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# PLEASANT HOURS

PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

### The Time to Stop.

PERHAPS you think a little boy  
Can hardly understand  
The message that the temperance folks  
Are sending through our land.

But this I know, that want and woe,  
In drunkards' homes are found;  
And places where they buy their drinks  
Are open all around.

For liquor and tobacco, too,  
More money goes they say,  
Than all the people in the land  
For bread and meat now pay.

Some say a little does no harm,  
It makes them feel so nice!  
But then it is as dangerous  
As skating on thin ice.

A little makes you soon want more,  
Then more and more you crave,  
Until to alcoholic drinks  
You find yourself a slave.

The chains begin to bind your soul  
When first you take a drop;  
Before you take a single drink  
That is the time to stop!

### NAZARETH.

One of our cuts on this page gives a view of the town of Nazareth in which our Saviour spent the first thirty years of his life. It is a lovely spot in a cup-like valley, surrounded by encircling hills. In the town of Nazareth I spent Easter Sunday in the year 1892, and climbed the high hill behind the town, which commanded a noble view of the Sea of Galilee, the distant Mediterranean, Mount Tabor near at hand, and of the rolling country round about. I thought how often our Lord must as a boy have climbed these hills and wandered all over these valleys.

I visited the fountain where as a child he must often have come with Mary his mother, and then visited the Mount of Precipitation, as it is called, where the men of the synagogue "rose and thrust him out of the city, and led him to the brow of the hill whereon the city was built that they might cast him over headlong, as described in our lesson for October 7th.

Quite near is a little English church, where we attended Easter Service. Very delightful it was to hear those sweet-voiced Syrian girls sing the words of the blessed Virgin, "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour," so near the place where these words were first uttered.

The first picture on this page is an accurate copy of a carpenter's shop at Nazareth, with its augers, saws, boards and boxes, bench, and glue, and shavings. It looks just as carpenters' shops must look the world over. It was in just such a shop Jesus laboured with Joseph, his reputed father, and ennobled and dignified toil forever.

Two Englishmen met in mid-ocean on the deck of a steamer. One asked, "Going across?" "Yes, are you?" and there the conversation ended.



CARPENTER'S SHOP, NAZARETH.

### AN HONEST LITTLE BEGGAR.

On one of the most beautiful market places in Brunswick, Germany, is a fine residence, very curiously ornamented. On the most conspicuous corner, facing the market-place, is a life-sized statue of a ragged beggar-boy, placed just above the

first-story window. The holes in the knees and elbows are so perfectly cut in the stone, that you would almost think you were looking at Carlo himself. Over each window of the first and second stories, a beggar's hat is carved in the stone, instead of the ornaments usually placed there.

The gentleman who built the house did this because he wished never to forget that he had been a poor boy, and to remind all who saw it that "Honesty is the best policy."

A great many years before, a German count, living in the same town, took a journey into Italy. One day, while driving through the streets of Rome, he found himself pursued by a crowd of half-famished children begging for money. He took no notice of them, and by degrees they all went away but one, little Carlo, who, perhaps more hungry than the rest, persevered, until the count, to get rid of his cries, throw out a handful of small coins into the boy's ragged hat. The boy, turning away satisfied, sat down in the shade to rest and count his money.

As he took the coins one by one out of his cap, to his surprise he found a large and valuable gold piece among them. The Italian children are too often thieves as well as beggars, but Carlo was not. His mother had taught him to be honest; his first thought was to find the gentleman again, and return the gold piece. All day long he ran through the streets, and at last, toward night, he found again the gay carriage of the count standing before a shop, and he soon told the nobleman of his mistake.

The gentleman was so pleased with the honesty of the child that he obtained the mother's consent, and took him with him to Germany. There he educated him, adopted him as his own son, and finally left him all his large fortune.

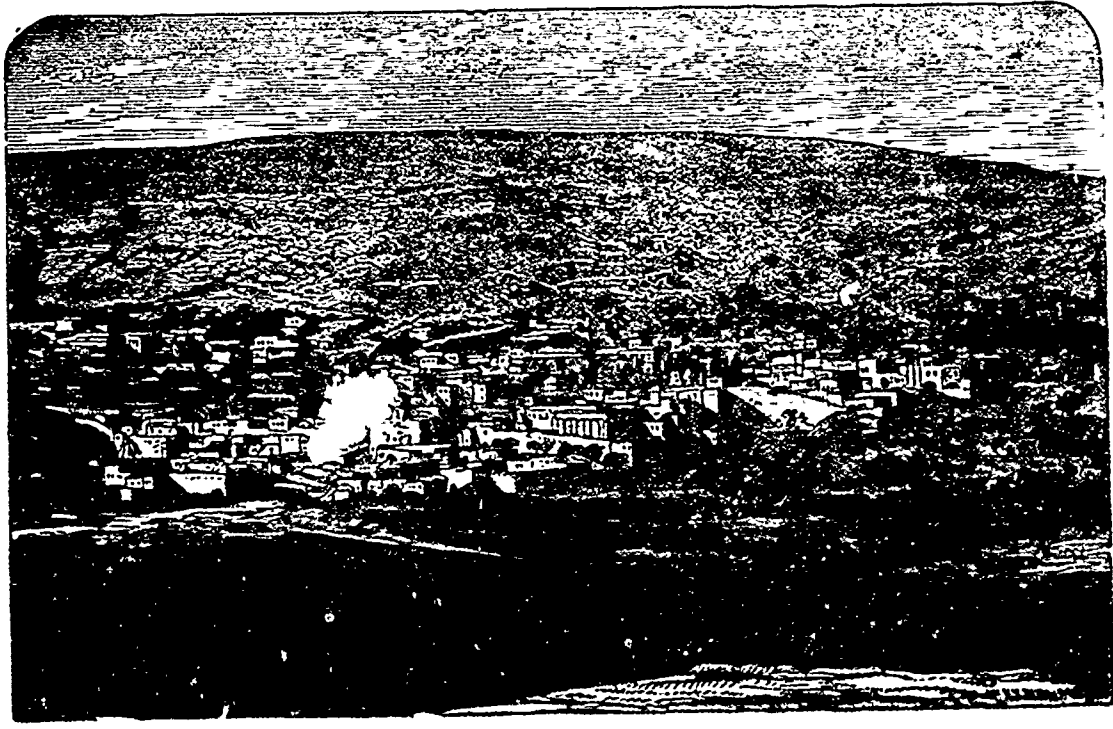
Carlo has been dead many years, but the old house still remains, keeping ever fresh the story of his early need, and the pure teaching of his humble mother; proving, too, the truth of the proverb, "Honesty is the best policy."

### THREE IMPORTANT QUESTIONS.

"WHAT AM I?" I am one of God's creatures, endowed with superior faculties to those possessed by the fishes in the sea, the beasts on the earth, and the birds in the air; those faculties are given me for the glory of God and the good of my fellow creatures. I have a body which in a little time will moulder in the dust from whence it sprung, and I have a soul which will live forever and even in happiness or everlasting misery.

"WHERE AM I?" In a world wherein there is much sin and sorrow, in which God has placed me for a short time. This world is passing away, my days are short, I must very soon die.

"WHITHER AM I GOING?" I am going to happiness or to misery, to heaven or to hell. If I am one treading the way of evil, and scornful that sacrifice for sin which God hath provided in his Son Jesus Christ, I shall perish. If I am taught of God to seek for pardon and grace; if I have the gift of faith to cling to the cross of the Redeemer, and depend for salvation on the Saviour of sinners, I shall live forever. If I am living in sin, I am going to hell. If I live on Christ, I am going to my heavenly home. That is whither I am going."



NAZARETH.

### You'll Have to Avoid the Saloon.

You stand on the threshold of youth, boys,  
Your future lies out in the years;  
You're learning your parts for life's work,  
boys;  
You're planning for future careers.  
You'll have to fill places of trust, boys;  
Your fathers will pass away soon;  
And if you'd be trustworthy men, boys,  
You'll have to avoid the saloon.

If you would be honoured in life, boys,  
If joy and contentment you'd know;  
If you would have plenty of cash, boys,  
And bask in prosperity a glow;  
If you would enjoy robust health, boys,  
That priceless but much abused boon;  
If God's benediction you'd have, boys,  
You'll have to avoid the saloon.

You'll have to avoid the saloon, boys,  
Or sorrow and shame you will share,  
And poverty's crust you will eat, boys,  
And poverty's rags you will wear.  
Your future will end in disgrace, boys,  
Your life be cut off at its noon;  
Both body and soul will be lost, boys,  
Unless you avoid the saloon.

—Our Companion.

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## Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 29, 1894.

### HOW THE HARDEST CASE IN JERICHO WAS CONVERTED.

BY JESSE BOWMAN YOUNG.

And he made haste, and came down, and received him joyfully.—LUKE 19 6.

ONCE, when our Lord was on earth, he passed through the old city of Jericho. He stopped here only a day, but in that day he did a wonderful work. Before Jesus came to the place there were two sinners there, who were reckoned the worst cases in the whole region. Nobody supposed it possible for the Lord to take any notice of them or do anything for them. Yet these two persons were the very ones Jesus sought out and saved from their sins, and made them happy in his love. One of these sinners was a blind beggar; and you can read how he was saved and healed, in the eighteenth chapter of St. Luke. The other man whom the Saviour blessed that day was named Zacchæus; and he, I think, was the hardest case—the most unlikely sinner to be saved—in the city. It seemed a more difficult thing to reach him than to heal the blind man. I will try to tell you why.

First, he was a very little man, almost a dwarf. And now you will ask why it was harder for Jesus to save a man short of stature, than it would have been if he had been tall.

Well, we will think about this a bit. Thoughtless people like to make fun of cripples, deformed folks, and other unfortunate. I remember an old crazy man who used to come to the town where I lived, with straws and weeds woven around his hat and into his garments. Whenever he made his appearance the idle boys

would gather in the streets and make sport of the poor lunatic, jeering at him, taunting him, and crying out, "Halloo! here comes old Wyant!" So children who are lame or weak are often ridiculed. I suppose it was the same way with Zacchæus. He did not like to have people look down on him with sneers and laughter. His smallness of stature probably made him moody, unhappy and discontented. He would easily come to hate those who made fun of him, and to have a sullen and envious disposition. And when a man gets into this mood, it is hard for him to get out of it.

But that is not all that his shortness of size had to do with making it difficult for him to be saved. As Jesus came through the city a great multitude followed him. The crowd hid the Master from view. Taller men were all around Zacchæus, and he could not see Jesus. So it almost came to pass that he did not get even a sight of the great Teacher, the Saviour, at all.

Then, again, it was hard for Zacchæus to be saved because of his occupation.

He is called a publican. That means in our language a revenue or tax collector. Perhaps you have been in a custom-house somewhere. There was one at Jericho, and Zacchæus was the head man of the office. Maybe you will say that that was not such a bad thing against him. But in that day it was. Most of the publicans were dishonest. They oppressed and cheated the people, making them pay more money than was due. They were cruel and heartless. They were called more savage than the wildest beast of prey. Zacchæus belonged to this hated class of publicans. The people all despised and looked down on them. That made it hard for him to become a disciple of the Saviour.

Still another reason why it was difficult for him to be saved, is, that he was a rich man. Some rich men followed Jesus when he went about doing good, and afterwards, but not many. The Master said it was hard for a rich man to enter his kingdom. He could not, as long as he loved his riches and was not willing to give the poor—as long as he was proud and puffed up on account of his money. Zacchæus had not made all his money honestly. He had got some of it by cheating. He had defrauded people who had paid him taxes, taking more than he had a right to.

All these things were in the way of his conversion. They made it hard for him to become a Christian.

Now, let us see how it happened that this man did find Jesus. How were these difficulties got rid of?

Look what Zacchæus himself did.

First, he wanted to see Jesus. He had heard of him as the great Physician, the friend of publicans and sinners, and he wished to see what sort of a man this wonderful Teacher was. This was the beginning of his conversion. Whenever a poor sinner really wants to see the Saviour, he has taken the first step toward heaven.

Then he went further than this; he climbed up where he could see him. He found that the crowd hid the Saviour from his eyes, and he determined to get up into a tree where he could see him as he passed along. He did not stop to think of what the people would say when they saw him perched up in the sycamore. They might mock and laugh if they chose, but he did not care, if he could only catch a glimpse of the Lord. And he showed that he was in earnest about it too—he ran with all his might. He did not idly wait and say, "Oh, well; I'm too little to see over this crowd. I can't see Jesus now. I will let the matter go this time." If he had acted that way he would never have seen the Saviour, for Jesus did not come back to that city again. This was the only chance Zacchæus ever had, and he made good use of it. He did what he could to overcome the difficulties in his way.

Now see what the Lord did.

First, he came by where Zacchæus was. He might have gone some other road, or passed by without noticing the poor sinner up in the sycamore; he might have done so, if he had not been the Saviour.

But he acted then as he has always acted ever since. He came by where the sinner was on the lookout for him, ready to help and save.

Once more: Jesus looked up and saw Zacchæus. He gave him a glance which went right into his heart. It was a look of kindness, of gentleness, of pity, of won-

derful love. You remember how, when the apostle Peter had denied the Saviour, he was rebuked and won back again to repent and be a disciple. The Lord turned and looked upon him—that was all; but that was enough. Peter remembered his sins, and went out and wept bitterly. One look broke his heart.

John Newton was an Englishman who was at one time very wicked, even dealing in slaves and doing all sorts of badness. When he was converted he wrote some beautiful hymns, in one of which he tells about this look of Jesus.

In evil long I took delight,  
Unawed by shame or fear,  
Till a new object struck my sight  
And stopped my wild career.

I saw One hanging on a tree,  
In agonies and blood,  
Who fixed his languid eyes on me,  
As near his cross I stood.

Sure never till my latest breath  
Can I forget that look.  
It seemed to charge me with his death,  
Though not a word he spoke.

The last thing that Jesus did was this: He told Zacchæus to make haste and come down, for he wanted to stop at his house. He recognized and named him before the people, showed that he cared for him, and that while the crowd might despise the publican, he, the Saviour of sinners, was his friend. Everybody could see that Jesus thought that this publican, whom all the people hated, was worthy to entertain and take care of him while he tarried in the city. That spirit of kindness and mercy won the heart of Zacchæus. He had not a friend in all that city. The crowd despised him. But Jesus showed himself a friend in need and trouble, and this made Zacchæus a disciple.

Now, how did Zacchæus show that he was converted?

I have not time to tell all the ways in which he did this. One thing is certain: he promptly obeyed. He lost no time. He made haste and came down. He minded the word of Jesus. That was a sure sign that he was converted.

Then again, he joyfully received the Saviour. It was a glad day for him. He rejoiced, and accepted Christ as his guest and his friend.

Besides, he was not ashamed to confess the Saviour publicly. He faced the multitude when they all murmured that Jesus was gone home with a great sinner—one of the worst in the city—and called Jesus "Lord." His first word was one of trust and worship.

Again, he showed his conversion by his willingness to restore whatever he had in his possession that did not belong to him. He promised to give back to any man whom he had cheated, four times as much money as he had taken from him. He did not dare to keep these unjust gains.

And the last sign of his conversion that I can notice here, is his kindness to the poor.

He was a rich man, and had been a stingy one. His purse now, as well as his heart, was converted. He hands had been close-fisted, but they were opened wide to feed the hungry and help the poor.

He saw what Jesus did. He said, "This man goes about doing good. He preaches the Gospel to the poor. He seeks and saves the lost. Since he has chosen me to be one of his disciples, I must try to help in this work. I cannot preach the Word. I am not fit to be an apostle. But I can give my money to him and to his needy ones. Henceforth half of all I am worth I will give to the poor."

And from that day on, the orphan and the widow and the poor had a faithful friend in Zacchæus.

Dear little folks who read this sermon, remember that Jesus still comes by, seeking the lost. When he calls you by his word, or by his Spirit, follow the example of Zacchæus, and, without delay, receive him joyfully.

### "SNOWDRIFT" LEAGUE.

BY ALICE A. BROWN.

WHEN I purchased my ticket from the Canadian Pacific Railroad agent in Seattle, Wash., I inquired if it was probable I

would have company during the four days' journey to St. Paul, for I know folks were not squandering money these times—nor indulging in expensive trips unless the call was urgent.

"Never fear, lady," he said, "you will not be alone this trip."

I hurried aboard of the train to lay claim to berth No. 7, and got nicely adjusted before the train moved out, and what do you suppose greeted my eyes? What but twelve children, all the way from nine months to fifteen years of age, as I afterward learned, accompanied by parents, other relatives, and friends. The friends who "saw me off" left with me some suspicious-looking boxes and sweet flowers, which served to introduce me to the children immediately. They smiled at my flowers, then at me, and before many hours had passed a sample from each box had gone the rounds, and we were friends. As the day wore on the children had wearied of the restraints of one coach, parents had wearied devising attractive amusements, and something must be done for these restless boys and girls. Here we were among God's giant thoughts, the grand old mountains, with countless evidences of our Father about us, and what more natural than that we should turn in thought to him and to strive to direct the children's thoughts to his great love for them?

Upon consultation with the biggest, warmest, happiest-hearted old porter we ever travelled with, we gained his consent to put the smoking-car to a new use. At five o'clock p.m., April 3, 1894, "Snowdrift" Junior League was organized in that car in "Somewhere Land," on the Canadian Pacific Railroad, with the following twelve charter members: Claire Giles, Massachusetts; Nellie Collins, New York; John Earl, Elmer, Thomas, Fay, and Sadie Morgan, Ohio; George, Emil, Alice, and Ray McGregor, Ontario; and Fred Steed, Nova Scotia. Morning devotions were held at ten o'clock and vesper service at seven.

As the hour drew near for "church," as the boys called it, there was a general rush for the toilet rooms, and never a trace of black, grimy car smoke was visible on those happy faces, and such an array of shining countenances, neatly-dressed heads, and clean, chubby fists rarely ever greets a teacher. Roll-call was responded to with Scripture texts memorized between services. The car resounded with such sweet songs as "Praise him, all ye little children," "Jesus bids us shine," "Sweet by-and-bye," "My country, 'tis of thee," "What a friend we have in Jesus," followed by various exercises used among our home Juniors; then came the "sermonette," and as they listened to the simple story of the Christ-child (some of them for the first time) their eyes grew brighter and cheeks redder, and we thanked God for another opportunity to sow the seed which he has promised to water and tenderly care for.

Conductor dropped a piece of silver into our hands to be used for the mission band he heard us "talking up," the old porter wiped a tear from his black face for Him who gave himself "for us and all men," and those were happy hours for big and little, white and black alike. After service we tumbled laughingly into bed, fearing no harm, for had we not heard, "He that keepeth thee will neither slumber nor sleep?" We are scattered to-day over the wide continent, yet our faith sees the boys and girls of "Snowdrift" League an unbroken company who will sing the Redeemer's praise throughout eternity.—*Epsworth Herald.*

### A PERSEVERING INDIAN BOY.

An Indian lad, whose age is about eighteen years, made his way from the far West to Carlisle, Pa., lately, that he might obtain an education at the school there. He left home with \$2.75, and by the time that small sum had been expended, he reached the Mississippi River. Then by walking for days together and getting an occasional ride on a freight train, he made the rest of the long trip. He sold his Indian ornaments for bread, and his blanket for a pair of shoes, his moccasins having been worn out on his long tramp. At last he reached Carlisle, where he was warmly welcomed.

True Victory.

BY M. A. MAITLAND.

He stood with a foot on the threshold,  
And a cloud on his boyish face,  
While his city comrade urged him  
To enter the gorgeous place.  
"There's nothing to fear, old fellow!  
It isn't a lion's den;  
Here waits you a royal welcome  
From lips of the bravest men."

'Twas the old, old voice of the tempter  
That sought in the old, old way  
To lure with a lying promise  
The innocent feet astray.  
"You'd think it was Bluebeard's closet,  
To see how you stare and shrink!  
I tell you there is naught to harm you—  
It's only a game and a drink!"

He heard the words with a shudder—  
"It's only a game and a drink!"  
And his lips made bold to answer,  
"What would my mother think?"  
The name that his heart held dearest  
Had started a secret spring,  
And forth from the wily tempter  
He fled like a haunted thing.

Away! till the glare of the city  
And its gilded halls of sin  
Are shut from his sense and vision  
The shadows of night within;  
Away! till his feet have bounded  
O'er fields where his childhood trod;  
Away! in the name of virtue,  
And the strength of his mother's God!

On the page where the angel keepeth  
The record of deeds well done  
That night was the story written  
Of a glorious battle won;  
And he stood by his home in the starlight—  
All guiltless of sword and shield—  
A braver and nobler victor  
Than the hero of bloodiest field.

"Yes—that's John Brown of Priesthill,"  
said the sergeant.

"You know the fanatic well, I suppose?"  
"Ay. He gets the name o' being a man of  
eminent godliness," answered the sergeant in  
a mocking tone.

John Brown, known as the "Christian  
carrier," truly was what Glendinning had  
sneeringly described him. On seeing the  
cavalcade approach he guessed, no doubt,  
that his last hour had come, for many a time  
had he committed the sin of succouring the  
outlawed Covenanters, and he had stoutly  
refused to attend the ministry of the worth-  
less curate George Lawless. Indeed it was the  
information conveyed to Government by that  
reverend gentleman that had brought Claver-  
house down upon the unfortunate man.

The dragoons ordered him to proceed to the  
front of his house, where his wife was stand-  
ing with one child in her arms and another by  
her side. The usual ensnaring questions as to  
the supremacy of the King, etc., were put to  
him, and the answers being unsatisfactory,  
Claverhouse ordered him to say his prayers  
and prepare for immediate death. Brown  
knew that there was no appeal. All Scotland  
was well aware by that time that soldiers  
were empowered to act the part of judge, jury,  
witness, and executioner, and had become  
accustomed to it. The poor man obeyed. He  
knelt down and prayed in such a strain that  
even the troopers, it is said, were impressed  
—at all events, their subsequent conduct  
would seem to countenance this belief. Their  
commander, however, was not much affected,  
for he thrice interrupted his victim, telling  
him that he had given him time to pray,  
but not to preach.

"Sir," returned Brown, "ye know neither  
the nature of preaching nor praying if ye call  
this preaching."

"Now," said Claverhouse, "take farewell  
of your wife and children."

After the poor man had kissed them,  
Claverhouse ordered six of his men to fire;  
but they hesitated and finally refused. En-  
raged at this their commander drew a pistol,  
and with his own hand blew out John  
Brown's brains.

"What thinkest thou of thy husband now,  
woman?" he said, turning to the widow.  
"I ever thought much good of him," she  
answered, "and as much now as ever."  
"It were but justice to lay thee beside him,"  
exclaimed the murderer.

"If you were permitted," she replied, "I  
doubt not but your cruelty would go that  
length."

Thus far the excitement of the dreadful  
scene enabled the poor creature to reply, but  
nature soon asserted her sway. Sinking on  
her knees beside the mangled corpse, the  
widow, neither observing or caring for the  
departure of the dragoons, proceeded to bind  
up her husband's shattered skull with a  
kerchief, while the pent-up tears burst forth.

The house stood in a retired, solitary  
spot, and for some time the bereaved woman  
was left alone with God and her children;  
but before darkness closed in a human com-  
forter was sent to her in the person of Quentin  
Dick.

On his arrival in Wigtown, Quentin, find-  
ing that his friends the Wilson girls had been  
imprisoned with an old Covenanter, Mrs.  
McLachlan, and that he could not obtain per-  
mission to see them, resolved to pay a visit to  
John Brown, the carrier, who was an old  
friend, and who might perhaps afford him  
counsel regarding the Wilsons. Leaving  
Ramblin' Peter behind to watch every event  
and fetch him word if anything important  
should transpire, he set out and reached the  
desolated cottage in the evening of the day  
on which his friend was shot.

Quentin was naturally a reserved man, and  
had never been able to take a prominent part  
with his covenanting friends in conversation  
or in public prayer, but the sight of his old  
friend's widow in her agony, and her terrified  
little ones, broke down the barrier of reserve  
completely. Although a stern and strong  
man, not prone to give way to feeling, he  
learned that night the full meaning of what  
it is to "weep with those that weep." More-  
over, his tongue was unloosed, and he poured  
forth his soul in prayer, and quoted God's  
Word in a way that cheered, in no small de-  
gree, his stricken friend. During several days  
he remained at Priesthill, doing all in his  
power to assist the family, and receiving  
some degree of comfort in return; for strong  
sympathy and fellowship in sorrow had in-  
duced him to reveal the fact that he loved  
Margaret Wilson, who at that time lay in  
prison with her young sister Agnes, awaiting  
their trial in Wigtown.

Seated one night by the carrier's desolated  
hearth, where several friends had assembled  
to mourn with the widow, Quentin was about  
to commence family worship, when he was  
interrupted by the sudden entrance of Ram-  
blin' Peter. The expression of his face told  
eloquently that he brought bad news. "The  
Wilson's," he said, "are condemned to be  
drowned with old Mrs. M'Lachlan."

"No' baith o' the lasses," he added, cor-  
recting himself, "for the faither managed to  
git ane o' them off by a bribe o' a hundred  
pounds—an' that's every bodie that he owns."  
"Which is to be drowned?" asked Quentin  
in a low voice.

"Margaret—the auldest."  
A deep groan burst from the shepherd as  
the Bible fell from his hands.

"Come!" he said to Peter, and passed  
quickly out of the house, without a word to  
those whom he left behind.

Arrived in Wigtown, the wretched man  
went about, wildly seeking to move the feel-  
ings of men whose hearts were like the nether  
millstone.

"Oh, if I only had siller!" he exclaimed to  
the Wilsons' father, clasping his hands in  
agony. "Hae ye nae mair?"

"No' anither plack," said the old man in  
deepest dejection. "They took all I had for  
Aggie."

"Ye are strong, Quentin," suggested Peter,  
who now understood the reason of his friend's  
wild despair. "Could ye no' waylay some-  
body an' rob them? Surely it wouldna be  
counted wrang in the circumstances."

"Sin is sin, Peter. Better death than sin,"  
returned Quentin with a grave look.

"Aweel, we maun just dee, then," said  
Peter in a tone of resignation.

Nothing could avert the doom of these un-  
fortunate women. Their judges, of whom  
Grierson, Laird of Lagg, was one, indicted  
this young girl and the old woman with the  
ridiculous charge of rebellion, of having  
been at the battles of Bothwell Bridge and  
Airmoss and present at twenty conventicles,  
as well as with refusing to swear the abjura-  
tion oath!

The innocent victims were carried to the  
mouth of the river Bladenoch, being guarded  
by troops under Major Winram, and followed  
by an immense crowd both of friends and  
spectators. Quentin Dick and his little  
friend Peter, were among them. The former  
had possessed himself of a stick resembling a  
quarter-staff. His wild appearance and blood-  
shot eyes, with his great size and strength,  
induced people to keep out of his way. He  
had only just reached the spot in time. No  
word did he speak until he came up to Major  
Winram. Then he sprang forward, and said  
in a loud voice, "I forbid this execution in  
the name of God!" at the same time raising  
his staff.

Instantly a trooper spurred forward and  
cut him down from behind.

"Take him away," said Winram, and  
Quentin, while endeavouring to stagger to his  
feet, was ridden down, secured, and dragged  
away. Poor Peter shared his fate. So  
quickly and quietly was it all done that few  
except those quite close to them were fully  
aware of what had occurred. The blow on his  
head seemed to have stunned the shepherd, for  
he made no resistance while they led him a con-  
siderable distance back into the country to a  
retired spot, and placed him with his back  
against a cliff. Then the leader of the party  
told off six men to shoot him.

Not until they were about to present their  
muskets did the shepherd seem to realize  
his position. Then an eager look came over  
his face, and he said with a smile, "Ay, be  
quick! Maybe I'll be there first to welcome  
her!"

A volley followed, and the soul of Quen-  
tin Dick was released from its tenement of  
clay.

Peter, on seeing the catastrophe, fell back-  
wards in a swoon, and the leader of the troop,  
feeling, perhaps, a touch of pity, cast him  
loose and left him there. Returning to the  
sands, the soldiers found that the martyrdom  
was well-nigh completed. The tide had  
turned, and the flowing sea had already re-  
versed the current of the river. The banks  
were steep, and several feet high at the spot  
to which the martyrs were led, so that people  
standing on the edge were close above the in-  
rushing stream. Two stakes had been driven  
into the top of the banks—one being some  
distance lower down the river than the other.  
Ropes of a few yards in length were fastened  
to them, and the outer ends tied under the  
martyrs' waists—old Mrs. M'Lachlan being  
attached to the lower post. They were then  
bidden to prepare for death, which they did  
by kneeling down and engaging in fervent  
prayer. It is said that the younger woman  
repeated some passages of Scripture, and even  
sang part of the 25th Psalm.

The old woman was first pushed over the  
brink of the river, and a soldier, thrusting  
her head down into the water with a halbert,  
held it there. This was evidently done to  
terrify the younger woman into submission.  
For, while the aged martyr was struggling in  
the agonies of death, one of the tormentors  
asked Margaret Wilson what she thought of  
that sight.

"What do I see?" was her reply. "I see  
Christ in one of his members wrestling there.  
Think ye we are sufferers? No! it is Christ  
in us; for he sends none a warfare on his own  
charge."

These were her last words as she was push-  
ed over the bank, and, like her companion,  
forcibly held down with a halbert. Before  
she was quite suffocated, however, Winram  
ordered her to be dragged out, and, when able  
to speak, she was asked if she would pray for  
the King.

"I wish the salvation of all men," she re-  
plied, "and the damnation of none."

"Dear Margaret," urged a bystander in a  
voice of earnest entreaty, "say 'God save  
the King,' say 'God save the King.'"

"God save him, if he will," she replied.  
"It is his salvation I desire."

"She has said it! she has said it!" cried  
the pitying bystanders eagerly.

"That won't do," cried the Laird of Lagg,  
coming forward at the moment, uttering a  
coarse oath; "let her take the test oaths."

As this meant the repudiation of the Cove-  
nants and the submission of her conscience to  
the King—to her mind inexcusable sin—the  
martyr firmly refused to obey. She was  
immediately thrust back into the water,  
and in few minutes more her heroic soul was  
with her God and Saviour.

As to Graham of Claverhouse—there are  
people, we believe, who would whitewash the  
devil if he were only to present himself with  
a dashing person and a handsome face! But  
such historians as Macaulay, M'Crie, M'Ken-  
zie, and others, refuse to whitewash Claver-  
house.

Coupling all this with the united testimony  
of tradition, and nearly all ancient historians,  
we can only wonder at the prejudice of those  
who would stiffly weave a chaplet for the brow  
of "Bonnie Dundee."

(To be continued.)

CATCHING THE TEARS.

LITTLE Ned's brother Tom called him a  
cry-baby, because his eyes were always full  
of tears. His mother said that Ned had  
little buckets just back of his eyes that  
were always in a hurry to tip over if he  
hurt his toe or finger, or did not have  
everything to suit him. One day Ned's  
sister Ann come into the room where Ned  
was playing, with a big white bowl in her  
hand. Ned asked her what she was going  
to put in it. She told him she wanted to  
get it full of salt-water. When he cried  
he must drop all his tears into that bowl.  
Ned asked her what she would do with a  
bowl full of tears. Ann said she would  
catch a little fish and let him swim around  
in it.

Just then Ned's little dog Fido ran into  
the room and began to eat a sugar-cake  
Ned had left on a chair. When Ned saw  
Fido eating the cake he began to cry. The  
tears ran down his cheeks and fell on the  
floor.

"Oh!" said Ann, "we must not waste  
those tears; they will help fill the bowl."  
And she held the bowl right under Ned's  
eyes.

"Now, Ned," she said, "cry real hard.  
I want to get a bowl full to-day if I can,  
so that I may buy the little fish to-morrow  
morning when I go to market."

But Ned could not cry any more. The  
tears would not come. Ann said she would  
have to wait until the next time Ned cried.  
So she put the bowl on a table near by,  
that it might be ready for the tears as soon  
as they started again. But not a drop of  
salt-water out of Ned's little tear-buckets  
ever fell into the bowl. As soon as it was  
put under his eyes, Ned always stopped  
crying. The little fish never was bought.  
Ann said he could not live in a bowl with-  
out any salt-water to swim in.

But Ned was cured of crying. Tom  
could not call him cry-baby any more.  
When Ned heard of other little boys who  
cried very often, he always told their  
mothers about his sister Ann's big white  
bowl, and the funny way he had been cured  
of being a cry-baby.—Our Little Ones.

—THE AGE OF CONDENSATION— "Have  
you seen that volume containing the best  
fifty books condensed?" "No, I haven't  
had time to look it up. I am preparing an  
edition of the 'Cyclopedia Britannica' to  
be printed on a postal card."

"In this age of the world," observed  
the professor, addressing the class in  
natural history, "the law of the survival  
of the fittest is generally conceded to be  
thoroughly established." "Then why is  
it," inquired a perplexed young woman in  
the class, the daughter of a prosperous  
boarding-house keeper, "that the dodo  
became extinct and the cockroach lives on?"

HUNTED AND HARRIED.

A Tale of the Scottish Covenanters.

BY R. M. BALLANTYNE.

CHAPTER XI. COMING EVENTS CAST  
SHADOWS.

IN February, 1685, Charles II. died—  
not without some suspicion of foul play. His  
brother, the Duke of York, an avowed Papist,  
ascended the throne as James II. This was  
a flagrant breach of the Constitution, and  
Arnyll—attempting to avert the catastrophe  
by an invasion of Scotland at the same time  
that Monmouth should invade England—not  
only failed, but was captured and afterwards  
executed by the same instrument—the  
"Maiden"—with which his father's head  
had been cut off nigh a quarter of a century  
before. As might have been expected, the  
persecutions were not relaxed by the new  
king.

When good old Cargill was martyred, a  
handsome, fair young man was looking on in  
profound sorrow and pity. He was a youth  
of great moral power, and with a large heart.  
His name was James Renwick. From that  
hour this youth cast in his lot with the perse-  
cuted wanderers, and after the martyrdom of  
Cameron and Cargill, and the death of Welsh,  
he was left almost alone to manage their  
affairs. The "Strict Covenanters" had by  
this time formed themselves into societies for  
prayer and conference, and held quarterly  
district meetings in sequestered places, with  
a regular system of correspondence—thus  
secretly forming an organized body, which  
has continued down to modern times.

It was while this young servant of God—  
having picked up the mantle which Cargill  
dropped—was toiling and wandering among  
the mountains, morasses, and caves of the  
west, that a troop of dragoons was seen, one  
May morning, galloping over the same region  
"on duty." They swept over hill and dale  
with the dash and rattle of men in all the  
pride of youth and strength and the panoply  
of war. They were hasting, however, not to  
the battlefield but to the field of agriculture,  
there to imbrue their hands in the blood of  
the unarmed and the helpless.

At the head of the band rode the valiant  
Graham of Claverhouse. Most people at that  
time knew him as the "bloody Clavers," but  
we look at the gay cavalier with his waving  
plume, martial bearing, beautiful counte-  
nance, and magnificent steed, we are tempted  
to ask, "Has there not been some mistake  
here?"

"Methinks this is our quarry," Glendin-  
ning," said Claverhouse, drawing rein as  
they approached a small cottage, near to  
which a man was seen at work with a  
spade.





BANYAN TREE.

## A QUEER TREE.

The banyan or Indian fig tree is found on the banks of the River Ganges and in many parts of India, and is a tree much valued and venerated by the Hindu. He plants it near the temple of his idol; and if the village in which he resides does not possess any such edifice, he uses the banyan for a temple and places the idol beneath it. Here, every morning and evening, he performs the rites of his heathen worship. And, more than this, he considers the tree, with its outstretched and far-sheltering arms, an emblem of the creator of all things. The peculiar growth of the banyan renders it an object of beauty, and produces those column like stems that cause it to become a grove in itself. It may be said to grow, not from the seed, but from the branches. They spread out horizontally, and each branch sends out a number of rootlets that at first hang from it like slender cords and are about in the wind. But by degrees they reach the ground and root themselves into it; then the cord tightens and thickens and becomes a stem, acting like a prop to the wide-spreading branch of the parent plant. Indeed, column on column is added in this manner, the books tell us, so long as the mother tree can support its numerous progeny.

## LESSON NOTES.

## FOURTH QUARTER.

## LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF OUR LORD.

A. D. 27.] LESSON I. [Oct. 7.

## JESUS AT NAZARETH.

Luke 4. 16-30. Memory verses, 16-19.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

See that ye refuse not him that speaketh.  
—Hebrews 12. 25.

## OUTLINE.

1. The Text, 16-19.
2. The Sermon, v. 20-27.
3. The Hearers, v. 28-30.

TIME.—A. D. 27.

PLACES.—Nazareth and Capernaum, in Galilee.

RULERS.—Tiberius, Emperor of Rome; Pontius Pilate, Procurator of Judea; Herod Antipas, Tetrarch of Galilee.

## EXPLANATIONS.

16. "Brought up"—Trained in youth. "Synagogue"—Jewish Church, or place for Bible study. "Sabbath-day"—That is, the Jewish Sabbath—our Saturday.

17. The book—"A long roll, like one of our modern wall maps, only that it was smaller, and rolled lengthwise, not breadthwise. "The prophet Elisha"—Isaiah. Very likely each prophecy was made up into a book by itself, for the words were written, not printed, and usually were made very large.

18. "The Gospel"—Glad news. "Recovering"—Bringing back.

20. "Closed the book"—Rolled it up again. "Minister"—Not a pastor or preacher, as with us, but a man who was employed to take care of the synagogue—a sort of sexton and class-leader and Sunday school superintendent in one.

21. "Began to say"—Said at length, and with great beauty, what is here put into a single sentence.

22. "All bare him witness"—Everybody acknowledged. "Gracious words"—Words of grace, of beauty, and eloquence. "Is not this Joseph's son?"—Very likely most of them knew no better.

23. "Heal thyself"—That is, do for your own people what we have heard you have done for others.

25. "Elias"—Elijah.

26. "Of Sion"—This phrase shows that the widow was a Gentile, not a child of Abraham. "Eliaseus"—Elisha.

## HOME READINGS.

M. Jesus at Nazareth.—Luke 4. 16-30.

Tu. Another visit to Nazareth.—Mark 6. 1-6.

W. The text.—Isa. 61. 1-6.

Th. Scripture testimony.—John 5. 36-47.

F. Without human learning.—John 7. 10-18.

S. Wisdom rejected.—Prov. 1. 24-33.

Sa. Refusing to hearken.—Deut. 10. 15-19.

## PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

What in this lesson are we taught about—

1. The duty of public worship?
2. The fulfilment of Scripture?
3. The power of prejudice.

## THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What did Jesus do at Nazareth on the Sabbath-day? "Went into the synagogue, read the Scriptures, and preached." 2. What truth did he proclaim? "That all prophecy was fulfilled in him." 3. How were the people impressed? "They were amazed, and made angry." 4. Of what did Jesus remind them? "That when Israel rejected the grace of God it was given to the Gentiles." 5. What did his hearers do? "They tried to kill him." 6. What did Jesus do? "Paused through their midst, and went to Capernaum." 7. What is the Golden Text? "See that ye refuse not," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The Messiahship of Jesus.

## CATECHISM QUESTION.

Where is the Spirit said to bear this witness?

The Spirit himself beareth witness with our Spirit that we are children of God.—Romans 8. 6.

## THE BOY AND THE BOATMEN.

A young man was once rowing me across the Merrimac River in a boat. Some boatmen going down the river with lumber had drawn up their boat and anchored it in the spot where the boy wished to land me.

"There!" he exclaimed, "these boatmen have left their boat right in my way?"

"What did they do that for?" I asked.

"On purpose to plague me," said he; "but I will cut it loose, and let it go down the river. I would have them know I can be as ugly as they can."

"But, my lad," said I, "you should not plague them because they plague you.

Because they are ugly to you is no reason why you should be so to them. Besides, how do you know they did it to vex and trouble you?"

"But they had no business to leave it there—it is against the rules," said he.

"True," I replied; "and you have no business to send their boat down the river. Would it not be better to ask them to remove it out of the way?"

"They will not comply if I do," said the angry boy; "and they will do so again."

"Well, try for once," said I. "Just run your boat a little above or a little below theirs, and see if they will not favour you when they see you give way to accommodate them."

The boy complied; and when the men in the boat saw the little fellow quietly and pleasantly pulling at his oars to run his boat ashore above them, they took hold and helped him, and wheeled their boat around, giving him all the chance he wished. Thus, by submitting pleasantly to what he believed was done to vex him, the boy prevented a quarrel. Had he cut the rope at that time and place, and let the boat loose, it would have done the boatmen much damage. There would have been a fight, and many would have been drawn into it. But the boy, who considered himself the injured party, prevented it all by a kind and pleasant submission to the injury.

## A USEFUL DOG.

The shepherd dog is a rough, shaggy animal with sharp, pointed ears and nose. It is an invaluable assistant to the shepherd, as it knows all its master's sheep and never allows them to stray away.

Without his dog the life of the shepherd would be one of continual anxiety. In fact, a sheep raiser knows his flocks are often safer under a good shepherd dog than under a man shepherd hired to watch the flock.

In California and South America, you may see thousands of sheep without any other guardians than half a dozen shepherd dogs. They go out with them early in the morning; they keep by them all day, driving away the birds of prey that would attack the young lambs, and the wild dogs that would worry the sheep, and bring them home in the evening. The dog will even carry in its mouth a lamb that is too young to keep up with the flock. When they reach the fold he drives them in and lies down at the door to guard them.

In England and Scotland these dogs are great favourites and there are many good stories told of them. One night, seven hundred lambs that had been committed to the keeping of a shepherd broke loose from his control and scampered away over the hills. "Sirrah," said the shepherd to his dog, "they're away."

Silently the dog left his master's side, and started away after the wandering charge. The shepherd passed the hours from midnight till dawn in a weary search, and at daylight he was about to return home in despair when he caught sight of Sirrah at the bottom of a deep ravine guard-

ing the whole of the vast flock. Not one lamb was missing. How he had managed to gather them all together in the dark was beyond comprehension.

## A Short Sermon.

BY ALICE GARY.

CHILDREN who read my lay,  
This much I have to say;  
Each day and every day  
Do what is right!  
Right things in great and small  
Then, though the stars shall fall  
Sun, moon, and stars, and all,  
You shall have light.

This further I would say:  
Be you tempted as you may,  
Each day, and every day,  
Speak what is true!  
True things in great and small;  
Then, though the stars shall fall  
Sun, moon, and stars, and all,  
Heaven would show through.

Figs, as you see and know,  
Do not of thistles grow;  
And though the blossoms blow  
White on the tree,  
Grapes never, never yet  
On the limbs of thorns were set;  
So, if you good would get,  
Good you must be.

Life's journey through and through,  
Speaking what is just and true,  
Doing what is right to do  
Unto one and all,  
When you work and when you play,  
Each day, and every day;  
Then peace shall gild your way,  
Though the sky should fall.

## A SURE TEST.

Tell me what the Bible is to a man, and I will generally tell you what he is. This is the pulse to try, this is the barometer to look at, if we would know the state of the heart. I have no notion of the Spirit dwelling in a man, and not giving clear evidence of his presence. And I believe it to be a signal evidence of the Spirit's presence when the Word is really precious to a man's soul. When there is no appetite for the truths of Scripture, the soul cannot be in a state of health. There is some serious disease. Reader, what is the Bible to you? Is it your guide, your counsellor, your friend? Is it your rule of faith and practice? Is it your measure of truth and error, of right and wrong? It ought to be so. It was given for this purpose. If it is not, do you really love your Bible?

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