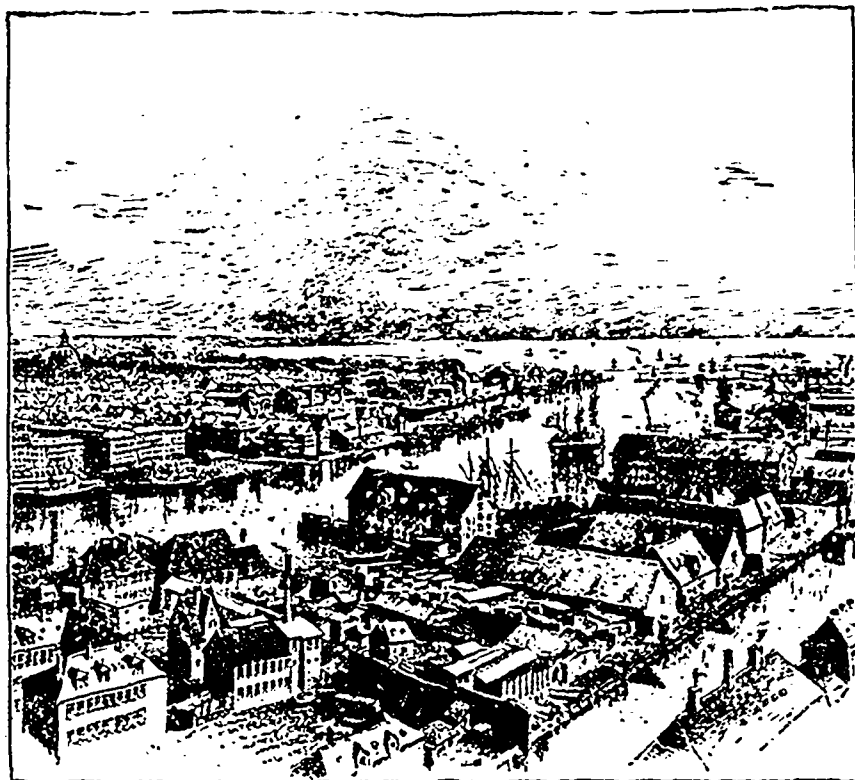
The Rifle Brigade, being one of the last regiments to leave, embarked on board the Princess Caroline, a Danish prize of seventy-four guns.

Proudly the whole fleet swept out of the Sound, passing under the silent guns of the fortress of Cronberg, as fine a fleet as ever sailed from the Baltic, our own and the Danish fleet being aided to greatly by a cloud of merchantmen, who took advantage of our good company to sail home in safety.

It was a stormy and dangerous home-coming. Several of the captured vessels were wrecked and lost, but the ship lauded us safely at Deal in the end, and very glad we were to set foot in England again.

During the time I had been with the army in Denmark I had received no word from home, and had equally no chance of sending an message. Now that I was once more in England I was filled with anxiety to know how they had fared. With the air still full of "wars and rumours of wars," it was almost impossible for a man in the ranks to get leave of absence, and, though I was now a corporal, and well-liked by the officers, I saw no chance of revisiting my home.

Happily, here my Methodism stood me in good stead. Strange though it may seem to any who knew the character of the army in those days, all the time I



COPENHAGEN.

hapless Danes were filled with awe and foreboding. As fire broke out among the wooden dwellings, as they saw the steeples of their churches totter and fall, and their children slain in the streets, even the bravest asked, "Why continue the struggle?"

But the Governor, General Peymann, was a staunch and valiant man, inured to the horrors of war. While his defences by sea and land remained intact he saw no cause for surrender, though a third of the city lay in ashes.

Strong ramparts, bastions, and a broad ditch formed the land defences of Copenhagen, and with the fleet so successfully engaged, there was no good reason why the army, strong though it might be, should attempt to force them. But we were none the less busy for that reason. From the advanced position we had taken up we were constantly subject to alarms by day and night. Occasionally the enemy made sorties, harassing our outposts, and keeping us on the alert.

CHAPTER XV.

HOME AGAIN.

Early in September the Danish general submitted to the inevitable. After the fleet had laid one-third of the city in ruins by its terrific bombardment, the gallant old defender of Copenhagen sent out his flag of truce and agreed to surrender the harbour, the citadel, and the entire Danish fleet with all the dockyard stores. At once preparations were made for conveying the fleet to England. All the stores were placed on board the Danish fleet, the transports re-embarked our army, and about the middle of October

somewhat sadly when he read it. "Dar-ber," he said, "that lad of yours is a good one. I would we had not sent him away." Then, without another word, he returned it. He has grown more quiet and sad since his own son—but, stay, I have not told you yet that Michael has also gone to the army. He would not stay quietly at home after you left, and was, I fear, in much bad company with the Squire, waking up to his misconduct, gave him his choice of going into the army or navy. He chose the former, and through the influence of friends in London, the War Office has granted him an ensigncy in one of the foot regiments. He has been home once since then, looking very handsome in his ensign's uniform. He was always a good-looking lad, and I would he had a better heart. His sister was sadly distressed when he went.

"If he meets Jim in the army," she said to your mother, "Jim will be good to him, will he not?"

"We comforted her by saying that you would, though it was evident the child did not understand how far removed in station the two of you will be, he an officer and you in the ranks, and what little chance there can be that you may meet in an army so large and scattered.

"Strange indeed was the manner in which you learned the truth about our affair at Winchester. And so it was Harter who prompted the attack?"

And then followed kind admonitions and a loving message in the handwriting of my dear mother, which, if it caused a tear unbidden to roll down my cheek was none the less welcome.

Once more I heard from home that winter, telling little news, but giving an assurance that all were well. And then one beautiful day in early spring came the news that we were to be sent to Cork.

After that, no one knew whither we were bound, and, as usual, few cared. It was sufficient that we were on the move again. The camps hummed with activity and the Irish were irreplaceable in their delight. They were mostly south-country boys, and not a few from Cork itself. "It's to Carrk we're going," they shouted in their wonderful soft brogue, "and, oh the good times we'll be havin'! There's not a place like ut in the universe!"

The time seemed ripe for driving the French out of the Peninsula. The Spaniards of the centre and south were under capable leaders, ready to strike a blow for freedom, and a terrible guerilla war was actually in progress throughout the north.

It was accordingly agreed that two expeditions should be sent to Portugal: from England, one under Sir John Moore at Corunna in the north and the other under Sir Arthur Wellesley to the south.

And thus it came about that the latter arrived in Cork to be welcomed joyously by all who had fought under him in India or in Denmark. It was another step in the career of the future "Iron Duke," but—to confound for a moment great things with small—it brought a curious mishap to myself.

(To be continued.)

There were in Philadelphia harbour a few weeks since two British steamships, the Clandeboye and Cabral, that are known as "temperance ships." Not only are not malt and spirituous liquors allowed on board, but their masters, before being given command by the managers, are required to take an oath and sign documents pledging themselves not to partake of any intoxicants. As a guarantee of good faith they must deposit with the manager a bond for £100, which is forfeited in case of any breach of this iron-clad rule. All the steamships owned by this company are known throughout the shipping world as the "temperance ships."

"The advocates of total abstinence," says The Sailor's Magazine, "object to the breaking of a bottle of wine on a vessel when it is launched, and Christians object to the form of words which implies its baptism, or christening, when it is named. The bottle breaking is silly, and the christening is the profanation of a church sacrament. What is required for the abolition of the custom? First, that it should be recognized as irrelevant and absurd, and second, that some appropriate ceremony should take its place. What shall that ceremony be?"

The General Superintendent has received a remittance of \$7 or \$8 from the Japanese congregation in Vancouver, being a contribution from the native Christians in aid of the debt on St. James' church, Montreal.