

## King Richard's Present.

KING RICHARD of the lion heart,  
Before a Moslem town,  
Lost his good steed—pursed by a dart  
His favourite went down.

On foot he fought without a word,  
Though hard it was indeed:  
His Paynim foe, Saladin, heard  
That he had lost his steed.

An Arab horse of noble breed  
Saladin sent, and said:  
"Will Richard deign to ride this steed  
In place of his that's dead?"

King Richard paused; then called a knight  
Saladin's gift to try:  
He viewed the charger with delight,  
And marked his flashing eye.

With snort and bound and arching neck  
Away the wild steed went;  
Nor could the knight his courser check  
Till at Saladin's tent.

What said King Richard? "Well for me  
That I thought twice to-day;  
Saladin's trick I plainly see  
And dearly shall he pay."

Think twice, O boys who live to-day,  
Then wisely you'll decide,  
Oft times on foot to plod your way  
Though tempted much to ride.

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## Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

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## CHRIST STILLING THE TEMPEST.

BY REV. RICHARD CORDLEY, EMPORIA, KANSAS.

Mark 4: 35-41.

JESUS had been teaching again by the sea-side. This sea of Galilee is a small sea, or more properly it is a lake, only a few miles wide. It is like a deep basin right in among the mountains. Storms often come up very suddenly. Sometimes it will be all smooth and calm, and in a few minutes a squall will rise and sweep over it, and scatter the boats in all directions.

Jesus had been teaching all day, and towards evening he wanted to get away from the crowd and have a little time to rest. This was a favourite way with him. When the people found out where he was, they would throng about him so that he had no time for quiet, and he became very tired often. Then he would tell his disciples to get a ship, and they would leave the place and sail over to some other part. There it would be some time before the crowd would find him again, and he would become rested and refreshed. This time he seems to be very weary. He had been teaching a long while, and perhaps healing a great many people. He was so very tired that as soon as they pushed off from land he lay down and went to sleep; and he slept so soundly that when the storm came up it did not wake him.

It was probably calm and quiet when they started, and they were expecting a pleasant trip in the cool night air. But when they were in the midst of the sea, one of those sudden squalls came up, and the waves ran right over the ship, and it was beginning to fill with water. The disciples became very much frightened, and thought they were all going to the bottom. They rushed about to find Jesus. He was still quietly sleeping in the stern of the ship, just as if it were a beautiful summer evening. He had not been disturbed at all by the storm, or the tossing of the boat, or the shouting of the frightened men. They awoke him in great haste, and begged him to help them, or they would all be drowned.

He came out as undisturbed as ever. He showed no fear and no excitement, and only seemed surprised that they should be afraid. "Why are you afraid? Where is your faith?" For their sakes he spoke to the sea and to the storm, just as a father might speak to his noisy children, who were disturbing somebody. "Peace, be quiet," he says. And, like obedient children, the winds hush their tumult, and the waves drop down upon the sea, and become as peaceful as anything can be.

Then they begin to be afraid in a different way. They begin to wonder what sort of a man this can be, who only has to speak to the winds and have them hush; and only has to beckon to the sea and have it become quiet. The winds and the waters do the Lord's bidding. He made them, and they are his servants. A few years ago a young lad in England wrote a poem, and it was so beautiful that it is now found in all our hymn books. The first verse reads:

"The Lord our God is full of might,  
The winds obey his will.  
He speaks; and in his heavenly height  
The rolling sun stands still."

When Jesus was on earth, the sea and the storm, disease and death, all did as he said. All kinds of sickness went away at his touch, the winds became quiet when he spoke, and the grave of Lazarus opened at his word. However troubled men were, he could quiet them. And you know he was so quiet himself all the while. He is not disturbed by the storm, but quiets the winds and the waves because the disciples are afraid. There is a storm in their hearts, a storm of fright; and he is a great deal more anxious about that than he is about the storm on the sea. He wants them to learn that they need not be afraid when he is with them, nor when they are doing as he has told. They are afraid of the storm, but he shows them that the storm obeys him, and cannot harm one of them without his permission. He wants to teach them to go right on and do their work, and feel sure that their Master will take care of them.

Jesus is just the same now as he was then. He is in heaven, but he does not forget us here on earth. The winds and the waves obey him now just as much as they did then; and he loves his children just as much as he ever did. If he is with us, we need none of us be afraid. But we may wonder how we are to find out whether he is with us or not. He is always with us when we are doing what he wants us to do. No matter how violent the storm, if Jesus speak, it will be as harmless as an evening breeze; no matter how loud the winds may blow, they will all be still at his word; no matter how high the waves may roll, Jesus can make the sea as calm and smooth as a looking-glass. And he never loses sight of any of his children. The disciples thought he had forgotten them, but he came the moment they needed him. If we are doing his work he will let nothing harm us. Some one has said, "Every one is safe till his work is done." We may say every man is safe so long as he is where Jesus wants him to be, and so long as he is doing what Jesus wants him to do. When he has finished his work Jesus will take him home. Caesar was once being rowed in a boat from one shore to another. A violent storm came up, and the boatman was very much frightened. Caesar cried out to him, "What are you afraid of? You are carrying Caesar." Caesar thought he had a work to do, and the boat he was in would not sink while that work was unfinished.

This was a heathen faith or impression without any foundation. We have a faith

founded on sure truth. If we are the people of the Lord we are safe wherever he puts us.

"By prayer let us wrestle, and he will perform;  
With Christ in the vessel, we smile at the storm."

And he can quiet the storm in our own hearts. When we are perplexed and do not know which way to turn, if we let him speak we shall be quiet, and everything will be clear. He never forgets us, even if we think he has left us some times. If we call to him, he will not keep us waiting in fear and danger, but will come and help us as soon as we need him.

## KEEP A CLEAN MOUTH.

A DISTINGUISHED author says: "I resolved, when I was a child, never to use a word which I could not pronounce before my mother." He kept his resolution, and became a pure-minded, noble, honoured gentleman. His rule and example are worthy of imitation.

Boys readily learn a class of low, vulgar words and expressions, which are never heard in respectable circles. Of course we cannot think of girls as being so much exposed to this peril. We cannot imagine a decent girl using words she would not utter before her father or mother.

Such vulgarity is thought by some boys to be "smart," the "next thing to swearing," and yet "not so wicked"; but it is a habit which leads to profanity, and fills the mind with evil thoughts. It vulgarizes and degrades the soul, and prepares the way for many of the gross and fearful sins which now corrupt society.

## A Heart Like Jesus.

I WANT a heart like Jesus,  
So spotless, pure and clean,  
Where malice, envy, hatred,  
Can never enter in;  
A heart washed in the fountain,  
And cleansed from every stain,  
Filled with the Holy Spirit,  
And kindled by its flame.

I want a heart like Jesus,  
So holy and so good;  
Oh, teach me, Lord, to ask if,  
And seek it as I should.  
I want a heart of meekness,  
To live the life divine;  
And in this life of darkness  
Like Jesus brightly shine.

I want a heart like Jesus,  
Compassionate and true,  
To suffer persecution,  
And press all dangers through;  
A heart filled with thy glory,  
And freed from every sin,  
Where thoughts impure, unwholy,  
Can never enter in.

I want to live for Jesus,  
I want to die for him;  
I want a heart of music  
That can his praises sing.  
A heart forever holy,  
I long and mean to have,  
To show to every nation  
A Saviour's power to save.  
—The War Cry.

## HUNTED AND HARRIED.

A Tale of the Scottish Covenanters.

BY R. M. BALLANTINE.

CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

"But it will never do to take Mrs. Black along with yourself, Will," said Spence. "She cannot walk a step farther. We must try to get her a horse, and let her journey along with some of the armed bands that attended the conventicle at Skeoch Hill. They will be sure to be returning this way in a day or two."

"You are right," said the minister who has already been introduced, and who overheard the concluding remark as he came forward. "The armed men will be passing this way in a day or two, and we will take good care of your mother, young sir, while she remains with us."

"Just so," rejoined Spence. "I'll see to that; so, nephew, you and your comrade

Quentin may continue your journey with easy minds. You'll need all your caution to avoid being taken up and convicted, for the tyrants are in such a state of mind just now that if a man only looks independent they suspect him, and there is but a short road between suspicion and the gallows now."

"Humph! we'll be innocent-lookin' an' submissive as bairns," remarked Quentin Dick, with a grim smile on his lips and a frown on his brow that was the reverse of child like.

Convinced that Spence's arrangement for his mother's safety was the best in the circumstances, Wallace left her, though somewhat reluctantly, in the care of the outlawed Covenanters, and resumed his journey with the shepherd after a few hours' rest.

Proceeding with great caution, they succeeded in avoiding the soldiers who scoured the country until, towards evening, while crossing a rising ground they were met suddenly by two troopers. A thicket and bend in the road hid, up to that moment, concealed them from view. Level grass-fields bordered the road on either side, so that successful flight was impossible.

"Wall ye fecht?" asked Quentin, in a quick subdued voice.

"Of course I will," returned Wallace. "Ca' cumy at first, then. Be humble an' awfu' meek, till I say 'Noo!'"

The troopers were upon them almost as soon as this was uttered.

"Ho! my fine fellows," exclaimed one of them, riding up to Quentin with drawn sword, "fanatics, I'll be bound. Where from and where away now?"

"We come, honoured sir, frae Irongray, an' we're gaun to Ed'nbury t' buy cattle," answered Quentin with downcast eyes.

"Indeed, oh! then you must needs have the cash wherewith to buy the cattle. Where is it?"

"In ma pooch," said the shepherd with a deprecating glance at his pocket.

"Hand it over, then, my good fellow. Fanatics are not allowed to have money or to purchase cattle nowadays."

"But, honoured sir, we're no fannyteeks. We're honest shepherds."

The lamb-like expression of Quentin Dick's face as he said this was such that Wallace had considerable difficulty in restraining an outburst of laughter, despite their critical position. He maintained his gravity, however, and firmly grasped his staff, which, like that of his companion, was a blackthorn modelled somewhat on the pattern of the club of Hercules.

"Here, Melville," said the first trooper, "hold my horse while I ease this 'honest shepherd' of his purse."

Snatching his sword, he drew a pistol from its holster, and, handing the reins to his companion, dismounted.

"Noo!" exclaimed Quentin, bringing his staff down on the trooper's iron head-piece with a terrific thwack. Like a flash of lightning the club of Wallace rang and split upon that of the other horseman, who fell headlong to the ground.

Strong arms have seldom occasion to repeat a well-delivered blow. While the soldiers lay prone upon the road their startled horses galloped back the way they had come.

"That's unfort'nit," said Quentin. "These two look like an advance-guard, an' if so, the main body 'll no be lang o' gallopin' up to see what's the matter. It behooves us to rin!"

The only port of refuge that appeared to them as they looked quickly round was a clump of trees on a ridge out of which rose the spire of a church.

"The kirk's but a pair sanctuary noo-days," remarked the shepherd, as he set off across the fields at a quick run, "but it's our only chance."

They had not quite gained the ridge referred to when the danger that Quentin feared overtook them. A small company of dragoons was seen galloping along the road.

"We may gain the wood before they see us," suggested Will Wallace.

"If it was a wud I wadna care for the soldiers," replied his comrade, "but it's only a bit plantation. We'll jist mak' for the manse an' hide if we can i' the coal-hole or some place."

As he spoke a shout from the troopers told that they had been seen, and several of them leaving the road dashed across the field in pursuit.

Now, it chanced that at that quiet evening hour the young curate of the district, the Rev. Frank Selby, was enjoying a game of quoits with a neighbouring curate, the Rev. George Lawless, on a piece of ground at the rear of the manse. The Rev. Frank was a genial Lowlander of the muscular type. The Rev. George was a reucade Highlander of the cadaverous order. The first was a burly, scarum young pastor with a be-as-jolly-as-you-can spirit, and had accepted his office at