



# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XIX.]

TORONTO, APRIL 15, 1899.

[No. 15.]

**Life's Furrows; or, the Fallow Field**  
The sun comes up and the sun goes down;  
The night mist shroudeh the sleeping town,  
But if it be dark or if it be day,  
If the tempests beat or the breezes play,  
Still here on this upland slope I lie,  
Looking up to the changeful sky.

Naught am I but a fallow field;  
Never a crop my acres yield.  
Over the wall at my right hand  
Stately and green the corn-  
blades stand,  
And I hear at my left the flying  
feet  
Of the winds that rustle the  
bending wheat.

Often while yet the morn is red  
I list for our master's eager  
tread.  
He smiles at the young corn's  
towering height.  
He knows the wheat is a goodly  
sight,  
But he glances not at the fallow  
field,  
Whose idle acres no wealth may  
yield.

Sometimes the shout of the har-  
vesters  
The sleeping pulse of my being  
stirs,  
And as one in a dream I seem to  
feel  
The sweep and the rush of the  
swinging steel,  
Or I catch the sound of the gay  
refrain  
As they heap their wains with  
the golden grain.

Yet, O my neighbours, be not too  
proud,  
Though on every tongue your  
praise is loud,  
Our mother Nature is kind to  
me,  
And I am beloved by bird and  
bee,  
And never a child that passes by  
But turns upon me a grateful  
eye.

Over my head the skies are  
blue;  
I have my share of the rain and  
dew;  
I bask like you in a summer sun  
When the long bright days  
pass one by one,  
And calm as yours is my sweet  
repose  
Wrapped in the warmth of the  
winter snows.

For little our loving mother  
cares  
Which the corn or the daisy  
bears,  
Which is rich with the ripening  
wheat,  
Which with the violet's breath is  
sweet,  
Which is red with the clover  
bloom,  
Or which for the wild sweet-fern  
makes room!

Useless under the summer sky,  
Year after year men say I lie.  
Little they know what strength  
of mine

I give to the trailing black-  
berry vine;  
Little they know how the wild grape  
grows,  
Or how my life-blood flushes the rose.

Little they think of the cubs I fill  
For the mooses creeping under the hill;  
Little they think of the feast I spread  
For the wild wee creatures that must be  
fed—  
Squirrel and butterfly, bird and bee,  
And the creeping things that no eye may  
see.

Lord of the harvest, thou dost know  
How the summers and winters go.  
Never a ship sails east or west  
Laden with treasures at my behest;  
Yet my being thrills to the voice of God  
When I give my gold to the golden-rod.

## THE MAN WITH THE IRON COLLAR.

In China they have a way of punish-  
ing thieves by putting heavy wooden  
collars on their necks and making them  
wear them through the streets. But  
the man we tell about is certainly not  
a Chinaman, and there is a very different  
story as to how he came by the rusty  
gridiron collar which he wore for so  
long.

The man is a Hindu, whose story is  
well known in India. When he was a

northern provinces of India with the  
burden of his sin on his heart and with  
his collar wearing into his shoulders.  
He had an image of one of the gods fas-  
tened to the iron slats, and he carried  
long strings of "tulsi" seeds on which  
he counted his prayers, as Roman Cath-  
olics count their beads.

He was growing old and wrinkled, and  
his beard and his hair were getting gray,  
but he still felt that his sin was not for-  
gotten, when one day passing through a

## HOW NIAGARA WAS SPANNED

The second steel arch bridge across  
the Niagara gorge is in course of con-  
struction, to replace the upper suspension  
bridge close to the Falls. The signing  
of the contracts for the new arch was  
practically an order for the destruction  
of the last of the famous great suspension  
bridges at Niagara, so far as their  
original location is concerned, and the  
last of the structures traversed by thou-  
sands of tourists in an ad-  
miring mood will live in  
memory only. All arrange-  
ments for the building of the  
first bridge over the gorge were  
completed writes (Orin E. Don-  
lap in Leslie's Weekly early in  
1848 and the contractors set  
about finding a means of estab-  
lishing communication between  
the cliffs at the narrowest point  
near the whirlpool rapids. The  
idea of overcoming the difficulty  
by a powerful rocket was con-  
sidered. But this did not work  
and some schoolboys flying their  
kites on the river bank gave the  
suggestion that the desired con-  
nection might be made by allow-  
ing a kite to settle on the op-  
posite bank.

The most adept of the boys in  
flying their kites was little  
Homan Walsh, and the con-  
tractors invited him to try his  
skill. The prevailing wind at  
the Falls is from the south-  
west, and, after waiting some  
days for a favourable wind,  
young Walsh walked upstream  
two miles to the ferry and  
crossed to the Canadian side,  
reaching which he proceeded  
downstream to the site of the  
bridge. The wind was blowing  
strongly, and he soon had his  
kite, named the "Union," fly-  
ing skyward. The cord went  
out rapidly, but the gale was  
too strong to allow the kite to  
settle. Night came on and  
Walsh and the boys who had  
gathered built a fire on the bank  
to keep warm, awaiting a lull  
in the wind toward midnight.  
The anxious watchers on the op-  
posite shore also built a fire.  
Walsh knew then that his pro-  
gramme was understood and  
that a close watch would be  
kept for the kite.

The wind went down as ex-  
pected, and about twelve o'clock  
increased tension and jerking  
on the kite string told him that  
his kite had landed and that the  
cord was safely across the gorge.  
The distance and roar of the  
rapids prevented verbal com-  
munication, therefore they were  
uncertain as to each other's  
movements. Suddenly there  
came a heavy jerk on the cord,  
and then it fell loose in  
Walsh's hands. So much sag-  
had been given it that it had  
reached the river below, in  
which a vast amount of ice was  
flowing, and the cord was  
broken in two. Disappointed,  
Walsh wound up his end of the  
cord and started for the ferry.  
Reaching there, he was told the  
river was so full of ice that the  
boats dared not venture out!

For eight days he was ice-bound  
on the Canadian shore. When finally he  
arrived home he found his kite uninjured,  
and, after waiting again for a favourable  
wind to fly it from the New York State  
bank, he again crossed to the Canadian  
side. The wind was favourable, and in  
thirty minutes he had landed his kite,  
and the desired connection between the  
cliffs was established. The cord was  
used to draw a heavier cord across the  
river, and this was followed by a rope  
and a wire cable. Other cables followed,  
and a cable way, on which an iron basket  
ran, now in possession of the Buffalo  
Historical Society, was operated in  
building the bridge. Homan Walsh re-  
ceived fifty dollars for his work. He  
is still alive, and resides at Lincoln,  
Nebraska.



LIFE'S FURROWS.

young man he did a very wicked thing.  
Though he was a heathen and wor-  
shipped idols, he knew it was wrong, and  
wished to be forgiven. The poor fellow  
did not know that the true God was like  
a loving Father who was eager to for-  
give sins, and he supposed he would have  
to buy a pardon by doing some very good  
act to make up for the bad one. The  
Christian missionaries could have shown  
him a better way, but he had never  
heard of them. So he had this heavy  
gridiron collar riveted on his neck, and  
made a vow that he would wear it year  
in and year out until he could beg  
enough money to pay for digging a well  
in a very dry and thirsty place.

For seventeen years the poor fellow  
tramped up and down the roads of the

village, he heard a strange, white-faced  
preacher say, "The blood of Jesus Christ  
cleanseth us from all sin." He pricked  
up his ears at the words, "cleanseth from  
all sin." That was what he had been  
working for all these years. He went to  
the missionary, heard the story of the  
Father's love and pardon, and finally be-  
came a joyous Christian. First he dug  
the well as he had vowed to do, then he  
had the iron slats filed through, and the  
collar taken off, and he was a free man.  
No wonder he has now become a Chris-  
tian preacher and an earnest and faithful  
helper of the missionaries.

Chicago's drink-bill for three years  
equals the amount of property destroyed  
by the great fire.

## Reconciled.

I used to kind o' think I'd sort o' like to settle down,  
An' maybe quit this farmin' an' enjoy a house in town,  
An' clean furrig the atmosphere of worry an' of toil  
That seems to settle 'round you when you're tillin' of the soil

I've tried it an' I'm satisfied I'm goin' home agin  
Compared to all these snow-drifts country mud is slick an' thin.  
An' when the fuel's gettin' low 'twill do my feelin's good  
'To know the axe is handy fur to chop a lead o' wood.

I'm goin' home agin, out where there isn't any law  
'To keep a man from sittin' down an' waitin' fur a thaw,  
I used to think 'twas hard to spade the ground, but I dunno,  
I a easier diggin' garden than it is to shovel snow.

I'm going back to where the pantry's alius full o' pie,  
An' the bacon from the rafter is a-hangin' not too high;  
IWhere all you've got to do is lift your rations from the peg  
An' the hens don't want a nickel every time they lay an egg.

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## Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, APRIL 15, 1899.

## NATURAL HISTORY STUDY.

Come, boys and girls, do not waste this early spring weather. You can sit in the house in winter and rainy days, and learn much from books. But take my advice and learn something from nature, too.

We cannot well do more than one thing at a time, so we will now busy ourselves with one animal. You know there are animals which feel warm when you put your hand on them—like cats, dogs, chickens, and all birds; there are also creatures which feel cold to touch—such as fish, turtles, lizards, toads, and frogs. This time we will study a cold-blooded animal.

## FROGS AND TOADS.

Most of you perhaps already know that the funny little tadpoles in our ponds and ditches turn into frogs. Let us now notice the remarkable changes which take place before tadpoles can pass in this way from the life of a fish to that of a land animal.

We will begin with the eggs, which are little black specks not larger than shot, scattered through a lump of clear white jelly. This mass is called "frog spawn," and it is mostly attached to sticks of grass in the water near shore. The jelly holds the eggs together that they may not drift away, and it also supplies nourishment to the young animals when first hatched.

If you should gather some of this frog spawn in the spring, and put it in a vessel of water with a few water plants, you will have good entertainment for several weeks. First the round black specks begin to lengthen, then soon to wriggle about. Gradually the jelly mass disappears, and the young tadpoles, with

big black heads, dart hither and thither, rapidly wagging their long flat tails as they swim through the water—a sight with which all country children are familiar.

When they grow a little larger you can discover feathery bunches hanging at the sides of the head; these are outside gills. After a time the wide mouth appears, and we find the tadpole trying to nibble at things. Little by little the outside gills shrink away, and the tadpole then breathes by taking water in at the mouth and allowing it to run out through slits in the neck. In this way water passes over internal gills the same as in fishes. Indeed, there is but little, at this point in a tadpole's history, to distinguish it from a fish, and it bears little resemblance to the form it is soon to develop.

Eyes and nostrils soon make their appearance, and soon two little lumps come on to the side, which will grow some day into hind legs. The front legs do not show until later, and then the tadpole is well supplied with limbs, having four legs and a broad swimming tail.

The odd creature will now be found spending much time at the surface, with its mouth out of water; for it is trying still another plan for breathing.

While these changes have been taking place on the outside of the animal, still more important changes have been going on within its body. Lungs have been growing, and as the tadpole accustoms itself to breathing with the new lungs, the blood gradually changes its course, and rushes to them to be purified; instead of going to the gills as before. Consequently the internal gills are no longer needed, and they also shrink away.

This active little creature now deserves the name of frog. It swims with its new legs, and takes such long leaps that you must keep a close watch or it will jump out of your artificial pond and escape further observation. As the tail is no longer needed, it shrivels away little by little, like the gills, until there is no trace of it left.

When they have reached this period, frogs, in their native home, are ready to hop boldly on shore, although most of their time is passed in the water, perched on some stick or stone. When cold weather comes, they drop to the bottom of the pond, and spend the winter in a torpid state.

You have noticed how much longer the frog's hind legs are than the front ones. This arrangement answers very well for leaping, and the long toes are usually joined with a web to assist in swimming.

The frog has no ribs, so it cannot breathe as we do. Our ribs are raised each time we breathe, and the air rushes in through the nose and mouth to fill the empty space made in our chests. But as the frog has no ribs by which to enlarge its chest, it simply closes its lips and swallows the air which is in its mouth. A frog has no other way of breathing, and it is possible to suffocate one by fastening open its mouth.

The long tongue of these animals is fastened at the front of the mouth, and the sticky point is turned over, so that it can dart forward instantly, then fold back to snap up living insects.

## CLIMBING AND "BOOSTING."

A funny little scene in a side yard, the other day, furnished an object lesson to passers-by who were keen enough to appropriate it. Small Jackie was trying to climb upon the roof of a low porch to clear the leaves from a rain trough, and his mother and elder sister were endeavouring to assist him in the ascent. The boy clung to one of the pillars, his plump arms and legs twined around it, and shouted:

"Push me up now! Why don't ye boost? Boost, I say!"

His shrill orders and calls for assistance presently attracted attention within doors and brought to the window the father, with disgusted face and strong German accent:

"Poost yourself, you Zhakie. Vat for you pe all the times yelling for somebody to help you? Vat you tink your arms and legs pe for and you don't climb yourself oop? Pe quiet mit your noise and do somethings to yourself poost oop."

Jackie stared, then addressed himself to his task and scrambled up to the roof with very little difficulty. The trouble had been that he was placing all his reliance upon his assistants. There are a good many young people who are trying to reach desirable places in the world in very much the same way. They know where they want to stand, but they are looking for somebody else to put them there—influential friends to push them up—waiting in calls for help the strength they should spend in climbing.

It is questionable if anyone is fitted for a place into which he must be lifted without effort of his own, and there are

many who despondently wait for somebody's "influence" to open a way for them, where, with vigorous determination, they might open a way for themselves. Is are valuable, and such help as they can fairly give is to be gratefully accepted. Influence that can be honestly claimed is not to be despised. But these things are only aids; we must do our own climbing. If there is any good we wish to reach we dare not waste our time in waiting for someone to help us to it, but we must help ourselves with all the powers we possess. We are, or should be, so far as mortal assistance goes, our own most influential friends.

"Beyond the Marshes." By Ralph Connor. With an introductory note by the Countess of Aberdeen. Toronto: The Westminster Company.

This is a tender and pathetic little prairie story by the accomplished author of "Black Rock." It is a tale of suffering and of heroic endurance by an invalid girl in our lonely Northwest. The Countess of Aberdeen has written a sympathetic introduction to what she calls "this sweet prairie idyll." The book is beautifully printed in colours and daintily bound.

## ANTI-CONSPIRACY HAT.

The Koreans wear very odd hats, held on top of their heads by regular bonnet-strings. These hats are black, and very open and light, being simply a fine gauze work of silk, horsehair, and bamboo. They are of little or no service, but there is an old legend explaining their use.

Once, long ago, conspiracies against the Government were very common. To prevent these the people were ordered to wear large hats of earthenware, quite heavy, and so large that no whispering could be done by a company of the wearers, and not more than four at a time could gather in their little eight-foot-square rooms.

In time this law was infringed upon little by little, till it was repealed altogether. The people were so glad to get rid of their big heavy mud hats that they took the lightest material at hand, and made mere bird-cages to adorn their heads. A relic of these large hats still remains in the great basket-hats worn by mourners for the purpose of concealing their grief.

## ROSA BONHEUR.

BY MRS. J. E. MOORE.

In 1821 the great artist Rosa Bonheur was born in Paris, France, of poor parents. No boy or girl need feel discouraged because his home is humble and his parents have little money. History abounds with names of great people who have lifted themselves from obscurity to positions of honour and trust; but it was not without effort and integrity of character. They toiled and sacrificed while other slept or indulged themselves.

Rosa Bonheur was regarded as a peculiar child. She did not like the school-room, but delighted to spend her time in the woods gathering wild flowers. Her stepmother was perplexed and troubled, for she felt that Rosa must be fitted for some useful position. With this end in view, she was sent to a sewing establishment, which nearly broke her heart, for the embryo artist had no taste for sewing, and did little else but prick her fingers. The parents then tried school again, but the girl was still unhappy. She did not care for books, and her calico dress and coarse shoes humiliated her. She grew melancholy, and the wise father decided to take her home and discover, if possible, her natural tastes. He himself had fine talent for painting, but had to spend his time in giving drawing lessons to support his family.

Rosa spent all her time in his studio. It seemed to possess a wonderful fascination for her. She would draw and copy from morning till night. The father was not long in discovering that she had great talent. He carefully instructed her and then sent her to Louvre to copy the works of the old masters. The director said that he had never seen such appreciation of art.

We readily see that it was not indolence that made Rosa dislike the school-room, but her tastes and talents lay in another direction. In a little while her copies of the masters were sold at small prices.

It was at the early age of seventeen that she decided on her specialty of animal painting. She happened to paint a goat, and was delighted with the work. She took long walks to farmhouses, taking a lunch, but in her ardour would forget to eat it. She even visited the slaughter pen.

The family were now living in the sixth story of a tenement building, but

the children were happy in cultivating their habits. The two sons had both become artists, and even Juliette, the youngest child, was learning to paint.

At nineteen years of age Rosa sent two of her pictures to the Fine Arts Exhibition. They received much praise, as did all her pictures which were exhibited from time to time.

In 1849 her "Cantol Oxen" took the gold medal, and was purchased by England. Her father was made director of the Government school of design for girls, but lived only a short time after prosperity came, and Rosa was made director in his place and Juliette became one of the professors.

When her "Horse Fair" was painted it was lauded in both England and America. It was purchased by A. T. Stewart for \$8,000.

Miss Bonheur received the cross of the Legion of Honour from the Emperor, and the Leopold Cross of Honour from the King of Belgium, the first ever conferred upon a woman. She has reached the height of fame, but is still a hard worker, rising at six in the morning and painting the entire day. Even when friends visit her she picks up her brush and says: "It will make no difference; we can talk just as well together."

There is much to admire in the character of Rosa Bonheur. She has not forgotten the struggles of her early life. She has a kind heart and much sympathy for the poor and aspiring, giving away nearly all her income to assist them.

## A Methodist Soldier

BY

ALLAN-A-DALE.

## CHAPTER XXI.—Continued.

Round half a dozen fires, smoking and spluttering in the damp air, were seated at least a hundred of the men we had come to look for. Nearly all seemed wounded and disabled, some severely. They were making shift to warm themselves and their rations, preparatory to a fresh start on the weary road to Corunna.

"Do the best you can, boys," I said; "the corporal here is right when he tells you the French are at your heels. We don't want you to spend next year in a French gaol."

Finally, we reached a bit of rising land, and the air being now clear of snow, and the sun shining, we could see some distance into the valley.

"Can you see anything, Trumbull?" I asked, knowing him to be far-sighted beyond most men.

"Something, sergeant, something. I can't tell rightly what it is for a moment."

He strained his eyes again, and then, growing suddenly excited, laid his hand on my shoulder and pointed in the direction of a village just discernible several miles away.

"They're coming through it, sergeant; as I'm a living man it's the cavalry."

"Not a doubt about it. I caught the sun on their cuirasses a minute ago."

Doyle and I both gazed in the direction he indicated. At first we saw nothing; then an occasional flash.

"They're searching the village," said Trumbull.

Another minute the sun struck a broader flash of light.

"They're leaving the village," he added.

"Then it's time for us to go to the rightabout," I said. "We've got our work cut out if we are to take any of our lame legion into camp to-night."

Suiting the action to the word we turned our backs on the French, and started at a steady trot for our last encampment of stragglers. Happily they had taken us at our word and were already on the way; and so with the next, and the next. All had finished their noonday meal, and were plodding along the terrible road in front of us. When we came to the place where we had found the first camp the fires were still burning. A little farther along the road we caught the rearguard of our ragged contingent.

They took the alarm at once.

"The French! the French!" they cried. We stopped in the middle of them, panting not a little.

"Are they far behind?" they asked.

"A good six miles. Put your best feet forward, my boys, and we may yet out-distance them."

Some were making for the woods.

"It's no good," I said; "they'll clean up everything on either side of this road. Keep together. Help one another. You're not the only ones in this road. There are more ahead of you, and the <my's ahead of them."

"Trumbull," I said, "keep right on

and try to catch the Rifles. The colonel will send us a company if you can reach him in time."

"Doyle," I added, "go with him. Warn every one in the next two miles. Send the weakest on, and ask for volunteers to wait for us. We want a rear-guard in this business."

The two faithful fellows went on at their best speed, while I remained to encourage my company, now several scores in number.

For the next mile we went on, steadily gathering numbers, if not strength, at every step. Then we found Doyle, who had collected about one hundred of the ablest, and was patiently waiting our arrival.

He had used incredible exertions. Some he had shamed into joining him; most had volunteered without hesitation. Not a few had forgotten their disabilities in listening to his fiery Irish appeal for assistance for their weaker comrades behind them.

"The two hundred within two miles of this spot who haven't an ounce of fight in 'em," he said; "and some of your lot, sergeant, aren't up to much, I'm thinkin'."

"We must do the best we can," I said. "I've got some sorry cripples here, but we're all going to stand together in this affair. But the child, Doyle, did you find it?"

"Found a note in the hut, sergeant. They've gone on. It's in good hands."

I marshalled my mixed regiment, with the weakest in the middle, the strongest behind and in front, and on we went, two hundred at least. They all understood by this time that safety lay in sticking together, and accepted my leadership without a word of dissent.

An hour passed, and we had gone but two miles, when my ears caught the faint ring of hoofs on the road behind. For two hours I had been listening for that sound.

"Halt!" I shouted. The sound of galloping came through the still winter air.

We were in a narrow part of the road, with rough ground to either side. "Couldn't be a better place," I whispered to Doyle. He nodded assent. It was our only chance.

The men came to the rightabout. In a word I told them what I wanted—a hundred men to hold that spot while the sick and disabled went on.

"You can do it, boys," I said. "Aye, that we can," answered Doyle's volunteers like one man. They, too, had been waiting for this moment.

With the readiness of trained troops they were in a position of defence in an instant. Two fallen trees by the wayside served to make a temporary obstacle across the road.

Then six French cuirassiers swung round the corner two hundred yards away, and reined up their horses with a jerk that threw them almost on their haunches. They stared in amazement; for a moment only: one discharged his carbine in our direction; the six wheeled and turned back. Obedient to orders, not a man fired in return.

"They'll be back soon enough," I said. Keep cool, and hold your fire."

Several long minutes passed. Then round the turn of the road came, not six, but two hundred at least of superb French cavalry. Our attitude evidently puzzled them. An officer rode out ahead.

"Will you surrender?" he shouted. There was a growl from the ranks behind me.

"Never," I replied, and the men cheered as they heard the word.

There was a rattle of sabres, a word of command, and like a whirlwind the troop came down on our little band.

Brown Bess spoke by fifty mouths; fifty bayonets, rusty with weather, but stout as the hearts behind them, formed a wall of steel. There was room for but eight horses abreast, and eight received the bayonet thrust. The cavalry men dismounted, slashed with their sabres, but failed to break the line. The volunteers, grim and powder-stained, fought like heroes. The barrier was impenetrable to a cavalry charge.

They withdrew, and we breathed again. There were cuts in plenty and wounds had broken out afresh, but in the excitement of the skirmish we were stronger than before.

"They'll try it again," said Doyle, breathless with the tremendous work of the past ten minutes.

Below we waited the second charge with confidence.

It came with greater fury than ever, but the fallen horses and men formed a better barrier, and the few that leaped it met again the deadly wall of bayonets. Their efforts were tremendous. To Doyle I owed my life in the first five minutes of howling and slashing, and in the next paid the debt by a like service. It was a longer and more desperate

struggle. But the second charge failed as the first had done, and presently my outposts on the rocks above sent down the welcome word that the cavalry had withdrawn altogether.

The road was now more open, but seeing how successful our first resistance had been, I was minded to try the same tactics. Once more we sent the lame and halt on before, and having more time, built up a fair barricade, which I trusted would enable us to hold out until relief came, as it must soon do, from the Rifles.

The relief I was hoping and praying for came at last; but not until we had looked again into the grey eyes of Napoleon's veteran horsemen and once more crossed our British bayonets with their French sabres.

Not a prouder man was there in the army than I, when Lord Paget himself, after that brief encounter, in which he scattered the cuirassiers like chaff, rode up to our tattered company, and, leaning from his horse, gave me his hand.

"Men," he said, "I am proud to belong to an army whose wounded and disabled can do what you have done to-day."

Two more scenes, and for the present my story must end. One on the field of Corunna. The great fight is over. Sir John Moore's brave and steadfast spirit has fled, and his body has been laid to rest on the ramparts. The last act of this first Peninsular campaign is played, and the curtain is about to fall. The troops are embarking in the dead of night, and the out-pickets are lighting fires to persuade the French that our lines are still occupied.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,

As his corse to the rampart we hurried; Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly, at dead of night, The sods with our bayonets turning, By the struggling moonbeams' misty light, And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast, Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;

But he lay like a warrior taking his rest, With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said, And we spoke not a word of sorrow,

And we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead, And sighed as we thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,

And smoothed down his lonely pillow, That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,

And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,

And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;

But little he'll rock, if they let him sleep on

In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,

When the clock struck the hour for retiring;

And we heard the distant and random gun

Of the enemy sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,

From the field of his fame fresh and gory;

We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,

But we left him alone in his glory!

Standing in the full light of one of the fires I see the slender, upright figure of Michael Erling. A smile plays about his features, a more tender, human smile than I have ever seen there. In the glowing embers does he see a picture of his home, of his father ready to welcome a son who, despite faults which he shares with many, has gone through the arduous campaign with credit and bravery; of his sister Ellen, who will give him the warmest welcome of all? I cannot answer the question, for a shot rings out on that still night air, a shot fired at random by some midnight prowler on the field, and Erling clasps his forehead and falls. Too late I run to catch him. When we place his body by the fire his spirit has already gone to its long rest.

And another scene. A February morning in a Hampshire village, bright with the promise of early spring. From a carrier's cart jumps down a soldier in the war-worn uniform of the Rifles. On his arm he carries the stripes of a ser-

geant, but in his breast is a precious document granting an ensign's commission to James Barber for meritorious conduct in the march to Corunna. Out of a cottage runs a tall, fair girl, who welcomes him with outstretched hands and a blushing face. Quickly behind her come two who are not greatly changed since we saw them last, nearly three years ago; and with them boys and girls not a few, looking up at this tall and wonderful brother who had been to the wars so long and come back safe and sound. There is laughing, and rejoicing beyond words, but presently sadness steals over the group, and Ellen slips quietly away, sobbing, to carry the first terrible tidings of her brother's death to the stern old man at the great farm on the hill.

But a mother throws her arms around the neck of her son in the cottage below, and says for the hundredth time: "I knew He would bring you home again, my boy."

The End.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL BY JOHN.

LESSON IV.—APRIL 23.

JESUS, THE WAY AND THE TRUTH AND THE LIFE.

John 14. 1-14. Memory verses, 2-6.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the truth, and the life.—John 14. 6.

OUTLINE.

1. The House, v. 1-3.
2. The Way, v. 4-6.
3. The Father, v. 7-14.

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

Place.—Jerusalem.

LESSON HELPS.

1. "Let not your heart be troubled"—Because of the near departure of Christ and of the conduct of the betrayer. That ye may not be troubled, "believe in God," which is the proper rendering. It is a command. In a sense every Jew believed in God. That truth was to the Jew often a mere form, but the reality was needed, and with it the power and the life. "Believe also in me"—As a living expression of the love of God for those who receive. Happy are they who thus believe; for to such the heart is untroubled.

2. "In my Father's house"—Heaven, the home of God, the throne of his power. "Many mansions," or abiding places, and for many souls, for there is abundance of room. Nothing is said here about whether the mansions vary in glory. There may be degrees of happiness hereafter.

3. "I go to prepare a place for you"—A prepared place, and it is for a prepared people. The purpose of Christ's departure is made clear. The future presence of Christ and believers is made manifest. "I will come again"—Various meanings are given to the coming again of Christ. The Revised Version has "I come again." The words seem to refer, as in verse 18, to his spiritual presence then and now, though they may include also the second advent.

4. "The way ye know"—Though not so clearly as they ought to have known it. There is a slight rebuke here.

5. "How can we know the way"—Dullness yet honesty in the mind of Thomas. He thought of the earthly Jerusalem and not of the heavenly. The feeling of the early disciples was that the Messiah would reign as an earthly king.

6. "I am the way"—The pronoun I is emphatic; the way is that by which the soul comes to God. "The truth"—For Christ is the divine word, and "the life," for Christ is one with the living Father, and the Giver of life. "I am come that they might have life."

7. "If ye had known me"—By spiritual perception, known in and by the heart, and not the intellect only. To know God in and through Christ should be the aim of all.

8. "Hast thou not known me"—Gradual was the knowledge of Christ to his disciples. Not until Pentecost were their eyes fully opened.

9. "Believe me for the very works' sake"—The miracles were a ground for belief; but a more satisfying ground to us is the inward experience.

10. "Greater works than these shall he do"—See Matt. 21. 21, 22. These works are not miracles, but refer to the scenes at Pentecost and the victories of Christian truth over Judaism and paganism.

HOME READINGS.

- M. Jesus, the Way and the Truth and the Life.—John 14. 1-14.
- Tu. The life.—John 17. 1-10.
- W. The truth.—John 17. 11-19.
- Th. The way.—John 17. 20-26.
- F. Way to the Father.—Eph. 2. 13-22.
- S. The only way.—Acts 4. 1-12.
- Su. The living way.—Heb. 10. 11-22.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. The House, v. 1-3.
  - What caution did Jesus give?
  - What reason for faith in him?
  - What does it contain?
  - Why did Jesus leave his disciples?
  - What promise did he make them?
  - What will be the purpose of his coming?
  - What is said of his coming in 1 Thess. 4. 17?
2. The Way, v. 4-6.
  - What two things did the disciples know?
  - What did Thomas say to Jesus?
  - What did Jesus say of himself? Golden Text.
  - To whom is Jesus the way?
3. The Father, v. 7-14.
  - How were the disciples to know the Father?
  - What revelation of the Father did Jesus make?
  - What request did Phillip make?
  - What question did Jesus ask of him?
  - What assurance did he give him?
  - What did he ask them to believe?
  - What reason for belief did he give?
  - What reward of faith is promised?
  - What promise of help is given?

"Do you know," remarked Mrs. Darley. "I rather wish that report would prove true that the United States is to buy Greenland?" "Why?" asked her husband. "In that case 'From Greenland's Icy Mountains' would become one of our national hymns."

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### The Way to Gossip Town.

Have you ever heard of Gossip Town,  
On the shore of Falschood Bay,  
Where old Dame Rumour, with rustling  
gown,  
Is going the livelong day?  
It isn't far to Gossip Town,  
For people who want to go  
The Idleness train will take you down  
In just an hour or so.

The Thoughtless Road is a popular  
route,  
And most folks start that way;  
But it's steep down grade, if you don't  
look out,  
You'll land in Falschood Bay  
You glide through the valley of Vicious  
Talk,  
And into the tunnel of Hate;  
Then, crossing the Add-To  
Bridge, you walk  
Right into the city gate.

The principal street is  
called They Say,  
And I've Heard is the  
public well,  
And the breezes that blow  
from Falschood Bay  
Are laden with Don't  
You Tell.  
In the midst of the town  
is Telltale Park,  
You're never quite safe  
while there,  
For its owner is Madam  
Suspicious Remark,  
Who lives on the street  
Don't Care.

Just back of the Park is  
Slanderer a Row,  
'Twas there that Good  
Name died,  
Pierced by a shaft from  
Jealousy's bow,  
In the hands of Envious  
Pride.  
From Gossip Town, Peace  
long since fled,  
But Trouble, and Grief,  
and Woe,  
And Sorrow and Care,  
you'll meet instead,  
If ever you chance to go

### WAITING FOR HER BOY

A few years ago, in one  
of the growing cities of  
New York State, there  
was a home into which  
the great sorrow of a  
father's death had entered.  
The sons, of whom there  
were several, were of a  
nervous temperament, full  
of animation, and exposed  
to many temptations  
which endanger the youth  
in large cities.

The widowed mother  
realized the vast import-  
ance of her responsibility,  
and many a time did she  
look upward toward the  
heavenly Father for divine  
aid in the guidance of her  
fatherless boys. She made  
it a rule never to retire  
for rest at night until all  
her sons were at home.  
But as the boys grew  
older this became a severe  
tax both on her time and  
health, often keeping the  
faithful mother watching  
until the midnight hour.

One of her boys dis-  
played a talent for music  
and became a skillful  
violinist. He drifted  
among the wrong class of  
people, and was soon at  
balls and parties that sel-  
dom dispersed until the  
early hours of day.

Upon one occasion it  
was nearly seven o'clock  
in the morning before he  
went to his home. Entering the house  
and opening the door of the sitting-room,  
he saw a sight that never can be effaced  
from his memory.

In the old rocking-chair sat his aged  
mother fast asleep, but evidently she had  
been weeping. Her frilled cap, as white  
as snow, covered her gray hair; the  
knitting had fallen from her hands, while  
the tallow from the candle had run over  
the candlestick and down her dress.

Going up to her the young man ex-  
claimed:  
"Why, mother! What are you doing  
here?"

His voice startled her, and, upon the  
question being repeated, she attempted  
to rise, and piteously, but, oh, so ten-  
derly, looking up into his face, said, "I  
am waiting for my boy."

The sad look and those words, so ex-  
pressive of that long night's anxiety,

quite overcame the lad, and, throwing  
his arms around her, he said:

"Dear mother, you shall never wait  
again like this for me!"

That resolution has never been  
broken. But since then that mother has  
passed into the world beyond, where she  
still watches and waits, but not in sor-  
row, for her boy—Classmate.

### FLOOD ON THE OHIO.

The picture on this page gives a very  
striking presentation of an occurrence  
which occasionally happens on the Ohio  
and other large rivers. At the breaking  
up of the ice and melting of the snow  
in the spring, it sometimes happens  
that the ice jams and the melting snow  
and rain produce a great flood. The

mamma as she took the beautiful cut  
glass pepper bottle from the hands of  
Baby Bess.

"Oo! oo! oo!" whimpered Baby Bess.

"Naughty mamma! naughty mamma!"

After dinner mamma commenced clear-  
ing the table, but before she had quite  
finished was called to another part of  
the house. This was Baby Bess' oppor-  
tunity, and she improved it. By the  
chair route she climbed to the top of the  
table. "Pitty! pitty! pitty!" she cooed  
to herself as she took in her hands the  
forbidden pepper bottle. "Pitty! pitty!  
pitty!"

Suddenly the pretty bottle was flung to  
the floor. A shriek and more shrieks  
ran through the house; little feet hys-  
terically drummed the table and chubby  
hands commenced to jab at eyes and nose

### ARMIES OF ANTS.

The Ecitons, or warlike ants, may be  
called exclusively military, inasmuch as  
they have no permanent homes, but  
spend nearly all their time in warlike  
expeditions. Some species of them are  
found in Texas and elsewhere in the  
United States, the Boston Transcript tells  
us, but they are most numerous in Brazil.  
Their armies often number millions, and  
move in serried columns. Nothing liv-  
ing can successfully oppose them, and  
the largest and fiercest creatures of the  
tropical forests fly before them to escape  
being devoured. Wherever they move,  
the whole animal world is set in com-  
motion and put to precipitate rout.

The main body of the army of Ecitons,  
as it moves forward in steady, disciplined  
march, is made up of the worker ants,  
so-called, though they are  
fighters as well as toilers.  
For every one thousand  
workers there are perhaps  
fifty "soldier ants," which  
are of the same breed but  
specially built for fighting  
purposes, having enor-  
mous heads and powerful  
jaws. These soldiers never  
carry anything, or attend  
apparently to any other  
business, but trot along  
on the flanks of the  
column, being distributed  
at regular intervals like  
subaltern officers. Their  
shining white heads make  
them very conspicuous,  
bobbing up and down as  
the regiments pass over  
inequalities in the road.

An army of Ecitons as it  
moves forward clears the  
ground of all animal mat-  
ter, dead or alive. Every  
living creature that can  
get out of the way does so.  
It is especially the various  
tribes of wingless insects  
that have cause to fear,  
such as other kinds of  
ants, heavy-bodied spiders,  
maggots, caterpillars, etc.  
If a man making his way  
through the tropical forest  
happens to encounter a  
marching column of these  
ants he is instantly at-  
tacked. Numbers of the  
ferocious insects swarm  
up his legs, and wherever  
they find a bare spot they  
attack it, each one driving  
its pincer-like jaws into  
the skin, and stinging  
with its tail with all its  
might. There is nothing  
for the man to do but run  
for it, and, when he gets  
to a place of safety, he  
proceeds to pluck off the  
insects one by one. Usu-  
ally, in the operation, they  
are pulled in twain, leav-  
ing their heads and jaws  
sticking in the wounds.  
These military ants never  
let go when once they  
have grabbed anything.

One of the most remark-  
able engineering works of  
ants is a tunnel that has  
been made by a tribe of  
the leaf-cutting species  
under the bed of the  
Parahyba river, near Rio,  
at a place where the  
stream mentioned is as  
broad as the Thames at  
London Bridge. Not far  
from Para, ants of this  
kind pierced the embank-  
ment of a large reservoir,  
and the great body of  
water which it contained  
escaped before the dam-  
age could be repaired.  
These ants have been  
known to carry off the  
contents of a two-bushel

basket of mandioca meal in a single  
night, taking it grain by grain.

Not long ago an Episcopal bishop was  
a guest at a dinner party in Baltimore.  
"By the way," said one of the guests, a  
woman, "do you know that there are  
times when it is dangerous to enter an  
Episcopal church?" "What is that,  
madame?" said the bishop, with great  
dignity, straightening himself up in his  
chair. "I say there are times when it  
is positively dangerous to enter the  
church," she replied. "That cannot  
be," said the bishop; "pray explain,  
madame?" "Why," said she, "it is  
when there is a canon in the reading  
desk, a big gun in the pulpit, when the  
bishop is charging his clergy, the choir  
is murdering the anthem, and the or-  
ganist is trying to drown the choir."



FLOOD ON THE OHIO.

rivers overflow their banks, wide areas  
of low-lying land are submerged, the  
people have to be removed from their  
house by boats or barges. Sometimes  
barns and houses, with their furniture,  
are swept down the stream, and great  
numbers of cattle are destroyed. One  
of the most curious effects is where a  
railway is slightly submerged. It is  
very odd looking to see a train plough-  
ing through the water with no track  
visible, as in our cut. A similar flood  
took place on the Don, at Toronto, in  
February.

### PEPPER.

"Mustn't! mustn't! mustn't!" said  
mamma.

"Pitty! pitty! pitty!" said Baby Bess.

"Pitty! pitty! pitty!"

"But it would smartly smart," said

and mouth. Baby Bess had got a dose  
of pepper.

"Poor little Bess!" cried mamma, run-  
ning in; "poor little Bess!"

Then mamma hurried with the little  
sufferer up to the bath-room, where she  
quickly bathed the smarting eyes and  
the poor little tip-tilted nose and the  
quivering little mouth. After the pain  
had somewhat ceased she took her to  
mother's room to rock her darling to  
"Mamma," said little Bess tearfully,  
"I—I duss I'd better minded 'oo."

"Poor little Bess!" said mamma; "it  
was a pretty hard lesson for the baby,  
wasn't it?"

"Mamma," continued Baby Bess after  
a pause, "mamma, Dod told me not to  
climb up. I duss I'd better minded Dod.  
I duss I'd—better—minded—Dod!"

Baby Bess was asleep.—Sunday-school  
Advocate.