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PLEASANT HOURS

PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XIV.]

TORONTO, AUGUST 4, 1894.

[No. 31.]

LAKE COMO.

LAKE COMO is one of the mountain lakes of Italy, and is celebrated for its romantic beauty. It is a noted place of resort for tourists from all parts of the world. Beautiful villas have been built all along its shores, until it seems a veritable paradise, guarded by the enduring mountains, and

was a leader in the ordinary sports of boyhood, and whenever the farm or the pottery relaxed their hold upon him he would be found repairing some damaged article or devising a new implement.

His father was poor; the farm was small and could only be enlarged by clearing up the primeval forest. The boy was anxious to acquire knowledge, but his services were

When the boy was seventeen, the father's pottery business had so increased as to demand a more extensive factory. A carpenter was hired to build the new building, and the boy assisted him. So familiar did he become with the tools and the trade that he determined, with the aid of the younger brother, to erect a two storey frame dwelling-house for his father's family. The two

That boy was Ezra Cornell, the founder of Cornell University.

"Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings: he shall not stand before mean men."

The meaning of this old proverb is that the man who has done well in little things shall be advanced so that he shall not waste himself on work to which obscure and un-



LAKE COMO.

encircled by a perfect bower of trees and shrubbery, that skirt the picturesque lawns and walks and drives.

A MARKED YOUTH.

YEARS ago there lived in the interior of New York a boy, the son of a farmer, who also worked at the trade of a potter. The boy was a marked youth, because he would do with might whatever he undertook. He

so necessary to his father that he could not be spared to attend the winter term of the common school.

But the boy was in earnest. With the aid of his brother, one year his junior, he chopped and cleared four acres of birch and maple woodland, ploughed it, planted it with corn, harvested the crops, and then asked, as his compensation, to be allowed to attend school during the winter. Of course the father granted his wish.

boys cut the timber from the forest, planned and framed the structure, and then invited the neighbours to assist at the "raising." They came from far and near to see what a lad of seventeen had done. When every mortise and tenon was found to fit its place, and the frame was seen to stand perfect and secure, the veterans cheered the young architect and builder. From that day he was in demand as a master-carpenter.

ambitious men are adequate. Ezra Cornell illustrated the truth of the Bible saying

"My husband is so pootic," said a gushing woman to an old lady. "Have you ever tried rubbin' his j'ints with hartshorn liniment?" asked the old lady. "That'll straighten him out as quick as anything I know of, if he ain't got it too bad."

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.

TORONTO, AUGUST 4, 1894.

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. BALLANTYNE.

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.

"Wull 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."

"Breathing 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

the recommendation of a relative in power. The second was a mean-spirited wolf in sheep's clothing, who, like his compatriot Archbishop Sharp, had sold his kirk and country as well as his soul for what he deemed some personal advantage. As may well be supposed, neither of those curates was a shining light in the ministry.

"Missed again! I find it as hard to beat you, Lawless, as I do to get my parishioners to come to church," exclaimed the Rev. Frank with a good-humoured laugh, having been quitted struck the ground and, having been badly thrown, rolled away.

"That's because you treat your quotts carelessly, as you treat your parishioners," returned the Rev. George, as he made a magnificent throw and ringed the tee.

"Bravo! that's splendid!" exclaimed Selby.

"Not bad," returned Lawless. "You see, you want more decision with the throw—as with the congregation. If you will persist in refusing to report delinquents and have them heavily fined or intercommunicated, you must expect an empty church. Mine is fairly full just now, and I have weeded out most of the incorrigibles."

"I will never increase my congregation by such means, and I have no wish to weed out the incorrigibles," rejoined Selby, becoming grave as he made another and a better throw.

At that moment our fugitive shepherds, dashing round the corner of the manse, almost plunged into the arms of the Rev. Frank Selby. They pulled up, panting and uncertain how to act.

"You seem in haste, friends," said the curate, with an urbane smile.

"Out o' the fryin'-pan into the fire!" growled Quentin, grasping his staff and setting his teeth.

"If you will condescend to explain the fryin'-pan I may perhaps relieve you from the fire," said Selby with emphasis.

Wallace observed the tone and grasped at the forlorn hope.

"The dragons are after us, sir," he said eagerly; "unless you can hide us we are lost!"

"If you are honest men," interrupted the Rev. George Lawless, with extreme severity of tone and look, "you have no occasion to hide—"

"But we're not honest men," interrupted Quentin in a spirit of almost hilarious desperation, "we're fannyteeks,—rebels, Covenanters,—born eediot!"

"Then," observed Lawless, with increasing austerity, "you richly deserve—"

"George!" said the Rev. Frank sharply, "you are in my parish just now, and I expect you to respect my wishes. Throw your plaids, sticks, and bonnets behind that bush, my lads—well out of sight—so. Now, cast your coats, and join us in our game."

The fugitives understood and swiftly obeyed him. While they were hastily stripping off their coats Selby took his brother curate aside, and, looking him sternly in the face, said—

"Now, George Lawless, if you by word or look interfere with my plans, I will give you cause to repent it to the latest day of your life."

If any one had seen the countenance of the Rev. George at that moment he would have observed that it became suddenly clothed with an air of meekness that was by no means attractive.

At the time we write of, any curate might, with the assistance of the soldiers, fine whom he pleased, and as much as he pleased, or he might, by reporting a parishioner an absentee from public worship, consign him or her to prison, or even to the gallows. But though all the curates were in an utterly false position they were not all equally depraved. Selby was one who felt more or less of shame at the contemptible part he was expected to play.

When the troopers came thundering round the corner of the manse a few minutes later, Quentin Dick, in his shirt sleeves, was in the act of making a beautiful throw, and Will Wallace was watching him with interest. Even the Rev. George seemed absorbed in the game, for he felt that the eyes of the Rev. Frank were upon him.

"Excuse me, gentlemen," said the officer in command of the soldiers, "did you see two shepherds run past here?"

"No," answered the Rev. Frank with a candid smile, "I saw no shepherds run past here."

"Strange!" returned the officer, "they seemed to enter your shrubbery and to disappear near the house."

"Did you see the path that diverges to the left and takes down to the thicket in the hollow?" asked Selby.

"Yes, I did, but they seemed to have passed that when we lost sight of them."

"Let me advise you to try it now," said Selby.

"I will," replied the officer, wheeling his

horse round and galloping off, followed by his men.

"Now, friends, I have relieved you from the fire, as I promised," said the Rev. Frank, turning to the shepherds; "see that you don't get into the fryin'-pan again. Whether you deserve hanging or not is best known to yourselves. To say truth, you don't look like it, but, judging from appearance, I should think that in these times you're not unlikely to get it. On with your coats and plaids and be off as fast as you can—the ridge yonder. In less than half an hour the regiment of cavalry would fail to catch you."

"We shall never forget you—"

"There, there," interrupted the Rev. Frank, "be off. The troopers will soon return. I've seen more than enough of hanging, quartering, and shooting to convince me that Presbytery is not to be rooted out, nor that Prelacy established by such means. Be off, I say!"

Thus urged, the fugitives were not slow to avail themselves of the opportunity, and soon were safe in Denman's Dean.

"Now, Lawless," said the Rev. Frank in a cheerful tone, "my conscience, which has been depressed of late, feels easier this evening. Let us go in to supper; and remember that no one knows about this incident except you and I. So, there's no chance of its going further."

"The two rebels know it," suggested Lawless.

"No, they don't!" replied the other airily. "They have quite forgotten it by this time, and even if it should recur to their own interest and gratitude memory their lips—so we're quite safe, you and I; quite safe—come along."

Our travellers met with no further interruption until they reached Edinburgh. It was afternoon when they arrived, and entering by the road that skirts the western base of the Castle rock, proceeded towards the Grassmarket.

Pushing through the crowd gathered in that celebrated locality, Quentin and Wallace ascended the steep street named Candlemaker Row, which led and still leads to the high ground that has since been connected with the High Street by George IV. Bridge. About half-way up the ascent they came to a semi-circular projection which encroached somewhat on the footway. It contained a stair which led to the interior of one of the houses, which led to the residence of Mrs. Black, the mother of our friend Andrew. The good woman was at home, busily engaged with her knitting needles, when her visitors entered.

A glance sufficed to show Wallace whence Andrew Black derived his grave, quiet, self-possessed character, as well as his powerful frame and courteous demeanour.

She received Quentin Dick, to whom she was well known, with a mixture of good-will and quiet dignity.

"I've brought a friend o' Mr. Black's to bide wi' ye for a wee while, if ye can take him in," said Quentin, introducing his young companion as "Wull Wallace."

"I'm proud to receive an' welcome my friend o' my boy Andry," returned the good woman, with a slight gesture that would have become a duchess.

"Ay, an' yer son wants ye to receive Wallace's nither as weel. She'll likely be here in a day or twa. She's been sair perse-

cutted of late, puir body, for she's a staunch upholder o' the Covenants."

There have been several Covenants in Scotland, the most important historically being the National Covenant of 1638, and the Solemn League and Covenant of 1643. It was to these that Quentin referred, and to these that he and a great majority of the Scottish people clung with intense, almost superstitious, veneration; and well they might, for these Covenants—which some enthusiasts had signed with their blood—contained nearly all the principles which lend stability and dignity to a people—such as a determination to loyally stand by and "defend the King," and "the liberties and laws of the kingdom," to have before the eyes "the glory of God, the advancement of the kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, the honour and happiness of the king and his posterity, as well as the safety and peace of the people; to preserve the rights and privileges of parliament, so that a arbitrary and unlimited power should never be suffered to fall into the hands of rulers, and to vindicate and maintain the liberties of the subjects in all these things which concern their conscience, persons and estates." In short, it was a testimony for constitutional government in opposition to absolutism.

Such were the principles for which Mrs. Black contended with a resolution equal, if not superior, to that of her stalwart son; so that it was in a tone of earnest decision that she assured her visitors that nothing would gratify her more than to receive a woman who had suffered persecution for the sake o' the Master an' the Covenants. She then ushered Wallace and Quentin Dick into her little parlour, a humble but neatly kept apartment, the back window of which—a

- descended upon Jesus at the baptism. "To be tempted"—There could be no overwhelming of evil except by personal contest.
- "Forty days and forty nights"—This is to be understood literally.
 - "The tempter"—The same evil spirit who had tried and overthrown the first Adam now appears to overwhelm "the second Adam." "Stones to be made bread"—Satan knew the power of hunger.
 - "It is written"—That is, it is written in the Holy Scriptures, which are my law of action. "Not live by bread alone"—Man lives two lives, a physical and a spiritual. Obedience is better than sustenance for the body.
 - "The holy city"—This became the favourite name of Jerusalem, and its Arabic name to-day—El Khuds. "Pinnacle of the temple"—Some lofty point about the temple.
 - "Cast thyself down"—A temptation to presumption, or abuse of God's care, calling down divine wrath.
 - "It is written"—A quotation from Psalm 91. "Thou shalt not tempt"—To tempt God here means to offend him by presumption, or running needlessly into danger.
 - "High mountain"—Perhaps Mount Quarantania, near Jericho. "Showeth him"—By a vision, a picture, or a glowing account. "Kingdoms of the world"—The different nations on the earth.
 - "Will I give"—A temptation to ambition, or desire for worldly objects.
 - "Get thee hence"—As soon as Satan shows himself openly he is rejected.
 - "Leaveth him"—For a season.

HOME READINGS.

- M. Temptation of Jesus.—Matt. 4. 1-11.
- Tu. Not bread alone.—Deut. 8. 1-6.
- W. Angel guardians.—Psalm 91. 9-16.
- Th. Tempting God.—Deut. 6. 12-19.
- F. Enduring temptation.—James 1. 12-21.
- S. Able to succour.—Heb. 2. 9-18.
- Su. Tempted like ourselves.—Heb. 4. 11-16.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

- Where in this lesson are we taught—
1. The source of temptation?
 2. How to resist temptation?
 3. Where we may get help in temptation?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Where was Jesus led by the Spirit after his baptism? "Into the wilderness." 2. How long was he without food? "Forty days." 3. What took place at this time? "He was tempted by Satan." 4. How did he answer each of Satan's temptations? "With the words of Scripture." 5. What is the Golden Text? "In all points tempted," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The evil spirit.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

What benefits do Christ's people receive from him at death?

Their souls immediately pass into the presence of the Lord, while their bodies rest in their graves till the resurrection.

What benefits will Christ's people receive from him at the resurrection?

Being raised up in glory, they shall be openly accepted in the day of judgment, and made perfectly blessed in the full enjoyment of God to all eternity.

You Can Help.

If you are too weak to journey
Up the mountain steep and high,
You can stand within the valley
Where the multitudes go by.
You can chant in happy measure
As they slowly pass along;
Though they may forget the singer,
They will not forget the song.

If you have not gold and silver,
Ever ready to command;
If you cannot toward the needy
Reach an ever-open hand;
You can visit the afflicted,
O'er the erring you can weep,
With the Saviour's true disciples
You a patient watch may keep.

"I felt so nervous, mamma," said little Tommy Peterby, referring to an accident of the previous day. "What do you mean by nervous, my dear?" "Why, mamma, it's just being in a hurry all over."

—An Unfounded Rumor.—Passerby: "I heard there was a schism in your church recently, Uncle Joab." Uncle Joab: "No, sah; no, sah; dey ain't no trufe in dat story. We foun' a hornet's nes' in de pulpit las' summer, but I ain't seen no sech animal as dat one you speak of sence I be'n de sexton."



THE TEMPTATION OF JESUS.—Matt. 4. 1-11.

hole not much more than two feet square—commanded a view of the tombstones and monuments of Greyfriars' Churchyard.

(To be continued.)

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF OUR LORD.

A. D. 26.] LESSON VII. [Aug. 12.
TEMPTATION OF JESUS.
Matt. 4. 1-11. Memory verses, 1-4.
GOLDEN TEXT.

In all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin.—Heb. 4. 15.

OUTLINE.

1. The Tempter, v. 1-4.
2. The Temptation, v. 5-9.
3. The Triumph, v. 10, 11.

TIME.—A. D. 26.
PLACE.—Not mentioned in Scripture, but, by tradition, said to have been Mount Quarantania, near Jericho.

CONNECTING LINKS.—This event followed closely the baptism of Jesus.

EXPLANATIONS.

1. "Led up of the Spirit."—The Spirit had



SPARE THE BIRDS.

BY LEANDER S. KEYSER.

I SOMETIMES think it a pity that guns and slings for boys were ever invented. If these weapons were always put to a profitable use, or used only for harmless sport, it would not be so bad; but there is something in the nature of many boys that makes them delight in acts of cruelty. They seem to think their sport lacking in spice unless it is mixed with the agony of some innocent creature.

One day I met a half-dozen young men in a marsh near several large willow trees. One of them tried his best to kill a downy wood-pecker with his sling or "nigger-shooter," as he would have called it. He came within half an inch several times of hitting the poor bird, and I trembled for its life. Now what harm had the wood-pecker done him or any one else? None whatever. On the contrary, all winter I had seen this busy bird creeping about the branches, ridding them of nits and grubs that would doubtless soon have destroyed the beautiful trees.

Birds are often accused of sins that they are entirely innocent of. For instance, it has often been said that the goldfinches destroy the buds of trees. But one day I stood for a long while beneath an oak tree watching a covey of these birds taking their breakfast, and I did not see them destroy a single bud. They pushed their bills around the buds and sometimes pecked at them as if hunting for nits or insects' eggs, but never snipped them off or pulled them apart. Where these birds destroy one bud by accident, as may sometimes happen, they prevent the destruction of millions by noxious insects.

On the same day I caught the tufted titmouse really eating buds in the woods. The sly little rogue! No doubt he was nearly famished and had to eat something. But my opinion is that it is really a blessing to the trees to have a few buds cropped off, just as grapevines need pruning to keep them from growing too luxuriant.

Have you ever thought what immense swarms of insects would infest the woods if many of the eggs, larvae, and nits were not destroyed by the birds early in the season? It would be impossible to remain an hour in the woods, if indeed there could be any woods at all. It would be impossible to compute the number of insects destroyed by one bird in a single season.

One spring day I found a hooded warbler fitting about like a shuttle of gold among

the bushes and saplings at the foot of an old gravel bank. For an hour I watched him catching gnats and millers on the wing. I think he must have caught, on the average, three insects every minute; so that he destroyed no less than 180 in an hour. If he averaged that many for five hours of the day—certainly a low estimate—he would have devoured 900 from sunrise to sunset. But it must be remembered that he was only one bird among the many in the woods engaged in the same exercise.

Every one is aware of the injury done to the corn crop by the cut worms, one of the great pests of the farmer. Now, the robins are very fond of these worms. A mother red-breast will often fly down into the furrows after the plough and gather up four or five in her bill, and then fly off with them to her nest to feed her hungry birdlings. Sometimes the male robin is no less busy. How many of these destructive worms would a score of robins destroy in six hours averaging one every five minutes? Do not kill the robins because they pilfer a few cherries. It is better to have fewer cherries than no corn.

There is another bird that has a soft tooth for cherries—the red-headed wood-pecker; and for that reason he is often slaughtered without mercy. But what does the jolly red-head feed on before cherry time arrives? On the grubs that bore into the trees. Yet no one ever says "thank you!" to him for his service, but the moment he helps himself to a toothsome cherry he must be shot like the veriest highwayman.

There is another reason, and a very potent one, for sparing the birds: the world would be poor indeed without their carols and trills. Birds are nature's minstrels. Remember, every time you shoot a songbird you silence one of God's own musicians. Kill the English sparrows, blue jays, hawks, and other birds of prey, if you wish, but never so much as point a gun at an insect-eating or singing bird.

—A class in grammar was reciting, and one of the younger boys was asked to compare "sick." He began thoughtfully, "Sick," paused, while his brain struggled with the problem, then finished triumphantly, "Sick, worse, dead!"

—"Your husband was a man of many excellent qualities." "Yes," sighed the widow, "he was a good man; everybody says so; I wasn't much acquainted with him myself; he belonged to six lodges."

—Teacher: "Freddie Fangle, you may give the German name of the River Danube." Freddy: "Dunno." Teacher: "Donau; that's right. I am glad you have studied your lesson so well." [Freddy is surprised, but keeps still.]

Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers, 1620.

BY FELICIA HEMANS.

The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed.

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and water o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the roll of stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame.

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear—
They shook the depths of the desert's gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the star heard and the sea!
And the sounding aisles in the dim wood rang
To the anthems of the free!

The ocean-eagle soared
From his nest by the white waves' foam;
And the rocking pines of the forest roared—
This was their welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst the pilgrim band!
Why had they come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Aye, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod!
They have left unstained what there they
found—
Freedom to worship God!

THE BOY AND THE CIGARETTE.

THE manner employed by cigarette manufacturers to advertise and sell their goods among boys is one of the peculiar features of the tobacco trade at present. They place pictures of various kinds in the packages and offer a premium to the boy who presents the greatest number. We hereby suggest a scale of premiums to boys that might be more appropriate than any yet offered: "To the boy who smokes two packages of cigarettes a day we guarantee a case of sore eyes; five packages, loss of appetite and inability to sleep; six packages, impaired memory, and trembling of the limbs; seven packages, vertigo, inflamed sore throat, fainting fits and tendency to hysterics, while for the boy who can give undeniable evidence that he gets away with eight packages of cigarettes per day, we will insure paralysis, insanity and sudden death."—*Texas Siftings.*

A SMALL SWARM OF BE'S.

Be earnest! Half-heartedness will not accomplish one-half so much as whole-heartedness will, rightly handled. Be earnest!

Be honest! "Honesty is the best policy," and the best policy will often be found along the way which honest men travel! Be honest!

Be straight! Not only "straight as a string," but rather "straight as an arrow," if you would be sure to "hit the mark." Be straight!

Be watchful! "Watch out," and "watch in" as well; also "watch and wait," if you would not let opportunity slip by unnoticed. Be watchful!

Be considerate! "Consider your ways, and be wise;" and, having found the ways of wisdom, walk therein "all the days of your life." Be considerate!

Be amiable! "A cross-patch" may pass by on the other side without being asked to "come back our way," while all the world likes to go hand in hand with amiable. Be amiable!

HELP YOURSELF.

PEOPLE who have been bolstered up and levered all their lives are seldom good for anything in a crisis. When misfortune comes they look around for something to cling to or lean upon. If the prop is not there, down they go.

Once down, they are as helpless as cap-sized turtles, or unhorsed men in armour, and cannot find their feet again without assistance.

Such silken fellows no more resemble self-made men, who have fought their way to position, making difficulties their stepping-stones, and deriving determination from defeat, than vines resemble oaks, or sputtering rush-lights the stars of heaven. Efforts persisted into achievements train a man to self-reliance; and when he has proved to the world that he can trust himself, the world will trust him.

It is unwise to deprive young men of the advantages which result from their own energetic action by "boosting" them over obstacles which they ought to surmount alone.

Keep Your Pledge.

BY MRS. M. A. HOLT.

KEEP your pledge, my boy,
Ever have it in mind;
Enter no place of decoy,
Pray for a spirit benign.

Your pledge will help you on,
Over the places where
Unholy deeds are done,
Revealing Satan's snare.

Press onward, then, my boy,
Learn wisdom every day,
Endeavour to destroy
Dark sin upon your way.
Give God your heart in youth.
Enter the way of love and truth.

—Bridget: What is the result of casting bread upon the waters? Brooks: In our house it returns the second day as pudding.

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