

When the Angels Came to Town.

BY REV. ALFRED J. HOGGIN

People tell the story yet
With the gust of a breeze
How along the streets one day
Unwashed from far away
Angels passed, with gifts for need
And no mortal gift to be had
They had cheer for those who weep
They had light for shadows deep,
Balm for broken hearts they bore
Rest, deep rest, a boundless store;
But the people so they sat
Fond the old blind human way
And the quack and halted the clown.
When the angels came to town

It has been and will be so
Angels come and angels go,
Opportunity and light,
Twist the morning and the night,
With their messages divine,
To your little world and mine.
And we wonder why we heard
Not a whisper of their word,
Caught no glimpse of their grace,
In the passing, form and face,
That our ears were dull as stones,
To the thrill of spirit tones,
And we looked not up, but down,
When the angels came to town

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WILLIAM BRINGS,
Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto,
1170 St. Catherine St. E. P. 1170
Montréal, Québec, Halifax, N.S.

Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK
REV. W. H. WILTHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, JANUARY 7, 1899.

"A METHODIST SOLDIER."

We begin in this number a story of great interest, which we are sure our young readers will devour with avidity. We print this story not merely for its striking adventures, but for the valuable information which it gives and the lesson which it teaches. We have little sympathy with the so-called glory of arms, but we cannot ignore the facts of history. Stern fighting has been done to secure and maintain the British liberties which we to-day enjoy.

The events of this story take place during what may be called the Napoleon era of Europe. The Little Corporal of Corsica, who became the despot of Europe, was one of the greatest enemies of mankind who lives in the page of history. With a besom of destruction he swept the nations from Naples to Norway, from Finisterre to Moscow. Safeguarded by the silver sea that surrounds her coast, Great Britain was comparatively secure from invasion, though its shores were often menaced. Mothers used to tell their children that, if naughty, Napoleon would get them to overthrow the tyranny of this man. British sailors followed him from the Nile to Trafalgar, and British soldiers from Rodrigo to Waterloo. It is the part borne by a stout-hearted English lad, a sturdy Methodist as well as patriot, that the tale commemorates. We reprint it from an interesting volume published by the Wesleyan Conference Office, London, England.

THE SLAVE-BRAND

BY REV. SAMUEL GREGORY.

"Marks of the Lord Jesus"—Gal. 6. 17.
If you had been in Rome in the days of St. Paul you would have seen Roman citizens and Roman ladies carrying them-

selves very proudly. And you would have seen besides a large number of people who were slaves.

Some of the slaves had blue eyes and flaxen hair—these had been brought from Britain or Germany. Others had dark eyes, and came from France or Spain. Some were brown-skinned, from Asia, Minor or other Eastern countries.

These slaves served in Roman villas, or worked as gardeners, or carried burdens. Some were secretaries to Roman gentlemen. All sorts of work were done by slaves.

As you passed them in the streets you would notice that many of these slaves had marks on their bodies, a hole in one ear, or a mark on the bare arm. In some cases the mark was a scar on the forehead, in the shape of a letter of the alphabet. The letters on the forehead had been burned into the flesh with a hot iron, called a slave-brand. Of course the marks were so placed that those who bore them were not their own masters. The letters burned on the forehead meant, "Here is a slave who has tried to escape from his master."

ST. PAUL'S MARKS.

When St. Paul saw these marks he said to himself, "Yes, and I am not my own master. I belong to Jesus. I have to serve him always, and I am not my own, I am bought with a price." In his letters Paul signed himself, "The slave of the Lord Jesus." At first St. Paul had tried to escape from his divine Master. For once Jesus met him where he was on his way to Damascus, but St. Paul resisted, and became violent like an ox that refuses to drag the plough. He yielded at last, and cried, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" From that day St. Paul belonged to Jesus, and years after he said: "Look at me—I carry Christ's brand-mark—I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus."

What marks? Well, on his shoulders were cuts made by heathen galleys, who had "beaten him with rods." On his wrist were scars where he had worn irons in prison. Stones had been thrown at him, and some of these left a mark where they struck. He had scratches made by wild beasts. In shipwrecks, and among robbers on wild mountain roads, and in foreign cities, St. Paul had gone through a thousand adventures, and all the rest of his life he carried a scar on his crucifix, like the scars on a soldier after many battles. These were what St. Paul called "the stigmata"—that is, the slave's brand-mark—the sign that he was the servant of the Lord Jesus.

ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI.

But now notice how people have mistaken St. Paul. They have said: "Jesus had marks—one on each hand, one on each foot, one in his side—these were his crucifixion-marks." And St. Paul had just the same marks as if he had been crucified with Jesus? So mistaken people thought it would be a great honour to bear the five crucifixion marks, and almost seven hundred years ago there was an Italian, named Francis of Assisi, of whom people said that he had these marks plain to be seen.

Francis was the son of a rich man. One day in church he carried a Scripture lesson read aloud. It was the chapter which tells how Jesus wanted the rich young ruler to give up the world and be a Christian. Francis thought about that story, and it seemed as if he were the rich young man whom Jesus called. He became a Christian, and grew to be a great servant of Jesus.

Francis became one of the sweetest, kindest, happiest men ever known. There is a pretty but curious picture of him, which you have all seen. St. Francis is standing under the blue sky. All sorts of pretty birds are on the ground at his feet, or on branches of trees, looking at the poor man. It is said that Francis preached to the birds. But what is really meant is, that Francis was kind to the birds, and the birds knew that. Birds know that very well in any case. They know little things which could go and stroke a robin sitting on its nest, or feed it without scaring the bird. Francis loved everything and everybody and was all unselfishness, kindness and goodness. People called him Saint Francis, and that tale about his bearing the crucifixion marks is a parable. Francis bore the mark of love, and truth and cheerfulness in his beautiful disposition—these were his marks of the Lord Jesus.

THE LOVE-MARK.

One mark of Jesus then is love. We call him the loving Saviour. All our hymns of Jesus are written about his love. "Greater love hath no man than that he laid down his life for his friends." A friend was telling me about a vessel that was sinking at sea, on which he was a passenger. All the people put on

life-belts, and while they were waiting, expected the vessel to go under. Then, all sorts of kind thoughtfulness was shown by one to the other. One who had an overcoat gave it to one who was only half dressed, to keep him warm. Others spoke encouragingly to the more timid passengers. It was as if danger made love abound. There is nothing that is so much like Jesus as this, to love one another. That is a mark which we all bear, but sometimes we lose the mark. We grow selfish and angry, and then there is nothing in us that makes us look like Jesus.

Whenever we have been kind we do not go away and feel sorry, and wish we had been unkind. But when we have been angry and selfish, and think of it afterwards, we feel sad, miserable, ashamed, and try in some way to make-up for it. We "atone" for it if we can, for that is the way in which we often speak of undoing unkindness. We borrow the great word which describes our Lord's own act of love, and try to imitate that. "Love is of God." Love is one of the marks of the Lord Jesus.

THE TRUTH-MARK.

Truth is another mark of Jesus. He was like clear glass. No one could doubt his word. No guile was found in his heart. There are people who have not much sense of truth. After such people have said anything you do not feel sure of them. You wonder whether or not it is really as they have said. Such people go about with a "doubtful suspicion." Others are reliable. It is one of the things said of the great Duke of Wellington, that he could not tell a lie. He was clear, true, exact. We ought to use our words about what we say. Jesus said: "Let your communications be yea, yea, and nay, nay." Be simple and exact. Try to say just what is true. There are people who think it clever to contradict one, and no doubt cleverness can be shown in that way. Jacob thought it clever to put those goat-skins on his wrist, and to make his old father think that it was Esau who was in the room, and it was very clever. But years afterwards, if you had reminded Jacob of his trick he would have winced as if you cut him with a knife. That piece of cleverness cost Jacob many a sleep, and it was very clever. But years afterwards, if you had reminded Jacob of his trick he would have winced as if you cut him with a knife. That piece of cleverness cost Jacob many a sleep, and it was very clever. But years afterwards, if you had reminded Jacob of his trick he would have winced as if you cut him with a knife. That piece of cleverness cost Jacob many a sleep, and it was very clever. But years afterwards, if you had reminded Jacob of his trick he would have winced as if you cut him with a knife. That piece of cleverness cost Jacob many a sleep, and it was very clever.

But there are many other "marks of Jesus," marks of character which show to whom we belong. In our old letters St. Paul calls these marks "fruit of the Spirit." Goodness of all sorts grows in us like fruit on a tree, if we have Christ's own spirit. St. Paul called this "bearing the fruit of the Spirit." We letters in transparent envelopes—and anybody can see on them signs and marks of Jesus.

What St. Paul meant by saying that he bore "marks of the Lord Jesus," was that he belonged to Jesus. At his time, his talents, all his life were for the sake of serving his Saviour, and doing all the good he was able to do. "Henceforth," he said, "let no man trouble me." He could not be tempted or persuaded, or turned out of the way—that he believed to be right, and it was the glory of his life, not that he was a Roman citizen though he was proud of that in a way, but that he was a servant of Jesus. That is the greatest honour of life. Let us love and live with Christ, and in all our temper, and spirit, and words, and actions, show that we are his true followers. This is to show "the marks of the Lord Jesus." So the old tale about the five crucifixion marks on the hands, feet, and side, is like one of the tales in Aesop, a tale with a great meaning. What people called "The Stigmata," are not marks in the flesh, but marks on the heart and conduct of all who have given themselves to Jesus, and who live to do his service.

There will be no climbing the hill of the Lord without effort, nor going to glory without the violence of faith. It is here that the secret of the hill, as Bunyan described it—a staircase, every step of which will have to be fought for.—Spurgeon.

Pop-Corn.

BY J. MERVIN HULL.

The North-Wind roars upon the hill; The deep drift hides the window-sill. The frosty nail starts from the beam, The Pop-star darts a silencing gleam; The humming stove is chery red; The apples' splay odours spread— As rosy eaks precede the morn, These truthful signs foretell pop-corn.

Take down the lantern from its nail, Bring out the newest, brightest pall, Trip up the attic's dusty stair, And fill the pall with rice-corn there. Make every rattling door-latch fast, Against the whistling, wrestling blast. Be sure the fire is burning well, And then sit down the corn to shell; And as it rattles in the pan, Find mortar mustier if you can.

Now take the popper from the wall, And in it let the kernels fall; Then on the ruddy stove, with skill, Just keep it rattling, never still; And as it swishes to and fro, Delightful visions come and go.

It is the breezy breath of spring, When bees awake and robins sing; The weary Anemone, And stirs the leaves on every tree.

It is the dashing of the fall, Deep-hidden under maple leaf; A noisy party around the corn, And melody of birds is there.

It is the rustling of the leaves, When lovely Minnelaha weaves A mystic pattern round the corn, Before the coming of the corn.

Snap! snap!

In the depth of the popper the game has begun.

And the fat little brownies are bursting with fun;

Fairly splitting their sides with a shriek of delight.

In their great transformation from yellow to white.

They are popping and hopping; in feats acrobatic;

They are rending and blending in whirls aromatic;

See them flying and trying in vain to be proper!

Near them splitting and hitting the top of the popper!

Not a moment's respite of musical din— Till the last of the brownies a word has put in—

Only one little fade in a corner has stayed,

With a firm resolution to be an "old maid."

The snowy mound is growing fast— But, hark! what sound comes on the blast!

A smothered sound of laughter low— The frothy creak of trodden snow— The door flies open, and, pell-mell, Come trooping John and Rosy Nell.

Then, hark! the cry, "Liza! Ned! Fred! Trim! Just Jane with six-foot Fred; The friend of school and youthful days With greetings true and merry lays, With lips that laugh the frost to scorn, Have come to keep the Feast of Corn."

A QUEEN'S WHITE DOVES.

One of the prettiest features of the installation of Wilhelmina as Queen of the Netherlands was the releasing of 6,000 carrier pigeons to bear to every part of the Low Countries the message of joy to the Dutch people. Liza, her beloved young queen, had really come into her own—had taken her oath of reality to them and received through their representative their own pledge of loyalty and devotion. In quaint little towns, where windmills turn and where lax-looking sail-boats drifted up and down canals, Dutch peasants watched for the white-winged messenger, whose coming would announce the enthronement of the young girl Holland loves.

In her childhood she was allowed a rare privilege for royal children—to play with other children in the streets. Once, when she was about ten years old, she was enjoying a slight-ride with her mother, the Queen Regent, and came upon a large group of children, playing snow-ball. Wilhelmina asked permission to join in the sport, and the royal sleigh stopped still for half an hour, while the future Victoria of the Netherlands was boisterously hitting and being hit by nobody-knows-who. Her teachers were charged by her mother to treat her as they would any other school-girl. The mother-in-law, however, who was Wilhelmina, just what she is, a sweet, wholesome, healthy, well-educated Dutch woman.