

**The Last Roll-Call.**

Through the crowded ranks of the hospital,  
Where the sick and the wounded lay,  
Slowly, at nightfall, the surgeon  
Made his last slow round for the day.  
And he paused a moment in silence  
By a bed where a boyish face,  
With a death-white look, said plainly,  
Here will soon be an empty place.  
Poor boy! how fast he is going!  
He thought as he turned, when a clear,  
Unfaltering voice, through the stillness,  
Ringing out like a bell, called, "Here!"  
Ah, my boy, what is it you wish for?  
"Nothing," faintly the answer came;  
But, with eyes all alight with glory,  
"I was answering to my name."  
In the tranquil face of the soldier  
There was never a doubt or fear —  
"They were calling the roll in heaven,  
I was only answering, Here!"  
The soft, dim rays of the lamp-light  
Fell down on the dead boy's face;  
In the morning the ranks were broken,  
For another had taken his place.  
Far away in God's beautiful heaven,  
They are calling the "roll" each day,  
And some one slips into the places  
Of the ones who are summoned away.  
—Christian Standard.

**A Methodist Soldier**

BY  
**ALLAN-A-DALE.**

CHAPTER XII.

HOW WE EMBARKED AT DEAL.

There was a great to-do in camp at Ashford when the word was passed that we had received orders to join a large number of troops at Deal. This meant at least a campaign out of England, and there were plenty of hotheads among us who received the news with every show of extravagant delight.

"Faith, an' it's real powder we'll be smelling in a week," cried an Irishman to me, twirling his heavy musket as he spoke, and clicking his heels together with a whoop that would have done credit to a South Sea Islander.

He was a good-natured fellow, this same son of Erin, over-strong perhaps in his likes and dislikes, and in spite of the difference of religion a good friend to me through two campaigns. The poor fellow put wondrous faith in a piece of paper which the priest at home had given him as a "protection" against all "guns, pistols, swords, or other offensive weapons," and often boasted to me of its efficacy. Years after he fell beside me in a great Peninsula battle, but so suddenly that he had no time to doubt the virtue of the charm.

But neither my Irish friend nor any of us had thought or care for dangers and difficulties that might come. We marched gaily enough to Dover, cheered at every village we passed, and thence to Deal, a magnificent fleet awaiting us in the Downs.

On the march we heard more about our destination, and learned with some surprise that we were bound for Copenhagen with a mission to capture the Danish fleet. It was a curious act of war, and, though as soldiers had nought to say either for or against it, there were many who at the time condemned the Government for its action. We were not at war with Denmark, and under ordinary circumstances the fleet of the little country was no menace to England's safety. But there were other eyes fixed on the fleet, and other hands in which it would prove a dangerous weapon. Bonaparte was making ready a vast scheme of invasion, and was on the point of making a bid for the Danish fleet to aid him. Let us forestall him, said many; and there was good reason in the argument.

In the month of August we embarked, to the number of twenty thousand men. To transport this army and carry out the plan of attack by land and sea required a fleet of forty-two ships of the line and a great number of smaller vessels. How well I recall that scene! The stately three-deckers chequered in black and white, the shapely frigates with their clouds of white canvas, and all the smaller host of barques and sloops riding at anchor. Countless boatloads of scarlet men are taken from the shore, and disappear in the hungry maw of the vessels. The boats returning bring back many a broken-hearted woman who has followed husband or lover as far as she may. The weeping women with their tears sadden a scene as brilliant and

beautiful as man could wish to look upon. Blue as the sky above are the rippling waters; fair and gentle is the warm westerly breeze. Surely it is some great holiday trip for which these thousands of men, every one merry, overflowing with laughter, are going out upon the ocean, rather than a grim encounter with the spirit of war and the angel of death. Only the officers are severe and stern, as they test in the confusion of embarkation the value of the discipline they have been trying to teach in many a weary drill on dusty barrack grounds.

Without mishap and in admirable order, the long and tedious business of embarking the regiments was carried out, and by nightfall every sail in that great fleet was set, and every ship was steering for Denmark.

It was a rough passage, and most of us, being raw sailors, were not sorry when we sighted land on August 16th. Without difficulty, being protected by the guns of the vessels, the troops landed on the island of Zealand, about eight miles from Copenhagen.

Now began the serious business on which we had come, for the Danes refused to comply with the polite request to deliver up their ships and munition of war, and it became necessary to take them by force. This was at first no easy matter. The mouth of the harbour was protected by a strong line of gun-boats and heavy rafts carrying cannon. At either end of the line were forts. The first shot fired by the English men-of-war was the signal for the belching forth of a fiery tempest from the line. The Danes, so the men of the fleet afterwards told us, fought like heroes behind the guns.

We heard the bombardment as we lay in the woods on the land side of the city, and chafed at the policy which held us in check while the ships were making the assault on the seaward fortifications.

CHAPTER XIII.

COPENHAGEN.

At length the order came for a general advance to be made by the land-forces, and to the riflemen fell the lot of taking the lead. Though we saw small bodies of the Danish cavalry we met with no resistance, and at the end of our first march in the enemy's country rested on our arms at the village of Lingby without having so much as fired a shot. The people of the village fled at our approach, removing as much of their property as they could, though they might have remained with perfect safety, for the strictest orders had been issued against any form of pillage or disorder. It was still hoped that the Danes would yield possession of their fleet in face of the immensely superior force gathered against them by sea and land.

The following day we continued our advance towards the city until we took up a strong position within gun-shot of Copenhagen.

Now, for the first time, I heard the bullets hum past my ears, with a sound like the steady buzz of a homeward-flying bee. Gentle almost was the sound, but terrible a sight which soon accompanied it. Hardly had we fired twice before a man, half a dozen paces to my right, stopped short in a run forward, and, throwing up his arms, fell like a hewn tree to the ground. No need to raise him for a moment. The dark-green uniform of his battalion was stained with a deeper colour, and I knew for better or worse one man had gone to his account.

From that moment I moved mechanically, keeping my line, loading, aiming, and firing like the rest, but in a dull stupor. If I had any feeling in the matter at all, it was a vague impression that unless I did as the rest, I, too, would fall motionless on the green earth.

The enemy thought well to retire its line of skirmishers on that day, but the next brought an attack in force. From our position we could see the Danish troops issuing from the main gate of Copenhagen, creeping like many-footed dusky bodies over the roads between green gardens. There was grim fascination in the sight, when we remembered that it meant a conflict, and that speedily.

The first blow was not struck until after noon, and then the Danish infantry aided by their guns advanced against our centre with an intrepidity that merited a better fate. We waited until the head of the column was within two hundred yards, and then several hundred rifles poured in a deadly fire.

It was well for many of us that the Danes had difficulty in getting their artillery into action, for our position was exposed. The order was given to fix bayonets and charge. Right into their eyes we looked, gripping our rifles with strenuous, nervous grasp, until at the shock of encounter everything faded in-

to a blood-red mist and we thrust not at men but shadows. They wavered like corn before the wind, fell back, and ran. With the impetuosity of new troops in the flush of an easily won victory we followed the Danes almost to the gate of the city.

But the victory was not bloodless. There were desperate moments in the fight around the guns when men fell on both sides, and cries and imprecations rose horribly from the wounded.

Returning and traversing with difficulty the narrow road, blocked with the overturned gun-carriages and fallen men, we found the surgeons' helpers already busy among the wounded, encouraging such as could walk to make the best of their way to the rear and arranging for the carrying of the rest. Twenty men were quickly told off to assist, and to my lot fell the task of helping to carry a big fellow of my own company who was groaning with the pain of a terrible bayonet thrust. As we picked him up he roundly rated us for our clumsiness, and then addressing himself directly to me, said, "Well, you've caught me this time. I don't blame you for wanting to give me an extra twist," after which, with the pain of his wound, he went off into so desperate a faint that we thought for a moment he was past all help. Still we carried him to the rear, and laid him down on the floor of the farmhouse which had been on the line of our defence in the beginning of the fight and was now turned into a hospital. Remaining to assist the surgeons, I looked at the man several times as I passed to and fro and wondered what he could have meant. Though in the same company he and I had never exchanged a word before, as far as I knew, and I could only imagine that he had mistaken me for another comrade, being somewhat blinded, as men often are, by the pain he suffered.

That night, however, as I still lay in the hospital, being yet on duty with the wounded, I was roused out of a well-earned sleep.

"You're wanted," said the surgeon; "a man of your company is calling for you, and I'm afraid he won't be calling long."

I went over at once to the corner where we had laid the wounded man. He had regained consciousness for the first time since we brought him in.

"Is this the man you want?" asked the surgeon shortly.

"Aye, that's the young fellow," he replied, speaking with manifest difficulty. I leaned over him.

"Well, I'm done for," he said, "but I'm not going till I thank you for the way you've acted towards me since you joined. I knew you recognized me; I could see that by the way you looked and then kept away. You might have made it hot for me in the company over that business by the river—a faint smile passed over his face, which was now growing deadly white in the yellow candle-light. "It's been on my mind to ask you how the parson managed to get out." Again the veriest ghost of a smile overspread his face.

A sudden light flashed across my mind, and in a second I was back on the bank of the Itchen with a ringing in my ears and a brutal grip at my throat. This, then, was one of our assailants! I did my best to console him.

"Don't worry about that," I said. "We were none of us the worse."

"No, I'm not worrying about that; look here, I want to tell you—"

He broke off suddenly. His great hands, black with powder and stained, began to pluck nervously at the rough mattress on which he lay. The surgeon, who was watching him, pressed a flask to his open mouth.

"You know Harter," he went on, and at the word I started, "old comrade—terrible wicked man—enemy of yours—not so much the money—take care."

Once more he stopped, and his eyelids fell. The surgeon again pressed the flask to his lips, but his teeth were tight clenched. I caught his hand, now motionless on the mattress.

"He's had his say," said the surgeon coolly, drawing the blanket over the face of the dead man. "You can turn in again, my man."

Dejected and altogether miserable, I obeyed. New though I was to the trade of soldiering, I was already too callous to be greatly affected by the death of the unfortunate man, but the England I had left, my father, my friends, my enemy, and the little girl, all came back in a flood of recollection. At that moment, had it been in my power, the and there would have ended my life as a soldier.

For long after I wondered what that dying admonition might mean. That the man desired to warn me against a hatred and consequent danger, extending beyond the limits of our village home, I had no doubt. Yet it was nevertheless strangely without effect.

Only once again was I destined to see

Harter, but then for so brief a time, and in so strange a manner that no scheme of injury his fertile brain might have conceived could avail him anything.

In real life 'tis not as in romance, where evil plans are laid with intent that they should mature and ripen. There is in life a Providence which interposes and wards off dangers unseen, and to that guiding hand I ascribe the fact that the dying soldier's warning was happily not justified in the event.

(To be continued.)

**BITS OF FUN.**

Even the Jingo's admit that Philippine annexation would tend to spread eaglesism.

Higgins—"Dr. Wordy's delivery is so rapid that he reminds you of an express train." Wiggins—"Yes, but he is sadly deficient in terminal facilities."

Oliver Wendell Holmes used to be an amateur photographer. When he presented a picture to a friend, he wrote on the back of it, "Taken by O. W. Holmes & Sun."

"Chollie says he is in favour of expansion." "How on earth did he ever happen to have an idea on the subject?" "I don't know, but I think it struck him as something swell."

Mrs. Watts—"At least, you will have to admit that the lecture had the merit of brevity." Watts—"Yes, but it was short at the wrong end. Why didn't he begin an hour sooner?"

"And, remember, Bridget, there are two things I must insist upon: truthfulness and obedience." "Yes, mum; and when you tell me to tell the ladies you're out, when you're in, which shall it be, mum?"

Hobson—"How did you enjoy your summer trip, Bagley?" Bagley—"Had a delightful time. Gained one hundred and thirty pounds." Hobson—"One hundred and thirty pounds! I don't believe it." Bagley—"Don't you? Well, here it comes down the street. Just wait a moment and I'll introduce you."

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