

life as a hermit, dwelling in a cell near this chapel and on a cliff alongside the Dee.

No one can ride beside the treacherous sand-flats of the river Dee without thinking of Kingsley's pathetic poem:

"Go, Mury, call the cattle home,  
Across the sands o' Dee."

Many a poor girl, says one who knows the region well, sent for the cattle wandering on these sands, has been lost in the mist that rises from the sea and drowned in the quickly rushing waters.

"They rowed her in across the rolling foam—

The cruel crawling foam,  
The cruel hungry foam—

To her grave beside the sea;  
But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home,  
Across the sands o' Dee."

The new Town Hall of Chester is every way worthy of its ancient architectural glory. The city is built on a sandstone rock, from which much of the building material is taken, so that many of the ancient structures are much disintegrated by the weather. This gives a significance to Dean Swift's ill-natured epigram:

Churches and clergy of this city  
Are very much aklū:  
They're weather-beaten all without  
And empty all within."

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## Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, APRIL 29, 1899.

### A CHILD'S MESSAGE.

A little girl was standing one day at a railway station, holding her father's hand. It was a busy scene, some hurrying for tickets, some looking after their luggage, and everybody too much taken up with his or her own affairs to pay much attention to other people.

But there was one man there whom nobody could fail to notice, for he was a prisoner, handcuffed between two policemen, who were keeping a firm hold upon him. I do not know what crime he had been guilty of, but he had been sentenced to twenty years penal servitude, and was now on his way to the place of his imprisonment. He was a dark, desperate-looking man, with the wickedness with which he had spent his life stamped upon his face. If ever a man were beyond the power of love, you would have said he was. Ah! we none of us know what love can do.

The little girl I have mentioned caught sight of the prisoner; a wide gap you might have thought was between her life and his, yet was there something that could bridge it over. She let go her father's hand, tripped across the platform, and looked up into the man's face. "Man, I'm sorry for you," she said, and ran back again with her eyes full of tears. The criminal made no answer, nor gave any sign that the love of this childish heart had touched him, he seemed to look even darker than before.

A minute passed, and then the little girl was at his side again, with another look and another word for him. "Man," she repeated, "Jesus Christ is sorry for you." Then the train came up, the passengers all got in, and the man and the child met no more.

But was it all over? Oh, no. The prisoner had been so violent and troublesome that notice had been sent to the warden where he was going that he would have a hard task to keep him in order. But, instead of that, he found that he gave no trouble whatever. He was quiet and subdued, showed no signs of ferocity, and was often seen of an evening reading his Bible. It seemed very unaccountable, and the warden at last sought an explanation. Ah! have you guessed? It was the loving sympathy of the little child which broke his heart, though he was too proud to show it outwardly at the time. God, by his Spirit, had sent those simple words to wake up the memory of a buried mother—of long-past days.

It was years since anybody had spoken to him like that. It brought back to him all that she used to teach him when he was a child at her knee. "And, oh! sir," he said, in broken accents, "I could not rest until I had found my mother's God; and now, through the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, I'm saved, I'm saved!"

We think it a beautiful picture—a young heart in its simplicity pitying one so depraved and outcast. But her love war but a drop out of an overflowing fountain. The love of Jesus is that fountain; let it lead us to think about that. There is no earthly love like his. Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend."—Cottager and Artisan.

## JOE'S NOBLE PRINCE.

BY AMY E. BLANCHARD.

The softest, kindest brown eyes had Joe's Prince, and hair that curled about his ears quite as if he belonged to a football team, which he didn't, for he belonged only to Joe, and there was no possibility of getting up any sort of a team except a team of horses where Joe lived.

Five years before Joe's father had come from the East to this wild, woodsy country. The family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Moffitt, Grace, their little daughter, Joe, their son, and his Prince. Mr. Moffitt, determined on raising acres and acres of wheat, had battled with blizzards, grasshoppers, and the various ills which our Northwest States are heirs to, and now was fairly prosperous. From being delicate children Grace and Joe were as sturdy youngsters as one might find in many a long day, and if they did miss some of the city opportunities, they learned a host of things which promised to serve them in good stead.

One thing, however, Joe had not learned, and that was to trust his Prince with the respect he deserved, and to cultivate a memory for doing his nearest duty, which was something the Prince was continually trying to teach him, if one might consider that example conveyed such an idea.

It was one morning in early spring that Joe called Prince and said: "Come, old fellow; I'm going into the woods. Don't you want to go along?" Prince considered the matter, putting his head to one side, and giving first a glance at Joe and then one toward the house, as if he would say: "This requires some judgment. Duty first; pleasure afterward."

"Come on, Prince," called Joe, and, whistling, he started off, Prince slowly following, as if still rather undecided. "My, how the creek is rising! There must have been a big thaw, sure enough," said Joe. "I wonder if there has been rain farther up; it's been dry enough here. What's the matter with you, Prince? you lag so. Come on," and Joe gave his companion a whack with the stick he held. Prince made no protest, only looked up, as much as to say, "You ought to know my motive," and although he still followed, it was evidently with reluctance, and he cast frequent glances back at the house he had just left. Finally, seeing Joe was determined to pursue his way, Prince lifted up his voice in a prolonged howl just as they reached the edge of the woods, and then turning, he fled back to the house.

"The stupid idiot," cried Joe, flinging a clod of earth after him. "He does make me mad when he acts that way. He has some ridiculous notion, I'll be bound," and Joe continued his course, somewhat annoyed at being forsaken in this summary manner.

But Prince knew what he was about, for he trotted along briskly toward the house, and presently came into Grace's presence with a very pleased expression of countenance. Had he not heard, although Joe had forgotten it, that Mrs. Moffitt was going over to see a sick neighbour? and that she had charged Joe not to go out of sight of the house, since his sister would be there alone? Joe's idea of the matter was, "Oh,

bother, it's always 'Joe, don't do this,' or, 'Joe, be sure to do that.' I hate being humbugged," while Prince considered the situation in this wise: "Grace is all alone; she must be protected; if Joe doesn't do it, I must," and therefore duty claimed him. In his most persuasive way he invited Grace outdoors. Probably a compromise could be effected—Joe in the woods, Grace in the garden, and Prince with an eye for each of them. That was the way to settle it.

At the foot of the garden ran the creek, slowly, slowly rising. Grace did not give much heed to it. She was determined on having a frolic in a little summer house which, roughly put up, served as a pleasant spot on rainy days, or when the sun shone too fiercely. "We'll have school in the summer-house, Prince," said Grace. "You must be very good, and I'll read to you after school; or we can play you're the wolf and I'm Little Red Riding Hood." This arrangement suited Prince very well. He did not mind being audience, so long as he was not expected to keep awake, and therefore when Grace, stumbling over the hard words, laboriously read a chapter from one of her story-books, Prince's head dropped lower and lower till, finally, he was on the point of a snore. Then suddenly there came a shout and Prince sprang to his feet, looking around anxiously. At the same moment Grace became aware that the air was full of smoke; that there was a sound of crackling, leaping flames, and as she looked out she saw herself in a semicircle of fire, which was being swept along over the dry grass, faster, faster, faster. One side of the garden fence was ablaze, and the dry rails were igniting as the fire made its way. There was no escape except over the fence on the other side, if she could reach it in time; it would have to be a race between her and the fire. In her play of Little Red Riding Hood she had taken off her shoes and stockings, since the little china figure on the parlour mantel showed a barefooted Red Riding Hood. With one terrified look around her Grace started across the big garden—pursued by the snapping, eager flames—worse, indeed, than any wolf. The smoke in great gusts passed over her, and finally, choked and blinded, she fell.

But here Prince felt that the moment had come for him to act. Seizing the child, half carrying, half dragging her, he conveyed her to the foot of the garden, which the oncoming waters of the creek were subtly lapping.

Very, very near the flames came, but just here the ground was damp, and the fire sweeping along only licked the edges, although its scorching breath was felt by the patch of dry grass and stubble beyond, which shrivelled and blackened as it passed.

It was a very terror-stricken boy who made his way over the charred surface of the garden a little later, attracted by the whines of Prince, who stood over his little charge.

"Oh, Prince, oh, Prince!" cried Joe, oh, you noble Prince. How you have saved her from the dreadful thing that might have happened! I never dreamed when I made a fire over in the field that it would blow this way. I thought I had taken a good spot for it, but it got beyond me, and poor little Grace, dear little Grace!" and Joe lifted up his little sister tenderly and carried her to the house—the Prince in attendance to see that the proceeding was properly concluded.

"Joe Moffitt," said his mother, who had just returned, "what have you been up to now? I declare it isn't safe to leave this house a minute. Here I go away for an hour and find the garden fence burned down, and—for pity's sake, what has happened to Grace?"

Big boy as he was, Joe felt his lip quivering.

"Oh, mother," he said, "I'm a careless, heedless wretch. I thought I'd make a little fire to roast some potatoes, and the first thing I knew a spark flew too far and caught the grass, so that it flew along and the garden fence went. Grace might have been in the summer-house, and Prince—Prince saved her by taking her to the creek. She isn't hurt, but she might have been burned to death if—if Prince hadn't been with her. He wouldn't stay with me. I forgot that Grace was alone, but he remembered."

"Oh, you noble Prince," said Mrs. Moffitt, caressing the dog's soft hair. "What an example, Joe! Can you ever look at him and lose sight of it?" Joe was hiding his face in Prince's silky hair. "Prince, old fellow," he whispered, "I know it's all true. I'm ashamed of myself, but I can't give in to mother when she lectures me, but I'll tell you," and Prince bestowed a token of his favour upon Joe by turning around and giving his paw to him, with the added mark of affectionate consideration—a lick from his red tongue.

And Grace—well, Grace always did understand Prince better than any one else. So no doubt they settled their obligations between them.

## The Arsenal.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

This is the arsenal. From floor to ceiling,

Like a huge organ, rise the burnished arms;  
But from their silent pipes no anthem pealing,  
Startles the villages with strange alarms.

Ah! what a sound will rise, how wild and dreary,  
When the death-angel touches these swift keys!  
What loud lament and dismal Misere-re  
Will mingle with their awful symphonies!

I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus,  
The cries of agony, the endless groan,  
Which, through the ages that have gone before us,  
In long reverberations reach our own

On helm and harness rings the Saxon hammer,  
Through Cimbric forest roars the Norseman's song,  
And loud, amid the universal clamour,  
O'er distant deserts sounds the Tartar gong.

I hear the Florentine, who from his palace  
Wheels out his battle-bell with dreadful din,  
And Aztec priests upon their teocallis  
Beat the wild war-drums made of serpent's skin.

The tumult of each sacked and burning village;  
The shout that every prayer for mercy drowns;  
The soldiers' revels in the midst of pillage;  
The wail of famine in beleaguered towns;

The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched asunder,  
The rattling musketry, the clashing blade;  
And ever and anon, in tones of thunder  
The diapason of the cannonade.

Is it, O man, with such discordant noises  
With such accursed instruments as these,  
Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly voices,  
And jarrest the celestial harmonies?

Were half the power that fills the world with terror,  
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,  
Given to redeem the human mind from error,  
There were no need of arsenals or forts:

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred!  
And every nation that should lift again  
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead  
Would wear forevermore the curse of Cain!

Down the dark future, through long generations,  
The echoing sounds grow fainter, and then cease;  
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,  
I hear once more the voice of Christ say, "Peace!"

Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals  
The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies!  
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,  
The holy melodies of love arise.

## SHE KNEW.

"Sister" Dora Patteson, the famous friend of the sick poor, was bending over a poor miner in the Walsall Hospital. Her head was bound up because of a wound she had received by a stone thrown at her by some unseen hand as she was returning from a recent visit among the poor. The miner said to her:

"Sister Dora, I want to make a confession. I was the man who throw that stone, and I cannot endure not to tell you of it, when I see you ministering thus tenderly to me."  
"My dear fellow," she said, "don't you suppose I knew it?" But she did not cease from her ministrations.