

and try to catch the Rifles. The colonel will send us a company if you can reach him in time."

"Doyle," I added, "go with him. Warn every one in the next two miles. Send the weakest on, and ask for volunteers to wait for us. We want a rear-guard in this business."

The two faithful fellows went on at their best speed, while I remained to encourage my company, now several scores in number.

For the next mile we went on, steadily gathering numbers, if not strength, at every step. Then we found Doyle, who had collected about one hundred of the ablest, and was patiently waiting our arrival.

He had used incredible exertions. Some he had shamed into joining him; most had volunteered without hesitation. Not a few had forgotten their disabilities in listening to his fiery Irish appeal for assistance for their weaker comrades behind them.

"There's two hundred within two miles of this spot who haven't an ounce of fight in 'em," he said; "and some of your lot, sergeant, aren't up to much, I'm thinkin'."

"We must do the best we can," I said. "I've got some sorry cripples here, but we're all going to stand together in this affair. But the child, Doyle, did you find it?"

"Found a note in the hut, sergeant. They've gone on. It's in good hands."

I marshalled my mixed regiment, with the weakest in the middle, the strongest behind and in front, and on we went, two hundred at least. They all understood by this time that safety lay in sticking together, and accepted my leadership without a word of dissent.

An hour passed, and we had gone but two miles, when my ears caught the faint ring of hoofs on the road behind. For two hours I had been listening for that sound.

"Halt!" I shouted. The sound of galloping came through the still winter air.

We were in a narrow part of the road, with rough ground to either side. "Couldn't be a better place," I whispered to Doyle. He nodded assent. It was our only chance.

The men came to the rightabout. In a word I told them what I wanted—a hundred men to hold that spot while the sick and disabled went on.

"You can do it, boys," I said. "Aye, that we can," answered Doyle's volunteers like one man. They, too, had been waiting for this moment.

With the readiness of trained troops they were in a position of defence in an instant. Two fallen trees by the wayside served to make a temporary obstacle across the road.

Then six French cuirassiers swung round the corner two hundred yards away, and reined up their horses with a jerk that threw them almost on their haunches. They stared in amazement; for a moment only: one discharged his carbine in our direction; the six wheeled and turned back. Obedient to orders, not a man fired in return.

"They'll be back soon enough," I said. Keep cool, and hold your fire."

Several long minutes passed. Then round the turn of the road came, not six, but two hundred at least of superb French cavalry. Our attitude evidently puzzled them. An officer rode out ahead.

"Will you surrender?" he shouted. There was a growl from the ranks behind me.

"Never," I replied, and the men cheered as they heard the word.

There was a rattle of sabres, a word of command, and like a whirlwind the troop came down on our little band.

Brown Bess spoke by fifty mouths; fifty bayonets, rusty with weather, but stout as the hearts behind them, formed a wall of steel. There was room for but eight horses abreast, and eight received the bayonet thrust. The cavalry men dismounted, slashed with their sabres, but failed to break the line. The volunteers, grim and powder-stained, fought like heroes. The barrier was impene- showa its teeth in a cavalry fight.

They withdrew, and we breathed again. There were cuts in plenty and wounds had broken out afresh, but in the excitement of the skirmish we were stronger than before.

"They'll try it again," said Doyle, breathless with the tremendous work of the past ten minutes.

Below we waited the second charge with confidence.

It came with greater fury than ever, but the fallen horses and men formed a better barrier, and the few that leaped it met again the deadly wall of bayonets. Their efforts were tremendous. To Doyle I owed my life in the first five minutes of howling and slashing, and in the next paid the debt by a like service. It was a longer and more desperate

struggle. But the second charge failed as the first had done, and presently my outposts on the rocks above sent down the welcome word that the cavalry had withdrawn altogether.

The road was now more open, but seeing how successful our first resistance had been, I was minded to try the same tactics. Once more we sent the lame and halt on before, and having more time, built up a fair barricade, which I trusted would enable us to hold out until relief came, as it must soon do, from the Rifles.

The relief I was hoping and praying for came at last; but not until we had looked again into the grey eyes of Napoleon's veteran horsemen and once more crossed our British bayonets with their French sabres.

Not a prouder man was there in the army than I, when Lord Paget himself, after that brief encounter, in which he scattered the cuirassiers like chaff, rode up to our tattered company, and, leaning from his horse, gave me his hand.

"Men," he said, "I am proud to belong to an army whose wounded and disabled can do what you have done to-day."

Two more scenes, and for the present my story must end. One on the field of Corunna. The great fight is over. Sir John Moore's brave and steadfast spirit has fled, and his body has been laid to rest on the ramparts. The last act of this first Peninsular campaign is played, and the curtain is about to fall. The troops are embarking in the dead of night, and the out-pickets are lighting fires to persuade the French that our lines are still occupied.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,

As his corse to the rampart we hurried; Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly, at dead of night, The sods with our bayonets turning, By the struggling moonbeams' misty light, And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast, Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him; But he lay like a warrior taking his rest, With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said, And we spoke not a word of sorrow, And we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead, And sighed as we thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed, And smoothed down his lonely pillow, That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head, And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone, And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him; But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done, When the clock struck the hour for retiring; And we heard the distant and random gun Of the enemy sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down, From the field of his fame fresh and gory; We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone, But we left him alone in his glory!

Standing in the full light of one of the fires I see the slender, upright figure of Michael Erling. A smile plays about his features, a more tender, human smile than I have ever seen there. In the glowing embers does he see a picture of his home, of his father ready to welcome a son who, despite faults which he shares with many, has gone through the arduous campaign with credit and bravery; of his sister Ellen, who will give him the warmest welcome of all? I cannot answer the question, for a shot rings out on that still night air, a shot fired at random by some midnight prowler on the field, and Erling clasps his forehead and falls. Too late I run to catch him. When we place his body by the fire his spirit has already gone to its rest.

And another scene. A February morning in a Hampshire village, bright with the promise of early spring. From a carrier's cart jumps down a soldier in the war-worn uniform of the Rifles. On his arm he carries the stripes of a ser-

geant, but in his breast is a precious document granting an ensign's commission to James Barber for meritorious conduct in the march to Corunna. Out of a cottage runs a tall, fair girl, who welcomes him with outstretched hands and a blushing face. Quickly behind her come two who are not greatly changed since we saw them last, nearly three years ago; and with them boys and girls not a few, looking up at this tall and wonderful brother who had been to the wars so long and come back safe and sound. There is laughing, and rejoicing beyond words, but presently sadness steals over the group, and Ellen slips quietly away, sobbing, to carry the first terrible tidings of her brother's death to the stern old man at the great farm on the hill.

But a mother throws her arms around the neck of her son in the cottage below, and says for the hundredth time: "I knew He would bring you home again, my boy."

The End.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL BY JOHN.

LESSON IV.—APRIL 23.

JESUS, THE WAY AND THE TRUTH AND THE LIFE.

John 14. 1-14. Memory verses, 2-6.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the truth, and the life.—John 14. 6.

OUTLINE.

1. The House, v. 1-3.
2. The Way, v. 4-6.
3. The Father, v. 7-14.

Time.—Thursday evening, April 6, A.D. 30.

Place.—Jerusalem.

LESSON HELPS.

1. "Let not your heart be troubled"—Because of the near departure of Christ and of the conduct of the betrayer. That ye may not be troubled, "believe in God," which is the proper rendering. It is a command. In a sense every Jew believed in God. That truth was to the Jew often a mere form, but the reality was needed, and with it the power and the life. "Believe also in me"—As a living expression of the love of God for those who receive. Happy are they who thus believe; for to such the heart is untroubled.

2. "In my Father's house"—Heaven, the home of God, the throne of his power. "Many mansions," or abiding places, and for many souls, for there is abundance of room. Nothing is said here about whether the mansions vary in glory. There may be degrees of happiness hereafter.

3. "I go to prepare a place for you"—A prepared place, and it is for a prepared people. The purpose of Christ's departure is made clear. The future presence of Christ and believers is made manifest. "I will come again"—Various meanings are given to the coming again of Christ. The Revised Version has "I come again." The words seem to refer, as in verse 18, to his spiritual presence then and now, though they may include also the second advent.

4. "The way ye know"—Though not so clearly as they ought to have known it. There is a slight rebuke here.

5. "How can we know the way"—Dullness yet honesty in the mind of Thomas. He thought of the earthly Jerusalem and not of the heavenly. The feeling of the early disciples was that the Messiah would reign as an earthly king.

6. "I am the way"—The pronoun I is emphatic; the way is that by which the soul comes to God. "The truth"—For Christ is the divine word, and "the life," for Christ is one with the living Father, and the Giver of life. "I am come that they might have life."

7. "If ye had known me"—By spiritual perception, known in and by the heart, and not the intellect only. To know God in and through Christ should be the aim of all.

8. "Hast thou not known me"—Gradual was the knowledge of Christ to his disciples. Not until Pentecost were their eyes fully opened.

9. "Believe me for the very works' sake"—The miracles were a ground for belief; but a more satisfying ground to us is the inward experience.

10. "Greater works than these shall he do"—See Matt. 21. 21, 22. These works are not miracles, but refer to the scenes at Pentecost and the victories of Christian truth over Judaism and paganism.

HOME READINGS.

- M. Jesus, the Way and the Truth and the Life.—John 14. 1-14.
- Tu. The life.—John 17. 1-10.
- W. The truth.—John 17. 11-19.
- Th. The way.—John 17. 20-26.
- F. Way to the Father.—Eph. 2. 13-22.
- S. The only way.—Acts 4. 1-12.
- Su. The living way.—Heb. 10. 11-22.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. The House, v. 1-3.
 - What caution did Jesus give?
 - What reason for faith in him?
 - What does it contain?
 - Why did Jesus leave his disciples?
 - What promise did he make them?
 - What will be the purpose of his coming?
 - What is said of his coming in 1 Thess. 4. 17?
2. The Way, v. 4-6.
 - What two things did the disciples know?
 - What did Thomas say to Jesus?
 - What did Jesus say of himself? Golden Text.
 - To whom is Jesus the way?
3. The Father, v. 7-14.
 - How were the disciples to know the Father?
 - What revelation of the Father did Jesus make?
 - What request did Phillip make?
 - What question did Jesus ask of him?
 - What assurance did he give him?
 - What did he ask them to believe?
 - What reason for belief did he give?
 - What reward of faith is promised?
 - What promise of help is given?

"Do you know," remarked Mrs. Darley. "I rather wish that report would prove true that the United States is to buy Greenland?" "Why?" asked her husband. "In that case 'From Greenland's Icy Mountains' would become one of our national hymns."

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