

September.

ONCE more the liberal year laughs out,
O'er richer stores than gems or gold:
Once more with harvest song and shout
Is nature's bloodless triumph told.

Our common mother rests and sings,
Like Ruth among her garnered sheaves;
Her lap is full of goodly things,
Her brow is bright with autumn leaves.

Oh, favours every year made new!
Oh, gifts with rain and sunshine sent!
The bounty overruns our due,
The fulness shames our discontent.

We shut our eyes, the flowers bloom on,
We murmur, but the corn-ears fill;
We choose the shadow; but the sun
That casts it, shines behind us still.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 1, 1894.

THREE WORDS FROM THE LILIES.

BY REV. WILLIAM BURNET WRIGHT.

Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow.—
MATT. 6. 28.

THERE are three virtues which Jesus was endeavouring to teach when he told his disciples to consider the lilies. They are contentment, obedience, humility.

1. Flowers are not only very beautiful, but they always seem contented and glad. Did you ever think how little they have to make them so? They live on other people's leavings. The air gives them only what finer folks reject and call poison. When the birds and beasts have taken from the atmosphere all they want, the flowers, like poor Lazarus, desire what is left—the crumbs that fall from the rich man's table. Then, too, if there is any dreadful filth from the sewers or the barn-yard, that men do not know how else to be rid of, they give it to the flowers; just as I have seen certain children send ragged clothes and broken toys to the Christmas poor-box. But the flowers are grateful, and though they cannot talk they blush with gratitude, pink or blue or yellow or white. Then the poor flower folks, out of these odds and ends that nobody else will have, make such splendid clothes for themselves as King Solomon could not get, though he had first choice of everything, and all the weavers and tailors and jewellers in the world to dress him.

Once there was a toy chariot in a shop window. It had two horses, a driver, and four people inside. It went by springs, and when it moved the horses pranced, the driver cracked his whip, and the people inside craned their necks to see what was the matter. There was a certain boy who thought he would be perfectly happy if he only had that chariot. He lounged for it, and talked about nothing else for weeks. At last Christmas came, and some-

one gave him a brown-paper parcel, tied with a long piece of pack-thread. It was the coveted chariot. The boy danced with delight as he tore open the paper and tossed the thread away. Wise auntie picked up the string from the floor and said, "May I have this?"

Not many evenings after, this boy was asking for something to play with. "Why don't you get your chariot?" "Oh, I'm sick and tired of that!" he replied. Then wise auntie took out of her bag the piece of pack-thread which he had flung away. She taught the owner of the chariot to play cat's-cradle with it. She told him the names of the figures as they appeared—triangles and parallelograms and squares. She taught him how to bring out new figures. Many a long winter evening seemed short to them both as they played with that string. The boy never seemed to tire of it, and many a lesson he learned with delight from it that helped him at school, and on the playground too. But the most important was, that an old string well used could give a hundredfold more pleasure than even a gilded chariot that all the boys coveted, that could only be looked at.

My boy had a beautiful Chinese top which spun itself. He grew tired of it in a few days. But for three seasons he has been happy with an old peg top that cost five cents, but which nobody can spin without a great deal of practice. I never knew a girl kept happy very long by a silk dress, made at the mantuamaker's, but to make one of calico with her own hands will give her real and permanent joy. Some of you may be studying geometry. It often seems tedious and stupid. That everlasting A, B, C=X, Y, Z, and two parallel lines between two other parallel lines are equal, etc. What if they are? Who cares? I'd rather fly my kite.

That is because you keep on trying to gain more knowledge without getting the good out of the knowledge you have. Go into the yard. Take a shingle, a short string, a lead pencil and a yard-stick. Find out with these the distance between the back-door sill and the top of the next house. When you have succeeded, you will enjoy geometry; you will understand that we could have no railroads, nor bridges, nor Atlantic cables, and could never learn how far it is to anywhere much beyond the ends of our noses if it were not for those stupid triangles and parallelograms.

Sometimes the Sunday-school lessons and even the sermons grow tedious, especially in summer. You get tired of hearing, "Blessed are the merciful." That, too, is because you don't use what you know. Carry that knowledge about mercy somewhere and use it. Try to be merciful in collecting beetles and butterflies. Try to catch trout without hurting them—you cannot do it with worms, but you can with a fly—and you will begin to enjoy the sermons.

So the first lesson in contentment is to get all the good out of things you have, before you wish for more things.

Flowers have no wings and no feet. They must stay in one place. Therefore they never do anything which they cannot do at home.

I will tell you a parable. A boy lived in the country. He was happy as the day was long. He played in the fields. He ran home at dinner and supper time, and told his mother everything he saw and everything he did. But one day he overheard the beasts talking together. The horses stood under a shady tree watching him, and he thought they said, "Poor boy, he has only two feet; how tired he must get!" But one old circus horse, which had been turned out to die, said, "Oh, no! He has four feet, but his mother whips him if he don't walk on his hind legs! I know how to pity him!"

While he listened, somehow the boy began to feel ashamed. So he got down on his hands and knees, and tried to walk that way. He was very tired when he reached home. But though his mother asked him how his trousers got so muddy and torn, he only hung his head and would not tell.

One evening he was quite late from going on all fours. The bats were flying about, and he heard them saying, "Poor boy, he has to spend the best part of the time in bed. At night when it is so

splendid to be out, he has to be shut up." The next day he heard the crows, that steal corn and eat carrion, cawing, "Poor boy, he has to eat cooked corn and tough fresh meat! How his jaws must ache!" Thus he began to pity himself, and think he was very wretched, and that his mother meant to make him miserable. So he stayed out nights and ate carrion. He grew peaked from never walking upright, and from getting scared so often in the darkness, and from the dreadful carrion, which he smoked and chewed and drank; but when his mother asked him what ailed him, he would not tell. He went to the owl about it, who looked so wise. She said his trouble all came of too much sunlight, and he must put out his eyes, or he would never be any better. So he put out his eyes. He came no more to church or Sunday-school. He could not see to find his mother, even if he had wanted to. He was seen last Sunday in a dram-shop. I don't know where he is now, but he is very forlorn.

The flowers told him long ago, "Never do anything you cannot do at home. Never do anything you are ashamed to do at home." If a boy will stick to that, he will grow up like a flower, into a noble and beautiful man.

When the Lord Jesus was asked to do wrong, he said, "I and my Father are one." This was his way of saying "That is not the way they do at home; therefore I cannot do so here."

If boys use their feet to get away from home, they are worse off than the flowers which have no feet. But if they use them to carry their home wherever they go, they are far more blessed than the fairest flowers. The flowers have no tongues. I do not mean that you must not talk. God has given us tongues, and means us to use them. But let the silent beauty of the flowers teach us to do all the good we can, and make no fuss about it. Never be in a hurry to tell people you are Christians, but act so that they cannot help finding it out.

Did you ever watch beans grow? They come up as if they had been planted upside down. Each appears carrying the seed on top of his stalk, as if they were afraid folks would not know they were beans, unless they told them immediately. But most flowers wait patiently and humbly to be known by their fruits.

Sometimes boys get laughed at because they think they must tell everybody they are Christians. They talk about their piety, and never show it in any other way. But no boy gets laughed at for being a Christian; for being true, and brave, and kind, and humble, and pure, like the Lord Jesus.

Consider the flowers, and see if you can read, with the help of this sermon, the words written on their leaves—"Contentment, obedience, humility."

SAY thou art the set of sun,
"Is there ought I've left undone
That I might have done to-day?"
Then Love's sweet impulse obey,
And go to do it right away;
Nor to-morrow's dawn await,
Lest to-morrow be too late.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

TRY to behave so that you will not need to explain and apologize; try to make friends with boys and girls of excellent reputation; be industrious and kind; read books of unquestionable literary and moral excellence; be cleanly in your habits; be respectful and kind to the aged; so far as possible study into the reason why, both in mechanical inventions and moral and religious teachings.

EVERY girl wants to be beautiful, and so she may. Where do you think beauty begins—on the skin? No, in the heart. And no matter how fair the skin, how soft the eye, how regular the features and bright the colour, if there is anything unlovely in the soul it will show through and spoil all the beauty of face. You may try to hide it but you cannot; in unguarded moments, in a tone, a look, an act, it will reveal itself. Whatever is ugly in the heart—pride, selfishness, anger, envy—will sooner or later be written on the face. Get Jesus to make and keep your hearts clean and kindly, and the beauty he puts in them will shine through in your faces.

HUNTED AND HARRIED.

A Tale of the Scottish Covenanters.

BY R. M. BALLANTYNE.

CHAPTER VIII.—BOTHWELL BRIDGE.

MATTERS had now come to such a pass that it was no longer possible to defer the evil day of civil war.

There were two elements of weakness among the Covenanters in 1679 which rendered all their efforts vain, despite the righteousness of their cause. One was that they were an undisciplined body, without appointed and experienced officers; while their leader, Robert Hamilton, was utterly unfitted by nature as well as training for a military command. The other weakness was, that the unhappy differences of opinion among them as to lines of duty, to which we have before referred, became more and more embittered, instead of being subordinated to the stern necessities of the hour.

After Drumclog, Hamilton led his men to Glasgow to attack the enemy's headquarters there. He was repulsed, and then retired to Hamilton, where he formed a camp.

The Privy Council meanwhile called out the militia, and ordered all the heritors and freeholders to join with the regulars in putting down the insurrection. A good many people from all quarters had joined the Covenanters after the success at Drumclog; but it is thought that their numbers never exceeded 4,000. The army which prepared to meet them under the command of the Duke of Monmouth and Buccleuch was said to be 10,000 strong—among them were some of the best of the King's troops.

The Duke was anxious to delay matters, apparently with some hope of reconciliation. Many of the Covenanters were like-minded; and it is said that Mr. Welsh visited the royal camp in disguise, with a view to a peaceful solution; but the stern spirits in both camps rendered this impossible. Some from principle, others from prejudice, could not see their way to a compromise; while the unprincipled on either side "cried havoc, and let slip the dogs of war!"

It was on Sabbath the 22nd of June, that the Duke's army reached Bothwell Moor; the advanced guards entering Bothwell town within a quarter of a mile of the bridge which spans the Clyde. The Covenanters lay encamped on Hamilton Moor, on the southern side of the river.

That morning a company of stalwart young men coming from the direction of Edinburgh, had crossed Bothwell Bridge before the arrival of the royal army and joined the Covenanters. They were preceded by two men on horse-back.

"It seems a daft-like thing," said one horseman to the other as they traversed the moor, "that the likes o' me should be ridin' to battle like a lord, instead o' trudgin' wi' the men on fuff; but, man, it's no' easy to walk far efter wearin' a ticht-fittin' butt—though it was only for a wee while I had it on. It's a' verra weel for you, Wull, that's oor electit captain, an' can sit yer horse like a markis; but as for me, I'll slip off an' fecht on my legs when it comes to that."

"There's no military law, Andrew, against fighting on foot," returned the captain, who, we need scarcely say, was Will Wallace; "but if you are well advised you'll stick to the saddle as long as you can. See, yonder seems to be the headquarters of the camp. We will report our arrival, and then see to breakfast."

"Ay—I'll be thankfu' for a bite o' something, for I'm famished; an' there's a proverb, I think, that says it's ill fechtin' on an empty stamack. It seems to me there's less order an' mair noise yonder than befits a camp o' serious men—especially on a Sabbath morning."

"The same thought occurred to myself," said Wallace. "Perhaps they have commenced the services, for you know there are several ministers among them."

"Mair like disputation than services," returned the farmer with a grave shake of his head.

Finding that Andrew was correct, and that the leaders of the little army were wasting the precious moments in irrelevant controversy, the Edinburgh contingent turned aside and set about preparing a hasty breakfast. This reinforcement included Quentin Dick, Jock Bruce, David Spence, and Ramblin' Peter; also Tam Chanter, Edward Gordon, and Alexander McCubine, who had been picked up on the march.

Of course, while breaking their fast they discussed the pros and cons of the situation freely.

"If the King's troops are as near as they