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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XIX.]

TORONTO, APRIL 8, 1899.

[No. 14.]

.....The Crusaders.....

BY THE EDITOR.

One of the most extraordinary phenomena in history was that strange movement of the Middle Ages, whereby, in the words of the Byzantine Princess, Anna Comnena, all Europe was precipitated on Asia. These religious wars united the nations of the West in a grand political league long before any similar union could otherwise have taken place. They also greatly improved, or, indeed, almost created, the military organization of Europe, and inspired and fostered the spirit of chivalry in her populations. They led to the abolition of serfdom, by the substitution of martial service instead of the abject vassalage to which the masses had been accustomed. By enforcing the so-called

TRUCE OF GOD

they prevented the pernicious practice of private warfare, and turned the arms of Christendom against the common foe. Vast multitudes were led to visit Italy, Constantinople, and the East—the seats of ancient learning, and the scenes of splendid opulence. Extended travel enlarged their knowledge of the geography, literature, natural history, and productions of foreign lands. In the East still lingered the remains of the science of the palmy days of the Caliphate. The rustic manners of the Crusaders became polished by their contact with the more refined Oriental races. To the British or German knight, who had never stirred farther from his ancestral castle than a boar hunt or a stag chase led him, what a wonder-land must Italy and the East have been, with their great cities, their marble palaces, porphyry pillars, and jasper domes!

THE CRUSADERS,

becoming acquainted with the luxuries of the Orient, discovered new wants, felt new desires, and brought home a knowledge of arts and elegances before unknown.

The result was seen in the greater splendour of the Western courts, in their more gorgeous pomp and ceremonial, and in the more refined taste in pleasure, dress, and ornaments. The miracles and treasures of ancient art and architecture in Greece and Italy, far more numerous than now, did much to create and develop a taste for the beautiful, and to enlarge the sphere of human enjoyment. The refining influence of the East and South have left their mark in every corner of Europe, from Gibraltar to Norway, from Ireland to Hungary, from crosses on the doors to the arabesque traceries in cathedrals and castles.

It is not wonderful that these great and stirring events, with their combined religious enthusiasm and military splendour, awoke the imagination of the poets. They gave a new impulse to thought, and a greater depth and strength to feeling. They inspired the muse of Tasso and of many a lesser bard, and supplied the theme of the great Christian epic,

"JERUSALEM DELIVERED."

The Crusaders, moreover, made several commercial settlements in the East, the trade of which survived their military occupation by the Latins. Thus a valuable commerce sprang up, which contributed greatly to enrich the resources, ameliorate the manners, and increase the comforts of the West.

But there were grave and serious evils resulting from the Crusades, which went far to counterbalance all these advantages. The lives and labours of millions

were lost to Europe, and buried beneath the sands of Syria. Many noble families became extinguished by the fortunes of war, or impoverished by the sale or mortgaging of their estates to furnish the means for military equipment. The influence of the Pope, as the organizer

intrigues of palaces have little to do with the great movements of humanity. Often the pettiness of human nature in high places is all the more conspicuous, on account of the very elevation of the platform on which the kingly puppets play their parts. The drama is sometimes amusing, sometimes trivial, and sometimes deeply tragical. One which seems to blend all three is the story of the nuptials of Charles VIII. of France and the Princess Anna of Brittany. It reads more like a romancer's story than like a piece of sober history. The Princess had been already betrothed to the Emperor Maximilian of Austria, and, indeed, was married by proxy, and had

or three provinces with their willing, or unwilling, subjects. The great artist, De Neuville, has given a graphic illustration of the strange nuptials, half hostile menace, half persuasive intrigue. An avenging Nemesis followed this strange marriage. A reckless and wicked life impaired the health of Charles VIII. He was ingloriously defeated in battle. At the early age of twenty-eight he knocked his head against a low arch in his palace and died. His children died in infancy; the lands for which he had perjured his soul, and even his ancestral inheritance, passed away from the house of Valois forever.

That great religious movement, the German Reformation, saved Cis-Alpine Europe from falling into the moral abyss which engulfed the Italian peninsula, during the Pontificate of Alexander VI. and his infamous successors. The most notable champion of the Papacy was the Emperor Charles V., the most potent monarch in Europe. One of the most dramatic episodes in history is the famous Diet of Worms, when Martin Luther stood before the assembled might of the empire.

The story of the

GREAT DUEL

between the intrepid Saxon monk and the puissant Emperor is too familiar to now occupy our time. The great moral forces of the age were with the Reformers. The very stars in their courses seemed to fight against the supporters of the Papacy. The following is the result of the prolonged conflict, as summarized by Dr. Ridpath:

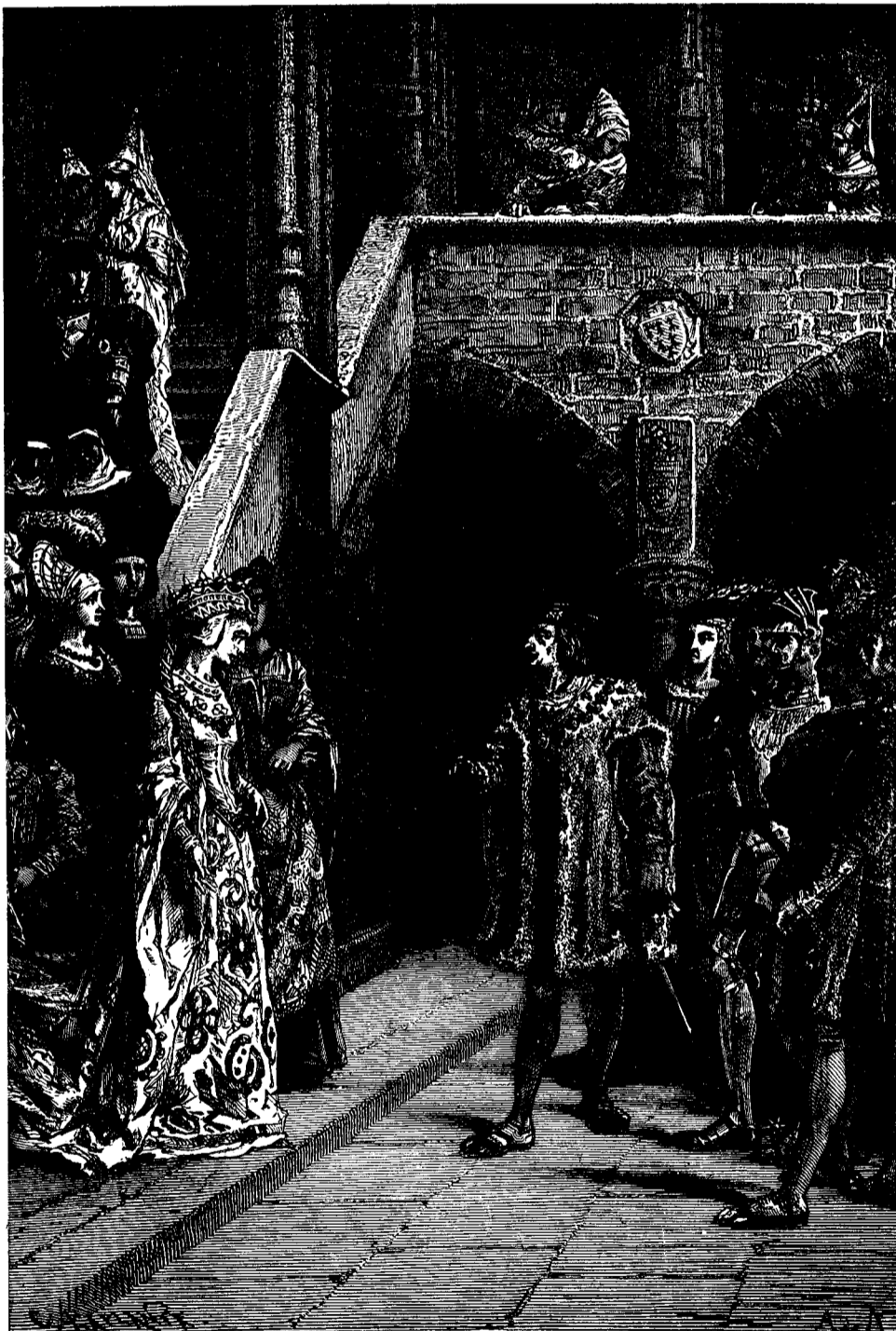
"The two prodigious schemes of Emperor Charles, to restore the union of Christendom under the Pope, and to make himself secular head of Europe, had dropped into dust and ashes. A correct picture of the workings of the mind of this cold and calculating genius, as it turned in despair from the wreck of its dreams, would be one of the most instructive outlines of human ambition, folly and disappointment ever drawn for the contemplation of men. Seeing the Treaty of Augsburg, which guaranteed the Protestant liberties of Europe, an accomplished fact, the Emperor determined to abdicate. Precisely a month after the conclusion of the peace, he published an edict conferring on his son Philip II. the kingdom of the Netherlands. On the 15th of the following January he resigned to him also the crowns of Spain, Naples, and the Indies, then taking ship to the Spanish dominions, he left the world behind him, and as soon as possible sought refuge from the recollection of his own glory and vanished hopes, in the monastery of San Yuste. Here he passed the remaining two years of his life as a sort of

IMPERIAL MONK,

taking part with the brothers in their daily service, working in the garden, submitting to flagellation—the sometime lord of the world scourged on his naked shoulders in expiation for his sins—watching the growth of his trees, and occasionally corresponding with the dignitaries of the outside world.

"Sometimes he amused himself with trifles. He was something of a mechanic, and spent days and weeks in the attempt to regulate two clocks so that they should keep precisely the same time. 'What a fool I have been,' was his comment, 'I have spent all my life in trying to make men go together, and here I cannot succeed with even two pieces of dumb machinery.' As he felt his end approaching, he became possessed with the grotesque notion of witnessing his own funeral. He accordingly had all the preparations made for that event, and the ceremony carefully rehearsed, himself taking part, joining in the chant of the requiem, and having himself properly adjusted in the coffin. A short time afterwards, namely, on the 21st of September, 1558, the rehearsal became an actual drama, and the principal personage did not join in the requiem. For he had gone to that land where the voice of ambition can no more provoke to action,

"'Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death.'"



MEETING OF CHARLES VIII. AND ANNE OF BRITTANY—AFTER DE NEUVILLE.

of the Crusades and common father of Christendom, was greatly augmented. The opulence and corruption of the religious orders was increased by the reversion to their possession of many estates whose heirs had perished in the field. Vast numbers of Oriental relics, many of them spurious and absurd, became objects of idolatrous worship. Many corruptions of the Greek Church were imitated, many Syrian and Greek saints introduced into the calendar, and many Eastern legends and superstitions acquired currency.

THE MEDÆVAL HISTORY OF EUROPE

is chiefly that of kings, and courts, and camps. The great mass of the nation served but as the pawns with which monarchs played the game of war. The

assumed the title of Queen of the Romans; and the Princess Marguerite, daughter of Maximilian, was betrothed to Charles VIII., and actually wore the title of Queen of France.

At this juncture Charles VIII. "fell

POLITICALLY IN LOVE

with the heiress of Brittany," as Dr. Ridpath expresses it; that is, he fell in love with Brittany, advanced at the head of his army and besieged its princess at Rennes. He wooed her as the lion woos his bride, and straightway married her. He not only robbed Maximilian of his bride, but grossly insulted him by the public rejection of his daughter. But statecraft rendered an open rupture inexpedient, and the Emperor's wounded honour was saved by the cession of two

Only a Bird.

BY MARY MORRISON.

Only a bird—and a vagrant boy
Flits a pebble with boyish skill
Into the folds of a supple sling
"Watch me hit him. I can, an' I will."
Whirr! and a silence chill and sad
Falls like a pall on the vibrant air,
From a birchen tree, whence a shower
Of song
Has fallen in ripples everywhere.

Only a bird!—and the tiny throat
With quaver and trill and whistle of
flute
Bruised and bleeding and silent lies
There at his feet. Its chords are mute,
And the boy with a loud and boisterous
laugh,
Proud of his prowess and brutal skill,
Throws it aside with a careless toss—
"Only a bird!—it was made to kill!"

Only a bird!—yet far away
Little ones clamour and cry for food—
Clamour and cry, and the chill of night
Settles over the orphan brood;
Weaker and fainter the mornings call
For a brooding breast that shall never
come;
Morning breaks o'er a lonely nest
Songless and lifeless, mute and dumb!

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, APRIL 8, 1899.

LOOK AND SEE.

How many schoolboys in all the land, a very thoughtful one inquires, can tell what kind of timber will bear the heaviest burden, or why you take white oak for one part of a waggon and ash for another, and what timber will last longest under water, and what out of the water? How many know sandstone from limestone, or iron from manganese? How many know how to cut a rafter or brace without a pattern? How many know which turns the faster, the top of the wheel or the bottom, as the waggon moves along the ground? How many know how steel is made, or how a snake can climb a tree? How many know that a horse gets up before and a cow behind, and that the cow eats grass from her and the horse to him? How many know that a surveyor's mark on a tree never gets any higher from the ground, or what tree bears fruit without bloom?

There is a power of comfort in knowledge, but a boy is not going to get it unless he wants it badly. And that is the trouble with most schoolboys. They do not want it. They are too busy, and have not got time. There is more hope of a dull boy who wants knowledge than of a genius who generally knows it all without study. These close observers are the world's benefactors.

BENNIE AND HIS TEXT.

"There's no use trying, mother. I have been to every house in the neighborhood, and no one wants help. We'll be turned out of home next week. It don't do us any good to be Christians, for we'll have to go to the poorhouse just the same. Oh, I can't bear it!" and poor little Bennie almost gave up in de-

spair, and sat there sobbing bitterly on the doorstep.

They were both pale and thin. The bare house told the story: no father and a consumptive mother. Bennie was a little lad of about fourteen, and had hungered so long that it seemed there was nothing left but a little shadow and two large, honest blue eyes.

Mrs. Wood brushed the tears away and knelt by him, trying to console him. She whispered to him the little text that she had long ago taught his baby lips to lip: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you." She toasted the cold bread for their supper, and soon afterwards they began to talk over new plans.

It was fifteen miles to the city, but he declared that he could walk the distance, and she decided to let him go there and hunt work.

The morning dawned bright, and they were both up early. There was no time for delay, and as soon as breakfast was over Mrs. Wood followed him to the gate. She put the letter of recommendation that good old Farmer Jones had written for Bennie right opposite his little text. He begged for her picture; and though she had but one—a little, faded thing left from girlhood—she satisfied his childish whims by putting it in the envelope with the letter.

"Now, mother," said he, "if I can't see you, I can look at this, and won't feel so lonesome."

The little, old, worn Bible was tied securely, and he put it in his pocket. They kissed each other good-bye, and poor little Bennie choked back his sobs and started up the big road. His mother watched his slender, receding form, and prayed God to strengthen him and give him work. She went about her daily tasks with a heavier heart than usual, thinking how she would miss him, her only solace.

Bennie hurried along the roadside, and nature's charms soon soothed him. He caught the fragrance of the flowers that nodded at him by the way, whispering "Trust." The very birds seemed to sing his little text, and it grew so beautiful to him that he sat down at the foot of a great tree, and soon had his Bible in his lap. Yes; the picture and letter were both secure, and there was his little text that his mother had marked: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, . . . and all these things shall be added unto you." How plain that promise! how strong!

There were the cows grazing upon great meadows of grass, and farther on were the little lambs. The birds too had all they needed, and were happy; and it seemed that little Bennie alone was hungry. Perhaps he had not sought the kingdom of God? He hugged his little Bible tighter, and, kneeling down, the question was soon settled; his burden rolled away and faith came to comfort him.

"Hello, sonny!" shouted the husky voice of an old farmer. "Got er long way t' go, eh? Then jist hop in the back end o' my waggon an' ride. These here mules is stout 'nough t' pull sich er little pale face as ye air; an' if they hain't, guess I'll jist poke 'em er little more fodder."

Bennie thanked him, and was soon comfortably seated. They went speeding away up and down the hills, and were soon in the heart of the great city. Bennie bade his honest old friend good-bye, and some impulse turned him toward a large store, where he saw a sign: "Wanted: A Boy."

He at once entered, and tremblingly asked of the man with glasses at the tail desk: "Please, mister, are you the man that wants a boy?"

The stern man scowled, but his frowns melted when he looked down into the little, thin face and saw its wan, refined features. "Ye," he answered coldly, "but you won't do, you've got no strength."

Bennie quickly responded. "Oh, sir, but I'm stronger than I look, and mother's so hungry! Won't you please read my rec'mend letter?"

"Yes, be quick!" he answered sternly. Bennie took the old, worn package from his pocket, untied the string, found the place, and handed it to him.

The first thing that greeted the stern man's eyes was Bennie's little text: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you." Mr. Dinmont grow pale, for they were the same words that his mother had taught him; and he had been so false to her precept—ah! worse than false; a great sinner. They seemed to be a message from the grave.

He opened the letter, and a faded picture fell from the envelope. At one glance he excitedly gasped. "Speak! Is she living? Are you her child? O my sister! my sister!" He caught Bennie up in his arms, and the little thin thing told him all he knew.

In a few hours a carriage stopped in front of the gate at the little country home of Mrs. Wood, and soon a sister and brother mingling their tears of joy, and . . . sun went down that night Bennie's uncle had found "the kingdom of God," and a woman's heart was made to rejoice.

The little lad hugged his Bible tighter, and I am sure that "all these things" were added unto him.

"THE BURNING TREE."

BY MARGARET HOLMES BATES.

In some parts of Burmah there grows a tree, the mention of the name of which causes the native to shudder and breathe a prayer that he be spared its torturing touch. This tree is known to travellers and natives of Burmah, the villages of the Himalayas, and the Malaccan peninsula as "the burning tree." A small specimen of it has been placed in the great botanical garden in the city of Madras. It is given a liberal space and is surrounded by a strong picket fence, upon which hang placards in English and Hindustanee, bearing the words: "Dangerous: All persons are forbidden to touch the leaves or branches of this tree."

To those who know what the burning tree is, the caution is unnecessary. But it is said that the name does not give the right impression of the torture produced by the tree. It stings rather than burns. The upper side of the leaves is smooth, but on the under side are millions of microscopic stings that pierce the skin without leaving any visible mark. The fluid contained in the plant is secreted in the skin by the slightest touch, and the most distracting pain follows that may continue for months. Evidently the tree is a species of nettle. Victims say the sensation is that of having the flesh seared with hot irons, but probably they have never tried the irons enough to know. Besides, for the smarting pain of a burn there are many remedies.

After one has been stung by the burning tree, damp weather greatly increases the pain, and to dip the afflicted part into water will throw a strong man into convulsions.

This tree has been seen fully seventy-five feet in height, but, strange as it may seem, it is said that the larger the tree grows, the less danger there is in it. Possibly the poison is held in the leaves near the top of the tree, and these being difficult to reach, the tall tree is not so harmful as the small one.

The Burmese in the parts of the country where this tree grows hold it in great terror, and run wildly when they find themselves near it. There is a peculiar odour about it, that once known can never be forgotten. Persons who have been so unfortunate as to plunge into one of these trees have fallen to the ground and rolled over and over, shrieking and tearing their flesh.

Dogs touched by it are driven mad. They yelp and run, biting and tearing the parts of their bodies that have been stung. Even the thick-skinned elephant cannot withstand the touch of the burning tree. A returned missionary relates that he saw a huge male elephant tearing up trees, rolling in the soft earth, and bellowing with all his strength. On inquiring of his Burmese guide, he was told that without a doubt the elephant had been stung, as the odour of the poisonous tree was heavy in the air.

Another traveller tells of a horse that had come in contact with the tree. The poor beast ran wildly about, biting at everything and everybody, and in his frenzy jumped from a steep hillside and was killed.

The serpents of the Burmese jungle and the wild monkeys never approach the tree. They know the odour, and avoid it by instinct.

A missionary at Mandalay was very curious about this poisonous tree, and purposely touched a leaf with the tip of one finger. He said he could not describe the agony he suffered constantly for a month, and, for a year afterwards, he felt occasional darting pains in the finger after the burning sensation was gone.

The native physicians know of no antidote for the pain, nor do they know of any good in the tree.

TEACHING POLITENESS.

A mother noticed a remarkable change in the deportment of her six-year-old son. From being rough, noisy, and discourteous, he had suddenly become one of the gentlest and most considerate little fellows in the world. He was attending the kindergarten, and his mother naturally inferred that the change was somehow due to the teacher's instruction.

"Miss Smith teaches you to be polite?" she remarked, in a tone of interrogation.

"No," said the boy, "she never says a word about it."

The mother was puzzled, and all the more when further questioning brought only more emphatic denials that the teacher had ever given her pupils lessons in good breeding.

"Well, then," the mother asked, finally, "if Miss Smith doesn't say anything, what does she do?"

"She doesn't do anything," persisted the boy. "She just walks around, and we feel polite. We feel just as polite as anything."

That was all he could tell about it, and his mother began to see through the mystery.

YOUNG AMERICA.

The difference between the English House of Commons and the American House of Representatives in various matters of decorum, custom and usage, is very great. In the House of Commons children are neither seen nor heard, and the small gallery reserved for ladies is surrounded by a high grilled fence, or screen, so that they are not visible to members. In the House of Representatives it is not uncommon for a member to bring his little boy or girl upon the floor. In such cases the child is always sure to receive a good deal of attention, and sometimes has the full run of the chamber. One little fellow, of six or seven years of age, who comes to the House rather frequently, finds it an excellent play-room. Yesterday while the House was in session he was up beside Speaker Reed, whose broad, jolly face was radiant with smiles as he fondled and chatted with this young member who might be said in parliamentary phrase to have risen to a question of personal privilege. Then the boy rushed down into the House lobby to play with the telephone, calling up his friends at various hotels. To my certain knowledge several members wished to use the telephone, but none of them disputed the precedence of this young legislative colt. The American mind and the American heart are very easily dominated by a child.—Independent.

BITS OF FUN.

Mrs. Naborly—"So your name is the same as your papa's, Harry?" Harry—"Yes'm." Mrs. Naborly—"How do you know, when your mamma calls, whom she means?" Harry—"Oh, she always calls me kind of coaxing."

Patient—"Look here, doctor, do you think you will ever be able to tell exactly what is the matter with me?" Doctor—"Oh, yes. I will find that out at the autopsy."

Mrs. Kelly—"So they sint yure poor little Timmy to th' reformatory? Such a good child too." Mrs. Grady—"Sure, and he wor thot, Mrs. Kelly. Iverything thot darlint iver sthole he'd bring roight home to his mother."

Miss Hichurch—"We have a dreadful time with our clergymen!"

Visitor—"What's the trouble?"

Miss Hichurch—"Well, the last one was so religious that he neglected social matters, and this one is so social that he neglects the church!"

Ignorance is never shown more effectively than in an attempt to conceal it. A countryman wandering about a cemetery, came upon a stone which bore the inscription: "Sic transit gloria mundi." "What does that mean?" he asked the sexton, who was at work near by. The sexton, not wishing to confess ignorance, replied: "Well, it means that he was sick transiently, and went to glory Monday morning."

A certain eminent bishop belonging to the Roman Catholic Church was once attacked by a Prussian lieutenant, who had more impudence than brains, and thought he could succeed in making the ecclesiastical luminary look foolish. Said he to the bishop: "Do you know what is the difference between a bishop and a donkey?" "No," said the other, "what is it?" "A bishop wears his cross in front, and a donkey wears his on his back." "Ah, indeed," said the bishop composedly; "and do you know what is the difference between a lieutenant and a donkey?" The lieutenant thought and thought, but could not find anything witty to say. "I do not know," he said at last. "Neither do I," said the bishop, quietly. It was not the bishop that looked foolish.

A Memory.

BY CAROLYN WELLS.

How dear to my heart are the old-fashioned dresses, When fond recollection presents them to view! In fancy I see the old wardrobe and presses Which held the loved gowns that in girlhood I know, The wide-spreading muhar, the silk that hung by the door, The straw-coloured satin with trimmings of brown, The ruffled foulard, the pink organdie high up, But, oh, for the pocket that hung in each gown! The old-fashioned pocket, the obsolete pocket, The praiseworthy pocket that hung in each gown! That dear roomy pocket I hail as a treasure, Could I but behold in gowns of to-day, I'd find it the source of an exquisite pleasure, But all my modesties sternly answer me, "Nay!" 'Twould be so convenient when going out shopping, 'Twould hold my small purchases coming from town; And always my purse or my kerchief I'm dropping, 'T would be for the pocket that hung in my gown! The old-fashioned pocket, the obsolete pocket, The praiseworthy pocket that hung in my gown! A gown with a pocket! How fondly I'd guard it! Each day ere I don it, I'd brush it with care; Not a full Paris costume could make me discard it, Though trimmed with the laces an empress might wear, But I have no hopes, for the fashion is banished; The tear of regret will my fond visions drown; As fancy reverts to the days that have vanished, I sigh for the pocket that hung in my gown— The old-fashioned pocket, the obsolete pocket, The praiseworthy pocket that hung in my gown.

A Methodist Soldier

BY

ALLAN-A-DALE.

CHAPTER XIX.

A BATTLE.

Michael did not further molest me during our stay in Cork. He had indeed but little chance of it, for I ever worked hard at his profession. It was I who was determined to lift myself into a position where I might be on equal footing with Michael and worthy of his sister, who was now more than ever in my mind. At this time I knew not the manner in which I had escaped the undeserved punishment awarded by the court-martial. Neither did I, though I kept my eyes open and begged Doyle to do the same, ever see in the barracks Doyle's little girl. For a long time I could only fancy that it was indeed Ellen who had thus crossed my path, and like a ray of golden sunlight, transformed the darkness into light. And this fancy comforted me thereafter in many a desperate place; indeed, until it was turned into reality by her own confession. It was near the middle of July before we sailed from Cork on the expedition to Portugal, ten thousand of all arms. We settled down for a few days' rest among the pleasant vineyards and olive groves of L6vos. Here also General Spencer joined us with a most welcome reinforcement of six thousand men, and here, too—to descend from great matters to small—I was promoted to the rank of sergeant by the good officers of that same captain who spoke for me at the court-martial, and who afterwards received Sir Arthur Wellesley's instructions for my release. As I sit and think of the tremendous drama unfolded year by year, beginning with our landing in Mondego Bay, and ending seven years later on another soil than that of the "Warrior," my mind's own little affairs, wrapped up in the

greater, sink into such smallness that I almost fail to proceed, lest I should seem to take to myself an importance that nothing is worth.

Had I been anxious from the first to be in the thickest of the fighting, which I confess I was not—"tis strange how so terrible a trade increasingly fascinates and allures one—I could not have enlisted in a better regiment for the purpose than the Rifles.

One beautiful Sunday morning in August the expected summons to arms came. I was sleeping in the open, dreaming of home and the Hampshire Downs, when the sound of the drums brought me to my feet. I looked around, the sun high in the sky, and my eyes shining over the little village of Vimiera at my feet. The beautiful landscape, soon to be blotted out by smoke and disfigured by fire and blood, recanted again the home scenes.

It was no time for thought. General Junot decided to make a grand assault on Sir Arthur Wellesley's position, and carry out his oft-repeated boast of driving the English into the sea. In this manner General Laborde led two thousand men against our small advance guard, numbering in itself scarce four hundred men. The very sound of their approach was as terrible. Their shouts came up with the wind through the still Sabbath air. A bird rose with a wild cry from its nest in a bush to the north, and then red line of the 50th Regiment and the green of the Rifle company remained immovable. We were now not individuals but one man, animated by a determination to obtain our lives at any cost.

Nearer still, and the confusion in the column seemed greater. Some were huzzing, shouting, "Vive l'Empereur, en avant! a la bayonette!" A few had pulled their shaken bayonettes from their muskets, waving them above their heads.

Only four hundred paces and yet our lines stood with ordered arms. Not a soldier stirred from his position.

Suddenly Colonel Walker raised himself in his stirraps and shouted an order. It was caught up and repeated from company to company.

"Forward, men!" Again the English wall of rifles became a furnace vomiting a sheet of flame and a volcano of molten lead. The horrible task was soon ended. The first attack had failed. The column rolled back, broken and dispirited.

CHAPTER XX.

THE RETREAT TO CORUNNA.

When it was seen that the stay of the army about Oporto might be lengthy, every ship from England brought a crowd of non-combatants to swell the rag-tag and bob-tail of the camp following of which the lines in the Peninsula had become so plentiful.

Wives came to join their soldier husbands, many a score of them as hardy, adventurous and versed in the toils and artifices of war as Redburn and dealers came to buy and sell the spoils of the enemy or the peasantry. Characters of all kinds, some good, most bad, of all nationalities and none; runaway sailors, escaped convicts, and a scouring of Mediterranean ports—all made around the camp a ring of thievery and crime.

After the Portuguese civil authorities had tried in vain to keep order and decency in this throng, those in command of the English military forces took the matter in hand.

After very many months of inaction news at length came that Bonaparte had crossed the Pyrenees in person and Spain was suing for England's help to drive him out. Events then followed rapidly enough. Sir John Moore arrived in Lisbon to take command of the troops who had fought at Vimiera, and lead them northward into Spain. It was only by using strict measures, even to the extent of hanging a man that Sir John Moore was able to prevent murders and pillage by his badly-equipped and unpaid army.

On November 11th, the advance guard crossed a rivulet which divides Portugal from Spain and marched to Ciudad Rodrigo, and two days later to Salamanca. The weather was bitterly cold, the ground covered with snow, and talk of retreat to the sea-coast filled the air. Every day the French position was getting stronger and our own weaker. Bonaparte was marching from Madrid with 40,000 men. Further delay might have resulted in the destruction of the entire army, and Sir John Moore, the man and skilful general that he was, realized that his only safety lay in retreat. It commenced in order, it passed through critical moments when rapt, not

retreat, seemed probable, it ended in a drawn battle and the death of our general.

CHAPTER XXI.

A TALE OF THE REAR-GUARD.

Let me tell you of a matter that happened on the third day of our sorrowful journey. In that dreary pool, plod, plod, through rain and snow, through sough and mud, across flooded fields, covered with thin crusts of ice, numbers dropped by the wayside. Aias! not men only, but even women and little children. Many wives had been allowed to accompany their soldier husbands to Portugal, and they had joined the force during the weary months of waiting near Lisbon. Very bravely these poor creatures kept up with the army in the marching and counter-marching. But there was a limit to their endurance. When the retreat was ordered, waggons were found for some, unhappily not for all. Those who rode were in hard straits, the condition of the many who had to make the journey on foot was soon pitiable indeed. After two days' marching, and two cold, freezing, often foggy nights, nature gave way, and many abandoned themselves to fate, gradually dropping back and back, until they found themselves in the rear. This, once a place of safety, now, alas! threatened the awful danger of death by cold and capture to the French. Many a poor, wounded soldier, ragged and shoeless, with head bound up in dirty cloths or foot in a makeshift sling, lay along in the sad company of the camp stragglers.

It was our duty to keep the rear compact and free from disorder, and with one after another dropping out and falling behind, the task seemed impossible. We did our best to encourage the weary. We argued, we begged, we threatened, but with some it seemed hopeless. Finally we had to pass first one and then another. It was soon the French.

At noon on the third day, Doyle was tramping by my side, and heedless of the falling snow and terrible road under his feet, whistling a merry tune. He was in the middle of a long and straight side of the road and examine a snow-heap, out of which a few rags were showing. As he went I turned and saw him busy brushing the snow away. Then he ran back.

"Sergeant," he said, "for the lots of heaven, ask the captain to let me fall out with a man or two. As I'm a singer, his poor Tim Maloney's wife in that drift there, man of my own town, sergeant, and when he fell in the skirmish last week I promised to see her safe home again."

Captain Ritchie passed at that moment. He was riding a sorry mount, and lucky to get it. I hastily told Doyle's story. "All right, sergeant, let Corporal Doyle take a man and see what he can do. Here's the man, if it may be some use; but I say, suppose you go yourself, we've lost so many of these poor fellows behind us I get together all you can. It won't be easy. You know the risks. If you can bring any of our men to-night, won't you forget you. With the children here and another man—take whom you like—you may be able to do something."

The kind-hearted captain rode on I caught a young fellow, a stout, countryman, Trumbull by name, and with Doyle, turned back along the snow-covered road to the spot where the woman lay. Before we reached her, the last of the rear-guard had turned the corner of a small hill and were out of sight.

In a minute we found the woman. The snow had fallen again over the face of Maloney's wife. Doyle once more brushed it away, showing the fair skin, and with the hue of a terrible death, attempted to raise her, but she was already rigid and cold as the snow on which she lay. Doyle bent over, and tried to force the fingers of the dead between her teeth. "Fears stood in the poor fellow's eyes."

"It's too late," he said, "too late! I promised poor Tim." "I'll try to get something stirred under the snow," Trumbull started back, and most in flight, but Doyle tore the heavy woollen shawl away, and hastily snatched that something up. A child's cry, faint and exhausted, came from the bundle he held in his arm.

"Look at it," he said, tenderly unwinding a woollen comforter which had been wrapped round the infant. "Tim's child, an I never thought of the little fellow," he was thinking so much of his mother.

I looked at the strange group—the great, rough soldier, holding the bundle, with its spark of humanity within, close to his startled uniform, Trumbull still leaning over the dead mother; and for a background the leafless trees, snow-covered save where the wind had swept the branches bleak and bare—and won-

dered where my duty lay. Here was the first of my stragglers. Must I look for more?

"Trumbull," I said, "it seems as if there might be a path through the woods here. Follow it a hundred yards, and see whether by any chance there is a hut or a cottage to which we can take the child."

"By your leave, sergeant," said Doyle quickly, "I'll stick to the child, if I have to carry it to Corunna."

"I'm not at all afraid, miss, they answered, but if we can find a place to put it while we finish the work the captain set us to do, so much the better. In the meanwhile—"

I looked at the body at our feet and remained silent. Doyle understood. Handing the child to me, he knelt down and loosened a little lock of hair hung about the neck of Tim's little wife. This, in turn, he fastened around the neck of the infant, now, poor child, crying bitterly at exposure to the cold air and lack of food. Then he wrapped the woman's body close up in the shawl, and digging away the snow, he opened, allowed it to fall gently into its temporary resting-place by the roadside. As we all we could do, and pitifully little, too. His task was not yet finished when Trumbull returned hastily.

"I've found the place you want," he said, "a rough place, but weather-tight and deserted."

"If you could find a woman to take her place," I said, look up from the child in my arms to Doyle.

"Let him take the child for a time, sergeant," said Trumbull, "we shall find women to take her place. Trust they are all like that poor thing there. If we meet one we can send her back to the hut."

Doyle had done his worst, but he still remained compelled as he himself moved. If ever there was a heartfelt prayer, it was the one Doyle offered at that lonely grave. When we saw his attitude we had no need to regret; until he rose to his feet, and then he started along the road we had so recently traversed.

Trumbull's prediction was soon verified. We found not one but two women, mother and daughter, and both soldiers wives. They had been left behind, more by accident than through weakness, and were both feeling as bravely as old campaigners. To them Doyle could deliver the child, and directing them to the hut, where Trumbull had happily noticed a good stock of dry fuel, we parted with them, as they were carrying their own rations and promised to make a warm spot for the child. The younger woman was well satisfied to change a charge, for, as her mother whispered, "It's her own mother, sergeant, you couldn't have done her better turn," which comforted Doyle mightily.

"Now, did you ever see the likes of that?" said Doyle as a turning bend in the road and camp in sight of a strange encampment.

(To be continued.)

HOW WESLEY EARNED TEN GUINEAS.

The eminent artist, Mr. Ceely, who had in his gallery a fine bust of John Wesley, tells this story concerning it.

Mr. Wesley had often been urged to have his picture taken, but he always refused, alleging as a reason that he thought it nothing but vanity. Indeed, as frequently had he been pressed on this point that his friends were reluctantly compelled to give up the idea.

One day he called on me on the business of entreating him to allow me to take off his likeness. "Well," he said, "knowing you value money for a picture as a thing good, I will grant my request, I will engage to give you ten guineas for the first ten minutes you sit, and for every minute that exceeds that time, you shall receive a guinea."

"What?" said Mr. Wesley. "Do I understand you right? You will give me ten guineas for having my picture taken? Well, I agree to it, if you will sit on the sofa, and in eight minutes I had the most perfect bust I had ever taken. I counted out ten guineas into his hand.

"Well," said he, turning to his companion, "never all now earned good so speedily, but what shall we do with it?"

"They wished me good morning and proceeded over Westminster Bridge. In five hours every penny of the money had been given away in charity.

Susie— Papa, what makes a man always give a woman a diamond engagement ring? Her Father—"The woman,"

The Discontented Seed.

Out in the meadow all brown and bare,
A tall tree waved in the soft spring air,
And down at its foot there lay a seed,
Grieving to think it was but a weed.

'Up in the tree-top the bluebird sang;
Over the meadow the sweet song rang;
'Up, little seeds, come up, little seeds!
Every one of you springtime seeds!

"I'm only a very common weed,"
Said the discontented, silly seed.
I can't be one that's wanted above;
So homely a thing no one can love."

But the rain came down and soaked him
through,
The sun shone warm and the soft breeze
blew,
And almost before he was aware
He shone a star in the meadow there.

And all the grasses were glad he came,
And called him many a pretty name,
Till one bright day a child came by,
And saw the gleam of his golden eye.

And gaily laughing she knelt beside
And kissed the blossom, and softly cried—
"Precious and beautiful little thing,
Spring without you would never be
spring!"

Then surely the dandelion knew
That a weed had grace and beauty too
And brightly blossomed and held its buds
Full of downy seeds for "mother's calls"
And as they are blown away they sing,
Spring without us could never be
spring!"

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL BY JOHN

LESSON III. - APRIL 16.

JESUS TEACHING HUMILITY.

John 13. 1-17. Memory verses, 14-17.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I have given you an example.—John 13. 15.

OUTLINE.

1. A Friend, v. 1-3.
2. A Servant, v. 4-6.
3. A Master, v. 7-13.
4. An Example, v. 14-17.

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

Place.—An upper room in Jerusalem

LESSON HELPS.

1. "When Jesus knew that his hour was come"—The hour when he should depart unto the Father. Till then his enemies could only plot, but not carry out the plot. "Having loved his own"—Those disciples whom God had given him (John 17. 11), children of the light. "Unto the end"—Some interpret, "unto the end of life;" better, "up to the limit;" that is, in the fullest degree.
2. "The devil"—A personal evil spirit who wrought on the covetous nature of Judas and prompted him to an act of treason. "To betray"—By an act of pretended friendship.
3. "Given all things"—(Phil. 2. 9-11.) This explains the act of humility which follows. Conscious of his divine origin, and of his future divine glory, he took upon him "the form of a servant."
4. "His garments"—The loose outer garments which would impede him in his work.
5. "To wash the disciples' feet"—An act of respect from a servant to a master or guest, and an object lesson in humility and in charity which served as an example to the disciples.
6. "Dost thou wash my feet"—The word "thou," not "my," is the emphatic word. A proper emphasis often makes clear the meaning of a sentence. That the Master should do this humble work amazed Peter.
7. "Know hereafter"—That is, presently, in the explanation of the act which is given in verses 13-17.
8. "Thou hast no part with me"—Peter must cast aside his pride and self-seeking, and have the spirit of humility and devotion to the service of others, which Jesus now illustrated, or he could not be a true disciple. "Follow me" is the teaching of Christ to us all.
10. This verse shows that a Christian may be clean morally, yet may contract some stain which needs the divine cleansing. Peter's life illustrates this. He loved the Master, yet impulsively denied him.
11. "Ye are not all clean"—For Judas was present. Jesus knew who should betray him.
13. "Master and Lord"—"Master" in his influence as a teacher, and "Lord" as the opposite of a servant.

- 14 Not an act to be performed literally, but the spirit of the act is to be ever present in the church. If Christ was thoughtful of those beneath him, how much more should we be.
15. "An example"—The example is in the principle, and not in the particular act.
16. "Verily"—Gives emphasis to the statement.
17. "If ye know"—As you certainly do. "Happy are ye if ye do them"—To know is the first thing, to live up to what we know of duty is the second thing, but of equal importance with the first.

HOME READINGS.

- M. Jesus teaching humility.—John 13. 1-17.
- Tu. The humble exalted.—Luke 14. 7-14.
- W. Humility in prayer.—Luke 18. 9-17.
- Th. Grace for the humble.—1 Peter 5. 1-7.
- F. A rebuke to pride.—Mark 9. 30-37.
- S. Greatness of service.—Matt. 20. 20-28.
- Sa. Christ's example.—Phil. 2. 1-11.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

- 1 A Friend, v. 1-3.
What feast was near at hand?
What hour did Jesus know was approaching?
What evil purpose did Judas cherish?

- 1 An example of divine love?
- 2 An example of humility?
- 3 An example of forbearance?



See these hands on the board? They are helping hands. They are ready hands. They may be white and soft, but they are not too good to be put into dishwater, to gather chips, or even to be soiled in helping others. The owner of these ready hands does not say, "Oh, that isn't easy, that isn't nice, I don't want to; let somebody else do that," but, "What would the lowly Jesus do? I want to follow his example." Are these your hands?



CHARLES V. AT SAN YUSTE. (SEE FIRST PAGE.)

- Of what was Jesus conscious about himself?
2. A Servant, v. 4-6.
How did he prepare himself for service?
What service did he perform?
What question did a disciple ask?
 3. A Master, v. 7-13.
What did Jesus promise him?
What was Peter's reply?
What did Jesus say of his refusal?
What was Peter's prayer?
Who did Jesus say were unclean?
How long had he known who would betray him? John 6. 64.
What questions did Jesus ask?
By what titles did the disciples call him?
 4. An example, v. 14-17.
What duty did they owe one to another?
What is our Golden Text?
What did Jesus say about servant and lord?
What about doing as he commanded?
What says James about doing right? James 1. 25.
How does this act of Jesus teach love as well as humility?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Where in this lesson are we shown—

She hath done what she could



(See Lesson for April 9.)

NOT THE ONLY ONES.

This is a lawyer's story of his first trial, in which a farmer accused his neighbour of stealing his ducks. The lawyer was employed by the accused to convince the court that such was not the case. The plaintiff was positive that his neighbour was guilty of the offence charged, because he had seen his ducks in the defendant's yard. "How do you know they were your ducks?" asked the lawyer. "I should know my ducks anywhere," replied the farmer, giving a description of their various peculiarities

whereby he could distinguish them. "Why," said the lawyer, "those ducks cannot be of such rare breed. I have seen some just like them in my own yard." "That's not at all unlikely," admitted the farmer, "for they are not the only ducks I have had stolen lately."

Over the Hills.

BY EUGENE FIELD.

Over the hills and far away,
A little boy steals from his morning play,
And under the blossoming apple tree
He lies and dreams of the things to be:
Of battles fought and of victories won,
Of wrongs o'erthrown and of great deeds done,
Of the valour that he shall prove some day,
Over the hills and far away,
Over the hills and far away!

Over the hills and far away,
It's oh for the toll the livelong day!
But it mattereth not to the soul aflame
With a love for riches and power and fame!
Oh, O man, while the sun is high;
On to certain joys that lie
Yonder where bleazeth the noon of day;
Over the hills and far away,
Over the hills and far away!

Over the hills and far away,
An old man lingers at close of day;
Now that his journey is almost done,
His battles fought and his victories won
The old-time honesty and truth,
The trustfulness and the friends of youth,
Home and mother—where are they?
Over the hills and far away,
Over the hills and far away!

Miss Sheafe—"Oh, just look at that wheat rising and falling in the breeze! How beautiful it is!" Mr. Cityman—"Ah, but you ought to see it rising and falling in the Corn Exchange."

Let All The People Sing.

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