

A Song of Eventide.

By JESSIE PICKERING.

After the sun has set in the west.
After the birds have gone to their rest
After the tolling day is done,
After the weary race is run,
After the weary race is run,
There comes to us in a pleasant way
What is called the "Blindman's Holiday"

After the mist has ceased to rise
After the flowers have shut their eyes,
After the lambs are in the fold
Where they'll be sheltered from the cold
And when all things are quiet and still—
We can list to the song of the Whip-poor-will.

Only the song of the rill 's heard
And the plaintive cry of some restless
The mournful sound of the war-bird's
Howl,
And the frequent hillo of some wander-
ing owl,
The moan of the hills begins to creep
And the stars in the sky their watches

OUR PERIODICALS:

Table listing various periodicals and their prices, including 'The Christian Guardian', 'The Western Herald', 'The World's Progress', etc.

THE ABOVE PRICES INCLUDE POSTAGE.
WILLIAM BRIGGS,
Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto.

Pleasant Hours:

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

TORONTO, AUGUST 18, 1900

THE MISSION OF A "MISTAKE"

By KATE W. HAMILTON.

Louise Haldene was proud of her voice
Not offensively or ostentatiously so,
Of course, but secretly, she considered it
A crown which set her a little apart from
And above common humanity.

Now that she had just returned from a
three years course in the Conservatory
of Music, she had a pleasant consciousness
of having made the most of her
advantages. She was glad to meet old
acquaintances once more, but she did not
enter with much zest into their many
pleasant occupations. Her girl friends
had welcomed her eagerly, and invited her
to the various circles and societies
in which they were interested, but be-
yond going with them occasionally she
felt no inclination to identify herself
with their pursuits.

The Christian Endeavour, and things
of that sort, suited them well enough,
I suppose, she said to herself with a little
smile, most of them have no particu-
larly high ambition in any direction.
But I do not intend to fritter myself
away—my voice shall count for some-
thing.

riage would be sent for her at the ap-
pointed time. If possible the writer
would accompany her to the
place of meeting, but if not the car-
riage would be sent with full instructions
to the driver and she would be met upon
her arrival. The tone of the message,
as well as the fact that it expressed
brought an exultant throb to the heart
of the young singer. This was worth
while, this was the sort of notice she
craved. Her reply was prompt—care-
fully studied and expressed a sincere
and earnest appreciation without any
undue elation—and then she gave her
thought to the important question of
dress.

"It ought to be simple," she wisely
decided "for a daytime gathering and
particularly as I am a girl—an amateur
among professionalists. It is a comfort
that people of culture and talent will
not judge by one's dress in any way."

It was a very fair figure, all in fleecy
white, that waited on the appointed
afternoon. The waiting was brief, for
the carriage came before the hour, at
which time Louise, who had been
driving her doorbell looked relieved
at the answer to his queries.

In there a young lady had there was
to sing for some folks this afternoon."
"Is it at the long room?"
"Card that was given to me, and I could
tell whether I was to call at 900 Elm
Street or 500 Oak Street. I've a pretty
good head for numbers, but the name of
the student was expected to be Lou-
ise."

You know where she is to take me?"
questioned Louise, in sudden alarm
at her own not very definite knowledge
on that point.

"I know that she will come,"
answered the man, a trifling impatiently.
He was annoyed that his own lapsus
soleus had led any one to suppose him
guilty of any further carelessness, and
he cleared his throat dog sharply, and
climbed to his seat.

They whirled swiftly down the street,
but the young singer, busy with a last
examination of her music, to assure her-
self of the correctness of the notes,
scarcely noticed speed or direction, until
the carriage rolled through a gateway
into spacious grounds and stopped before
a large brick building. Louise glanced
up at the long rows of windows.

"Where are we?" she asked, doubt-
fully. "Why, this can't be—"

"Yes, this is the place," interposed
the driver, promptly, throwing open the
door for her to descend, while a young
man, who had been watching from the
building, ran down the steps.

"Is this the young lady who is to
sing?" They've been watching for you.
This was the place."

Her half-uttered protest was silenced.
This was where she was expected, evi-
dently, but it was certainly not in the
least like her idea of a reception by the
Handel Club. The children had sung
wonderfully through long halls and cor-
ridors, realizing in a minute or two that
she was in a hospital, and then a door
opened and she found herself in a wide
room, lined on each side with rows of
little white chairs. The children led
her. She caught her breath in bewilderment
as she looked about her. A small cabinet
organ stood at the upper end of the room,
a young lady was seated before it, and
she was the first to meet Louise led
the way to her side. White-capped
nurses moved noiselessly here and there,
but of the musical people Louise had
thought to see there were none.

"What are you doing, my dear?" smiled
the girl at the organ. "We began to
fear something had happened to prevent,
and the children would have been so dis-
appointed."

"But I had heard nothing of this, there
must have been some mistake," began
Louise, in bewilderment. "The Handel
Club asked me to sing, but—"

"No it was the Christian Endeavour,"
answered the girl, perplexed in her
effort to disentangle the matters. She
promised to sing for us this afternoon,
and they were to send a carriage for her.
You are Miss Wallace, of Elm Street,
are you not?"

"Miss Haldene, of Oak Street," cor-
rected Louise.
Some one had blundered. It was not
quite easy to understand who or how,
and Louise was aroused from a vain
effort to disentangle the matters by the
earnest voice of the girl beside her.
"You can sing—of course, you do,
or wouldn't have had an engagement
with the club—and now that you are here
you will sing for the children, will you
not?" They will be disappointed to miss
it, poor little things! Their lives know
so much of pain and so little of anything
else."

plitt little faces. Here a head of
golden curls, turned slowly on its pillow;
there a small, wasted hand toyed feebly
with a picture book. Directly in front
of her a wheel chair held its helpless
burden and by its side stood a little girl
with pale face and bandaged eyes
fold such a story of pain that the visitor
turned away with aching throat.

"You will sing for them?" the voice
at her side was repeating anxiously.
"Yes, oh, yes—only not the music I
brought."

She pushed the roll away with a feel-
ing akin to disgust. It had been chosen
lovely because of the scope it afforded
to exhibit its strength, culture, and sweetness,
but it was no petty achievement of her own
that she wanted to offer these stricken
little ones. She took a book from the
organ and turned hastily to the old-re-
membered hymns, and thought of quiet
twilight hours and the gray-haired
saint who had helped to make her own
childhood so beautiful, thrilled in her
heart as she sang. There came a pas-
sionate longing to bring some of the
treasures of her care-free, happy past to
these shadowed young lives—some of the
joy that seems childhood's bright-
ness, and the memory of the store-
house old songs that had been long un-
thought of, she sang merry lays of birds
and blossoms, of streams that went dan-
cing through the woods, and she gave
the organ a soft, enchanting tone. Then
because her own eyes grew dim as those
of other eyes brightened, and a strange
tenderness throbbed in her heart as she
saw faint smiles lit like pale sunshine
on the wasted faces.

"The Lord is my shepherd and I am his
lamb,
One of the smallest and weakest I am;
Yet by his bounty daily I'm fed,
In his green pastures tenderly led,
Kind is my shepherd and large is the
meadow."

To which he called the young and the
old.
In daylight or darkness, awake or
asleep,
Over us evermore guard he doth keep.

"When I have wandered away from his
side,
Into paths which the sinning have
tried,
He'er each step of sin's rugged track,
Patiently, lovingly guided me back.
Sometimes the way where he leadeth
is straight,
Grows for my tired feet dark and too
steep."

"Then doth he lift me up close to his
breast,
Bearing me onward to places of rest.
He hath green pastures lying afar,
Needing no sunlight, needing no star;
There from his presence the lambs
never stray."

"Thus he guideth me nearer each day,
Through meadows brightened
by faith,
Leth the valley of silence and death,
Seeing its shadows, yet fearless I am,
For the Lord is my shepherd and I am
his lamb."

Louise will never forget that hour—
how the pair of baby arms were stretched
out to her, and the little cripple in the
wheel chair pleaded hungrily: "Oh, once
more! Sing once more about the Shep-
herd and the fields to rest in!"

"Then a low voice piped faintly from
an opposite cot.
"I like to hear about grass and cool
waters. 'Most makes me feel's if my
feet was 'plashin' in 'em."

"The organ was struck significantly from
the fervid creak to the helpless limbs,
and Louise knew that the little feet
would never "plash" more in any
earthly streams. The eyes of the matron
gazed about her, and the Handel Club
and the Christian Endeavour group good-bye.

"I can't thank you," she said. "I'll
not try to thank you," with her hand
clasping that of Louise. "But God has
surrendered you a wonderful gift, my
dear, and how beautiful it is to me, as
you are doing—unto one of the least of
these unto him. I can't help thinking
they were listening in heaven to-day."

After that it did not seem to matter
much about the mistake of the Handel Club,
or that the Handel Club had possibly missed
her. Louise promised to come again,
and rode home very thoughtfully, but
little interested in the efforts of her com-
panions to unravel the misunderstanding,
that had substituted her for Miss Wal-
lace. However it might have been on
the human side, she felt with a sense of
awe that she had gone under sealed
lips from the lips of the Handel Club,
and that her visit had been planned,
and her "wonderful gift" was his gift—
not bestowed simply for her own plea-

sure, but to be accounted for by and by!
At the next Christian Endeavour meet-
ing in the home church, some of her
friends were surprised to see Louise
quietly slip to a place of honor.
"Yes, I have come at last," she said.
I found I was interested in the work
after all."

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

(Continued from first page.)

scene exactly fulfilling these words. It
vividly recalled the associations of the
shepherds on the midnight flocks, and the
angelic song of "Peace on earth, good
will to men," which is destined yet to
hush the jarring discords of earth with
its sweet cadences of heavenly peace, so
oxquiescently expressed in the "Pastoral
Symphony" of Handel's Messiah.

The custom of calling sheep by name is
referred to by the Greek poet Theocritus,
and is still true of shepherds in that
land and also in Palestine.

"The shepherd calls his sheep by name,"
says Canon Tristram, the force of the metaphors in
Psalm 23, when we think of the deep
solitudes in which the Eastern shepherd
feeds his flock. There is perpetual dan-
ger from sudden attacks from wolves
and robbers. There are but rare and
scanty stragglers and the flock often suffers
from thirst. The shepherd never leaves
them. On him the sheep depend for their
pasture, which is constantly chang-
ing. He goes forth daily, leading his
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