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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XIX.]

TORONTO, MARCH 11, 1899.

[No. 10.]

## His Strong Arms.

BY WILLIAM LYLE.

A wee bit silly lammie  
Strayed far awa frae hame,  
It didna tell its mither—  
Nae ane kenned its name,  
The blast was sair an' snarlin',  
Snaw piled on ilka side,  
The day had gane tae gloamin'—  
The moor was cauld an' wide.

There was a kind, wee lassie,  
Wha missed that lammie sair :  
Oot she gaed tae the hillside,  
An' brocht it home wi' care,  
"Grandfaither, here's the lammie,  
I got it doon the glen—  
I'll warm it weel an' kindly,  
An' lay it in the pen."

"Lassie, hear your grandfaither,  
Preach a sermon true,  
As ye've dune for this lammie,  
Christ fain wad dae for you.  
He offers warmth an' shelter,  
Gin ye wud let him try—  
He wants a' little bairnies  
In his strong arms tae lie."

## RICHARD WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT.

BY HELEN MARSHALL NORTH.

By the time that Richard Whittington had lived seventy-three years, the greater part of them in London, it was not by the story of the cat and the beginning of his fortunes that English people knew him, but by those many acts of considerate generosity which have made his name blessed through all the centuries. Every one spoke well of him, from the king, whom he greatly assisted in a time of anxiety, down to the poor prisoner at Newgate, whose condition he made as comfortable as possible.

American young people think of Dick Whittington as the lonely little fellow on Highgate Hill, sorrowfully looking back to London, wondering if he ever could venture back to the persecutions of the cross cook, and we like to read about that pretty little cat which the boy, who had nothing else to send away for a venture on the merchant ship to distant lands, gave up with regret, and which distinguished herself in far Barbary by devouring the mice that plagued the king, and won for her master that wonderful rich cabinet of gold and pearls and diamonds.

"Not a penny of it will I take, Mr. Whittington," says the kind employer, in the story. "Here are three hundred thousand pounds, all your own. You are richer than I."

And the generous lad shares his wealth with all the poor people he knows, and gives a special portion of one hundred pounds to the cross cook.

Quite like a fairy story, is it not? but the best part of it is really true.

Dick Whittington, youngest son of a poor gentleman, was born at a tiny English village called Paultney, in the year 1350. His father died, probably, when the boy was an infant. The estate went to the eldest son, according to the English custom. The mother married again, and the new home among strangers may not have been a happy one for the little Richard. So, with his whole patrimony, not more than a few shillings, he set out to walk to London, a journey of four days.

Whether the lad really worked in a London kitchen, and was abused by a cross cook, we do not know. In those days apprentices had to perform the meanest tasks; and it is quite probable that Richard did the thing that he could, rather than the thing that he liked to do. All traditions tell how he ran away to a London suburb, and how the pleasant chiming of the Bow Church bells, which seemed to say,

"Turn again, Whittington,  
Thou shalt be Mayor of London,"

induced him to come and try the hard life again; and how he went into partnership with his employer, Mr. Fitzwarren, whose daughter, kind-hearted Lady Alice, he afterwards married.

Now, as to the cat. Was there ever such a cat, and did it bring good fortune to its master, as the pleasant old story tells us?

The oldest pictures of Whittington represent a little black and white cat, held comfortably by the Lord Mayor. On an old column of Newgate prison was a statue of Whittington with a cat. A stone found in the foundation of his old

did gaments. An old record tells how Whittington supplied the Princess Blanche, daughter of Henry IV., with material for wedding gowns, in cloth of gold, at a cost of two hundred and fifteen pounds.

Whittington acted as a banker, too, and lent large sums to famous people, especially to kings. At the time he was knighted, apparently in 1419, he made a grand entertainment, to which he invited Henry V. and his queen. Among other choice things prepared for the pleasure of the guests was a marvellous fire, burning with sweet-smelling woods mixed

sons whom the penury of this world insulteth, and to whom the power of seeking the necessities of this life by art or bodily labour is interdicted."

He had rebuilt Newgate prison, which had been "a most ugly and loathsome prison;" also, the church of St. Michael's, adding an almshouse, called God's House, for thirteen poor men who were to have each sixteen pence a week; he founded libraries; he caused a tap of water to be made in a church wall, nearly five centuries before modern drinking fountains had been thought of, and he repaired the hospital of St. Bartholomew's.

He worked bravely in all good ways until the very last of his life, and left large sums of money by his will to complete his unfinished projects. He died in March, 1423, surrounded by his four executors, his physician, and his thirteen poor almsmen. A quaint old picture is supposed to represent the scene faithfully.

Sir Richard was buried in his own church of St. Michael's, and a splendid tomb was erected to his memory. Church and tomb were destroyed in the great fire, but the name of Richard Whittington will never be forgotten.



"A WEE BIT SILLY LAMMIE."—(See Lesson Notes.)

home in Gloucester shows a figure of a boy carrying a cat; and though various people have tried to chase the cat out of the story of Whittington's life, some saying that certain coal ships of the time were called "cats," others referring the words to the achats, or purchases made by traders, yet these explanations have themselves been explained away, and still the cat remains. And I am fully persuaded in my own mind that in some way a little cat had something to do with the good fortunes of Dick Whittington.

Whittington was, in turn, Sheriff, Alderman, Lord Mayor, and member of Parliament. He was evidently the court mercer, and dealt in pearls and jewels, rich embroideries, and fine stuffs. The court of his time clothed itself in splen-

with cinnamon and other costly spices. While the king was admiring the fire, Whittington took out a bundle of bonds valued at nearly a million pounds of modern money, which he had bought of various merchants and money lenders, to whom they had been given by the king, showed them to Henry, and then tossed them into the fire.

"Never had prince such a subject," exclaimed Henry.

"And never had subject such a prince," exclaimed Whittington.

Not long before his death, Sir Richard said: "The fervent desire and busy intention of a prudent, wise and devout man shall be to cast before and especially to provide for those miserable per-

novelty souvenirs and sold to visitors at the National Capitol.

One million, eight hundred thousand dollars taken from the workingmen by the saloons in South Boston in one year! Enough to build anew every church and every church institution in that section of the city! This is the startling statement we heard Judge Fallon—a devout Roman Catholic—make in a terrific indictment of the rum traffic recently. What enormous waste! What frightful ruin! This is only one of many instances. The local option contests are now on in many parts of New England. Every Leaguer will know that his duty is, whenever the saloon monster shows his head, to hit him hard!

## WHAT BECOMES OF OLD BANK NOTES.

A writer in a recent daily paper gives an interesting account of a visit to the vault-room of the sub-treasury, in Boston, wherein are built the great safes containing wealth untold. Stepping into one of these safes, which in size equals that of a single state-room on board a European steamer, the visitor comes upon new scenes that awaken new interest and wonder. The small lockers extending on all sides, reaching from ceiling to floor, are stacked with notes of all kinds and denominations. The one and two-dollar bills, slipped into neat white paper bands of fifties and hundreds, are placed distinctly in an individual locker, the fives and tens made up into packages respectively of five hundreds and thousands in another, and the twenties, fifties and hundred-dollar bills in another. So that should a demand for a million dollars be made, the vault keeper could at a moment's notice pass out the amount in bills of any denomination required.

The good bills being thus sorted out and stored away, ragged and mutilated bills of all denominations, discarded and picked up through the day, undergo a rigorous examination, and are then sent to Washington, where they are macerated in the presence of four witnesses—one appointed by the Secretary of the Treasury, one by the Comptroller of the Currency, one by the Treasurer of the United States, and one by the association. Being examined and checked through by the comptroller, and the signatures of president and cashier at the bottom cut off, they are placed in a small urn, or tank, saturated with water and ground into pulp. This pulp is afterwards made into pieces of statuary and novelty souvenirs and sold to visitors at the National Capitol.

**Keeping Step with Jesus.**

Keeping step with Jesus,  
Though the way be long,  
We ne'er miss the pathway.  
We can ne'er go wrong  
Keeping step with Jesus  
Straining every limb,  
Onward, ever onward,  
Keeping step with him.

Keeping step with Jesus,  
Even in the dark,  
We can hear his footsteps,  
Though unseen his mark  
Though we walk in shadow,  
Treading pathways new,  
Marking time with Jesus,  
Step we ever true.

Keeping step with Jesus,  
Nothing can alarm,  
Foes will never hurt us,  
Nought will do us harm  
Walking close beside him,  
His strong arm our stay,  
Oh, how safe our journey  
O'er an untried way!

Keeping step with Jesus,  
Never on before,  
Brighter grows the pathway,  
Shining more and more,  
Till by living fountains  
Bathed in heaven's light,  
We, through fields of glory,  
Walk with him in white.

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**Pleasant Hours:**

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, MARCH 11, 1899.

**THE BIBLE.**

When you see a handsome building taking form under the workman's strokes, you know it is being shaped after a plan of the architect. God's plan for your life and mine is in the Bible. Every verse of Scripture memorized is an invisible workman helping to shape our characters. That is why those who have loved and studied the Bible from youth have made the best men. We may use it for comfort in trouble. It eases pain in the heart as liniment does in the flesh. Then, the Bible may be used to help others. Texts on pretty cards sent to the sick or aged may be a wonderful comfort to them; but in the hands of the thoughtless, they may serve as warnings.—Junior World.

The Bible is the only geography and atlas we have of the spiritual world. We may use it to become acquainted with the country—its laws, ruler, treasures, and inhabitants. It is a photograph gallery in which we are continually surprised at catching glimpses of our own hearts. No wonder the Chinaman insisted that the missionary had written it since becoming acquainted with his faults.

Besides showing us ourselves and whither we are going, the Bible furnishes us spiritual food. Feeding ourselves is a very practical matter. A plump body may hold a very lean soul. If a looking-glass could be made that would show us our spiritual leanness, we would never begrudge time for reading our Bibles. We would rush to them as hungry people rush to a dinner table.

**THE WEAK LITTLE BROWN HANDS.**

BY M. E. GUERNSEY.

The young and new teacher in the Indian mission school walked with a companion teacher in the school ground on an autumn afternoon. The pupils, children of Sioux and Dakota parents, played merrily. Their shrill voices rang out in,

"London bridge is fallen down!"

One handsome child, little Henri Dupres, sat apart from the merry players under a cottonwood tree.

"I trust, Miss Hale," said Miss Thorne, an older teacher, "that you are not homesick. You will soon become accustomed to your new work and strange surroundings. It is lonely here for the stranger, our work is hard, and the return is sometimes discouraging. Only the teacher filled with the true missionary spirit can continue patiently and hopefully endeavouring to do these children good. The discouraging feature is the home influence. As the home is, the inmates are likely to be. Our girls leave the schools clad in neat gowns to spend the vacation at home. They frequently return to us wearing the same gowns worn into tatters and incrustated with dirt. If we might make the homes better!"

"Yes," sighed Lola Hale; "in sweet, bright, and happy homes we naturally turn to the light."

"There is one of my dear little boys sitting under the cottonwood, Henri Dupres. How he loves his pet squirrel! Henri is a handsome child. His large, tender brown eyes seem to plead: 'Love me; love a poor little boy.'"

"You tell me his mother is dead. How can I win his child heart and love, Miss Thorne?"

"I have intended speaking to you of Henri, Miss Hale," Miss Thorne answered. "Marie Dupres, his mother, was one of our girls, a lovely young girl. She married Arthur Dupres, a splendid, handsome young Sioux Indian, and an exceptionally courteous, bright man. He has been restless and unsettled since Marie's death. He was fond of Marie, and he is devotedly fond of little Henri. We grieved when Marie died, for we hoped that much good might result from her influence over Mr. Dupres, who is a power with his people. If he were only a Christian! Mr. Dupres is ambitious for his boy, and will educate him. He requests that the little Henri be vigilantly guarded night and day, that his health be carefully looked after. If symptoms of an illness appear, Dr. Bennet is to be notified, and Henri will be removed to the doctor's home. Mrs. Bennet will care for him."

"Why is the child to be guarded so carefully?" asked Miss Hale.

"The two old grandmothers fear that we will exert an evil influence over him," Miss Thorne replied. "Marie's mother attributes her daughter's death to our evil influence. You may have seen two old women waiting near our grounds. They are Henri's old grandmothers, waiting an opportunity to steal the child. They are extremely opposed to his being taught white people's ways. Do you see that tall, sly, and cunning-looking girl who is now walking toward the cottonwood? That is Sarah Yellow Hawk, a relative who is waiting an opportunity to assist in stealing Henri. You had better go to the child now."

Sarah Yellow Hawk stood sullen and silent under the cottonwood.

"Henri, will you show me your squirrel?" Miss Hale said kindly.

"I can't, teacher. Jackey is gone."

"Henri wants his good grandmothers; he is lonesome for somebody kind and good," Sarah complained.

"No, not grandmother; I am lonesome for Marie and dear papa," Henri sighed.

"Suppose you come with me, and we will talk of Marie and papa," said Miss Hale.

"Henri hates school an' teachers," Sarah persisted.

Miss Hale held the lonesome little boy in her arms, telling of a day when a loving Master held little children in his arms.

"Did the good Man hold little ones as you are holding me, teacher?"

"Oh, I cannot hold you, Henri, as Jesus held those dear children! He loved them so tenderly!"

"Will he hold me some day? Will he hold me if Marie wants me? A good man must carry me if I find Marie. Mine papa don't know the way."

"If you will listen, Henri, I will sing."

"For he gathers in his bosom even witless lambs like me, An' carries them himself to his ain countrie."

When the song was finished the weary

little boy lay in "teacher's" arms, fast asleep.

As the winter's storms swept the Dakota fields the grandmothers became more bold in their efforts to steal Henri. On a stormy winter night the matron discovered that the child was not in his bed. Sarah Yellow Hawk too was missing.

"It looks like those old women have succeeded in stealing Henri. They should know that Mr. Dupres will not permit them to retain him," said Miss Thorne, looking into closets and dark corners.

"Teacher, teacher, come and get me! I am cold—here in the pantry. Sarah said she would play hide and seek," piped a familiar little voice.

"Sarah has a window open. No doubt we are just in time," cried the matron. "The child is shaking—the effect of two or three hours' exposure to the cold air. He is a delicate child. Sarah, you go to your bed; and, Miss Thorne, will you wrap Henri in a warm blanket? I fear he will be ill."

As the matron feared, an illness resulted from the exposure to the chill air. Henri was unmistakably ill, so ill that Dr. Bennet removed him to his own home. The little presence was gone never to return.

A few days spent in patient endeavour wore on. Miss Hale listened eagerly for the messages sent out from Henri's sick room. "It is a mystery to me," the young teacher said to the older one, "that this little stranger has so entirely won my heart. I seem to hear his sad little voice every day. Dr. Bennet has notified me that Henri has asked to see 'teacher,' and I am going to him this afternoon."

"Yes; you had better go," advised Miss Thorne.

In Henri's sick room the young father sat beside the little white bed. He held in his strong hand one tiny, weak, brown hand. Recognizing Miss Hale, Henri opened his beautiful brown eyes, speaking weakly: "Teacher, are you come? Marie has called and called. Mine papa does not know how to go to her. I am not lonesome now. Teacher, teacher, can you sing of the good, good Man who carries little ones?"

Miss Hale's voice failed. Again and again she endeavoured to speak. Then she softly chanted:

"For he gathers in his bosom even witless lambs like me,

An' carries them himself to his ain countrie."

In a clear, sweet voice Henri cried: "Teacher, tell mine papa of the good Man that Marie loved."

The tall, splendid young man held a tiny hand to his lips. His grief and pain were pitiful to witness.

In the kitchen the two grandmothers wailed piteously, and Dr. Bennet said gently: "Miss Hale, we will leave them for a little time. You have entirely won Henri's child heart; he desired to see you. I thank you for coming. This little one's death may accomplish a blessed result. Some deaths are blessed in their mission. We should rejoice that the lonesome little Henri has been carried safely home. Perhaps his weak little hands have led Arthur Dupres into the kingdom. This young man is a leader, a wielder of power among his people. Arthur Dupres redeemed will be a greater power for good. He loved his wife and little son fondly."

One evening, a few years after Henri was carried home, a college graduate—one in a college band of Christian workers—occupied the platform during a convention attended by delegates from our own country and foreign lands. One of the most eloquent speakers in the number was the tall, stalwart Indian. The weak little hands had performed their mission. Love and the Holy Spirit subdued and softens the proud and imperious, and God is no respecter of persons; all may love him if they will.

**"HOW DULL!"**

Elsie Holt sat in a hammock which was hung in the porch of her father's country house. The afternoon was warm; the shadows of the clouds drifted lazily over the fields. Elsie's bright face wore an expression of discontent, for the dress-maker had failed to send home her new gown, and the last pages were missing in the soiled paper novel which she held. She yawned drearily.

"How tiresome and dull the world is!" she said.

Overhead a pair of birds were twittering near their nest. They had just come from the far South. The story of their lives, their habits, their wanderings, their enemies, was more curious than any novel ever written. Elsie knew nothing of it. Their calls, their love-

songs, their cry of warning, their lullabies over their young had no more meaning to her than the rattle of dry sticks together.

The woods were full of these marvelous winged creatures, each with its history, which she might have read. She was blind to them all.

Close at hand grew countless great trees, each of which had its laws of life. There was not a weed or a blade of grass which had not some peculiar wonderful fact to tell, of interest and strange significance. To Elsie they were dumb.

Below the grass the great earth lay with mystic meanings written on each stratum of clay and rock. The meanings were plain, so that he who ran might read. Elsie did not know one letter of their alphabet.

A common plant grew below the hammock; her foot crushed it as she swung to and fro. There was a powerful microscope in the house. If she had examined the plant through it, she would have seen upon each leaf a fairy forest of plummy growths, and, creeping through it, tiny creatures which no eye had ever yet discovered, violet and red and gold. Here one shone with an emerald light; there another twinkled with opaline hues. Elsie saw only a dingy weed.

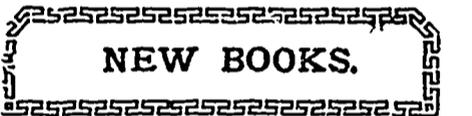
As evening lowered, the great trees bent over her with a friendly calm. Behind the woods the lights of the village shone. In every one of its poor houses were human lives, some of them bare, strained, crushed lives, full of pathos and meaning, into which she could have brought hope and cheer.

Overhead the stars came out; Arcturus, which brought to Job its message from God, and the other distant orbs that have told to listening souls, in all ages since, the eternal truths of faith and love.

But Elsie saw and heard nothing.

Her new gown was not finished; the last page was lost from her cheap novel!

Therefore she sighed, "How dull and tiresome is this world!"—Youth's Companion.



**NEW BOOKS.**

"Roundabout Rhymes." By Mrs. Percy Dearmer. With twenty full-page illustrations in colour, decorative title-page, and cover design in two colours. Imperial 8vo. London and Glasgow: Blackie & Sons, Limited. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, 90 cents.

A charming volume of verses and col our pictures for little folk. Mrs. Percy Dearmer has the rare gift of writing excellent children's verse and illustrating her own work. The twenty full-page pictures in the volume are sure to delight the little ones, for they are interesting and amusing in subject, are quaint in design, and printed in bright but tasteful colours. There are rhymes and pictures about most of the everyday events of nursery life—we have all of us met them, probably before we were two years old.

"The Troubles of Tatters, and Other Stories." By Alice Talwin Morris. With sixty-two charming illustrations in black and white by Alice B. Woodward. Square 8vo, decorated cloth boards. London and Glasgow: Blackie & Sons, Limited. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, \$1.50.

The author of these little stories is evidently able to talk with beasts and birds in their own language, and here puts down the important information gained, in a style that children will find absorbing, and their elders tender and sympathetic. We learn how the Troubles of Tatters ended in happiness. Moreover, underlying each story is an unobtrusive lesson, to be found by him who will. Miss Woodward interprets the author's dainty imaginings with wonderful grace and sympathy. The sixty-two pen-and-ink drawings in the present volume have been universally admired.

"A Dreadful Mistake." By Geraldine Mockler. With four page illustrations by William Rainey, R.I. Crown 8vo, cloth elegant. London and Glasgow: Blackie & Sons, Limited. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, 90 cents.

The mistake occurs at the very beginning of the book, gradually rights itself during the course of the story, and at the end is found to be the very best thing that could have happened. It sends a family of children on a long visit to an eccentric aunt, who does not want them. A very amusing character is this absent-minded old lady, entirely absorbed in the care of her beloved plants, till the children win her interest and affection. It is a capital story both for boys and girls.

**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 Peninsular 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 we 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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## Our Best.

BY ADA W. FRANK.

We sat in the gathering twilight,  
At the close of a short winter's day,  
We had laughed and sung and told  
stories,  
As the daylight had faded away.

"Tell us one more story, dear auntie,"  
Begged Mary, the pet of them all,  
"We will be so good and so quiet,—  
Hurry, quick, before mamma shall call."

So I told them the tale of the hero,  
Who from out Lake Michigan's wave,  
Had saved near a score of his fellows  
From the fate of a watery grave.

And when his strength was exhausted,  
Kind hands raised him up as one  
dead;  
With the spark of life yet remaining—  
"Did I do my best?" he said.

A deep silence followed my story.  
Then the children all ran out to tea,  
Saw Mary, who lingered a moment—  
"My best,—I promise," said she.

'Twas a morning in early summer,  
When the cry of "Fire!" rent the air,  
"Tis the schoolhouse! O God, save the  
children!"  
Shrieked the mothers, near crazed with  
despair.

At last in my arms they placed Mary,  
So burned and mangled and sore,  
I just did my best, darling auntie;  
Oh, tell me, could I have done more?

"I did what I could to save her,  
That blind little Margaret West;  
I carried"—the sweet voice grew fainter—  
"Are you sure that I did my best?"

And I thought of that other Mary,  
Whose life was a lesson for good;  
Whose crown was the words of the  
Saviour:  
"For she hath done what she could."

## THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

BY THE EDITOR.

Over and over again, among the shepherds of Palestine, have I seen striking illustrations of the beautiful passages in Isaiah 40. 11, "He shall feed his flock like a shepherd; he shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom, and shall gently lead those that are with young;" and of Psalm 80. 1, "Give ear, O Shepherd of Israel, thou that leadest Joseph like a flock." In the loose folds of the abba, or outer garment, the weak or weary lambs are still tenderly carried, almost as a mother would carry her babe, as shown in our cut.

I remember once seeing a shepherd with seemingly intense solicitude counting his flock as they were folded by night. As this is not always done, it would seem that he was fearful that one of them had gone astray. It brought vividly to my mind the beautiful passage, "If a man have an hundred sheep, and one of them be gone astray, doth he not leave the ninety and nine, and goeth into the mountains, and seeketh that which is gone astray?"

"There were ninety and nine that safely lay

In the shelter of the fold,  
But one was out on the hills away,  
Far from the gates of gold—  
Away on the mountains wild and bare,  
Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

"Lord, thou hast here thy ninety and nine:

Are they not enough for thee?  
But the Shepherd made answer: "This of mine  
Has wandered away from me:  
And altho' the road be rough and steep,  
I go to the desert 'o find my sheep."

No words in any literature of any land are more beautiful and touching than those in that sweet Hebrew idyl of which the world will never grow tired, the twenty-third Psalm. Lipped by the pallid lips of the dying, throughout the ages, it has strengthened their hearts as they entered the valley of the shadow of death. To it also our Lord lends a deeper tenderness by the parable of the Lost Sheep. Small wonder that to the persecuted flock of Christ in every time, to the Church in the Catacombs, to the little flock in the midst of ravaging wolves, to the harried Covenanters, to the multitude "of whom the world was not worthy, who wandered about in sheepskins and goatskins, being destitute, afflicted, tormented,"—small wonder that this was the favourite type of that unwearying Love that sought the erring and wandering and brought them to his fold again. This symbol very happily sets forth the

entire scope of Christian doctrine. It illustrates the sweet pastoral representations of man's relationship to the Shepherd of Israel who leadeth Joseph like a flock and his individual dependence upon him who is the Shepherd and Bishop of all souls. But it especially illustrates the character and office of our Lord, and the many passages of Scripture in which he represents himself as the Good Shepherd, who forsook his eternal throne to seek through the wilderness-world the lost and wandering sheep, to save whom he gave his life that he might bring them to the evergreen pastures of heaven. "No animals," says Dr. Thompson, "are more helpless than sheep that have strayed from the flock. They become utterly bewildered, for sheep are singularly destitute of the bump of locality. This peculiarity seems to be implied in the confession and prayer of the Psalmist. "I have gone astray like a lost sheep; seek thy servant." The strange expression in Micah 7. 14, "Feed thy people with thy rod, the flock of thine heritage," alludes to the shepherd's crook or staff, which he invariably carries. It is often bent or hooked at one end, which gave rise to the crook or crozier of the Christian bishop. With this the Shepherd guides the flock and defends them

## 3. The Good Shepherd, v. 11-16.

Time.—Probably A.D. 29.

Place.—Probably the immediate vicinity of Jerusalem.

Rulers.—Herod in Galilee, Pilate in Judea.

Connecting Links.—This parable is closely connected with an address on blindness which Jesus preached after curing the blind man and warning the multitude against the Pharisees as blind leaders of the blind.

## LESSON HELPS.

1. "The sheepfold"—Usually a stone-walled inclosure, with a well-roofed pen at one end. "A thief"—What we would call a "sneak thief." "A robber"—A brigand.

2. "Entereth in by the door"—The shepherd must enter the same way as his flock. "There is not one salvation for the teacher and another for the taught." The seventh verse tells us that Jesus is "the door."

3. "Calleth his own sheep by name"—Asiatic sheep readily distinguish the voice of their shepherd, and sometimes each sheep has a name of his own, and knows it.

4. "They know his voice"—The true disciple lives in fellowship with the Mas-

ter to us in holy things." "A hireling" is he that serves for hire merely, and uses the church to forward his secular interests. "Whose own the sheep are not"—Who does not feel a personal responsibility for the sheep. "The wolf"—Any sudden emergency or danger. "Fleeth"—Deserts his sacred trust.

14. "Know my sheep"—Know their ever; trial, weakness, hope, and fear, all the vicissitudes of their experience. "Known of mine"—Trusted in fully.

16. "Other sheep I have"—His sincere but unsheltered followers in heathen lands. "One fold"—This should read "one flock." All alike must be brought into Christian fellowship.

## HOME READINGS.

M. Christ the good Shepherd.—John 10. 1-10.

Tu. Christ the good Shepherd.—John 10. 11-18.

W. Safety of the sheep.—John 10. 19-31.

Th. Hireling shepherds.—Ezek. 34. 1-10.

F. Seeking and feeding.—Ezek. 34. 11-16.

S. Safe folding.—Ezek. 34. 22-31.

Su. My Shepherd.—Psalm 23.

## QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. The Sheepfold, v. 1-6.  
Who is here called a thief and a robber?

Who is the shepherd of the sheep?  
Who at once know the shepherd?  
Whom does he know by name?  
Why do the sheep follow the shepherd?  
Whom will they not follow, and why?  
How well was he understood?

2. The Door of the Sheep, v. 7-10.  
Who is the Door of the sheep?  
What were they who came before him?  
What would they find who entered the true door?

3. The Good Shepherd, v. 11-16.  
Who is the Good Shepherd? Golden Text.

How did he show that he was such?  
How does the hireling act when in danger?

Why does the hireling fly?  
What knowledge marks the Good Shepherd?

What says Jesus about other sheep?

Jesus, in the lesson, tells what he is like. He is not like a thief, who comes climbing into the fold, but he is the one who owns the fold, or the safe place where the sheep are kept, and when they go out he goes before, as a good shepherd



"HE SHALL GATHER THE LAMBS WITH HIS ARM AND CARRY THEM IN HIS BOSOM."

from their enemies. It is to this that David alludes in the twenty-third Psalm, "Thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me."

The shepherd in the East is generally the owner, or son of the owner, of the flock; or if it be the property of some rich man or village sheikh, he is paid, not by a day's service, but by a fixed proportion of the produce, that is, the lambs, the wool and the cheese. The "hireling" is the man who happens to be hired for fixed wages merely for a day, who is not interested in the flock, nor cares to risk his skin for its defence. Hence, "the hireling fleeth, because he is an hireling, and careth not for the sheep."—John 10. 13.

## LESSON NOTES.

## FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL BY JOHN.

## LESSON XII—MARCH 19.

CHRIST THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

John 10. 1-16. Memory verses, 14-16.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

I am the good shepherd: the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep.—John 10. 11.

## OUTLINE

1. The Sheepfold, v. 1-6.
2. The Door of the Sheep, v. 7-10.

ter and hears his voice speaking in the silences of the soul.

5. "A stranger"—One of the "thieves and robbers." "Will flee from him"—Travellers in the East have often noticed that when they attempt to call the flock, using the words of the shepherd, the sheep will run from them.

6. "They" (the Pharisees) "understood not"—Their notions of the dignity of the priests and rabbis and the insignificance of the common people were radically different from the Christian conception of "pastor" and "flock."

7. "I am the door"—"Whosoever cometh to preach any other gospel comes to rob the sheep of their Saviour and salvation."

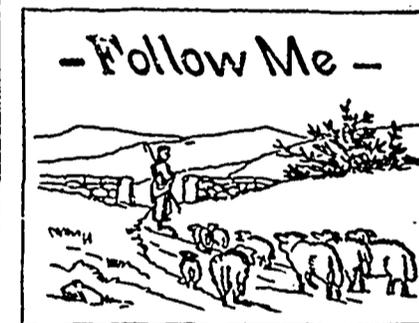
8. "Before me"—Claiming precedence in rank or authority over me. "Robbers"—The Pharisees, who held Jesus in contempt because he belonged not to their schools, were brigands, ready to raven the flock of Christ.

9. "I am the door"—There is no other door. "Pasture"—Food for the spiritual nature.

10. The "thief" is the enemy of souls, whether as the false teacher, the persecutor, or the opposer of the Gospel.

11. "The good shepherd"—Our beautiful and bountiful Care-taker and Provider. "Giveth his life"—Jesus sacrificed his life by living as really as he did by dying.

12. "He that is a hireling"—This does not mean, "he that is hired." The Bible tells us that "the labourer is worthy of his hire," and it is right and dutiful to pay wages to the men of God who "min-



would, to lead and to clear the way. The sheep that belong to the shepherd will follow him, Jesus says, for they know his voice. Now, even little lambs can tell the shepherd's voice, and little children, who are the Saviour's lambs, know when he speaks to them in their hearts; they can tell what Jesus wants them to do, and they can follow, too, as well as the sheep, which means the grown-up people.

We will spell out what our Shepherd is like, using the letters in the word for the beginning of other words, so:

Our Shepherd  
S eeks us out,  
H elps us,  
E ases us,  
P ities us,  
H olds us fast,  
E nfold us,  
R estores us,  
D ied for us.

We never would know the way to the heavenly fold if Jesus did not seek us out. We never could get there alone, but he helps us. He is so sorry for our weakness, and pities us so when we are sorry and sinful, or in any need at all, that surely we know he loves us dearly. He held us fast. The Shepherd Psalm, the twenty-third, says, "He restoreth my soul." Then our Shepherd died for us. "The good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep."

What kind of sheep and lambs does Jesus do all this for?

Timid sheep; forgetful sheep; weak sheep; wandering sheep.

Oh, how good our Shepherd is! We never can pay him, but we can please him. So let us love, trust, and follow the Good Shepherd.