

In the gloomy twilight of the Eternal the dark-browed Phillip on the reception of the tidings, laughed for the first in his life—men said—a sardonic exulting, fendish laugh.

But throughout Protestant Christendom a thrill of horror curdled the blood about their hearts. They looked at their wives and their children, they clasped their arms to their breast and swore eternal enmity to home. For once the cold language of diplomacy caught fire and glowed with the white heat of indignation. At London and Edinburgh, robes in deepest mourning, and in a chamber draped with black received the French ambassador and sternly rebuked the outrage on humanity. Her mission in Paris, in the very focus of guilt and danger, fearlessly denoted the crime.

A DREADFUL DOOM soon overtook the wretched Charles, the guilty author or at least instrument, of this crime. Within twenty months he lay tossing upon his death couch at Paris. His night-dreams were haunted by "hideous dreams." "The darkness"—we quote from Froude—"was peopled with ghosts, which were mocking and mouthing at him and he would start out of his sleep to find himself in a pool of blood—ever blood." The night he died, his nurse, a Huguenot, heard his self-accusations. "I am lost," he muttered; "I know it but too late, I am lost." The sight, blessed God that he had left no son to inherit his crown and infamy, and passed to the great tribunal of the skies. The bloody and deceitful man did not die out half his days. He was only twenty-four when he died.

"I fail to find," said Besant, "in any gallery of worthies in any country or of any century any other more so truly and so incomparably great as Coligny. There was no one like him, not one even among our Elizabethan heroes, so true and loyal, so religious and steadfast, as the great admiral. The world is forever ennobled, life is richer, grander, truer, our common humanity is elevated and dignified, because such as he have lived and died.

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Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto, C. W. Coates, 2170 St. Catherine St., Montreal. Wesleyan Book Rooms, Halifax, N.S.

Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUTH FOLK

Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, APRIL 22, 1899

AN HEROIC CANADIAN MISSIONARY.

We have read few more pathetic stories—of that of the capture and probable death of the Rev. Mr. Rijnhart, a missionary in China. Through a native of Holland Mr. Rijnhart has special interest in us in Canada. He spent his English while working in the factory of the Cobban Company in Toronto. He became deeply interested in missions, and walked most of the way to San Francisco to enter Chinese mission work. He penetrated into the "Forbidden Kingdom" of Tibet, found his way back to Toronto, married a Canadian lady, Miss Dr. Carson, and with her returned to China and Tibet. Amid the dreadful scenes of the Chinese war they ministered to the bodies and souls of the wounded Chinese, and set out once more on their mission of mercy for the Hermit Kingdom. Their little babe died, was buried in a

drug-box, and over its grave the heart-broken parents rolled a huge stone to keep the beasts of prey from devouring its body. While seeking help for the misfortune, Mr. Rijnhart and his heroic wife were left to struggle back to China. In the hour of her bereavement she "leaned her head on God"; and was graciously supported in coming to Toronto, where her husband if alive, or be assured of his fate if dead. It is a tragic story, but full of heroism, as most missionary stories are.

It would, in our judgment, have been much wiser to have gone out under some missionary society, which can exercise direction, oversight, and some degree of protection, than in this free-lance style. Yet in this manner Xavier visited Japan, and the Moluccas three hundred and fifty years ago. Had the Rijnharths been successful they would have been hailed as heroes where many have failed. Our own missionaries in the disturbed Province of Szechuen are not without serious peril, but they are also doing the greatest good, and the successful mission by which the highlands of Tibet may be most successfully entered.

A QUESTION OF HONOURS.

BY E. D. A.

The school had been saddened for several days over the fact that Ellen, the shoemaker's daughter, must stop school before the session closed. She was a cheery, helpful girl, with the generosity that is found in a large measure with limited means. She would turn the rope longer for us to jump than any other girl, would stay in at twelve to help a slow pupil, and in all respects had been a credit to the school. Her father had been disagreeable to her. The illness of her mother, which had threatened for months to keep her at home, made this place was held by Nellie for her, and on Friday at school there was one supreme desire in her heart: that was to quit at the head of the large spelling class to which she belonged. This place was held by Nellie for her, and on Friday at school there was one supreme desire in her heart: that was to quit at the head of the large spelling class to which she belonged.

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Nellie went with this, as she did with all hard questions, to the teacher, but she refused to decide for her. This was a point of so much personal interest. She tenderly laid her hand on Nellie's head as she said "You must determine this for yourself, dear. This is Friday, and you have your distinction for the day. This is the fifth honour of this kind, and it would entitle you to special mention and commendation by the Board of Trustees. You know your father is president of the board. This meant a great deal to Nellie. Her father was a good speller and very proud of Nellie's record, as he doubtless thought she had inherited much of her ability along this line. The next day. Finally the class was called, and Nellie took her place at its head with more perturbation than she had ever felt before. Only the teacher and Nellie knew of her purpose. Three of four they had spelled around, and it was again Nellie's turn to spell. "Saddir" was given out by the teacher. Nellie hesitated a moment, and spelled "S-a-d-d-i-e-r." Next Ellen called it correctly and went ahead. Tears of gladness filled her eyes and a triumphant gleam in Nellie's eyes. The class looked on in amazement that so simple a word should have been

missed by Nellie. A speculation as to the true cause followed, and was confirmed by Nellie's silence. There had come to Nellie the opportunity to spell "saddir" and she had not let it pass, neither did such an act fall of recognition by either the teacher or pupils.

Nellie found herself pre-eminently the most popular girl in the school. When her expectant father heard from her own lips what a conflict she had had with ambition but how after three or four failures she had finally triumphed, he pronounced this the greatest victory yet won by a member of his family, and ordered Nellie's portrait to be placed beside her revolutionary ancestor, who had gained great honours at Valley Forge. He was heard to say as he turned with admiration from the pictures: "I shall grove no longer about not having a son to take that place."

A TENDER HEARTED ENGINEER.

One never knows the value of an amiable deed, says The Youth's Companion, till he knows all its consequences; and the merit of it is not known to them all beforehand. An engineer and a passenger train on a Mississippi railroad was driving through a snowstorm, eagerly scanning the track as far as he could see, when, half way through a deep cut, something appeared, lying on the rails. It was a sheep with her two little lambs.

His first thought was that he could rush on without damage to his train; but the air-brake failed, and he had to stop. In the storm touched him, and he pulled the stop-brake and sent his fireman ahead. In a few minutes the fireman came back with a terrified face. There had been a dead animal, and beyond the cut the track was covered with rocks. It seemed certain that if the train had gone on at full speed, in the blinding snow, that it would have been impossible to stop in time to escape the accident. In the absolute sense the incident was providential; but circumstantially, the passengers on that railway train owed their safety, if not their lives, to an engineer, who was so tender hearted to kill a sheep and her lambs.

THE FOUNDER OF THE RED CROSS.

The battle of Solferino, fought in 1859 between the allied French and Sardinians and the Austrians, was one of the most sanguinary conflicts of modern times. Twenty thousand Austrians and eighteen thousand of the allies were killed and wounded.

To Henry Dunant, a Geneva philanthropist who witnessed the battle, it seemed that the wounded, not the soldiers who met instant death, were the real unfortunates. Thousands who might have been saved by timely help died upon the battlefield.

Monsieur Dunant and other volunteers. The Youth's Companion tells us, did all they could to relieve the suffering, but this was comparatively little. The Geneva authorities were asked what could be done to mitigate the horrors of war? He dwelt upon the problem until he was able to suggest a plan of action; and this he set forth in a pamphlet called "The Red Cross."

He advocated an international society composed of volunteer nurses, who should hold themselves in readiness to follow armies and aid the wounded of any nation—provided the latter were neutrals and non-combatants, engaged in works of mercy.

With this pamphlet the Red Cross Society practically began. Monsieur Dunant's project was warmly welcomed by his own Swiss Government; and when he went to Paris, seeking to organize a convention of the powers, he found that this also was everywhere well known. On the very day after its publication, Madame de Staël, sister to the Duc de Broglie, caused the Red Cross badges to be placed in her drawing-room. To visitors who asked their meaning, the lady made such favourable mention of both Paris society and the French Government were soon committed to the Red Cross principle.

A thoughtful conference which organized the society was held at Geneva in October, 1863. By the end of the following year thirteen Governments had officially approved the society's purpose. Only six or seven civilized nations sustain it. The good it has done for its members is gauged by the single fact that, during the Franco-Prussian war, the German society alone expended thirteen million dollars.

But the story does not end here. After Monsieur Dunant had won his victory for the world, he had his own battle to fight, his own tragedy to meet. Unfortunate business ventures cost him his

fortune, and he learned what destitution meant.

Happily his misfortunes came to an end. The Dowager Empress of Russia and the Federal Council of Switzerland granted him pensions. These were supplemented by a sum of money contributed by citizens of Stuttgart, Germany. Now in his peaceful old age the philanthropist knows that these tributes from three nations express the feeling of all toward the man who reminded them that the claims of humanity are never wholly to be disregarded—even in war.

BOYS WHO SPOOLED.

Thirty years ago Mr. H—, a nursery man in New York State, left home for a day or two. It was rainy weather, and not a season for sales, but a customer arrived from a distance, tied up his horse, and went into the kitchen of a farmhouse, where two lads were cracking nuts.

"No, sir," said the eldest, Joe, hampering at a nut. "When will he be back?" "Dunno, sir. Mebbe not for a week." "The other boy, Jimmie, just now followed the man out. The men are not here, but I can show you the stock," he said, with such a bright, courteous manner that the stranger, who was a little irritated, stopped and followed him through the nursery, examining the trees, and left his order.

"You have sold the largest bill that I have had this season, Jim," his father, greatly pleased, said to him on his return.

"I'm sure," said Joe, "I'm as willing to help as Jim, if I'd thought in time." A few years afterwards these two boys were left by their father's failure and death with two or three hundred dollars each. Joe bought an acre or two near home. He has worked hard, but is still a poor man. Jim, however, has purchased an emigrant's ticket to Colorado, hired as a cattle driver for a couple of years and with his wages bought land at forty cents an acre, built himself a house and married. He is now a well-to-do farmer by the thousand, his land has been cut up for town lots, and he is ranked as one of the wealthiest men in the State.

"I might have done like Jim," his brother stammered, "if I'd thought in time. There's as good stuff in me as in him."

"There's as good stuff in that loaf of bread as in any I ever made," said his wife, "but nobody can eat it. There's not enough yeast in it." The rector, though disagreeable, was true. The quick, wide-awake energy which acts as leaven in a character is partly inherited. But it can be increased by parents and acquired by a boy if he chooses to keep his eyes open and act promptly and boldly in every emergency.—Springfield Republican.

The Little Sailors.

By GEORGE H. LOEHL, D.D.

Where the fading colours of sunset glow
In the mists of the closing day,
Lies an island fair where little boys go,
And little girls, too, I should say.

When their restless feet grow tired of play,
And their toes, all at once, seem old,
They sail to this island so far away,
Like mariners hardy and bold.

There's never a cloud floats over that land,
So there's never a gloomy day,
The children sport on the golden sand,
And never grow tired of play.

For the girls there are dolls that really play,
And games of all sorts for the boys,
And those talking dolls—they actually walk,
What a land of marvellous joys!

And children who go to this land, I'm told,
Have always a smile on their face,
They never grow weary or even old—
Is it not a wonderful place?

There's never a scowl or frown over
Or there,
Or then cross, ugly words,
Their faces are bright as the sunlight
fair.

And they sing at their play like birds
Would you like to go to this happy isle,
My dear little girl or boy?
Then rest in mamma's soft arms for a while.

And soon you will enter its joy,
Her arms are the ship that carries you
And her songs are the breezes light,
While she lingers a moment to breathe a prayer,
For her brave little sailor at night.