

The Only Flag for Canada.

We want no flag but the Old Red Cross!
The flag our fathers bore
On many a well-fought field of fame,
In the glorious days of yore!
The flag that floated o'er the Nile,
And at Trafalgar too,
And got a baptism of renown
On the field of Waterloo.

We want no flag but the Old Red Cross!
That sprang from freedom's soil
That fluttered high above the reach
Of hands that would despoil—
The gallant banner of the brave,
Our country's Union Jack,
That never streamed above a slave,
Or swerved from glory's track.

We want no flag but the Old Red Cross!
The terror of the main,
That never had its blazonry
Polluted by a stain—
The old and honoured bunting—
The chosen and the free—
Which made our land for ages
The Mistress of the Sea.

We want no flag but the Old Red Cross!
'Neath which our country grew
The mightiest empire on the earth,
To freedom ever true!
The emblem of high enterprise,
And of the rights of man,
Which liberty's disciples
Carried always in the van.

We want no flag but the Old Red Cross!
For this young land of ours,
To raise it to the standard
Of the world's mighty powers!
We've flourished 'neath its sheltering folds
In darkness and in light;
Then give to us the good old flag,
We claim it as our right.

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Montreal. Halifax, N.S.**Pleasant Hours:**

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Rev. W. H. WITHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, JULY 7, 1894.

A FEW weeks ago we presented a patriotic Queen's Birthday number of **PLEASANT HOURS**. We now give another Dominion Day number, in which we recount the conquest of the country by Wolfe, and give a picture of its greatest scenic attraction, the world-famed Niagara Falls, with an account of its new electric railway. The patriotic selections and poems, we trust, will deepen in the minds of our young readers a heartfelt sympathy with the glorious country which is theirs.

THE VICTORIES OF CHRISTIANITY.

BY F. W. FARRAR.

HARDER, deadlier, and more varied, more prolonged was the contest of Christianity with Paganism. From the first burst of hatred in the Neronian persecution till the end of the third century the fierce struggle continued—fierce because meek, unobtru-

sive, spiritual as the Christians were, they yet roused the hatred of every single class. Paganism never troubled itself to be angry with mere philosophers who aired their elegant doubts in the shady xystos or at the luxurious feast, but who with cynical insouciance did what they detested and adored what they despised. They were unworthy of that corrosive hatred which is the tribute paid to the simplicity of virtue by the despair and agony of vice. But these Christians, who turned away with aversion from temples and statues, who would die rather than fling into the altar flame a pinch of incense to the genius of the Emperors; who declined even to wear a garland of flowers at the banquet, or pour a libation at the sacrifice; whose austere morality was a terrible reflection on the favourite sins which had eaten like a spreading cancer into the very heart of their nation's life; the Christians, with their unpolished barbarism, their unphilosophic ignorance, their stolid endurance, their detestable purity, their intolerable meekness, kindled against themselves alike the philosophers, whose pride they irritated; the priests, whose gains they diminished; the mob, whose indulgences they thwarted; the Emperors, whose policy they destroyed. Yet, unaided by any, opposed by all, Christianity won. Without one earthly weapon she faced the legionary masses, and tearing down their adored eagles, replaced them by the sacred monogram of her victorious labarum; she made her instrument of a slave's agony a symbol more glorious than the laticlave of consuls or the diadem of kings; without eloquence she silenced the subtle dialectics of the academy, and without knowledge the encyclopedic ambition of the porch. The philosopher who met a Christian bishop on his way to the Council of Nicaea stammered into a confession of his belief, and the last of pagan emperors died prematurely in the wreck of his broken powers with the despairing words, "Vicisti, Galilæe!" "O Galilean, thou hast conquered!"

SCRIPTURE WELL APPLIED.

It is stated that Bishop Doane, of New Jersey, was strongly opposed to total abstinence. On one occasion, Rev. Mr. Perkins, of the same denomination and a member of the "Sons of Temperance," dined with the bishop, who, pouring out a glass of wine desired the reverend gentleman to drink with him, whereupon he replied:

"Can't do it, bishop; 'wine is a mocker.'"

"Take a glass of brandy, then," said the distinguished ecclesiastic.

"I can't do it, bishop; 'strong drink is raging.'"

"By this time the bishop, becoming restive and excited, said to Mr. Perkins:

"You'll pass the decanter to that gentleman next to you."

"No, bishop, I can't do that; 'woe unto him that putteth the bottle to his neighbour's lips.'"

DO IT NOW.

BY W. C. WILKINSON, D.D.

THIS is for you, boys and girls. It is a bad habit—the habit of putting off. If you have something that you are to do, do it now. Then it will be done. That is one advantage. If you put it off, very likely you will forget it, and not do it at all. Or else—what for you is almost as bad—you will not forget, but keep thinking of it and dreading it, and so, as it were, be doing it all the time. "The valiant never taste death but once;" never but once do the alert and active have their work to do.

I once read of a boy that drooped so in health that his mother thought she must have the doctor to see him. The doctor could find nothing the matter with the boy. But there the fact was, he was pining away, losing his appetite, creeping about languidly, and his mother was distressed. The doctor was nonplussed.

"What does your son do? Has he any work?"

"No; he has only to bring a pail of water every day from the spring. But that he dreads all the day long, and does not bring it until just before dark."

"Have him bring it the first thing

in the morning," was the doctor's prescription.

The mother tried it, and the boy got well. Putting it off made his job prey on the boy's mind. "Doing it now" relieved him.

Boys and girls, do it now!

The Union Jack.

YONDER waves Old England's banner
Still recalling by-gone years,
As it waved at famous Crecy,
And the battle of Poitiers.
Since days of Royal Alfred
It hath humbled haughty foes;
Faced a thousand threatening dangers,
Dealt a thousand mortal blows.
Still the ship that has it hoisted
Can through any ocean tack.
Give a shout for British freedom,
Raise aloft the Union Jack!

Mark its course upon the ocean,
Trace its path from land to land,
Ever guided in its mission
By a Providential hand:
Over stormy oceans wafted,
Where huge icebergs rock and roll,
And the briny waves, in fury,
Dash around each dreary pole;
And away in tropic climates
Where our heroes bivouac,
Whilst above them floats sublimely
England's ancient Union Jack.

Raise aloft the royal standard
Let it greet the passing breeze,
Still it braves the ocean's billow,
Stands secure on stormy seas,
As it waved above our Nelson,
England's gallant, matchless tar,
At the Nile's terrific combat
And immortal Trafalgar;
To the mast he nailed his colours,
Signalled them for close attack;
'Midst a peal of "British thunder"
He displayed the Union Jack.

Wolfe displayed Old England's colours
On the Plains of Abraham,
Where in war's impassioned combat
He encountered brave Montcalm;
Ere the din of battle ended
Both the gallant heroes fell—
Loud above the roar of battle
Rose the Highland soldiers' yell.
By a charge of British bayonets
Then the foe was driven back,
And the day was one of glory
To Old England's Union Jack.

Gallant Brock its folds expanded
On the field of Queenston Height;
Well the hero did his duty
Putting Britain's foes to flight;
But ere he reached the frowning summit
Did the gallant hero fall,
For his bright career was ended
By a marksman's rifle ball.
But his comrades, roused to vengeance,
Like a tempest swept the track,
And the day was one of glory
For the ancient Union Jack.

Should the war-cry then be sounded
O'er Canadian soil again,
We will guard the hallowed precincts
Where our Wolfe and Brock were slain.
Where our Empire's flag's insulted
Or a British hero leads,
There Canadians dare to follow
And will emulate their deeds:
Dare to fight for British freedom—
We're no coward, craven pack,
To disgrace Old England's standard,
Or desert the Union Jack.

And brave Scotia's sons are ready,
For their place is in the van,
To repel the fierce invasion
As they did at Inkerman.
And the loyal men of Erin,
Round the cross of red and blue,
Round the battle flag will rally
As of yore at Waterloo.
England, Scotland, and brave Erin
Have in warfare ne'er been slack;
And now Canada is with them
To defend the Union Jack.

Lives there still one British subject
Who'd refuse his life—his all—
In defence of British freedom,
Who'd rejoice at Britain's fall?
If there be, then curse the traitor,
Pass him by in dark disdain,
Let him bear while life is left him
On his brow the mark of Cain,
Let him die, a hated coward;
Bury him by midnight black,
He deserves no home nor country
Who'd desert the Union Jack.

JUNIOR LEAGUE.

v.

Pen.—"The department of work represented by the key-word 'Pen' is that of Correspondence. You have heard the proverb, 'The pen is mightier than the sword;' the meaning is that greater things have been done by writing books, magazines, and papers than have been done by fighting battles with guns and swords. Some of you may have read the book called 'Uncle Tom's Cabin'; many people think that the reading of that book did more toward liberating the slaves than many battles.

"It is very necessary that the records of our League be kept nicely and correctly. The secretary does this important work. He can help the pastor and Sunday-school superintendent by writing notices for the pulpit. "When you are away from home you are glad to hear from your friends. Your secretary can write to absent or sick members, sending love and prayers from the League. Once the president of a League was many miles away from home on the sad mission of burying his father; after the regular meeting of the League the secretary wrote the president a letter of remembrance, sympathy, and prayer, and several of the Juniors signed it; the president will always remember that letter with great pleasure."

References: Psalm 45. 1; Judg. 5. 14;
3 John 13; Job 19. 24.

Apply to department work.

vi.

Pocket.—"Juniors, what is the last one of the six key-words?" "Pocket." "Ah, yes, you can all remember that; it is the last, but not the least, of our departments of work; it means the consecration of our money to God. "Boys and girls like to have one or two pockets in their clothes. How proud you are when you get a new suit of clothes, or a new jacket with three or four pockets in it, especially when you have some money to put in the pockets! John Wesley, the founder of Methodism, had the following rule:

"Make all you can,
Save all you can,
Give all you can."

"Of course you cannot earn much money while you are young, but whether you earn it or it is given to you you should learn to save it while you are young. Pennies are easily spent for candy, nuts and toys. You should each have a bank at home and put some of your pennies in it to keep for future use.

"While earning and saving your money do not forget the giving. All the gold and silver belongs to God. We must do good with it. When the collection is taken for missions, education, or church extension you can put in five or ten cents from your bank and so help the cause along.

"The collection in your League should be enough to pay for all your books and papers, your charter, banner, and other things to make your League interesting."

References: Isa. 55. 2; Mark 12. 41; Luke 6. 38; 2 Cor. 9. 7; Prov. 28. 27; Acts 20. 35.
Leader apply to department work.

HUNTED AND HARRIED.

A Tale of the Scottish Covenanters.

BY R. M. BALLANTYNE.

CHAPTER I.—(Continued.)

Will Wallace was quick of thought and prompt in action. Carefully disposing of the limbs of his fallen comrade, and resting his head comfortably on a grassy bank, he cast a hurried glance around him.

On his left hand and behind him lay the rich belt of woodland that marked the course of the rivers Cluden and Cairn. In front stretched the moors and hills of the ancient district of Galloway, at that time given over to the tender mercies of Graham of Claverhouse. Beside him stood the two patient troop-horses, gazing quietly at the prostrate man, as if in mild surprise at his unusual stillness.

Beyond this he could not see with the physical eye; but with the mental orb he saw a dark vista of ruined character, blighted hopes, and dismal prospects. The vision sufficed to fix his decision. Quietly, like a warrior's wraith, he sheathed his sword and betook himself to the covert of the peat-morass and the heather hill.

He was not the first good man and true who had sought the same shelter.

At the time of which we write Scotland had for many years been a woful plight—with tyranny draining her life-blood, cupidity grasping her wealth, hypocrisy and bigotry mis-trusting her motives and falsifying her character. Charles II. filled the throne