

Morning Hymn

Now when the dusky night retreats,
Before the sun's red banner swiftly
flees,
Now when the terrors of the dark are
fleeting,
O Lord we lift our thankful hearts to
Thee
Look from the tower of heaven and send
to cheer us
Thy light and truth to guide us on-
ward still,
O Lord thy mercy as of old, be near us,
And lead us safely to thy holy hill
When that morn of endless light is
winking
And shades of evil from its splendours
flees,
Safe may we rise the earth's dark breast
for aching,
Through all the long bright day to
dwell with thee

OUR PERIODICALS:

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.	Yearly	Subn
Christian Guardian, weekly		\$1 00
Methodist Magazine and Review, 96 pp., monthly illustrated	2 00	
Christian Guardian and Methodist Magazine and Review	2 75	
Magazine and Review, Guardian and Onward to Greater	3 35	
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	1 00	
Sunday-School Banner, C. pp., 8vo., monthly	0 60	
Onward, 8 pp., 4to., weekly, under 5 copies	0 60	
5 copies and over	0 50	
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp 4to. weekly single copies	0 30	
Less than 20 copies	0 25	
Over 20 copies	0 24	
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than ten copies	0 15	
10 copies and upwards	0 12	
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than ten copies	0 15	
10 copies and upwards	0 12	
Dew Drops, weekly	0 18	
Herein Senior Quarterly, quarterly	0 20	
Herein Leaf, monthly	0 25	
Herein Intermediate Quarterly, quarterly	0 20	
Quarterly Review Service, by the year, 24 a dozen, \$2 per 100, per quarter, 6 a dozen, 60¢ per 100		0 00

THE ABOVE PRICES INCLUDE POSTAGE.

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto.

C. W. CHAPMAN, S. F. H. HESTIS,
2176 St. Catherine St., Westman Book Room,
Montreal, Halifax, N.S.

Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, JANUARY 13, 1900.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

BY EVALENA I. FRYER.

It is the most renowned church in England, for in it her sovereigns have been crowned, and many of them buried, from the days of Harold to Victoria. In point of architecture it surpasses in beauty any other building in England, while its early history and the legend connected with its foundation lend it additional interest.

In past ages there was on the banks of the Thames River, near London, a jungle so overrun with thorns that it gained the name Thorny Island. Upon this spot, Sebert, king of the Saxons, began to build a temple in the early part of the seventh century.

The Bishop of London highly approved of this plan of Sebert's, promising to come and dedicate it when it was finished. The king was flattered by the promise, the workmen did their best, and at last the building was completed, and the ceremony of consecration by the bishop was eagerly looked forward to. Before the time arrived, however, one stormy night when the winds howled, the rain fell in sheets, and the river flowed in a mighty torrent, there appeared before a poor fisherman by the river-side a stranger of most majestic figure, and said:

"Take thy boat and row me across the river."

Reluctantly, and for the sake of reward, the man obeyed. As they landed on the opposite shore the sweetest and most angelic music issued from the church, while light blazed from every window, by which were seen angels passing to and fro. Trembling, the fisherman fell to his knees, while the stranger advanced to the church, bidding him wait his return.

Presently the lights went out, the stranger returned, and bade the man row him across the river again. When they landed the strange passenger calmed the frightened man with these words:

"I am Peter. My mission was to dedicate yonder church in my own name. In payment for your work this night

last your net in the waters; the draught will be miraculous. When day breaks take the largest fish to the bishop and tell him what thou hast seen. Hereafter, let one-tenth of all fish caught here be given to the church, and no fisherman shall ever want."

The fisherman did as he was bidden, and the next morning the bishop hurried to the church—so runs the legend—and saw the marks of the chrism and the extinguished tapers, and believing that the building had indeed been dedicated by St. Peter himself, he refused to rededicate it.

We may put but little faith in this quaint tradition of the first dedication of the edifice, but it is an historical fact that the proceeds of one-tenth of all the fish caught within certain limits of the Thames were devoted to Westminster Abbey.

It was from this early building that there arose the splendid pile now known as Westminster Abbey, succeeding kings having built and added to it during many centuries—Edward the Confessor being impelled to erect his portion of the work by a dream, in which he said he saw St. Peter, who told him to build on Thorny Island a monastery, which should be the gate of heaven and the ladder of prayer. This same sovereign was buried immediately behind the high altar in soil brought from the Holy Land for that purpose. His is the most honoured place of sepulture, and well he deserved it, for he spent one-tenth of the national income upon the Abbey during fifteen years.

Through century after century England has buried her great dead within these splendid walls, and here lie kings, statesmen, bishops, soldiers, poets, artists, philanthropists, musicians.

In the Poet's Corner are statues to Shakespeare, Jonson, Spenser, Chaucer, Goldsmith, Browning, Tennyson, and other great poets. Here is a marble bust of Longfellow, bearing the inscription: "Erected by English Admirers of an American Poet."

At the eastern extremity of the building is Innocents' Corner, since only children lie buried there. Among them are the two brothers, Edward V. and Richard, Duke of York, who were murdered in the Tower by order of their uncle.

To mention even the names of the illustrious persons who have found burial in this stately building would be impossible, for here sleeps the mightiest dust of the English race. In one also the coffin of Elizabeth rests on the coffin of Mary—the executioner and the executed sleeping together. William Pitt lies not far from Fox, his great rival. On Lord Shaftesbury's tomb are the two words: "Love, Serve." Surely a beautifully simple epitaph of a noble and unselfish life.

The fine building is a fit setting for all the wonderful historical associations which cluster about it. Philadelphia.

PROMOTED.

A Story of the Zulu War.

BY SYDNEY WATSON.

Author of "The Slave Chase," etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

BOUND FOR ZULULAND.

"Here comes the sodgers, Billy; come on, little 'un. My word, jist look at 'em, ain't they sweils? Here, guv us yer and, young 'un, or we shan't never keep up with 'em;" and the elder of the two street arabs grasped the dirty little hand of his mate, and together they dodged between the ever-thickening crowd that lined the streets through which a splendid regiment passed en route for Waterloo Station, where special arrangements had been made for their conveyance to Portsmouth, to embark on board the waiting troop-ship for the voyage to South Africa.

What a crowd that was through which they passed! How the people cheered! How the poor from the courts and alleys thronged their different entrances, as the sound of martial music found its way down even their dim recesses. "God bless 'em, and bring 'em back alive in

* We print this story of the Zulu war, not to promote the war spirit, but to show that even under adverse circumstances the Christian soldier may be true to his colours, and be at once a soldier of the Queen and a faithful soldier of Jesus Christ. The scene of the Zulu war was the very ground where Britain's troops are again fighting manfully for their Queen and country, and for the future liberty, peace and prosperity of her Majesty's great South African possessions.—Ed.

safety to their mothers and sweethearts, says I," was the audible remark of a stout, red-faced, motherly-looking woman, who, though bleary-eyed with recent dissipation, had yet enough of the woman and the mother about her to feel for these soldier lads of some other mothers. Everything had to give way in business and in the streets while the rush of the attendant cheering thousands swept along, gathering numbers as it passed. How indulgent those officers were, as they rode erect and handsome on their spirited horses, overlooking the many little temporary breaks in the ranks, as the march swept on!

Now a widowed mother, with eyes red and swollen, burst from the crowd and wept afresh as she hung round the neck of her soldier-boy, proudly marching on. Then a tall, lady-like girl, who had in her face all the tokens of an unusual share of reserve and shyness, forgetting everything, burst through all bounds, ran into the midst of the moving column, and raising her pale, tearful face to the lips of a stalwart, handsome-looking soldier, murmured, "It will break my heart, Charley! Oh, Charley! Charley! It will break my heart!" In a few moments she grows calmer; just to be with him she loves seems to make her more restful.

So scene after scene such as these passes before the gaze of the sympathizing thousands and those cool, aristocratic, soldier-looking officers; but no restraint is put upon the men. Perhaps these same officers have passed through some such scenes themselves in the stately mansions of the West End; or it may be that the several carriages and coroneted cabriolets, filled with ladies of decidedly the "upper ten" class, which, in spite of the comparatively early hour of the morning, hover around the march, keeping singularly close to the moving column, and towards which the glances of the different officers are frequently cast, contain mothers and lovers, the only difference being that of class, for hearts are cast much in one mould. Suddenly the music is hushed, and in the comparative lull a bugle note is heard, clear and distinct. In a moment the whole body of the men have come to a dead halt. An officer rides forward to ascertain the cause; the crowd has concentrated to one spot—a heaving, surging mass, over whom a sudden hush comes as the word passes from mouth to mouth, "She's dead, poor thing, and she so young!" and soon the sad story passes through the ranks that it is Corporal Harris's wife. Although very delicate, she had rushed with eager haste to meet the men on march, anxious to see her husband just once more. Having reached his side-breathless and tearful, she raised her face to his, then suddenly relaxing her hold, would have fallen but that his strong arm had caught her. A deathly pallor overspread her face, her breast ceased to heave, her pulse to beat, and in another moment she was dead.

With a sort of dazed look on his face, and in an almost mechanical way (after a hasty consultation among the officers), poor Harris stepped into the carriage into which the lifeless form of his poor wife had already been placed. The driver of

this rough, but earnest minister of comfort, as he replies, with choking utterance, "She was friends with him, but I am not; she often tried to win me over—to enlist me, she used to call it—but I've always feared to do it, it is so hard for a soldier; and, besides, I never could understand it; but she,"—and here he fairly sobbed aloud—"but she seemed to have another life, a life I could not understand, or touch, or influence. Oh, Maggie, Maggie, darling! where are you now?" he cried out in an agonized voice.



"SHE'S DEAD, POOR THING."

"She's with the King, in painless, glorious rest; she has joined the multitude whom no man can number, who came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes in the blood of the Lamb." These words, quietly, firmly uttered by the cabman, accompanied by another sympathetic pressure of the hand, before he closed the door of the vehicle, seemed to soothe the soldier.

But we must leave them with their sad burden while we follow the regiment, which soon arrived at Waterloo Station. Here, again, heartrending scenes are constantly taking place, while every effort is made by the well-meaning, hearty, though rough, and drink-loving "costers," and others of the neighbourhood, to smuggle liquor among the soldiers. The one watchword which has touched all the English feeling and generosity in the hearts of these rough sympathizers is that which has passed from end to end of that vast crowd, "Bound for Zululand."

Among the men, busy as she can be, is a frail, delicate, lady-like girl, fair, neatly dressed in close-fitting grey woollen homespun, and little Princess bonnet, neatly trimmed, who, with earnest gaze and more earnest words, is rapidly distributing to each soldier a copy of that beautiful leaflet, "The Muster Roll." But presently the last man is packed into the carriages, the last door is finally closed, the guard whistles, porters and



BOUND FOR ZULULAND.

the carriage stood for a moment hesitatingly, as if he would speak, but paused to think first; then, with a subdued voice, shaken with evident emotion, he took the hand of the sorrow-stricken soldier, saying—"Was she and 'the Master' friends?"

Poor bleeding, bursting heart! poor dazed brain! have you comprehended this question? Yes, the soldier, with a sad, grateful look, presses the hand of

officials shout, "Stand back from the train! Stand back there!" and the train, with a long, weird, unearthly shriek, steams out of the station; while sobs and cheers mingle, and men from carriage windows wave helmet and handkerchief, and friends stand on the platform with tear-stained faces and breaking hearts, watching what may be the last glimpse of son or husband, father or lover. The crowd slowly disperses, the