

The Daisies.

At evening when I go to bed
I see the stars shine overhead;
They are the little daisies white,
That dot the meadow of the night.

And often while I'm dreaming so,
Across the sky the moon will go;
It is a lady, sweet and fair,
Who comes to gather daisies there.

For when at morning I arise,
There's not a star left in the skies;
She's picked them all and dropped them
down
Into the meadows of the town.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, MAY 28, 1898.

"I WANT YOU."

One stormy night when the wind was making a great noise, a little boy awoke from a sound sleep. He was afraid when he heard the noise of the storm, and he put out his hand to take hold of his father who was in the same bed. His little warm hand touched his father's face and awakened him. The father reached out and drew the little boy very close to him. "My dear, what is the matter?" he asked. The little boy said, "Nothing." The father asked, "What do you want?" He replied, sobbing, "I want you." The father said, "Are you sick?" "No." "Are you hungry?" "No." "Don't you want something?" "No, I just want you, it is so dark." Then he nestled in his father's arms and was satisfied. Just so will Jesus make us satisfied when we come to him and tell him, "I want you."

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

JUNE 5, 1898.

WORKING WITH JESUS. THE DISCIPLES SENT FORTH.

Then he called his twelve disciples together, and gave them power and authority over all devils, and to cure diseases. And he sent them to preach the kingdom of God, and to heal the sick.—Luke 9. 1-2.

We are now to enter upon a month of topics on "Working With Jesus." Some boy or girl may say, how can I do that? How can anyone work for such a Great Being? especially how can a poor boy or weak girl? In next week's Topic we shall find how a poor boy with only five little barley loaves and a couple of small fishes, which he brought for his own meal, furnished, through the blessing of God, a meal for five thousand persons.

The present topic speaks of Jesus sending forth his disciples to preach the Kingdom of Heaven and to heal the sick. Well, you cannot heal the sick, it is true, but you may do a great deal to comfort them. You may wait on father or mother, sister or brother when sick, or you may carry flowers to the sick children in the hospital, or save your pennies to help buy them medicine. You can be thoughtful and cheerful when mother has a headache and her nerves are all worn to shreds by care and worry. You can mind her word not to slam the door

or make a noise. Young people have no idea how helpful they may be to sick people by doing this.

This in itself is preaching the Kingdom of God in a way, because in that kingdom love and charity prevail. You may speak kindly to your play-fellows. If any of them are poor and do not go to Sunday-school and church you can invite them. If they are poor you can be kind to them, play with them, and not show any pride or superiority because you live in a better house or wear better clothes. The disciples were sent forth by Jesus. It is a blessed thing that God has a message for us, that he sends us. Let us listen to his voice, and when he calls be not laggard in obeying his call and going upon his message.

SAVED BY A HYMN.

BY Z. BOND.

Two Americans who were crossing the Atlantic, met in the cabin on Sunday night to sing hymns. As they sang the last hymn, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," one of them heard an exceedingly rich and beautiful voice behind him. He looked round, and, although he did not know the face, he thought that he knew the voice. So when the music ceased he turned and asked the man if he had been in the civil war. The man replied that he had been a Confederate soldier.

"Were you at such a place at such a time?" asked the first.

"Yes," he replied, "and a curious thing happened that night which this hymn has recalled to my mind. I was posted on sentry duty near the edge of a wood. It was a dark night and very cold, and I was a little frightened because the enemy was supposed to be very near. About midnight, when everything was very still and I was feeling homesick and miserable and weary, I thought that I would comfort myself by praying and singing a hymn. I remember singing this hymn.

"All my trust in thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring,
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing."

"After singing that a strange peace came down upon me, and through the long night I felt no more fear."

"Now," said the other, "listen to my story. I was a Union soldier, and was in the wood that night with a party of scouts. I saw you standing, although I did not see your face. My men had their rifles focused upon you, waiting the word to fire, but when you sang out,

'Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing,'

I said; 'Boys, lower your rifles; we will go home,' as it so touched me I could not bear to give the command to fire."

Barrie, Ont.

WATERLOO.

BY DAVID M'ALLEN.

The celebrated battle in which the dashing Wellington conquered Napoleon is called by the French the battle of Mont Saint-Jean; by the Prussians, La Belle Alliance; but the English call it Waterloo. The battle was really fought opposite the village of Mont Saint-Jean. But perhaps it is not best to be too accurate, for if we were to change the name we would lose a most descriptive word that has been added to our language.

Who could think of leaving Belgium without visiting the scene of this decisive battle, which lies about eleven miles distant from Brussels? We made our way out on the road through the Soigne forests to the town of Waterloo.

On the night of the 15th of August, 1815, the Duke of Wellington, with several of his officers, were enjoying the ball given by the Duchess of Richmond, in Brussels. It was at its height when it was made known to the Duke, in positive terms that Napoleon had advanced with his whole army to Charleroi, but a few miles from Waterloo. Countenances that but a few moments before were lighted up with pleasure and gaiety, now took on a solemn aspect. The guests little imagined that the music which accompanied the gay dances would soon play martial airs on the battlefield. Some of the officers did not have time to change their ball costumes, and in that attire were found next day among the slain. By two o'clock next morning the heavy tramp of Wellington's army was heard on the road that we had just trod. Soon they were to meet the most inspiring general that ever commanded men—men whose infatuation with their leader made them reckless to danger and fearless of death.

Napoleon's call is so eloquent and stirring that we cannot desist from reproducing part of it in this article.

Imperial Headquarters, 14th June, 1815.

Napoleon, by the grace of God, Emperor of the French, etc.:

Soldiers! this day is the anniversary of Marengo and of Friedland, which twice decided the fate of Europe. Then, as after Austerlitz and Wagram, we were too generous. We believed in the protestations and oaths of princes, whom we left on their thrones. Now, however, leagued together, they aim at the independence and most sacred rights of France. Let us then march to meet them. Are they and we no longer the same men?

Soldiers! at Jena, against these same Prussians, you were one to three; and at Montmirail, one to six. Let those among you who have been captives to the English describe the nature of their prison ships and the miseries you endured.

Madmen! one moment of prosperity has bewildered them. If they enter France they will find their grave.

Soldiers! we have forced marches to make, battles to fight, dangers to encounter; but with firmness, victory will be ours. The rights and the honour of our country will be recovered. To every Frenchman who has a heart, the moment is now arrived to conquer or die.

Is it any wonder that they rallied to such a call, or that they rushed upon Wellington's forces shouting Vive l'empereur?

From the Lion Monument an excellent view of the position of the different armies is afforded. The monument consists of an immense cone, formed from earth taken from the battlefields, and covers a space of 1,000,000 cubic feet, and is 125 feet high. It took three years to complete it. On the top, standing on a pedestal of blue stone, is a lion of cast iron 15 feet long and 10 feet high, looking toward the south, with one paw on a globe. It was erected by the allied governments. The only inscription that appears is: "18th June, 1815." On that day one of the world's greatest battles was fought, and Napoleon met Wellington and a Waterloo. This decisive battle was termed by Napoleon "A concurrence of unexampled fatalities, a day not to be comprehended;" while Wellington said that he "never fought so hard a battle, nor won so great a victory."

"Yes! Agincourt may be forgot,
And Cressy be an unknown spot,
And Blenheim's name be new;
But still in story and in song,
For many an age remembered long,
Shall live the walls of Hougoumont,
And field of Waterloo."

AN HISTORICAL TALE.

BY EMMA J. WOOD.

Almost three hundred years ago it was when three vessels started out from England, bound for Virginia. These were nothing like the grand vessels that now go back and forth across the ocean, for in the whole three was only room enough for about a hundred men besides the crew. This was not a pleasure-trip, such as people so often take now-a-days, for they were going to a strange country—a country where there were no houses ready built to live in, nor any shops or markets in which to buy food and clothing.

Even for that time this was a long voyage, but after weeks and months they drew near their journey's end. Just then a heavy storm came up and, carrying them past their landing place, drove the vessels into Chesapeake Bay. It must have been a great comfort to everybody to have been cast into such a fine harbour, for the northern point took the name of Old Point Comfort and has kept it ever since.

As they sailed on up the bay the sun was so warm and fragrant, and the glimpses that they had of woodland and flowery slopes made such a pretty picture, that they were all sure there was no pleasanter place in the world than that to which they had come. The vessels went on till they came to the mouth of a long river. This they named James, after the king. Still on they went up the river for about fifty miles, where a little peninsula jutted out, on which they concluded to land and build a town. This was Jamestown, the first English settlement in the United States, founded in May, 1607.

Now there was much that needed to be done, but the trouble was, most of the men there were not used to working. Trees had to be cut and houses built, while something must be sent back to England to show the people there what sort of a country it was to which they had come.

After about a month the ships went back, leaving the emigrants behind. It

was not long before they were homesick. Things did not look as pleasant as at first. It was very hard working; the sun was so hot, the damp air made many of them ill, the Indians troubled and annoyed them, and, to make things still worse, they began to get short of food.

Before the autumn came about one half of the colony was dead, while the rest were so ill, weak, and discouraged that they cared but little what became of them. And no knowing what might have happened had they not had a very brave and wise man among them, Captain John Smith. He made the Indians afraid, cheered up the people, and went around hunting up something to eat.

However, after a time the weather grew colder, the sick got better, and the friendly Indians on cutting their grain brought some to them, while there were many wild fowl about, which they killed and cooked, so that things began to look a little better for the colonists.

As there was little to do just at this time, Smith, with some companions, started out to see more of the country in which they were living. After going as far as they could up the river they left their boats and started off through the forest. In a short time his companions were killed by the Indians, and Smith himself was taken prisoner. He did not seem the least bit afraid. He told the Indians many things that they had never heard before. He took from his pocket a little compass, and they were surprised when they saw the needle always pointing to the north, no matter how the compass was held. But the strangest thing of all was when he made some marks on a paper and sent it to Jamestown, thus letting his friends know what had become of him.

The Indians began to be rather afraid of Smith. They thought he was some higher being, but were not quite sure whether he was a friend or an enemy to them. He was taken around to the different tribes as a sort of show, and finally came before Powhatan, the king. This great man lived in a little village of about a dozen wigwams. Here a council was called and Smith was condemned to die, but was saved by Pocahontas, the daughter of the chieftain. You all know this story: how the prisoner made friends with the little maiden, and how when his head lay on the block all ready to be cut off by the tomahawk, she ran out, and, throwing her arms about him, begged them to spare his life. And then how the Indians made friends with him and tried to persuade him to leave his own people and become one of them, and when this could not be, how they promised to be friends with all the whites.

When Smith went back he found the strongest men of the colony about to run away and leave the feeble ones behind. He stopped this, and things went on quite smoothly for a while. The next year more emigrants came over, till this was quite a settlement; but their troubles were by no means over. There were the Indians, famine, sickness and quarrels to contend with. In 1610 they became so discouraged that they left the settlement and sailed down the river. They had had such hard times here that many of them wanted to burn the town. This was not done, which was fortunate for the runaways, for, meeting a boat with men and supplies, they turned, and the next day were back in the little fort at Jamestown.

The years went by, and more and more people came to Jamestown and to the country about. Here the first congress was held, composed of eleven men who were called together to help make the laws. Here, too, only a few days after this, about twenty negroes were brought over by a Dutch vessel and sold to the planters. This was the beginning of slavery in the English colonies. Almost seventy years after that May day when the first white man came to Jamestown the village was burned, and all that is left to tell where it once stood is a ruined church tower and some grave-stones near it.

"The King's Messenger, or Lawrence Temple's Probation" is one of Rev. Dr. W. H. Withrow's delightful stories, and describes a Canadian boy's struggles in his endeavour to obtain an education and qualify for the Methodist ministry. The book describes many adventures in the backwoods of our country and is intensely interesting from beginning to end. It is published by the Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto. Price seventy-five cents.—Kingston Whig.

Teacher—"What do you know about the early Christians?" Tommy—"Our girl is one of 'em. She gets up in the morning and goes to church before breakfast."