

Always in a Hurry.

By FRISILLA LEONARD. I know a little maiden who is always in a hurry. She races through her breakfast to be in time for school. She scribbles at her desk in a hasty sort of hurry. And comes home in a breathless whirl that fills the vestibule. She hurries through her studies she hurries through her sewing. Like an engine at high pressure as if leisure were a crime. She is always in a frantic haste to get on to her next. And yet—would you believe it? she never is in time. It seems a contradiction until you know the reason. But I am sure you'll think it simple, as I do, when I state that she never has been known to be late for anything in her life. And she's always in a hurry, because she starts too late. —The Churchman

OUR PERIODICALS:

Table listing various periodicals and their prices, including The Christian Guardian, The Wesleyan, and others.

WILLIAM HIGGINS, Methodist Book and Publishing House Toronto. 215 W. Centre St. Montreal.

Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK. Rev. W. H. Whitrow, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, APRIL 21, 1900

THE PRINCE OF MISSIONARIES.

Stories of Early Methodists. BY DANIEL WISE, D.D. (See portrait on last page.) In the spring of 1763 a dignified old gentleman and a young man seeking admission at the gate of Jesus College, in Oxford England. They had come from the picturesque town of Brecon Wales of which place the father was mayor. The son was a lad who had just passed his sixteenth birthday. He was short for his age, but remarkably handsome. We do not that venerable father cherished high expectations of his son's future goodness and greatness. He was a Christian gentleman, and his fondness was that his handsome boy might become a good minister of the English Church. His proudest hopes were fully realized. His son became a very useful minister of the Gospel, the father of the missions of the great Wesleyan Church, the prince of modern missionaries, and the first Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States of America. He wrote his name out in water, but to decide who will never die. It stands high on the roll of immortal worth, a whose names will always be cherished, as good men on earth, and which are also written in heaven. Do you ask the name? It is Thomas Coke, LL.D.

AT COLLEGE. Being the son of a rich and honourable gentleman, and being also handsome, lively, and fond of gay companions, Thomas at once found himself surrounded by a set of wealthy young men, who, like the unjust judge, "feared not God, neither regarded man. Many, if not most, Oxford students at that time were notorious, who they courted their young attendant, in that they had their midnight carousals, their dancing and gambling haunts, to the theatre, and

tempted him to do deeds which he knew to be both wrong and ruinous. At first these things shocked him, but after giving a little thought he found that his feelings changed, and he found pleasure in deeds which hurt both his body and mind, caused him to neglect his studies and began to corrupt his heart. He thought he did not walk long in that evil direction. When in the midst of his unprofitable companions, he could not help being ridiculed and attacked by his father and mother. When alone, that "still, small voice," which is God's whisper to erring hearts bade him reflect, and finally moved him to study that day he had heard the Bishop preach on God's thoughts. His gay fellow-students laughed at him, but he had the courage of his opinions, and, therefore, despised their ridicule and stuck bravely to his college duties. Hence in due time he was graduated with honour, and returned to his home in Brecon, crowned with the approval and respect of his instructors.

A "PRIEST"

He now became very popular in Brecon (socially), and some of the best of his day was very active partly in business and partly in studies suited to his purpose to enter the ministry. After spending three years in this way, he was ordained, first a deacon, and then a priest. A priest, but it was not until he was twenty-eight years old that he entered fully on the work of a minister by becoming curate of the parish of Llanthony. Dr. Coke now began to reap the fruit of his previous studies, which had so filled his mind with Bible knowledge that his sermons were rich in good thoughts. But his sermons were not only good, in that they charmed men's ears they did not persuade them to lead better lives. Dr. Coke, up to this time, though moral and sincere, and an admirer of our Redeemer, had never seen Christ in his heart as his personal Saviour and King.

But the reading of certain good books, and some contact with one of Mr. Wesley's preachers, and with a pious peasant who was a Wesleyan, led him to perceive that he ought to seek the forgiveness of his sins through faith in the Son of God, and then his preaching became a thing of power. It startled many, and led some to become children of God through faith in the Lord Jesus. But others became very angry. They spoke bitter words against him. They plotted for his removal, and when he was dismissed from his church by his vestry they actually rung the bells of the church, and then his joy was over, after those same men, grown wiser and better made their bells ring out a joyous welcome when he made a casual visit to Petherton.

HIS "GRIM."

There was real manly grit, as well as Christian meekness in Dr. Coke. He showed the latter by speaking kindly of his enemies. He displayed the former, by standing outside the church doors to preach the farewell words which he was not differed to deliver from the pulpit. His foes had gathered baskets of stones with which to drive him from his post. But though Coke had the meekness of a lamb, he also had the courage of a lion. His bravery inspired his friends. They stood by him. His enemies were awed, and he faithfully warned them to "see from the wrath to come." As a slave by men, the rich, learned, handsome, honourably connected Dr. Coke made a great sacrifice when he turned his back on the honours and emoluments of the Church of England, and devoted himself to the hard toil of an itinerant life.

HIS HARDIHOOD.

Dr. Coke's preaching was so tender, simple, and rich in good thoughts, that it drew crowds, and won many to better lives. Yet, like Wesley, he was often assailed by vile men, who lashed him with hard words, and tried to strike him with sticks and stones. Once they drenched him with a fire-engine. Nothing daunted, however, he went all over the United States, he came to this country, and with the consent of the American preachers, ordained Mr. Asbury as joint superintendent or bishop, with himself, of the Methodist Episcopal Church which was organized at the Conference which met at Christmas in 1784. He then made a grand missionary tour of several thousand miles in the United States, and he returned to England to renew his labours in our fatherland.

HIS JOYNESS

The story of Coke's remarkable labours

during the next thirty years is a very, even intensely, interesting, but cannot be told in this brief sketch. It must be known that he made eighteen voyages across the Atlantic, not in immense steam palaces, such as float on the ocean to-day, but in small vessels which he called himself, as well as an officer commanded by captains who hated every good thing. One such commander actually threatened to throw him overboard, as the Jonah who brought nothing but grief to himself, but nothing could daunt his noble mind, or keep him from toiling for the good of men. Hence, when driven from stress of weather to the West Indies, he found that nothing among the poor negroes of those islands. He planted the Wesleyan banner in Nova Scotia. He also sent missionaries to Africa, to Wales, and to some of the widest parts of Ireland. During twenty-eight years, the missions of the Wesleyan Conference were principally managed by him, and his great soul lived to-day in a missionary's coat as the father of its grand missionary work, which now covers many lands.

When Coke was sixty-five years of age, he was in the West Indies, he found he had found a mission among its swarthy millions. Most men at that age desire rest, but this heroic soul was eager to crown his earthly career with a great act of devotion, and he consented to be ordained to consent, chiefly because they dare not add such an expensive mission to their list. But standing before them with tears in his eyes, he said in a low voice, "I cannot furnish means, I will gladly defray the expenses of an outfit to the extent of \$30,000."

This act of sublime self-devotion won the approval of his great plans. The ministers were given him as assistants. On the last day of the year 1814, he set sail with his devoted little band, full of exultant hope that his voyage might result in great good to the people of the dusky sons of India. His hope was realized, but he did not live to see it. On the morning of the third of May following, when his little vessel was in the cabin, he found the venerable missionary stratched lifeless on the floor. The next day he was buried in the sea, but such men as Dr. Coke never die. They live in the hearts of those they wish to bless, the books they write—and Dr. Coke wrote several—the missions they found, the churches they built, and the converts they make, are like seeds which grow and multiply, and increase from age to age. Think of what evil such a man as Coke would have done, and could have still been doing, if, instead of turning away from his great mission, he had indulged, in doing wicked deeds, in setting a bad example. And while you think of this difference, let young Coke's example be a lesson to you. Resolve from your life, and resolve to be, first, a disciple of the adorable Jesus, and then a benefactor to your race. Such a resolve will be sure to make you happy, and it may lead to your becoming a blessing unto thousands!

A CURSE TO YOUNG BOYS.

Cigarette-smoking is an evil almost as new to our country as the British forces in South Africa, is not a giant in stature. The secret of his success is, therefore, the more interesting. "Lord Roberts' career," says The Outlook, "has been distinguished by two novelties. If never known when he is defeated, and he never seems to forget a face. More than once his officers declared that he was worsted, but Roberts would not acknowledge it, and he plucked victory from the jaws of defeat. A chaplain in the British army tells how a young lieutenant had met the Indian Commander-in-Chief only once, and that at a mess dinner. The next morning he saw an arrow mounted on a mountain range from Kabul and Jelalabad. Roberts reached down his hand and said, "Well, M—, how are you, old fellow?" "I would have laid down my life in the general's service from that moment. Possessing as he does such courage and generalship, it is no wonder Roberts is beloved by every British soldier. Kipling has expressed this esteem fittingly in his well-known "Bobs," of which we quote a verse:

eral years there has been a steady deterioration, and this year the football team was a complete failure because of the use of cigarettes. He went on to say that he had studied the effect of the cigarette upon the minds and bodies of his pupils for years, and he gave the following as the result of his observation:

"I have noticed boys who have come into the school bright, intelligent pupils and have seen them begin to fall until finally they were unable to carry their work and have left school complete failures. Nine out of ten of these cases I have found had their origin in the use of cigarettes. Their use dulls the powers of perception, weakens the faculties, and finally undermines their bodily strength also. A physician told me lately that he had this year attended twelve Devonton boys under sixteen years of age who were afflicted with heart trouble, and that every case was due to the excessive use of these white coffin nails, as they have been called."

To restrict the use of the cigarette is a peculiarly fitting work for the women of the W. C. T. U. The evil strikes at the boys whose judgment is immature and who are liable to become victims of the habit before they get a knowledge of its far-reaching effects. They ought to have the sympathy and assistance of all classes of the community in whatever steps they find necessary to attain their object.

For growing boys the use of tobacco is bad enough. It stunts their growth and dulls their brains, but the use of a hook in a pipe is not one-half as bad as the use of the tobacco and opium mixture that is found in a cigarette.



GENERAL ROBERTS.

"BOBS."

Lord Roberts, the eminent soldier who is now Commander-in-Chief of the British forces in South Africa, is not a giant in stature. The secret of his success is, therefore, the more interesting. "Lord Roberts' career," says The Outlook, "has been distinguished by two novelties. If never known when he is defeated, and he never seems to forget a face. More than once his officers declared that he was worsted, but Roberts would not acknowledge it, and he plucked victory from the jaws of defeat. A chaplain in the British army tells how a young lieutenant had met the Indian Commander-in-Chief only once, and that at a mess dinner. The next morning he saw an arrow mounted on a mountain range from Kabul and Jelalabad. Roberts reached down his hand and said, "Well, M—, how are you, old fellow?" "I would have laid down my life in the general's service from that moment. Possessing as he does such courage and generalship, it is no wonder Roberts is beloved by every British soldier. Kipling has expressed this esteem fittingly in his well-known "Bobs," of which we quote a verse:

"There's a little red-faced man, Which is Bobs. Rides the tallest 'oree 'e can, Our Bobs. If it bucks or kicks or rears, He'll set your ears a-rears. With a smile round both 'is ears— Can't yer, Bobs?"

—Boys' Brigade Budget.

Father—"You seem to look at this in a different light since your marriage." His Newly Married Daughter—"Well, I ought to after receiving fourteen lamps from my nine candelabras for wedding presents."