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PLEASANT HOURS

PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XIV.]

TORONTO, JULY 28, 1894.

[No. 30.]



"You must know that all regular trains upon our road are run upon schedule time, or, in other words, upon that laid down in the time-tables of the company. But extras of any sort, or regular trains when off their schedule time, must be helped along by telegraphic orders, issued by, or in the name of the train dispatcher. This, upon a single track road, carrying so much traffic as ours, is constantly occurring.

"As I might weary you by details, if I entered into too minute an explanation of how this is done, I will give you the system in a few words as possible.

"For example, we will say the regular crossing point for No. 34 going west, and No. 35 going east is B—. Now, all trains are reported by telegraph from each station as they pass. We are on the lookout for these reports, and before us is the train sheet upon which must be noted the time of departure of each train from any station. Thus we can tell, at a glance, the position of every train upon the road. We will say these reports show No. 35, going east, to be thirty minutes late. Since No. 34 would be obliged to wait at the usual crossing point for the laggard, we give it an order to proceed to C—, ten miles beyond, and cross No. 35 there, thus keeping it on time while causing no further delay to the delinquent. Of course it is necessary to notify both trains of the change in crossing points, and right here is where my trouble occurred.

"One day, sitting at my instruments, busily employed as you saw me a few moments ago, I discovered that freight No. 102 was losing time. Soon it was thirty minutes behind, and wishing to help along freight No. 65, which usually crossed at B—, I concluded to push it along to C— for a crossing. Accordingly I called up D—, the next station beyond the usual crossing point, and upon receiving the response went ahead with this order:

"To Conductor and Engineer No. 65.

"You will proceed to C— and cross No. 102 there.

(Signed) HOBBS,
Dispatcher.

"The next move was to protect him in thus passing their usual crossing point, by giving the same order to No. 102 at A—.

"Calling up A—, I said in the cipher used on such occasions: '14 for No. 102,' which means, 'Put out blue signal to hold No. 102.' This blue signal, a flag by day and a lantern by night, conspicuously displayed in front of a station, means telegraphic orders, and by this signal no train is allowed to pass. Instantly came back the reply from the operator at A—, '15 for 102.'

"Now, every operator's duty is to put out the signal before replying with 15, which means: 'blue signal is displayed and will hold the train.' You see the

"Yes, sir! the boy there, though but five years old and not knowing a dash from a dot, stands upon the company's pay-roll as Telegraph Operator, at fifty dollars per month. 'How did it come about?' you ask. Just wait a few moments until my relief comes, and as we walk to the house for supper, I will give you the story."

The speaker was an old school friend of mine, whom I had hunted up after a long absence from my native city, and found busily employed in the Train Dispatcher's office of the — Railroad, as chief operator. Upon his telegraph instruments rested the cabinet photograph of a little boy, and my remarking upon the smart appearance of the little fellow elicited the above reply.

"Not much time for conversa-

tion here," continued my friend, as if in apology for not commencing at once; "what with ordinary messages, train reports, and the all-important orders, we are kept pretty busy; the hours are short though, and, by the way, here comes my relief now."

Here followed an introduction to the relief, a pleasant looking young man of twenty-one or two, whose duty it was to stay all night at the post my friend was just vacating, to whom was given some general information as to how the trains were running upon his division, and what orders had been issued; and then, with a pleasant good-night, we were off.

"Now, for the story," continued my friend as we emerged upon the street, and turned our steps towards his home.

"One year ago I was discharged from the very position I now hold, for having, as was charged, caused the wreck of two freight trains at C—, a small station upon our line about thirty miles east of here.



use of the cipher figures is a great saving of time and space. The most imperative orders are issued, and the utmost care taken in moving trains by telegraph; and to answer with 15 before the signal is displayed, is contrary to all rule, as in doing so there is a chance that some duty will come up in the performance of which the signal will be neglected until too late.

"Well! upon receiving the assurance that the flag was out at A—, I gave the order corresponding to the one above, but addressed to No. 102. Thus I had all arranged according to rule, for a crossing at C—. Soon came the answer from No. 65.

"To Hobbs, Dispatcher:

"We understand we are to proceed to C—, and cross No. 102 there.

(Signed) BRUCE, Conductor, } No. 65.
COSTER, Engineer, }

"To this I promptly gave O. K., and they were dispatched. As No. 102 had not arrived at A—, and no reply could be received from them until conductor and engineer had signed the order, which, of course, the blue flag would notify them was there, I turned my attention to other duties, and thought no more of that crossing, until some time after, it occurred to me that No. 102 was slow about replying.

"So, calling the operator at A—, I asked: 'Has No. 102 arrived?'

"'Arrived and gone,' was the reply.

"'Gone without receiving the orders I gave you? impossible! Did you not display the blue flag?'

"'No!' was the reply. 'Having received no orders to do so, I did not.'

"The operator at A— was comparatively a new man, a nephew of an influential member of our Board of Directors, through whom he had obtained his position, and through whose influence I was soon to lose mine. His deliberate falsehood astounded me, as well it might, for allowing the train to proceed without the orders meant for them to run by C— and endeavour to reach their usual stopping place at B—, as soon as possible, to save delay to 65, which was rushing along expecting to reach them at C—. The result must be a collision.

"The thought drove me nearly frantic. Further questioning only resulted in further denial from the operator of having received any orders to hold the train, which he accused me of having failed to send.

"With fast beating heart and a terrible faintness upon me, I dropped my head upon the instruments and prayed for the poor fellows upon the train. How many of them would survive the wreck, which now it was impossible to prevent, for between the two trains rushing towards each other so swiftly, no operator was on duty with busily clicking instruments to warn them of their fate.

"Noticing my actions the dispatcher eagerly inquired the trouble. I could not reply in words, but noticing my instrument calling, I grasped a pen, and with my trembling fingers copied this message, which relieved my mind of the heaviest load I have ever known. It was addressed to the superintendent from the conductor of No. 65 and ran thus:

"Freights Nos. 65 and 102 met in head collision one mile east of C—, speed of fifteen miles per hour. Crews of both trains escaped uninjured. Fifteen cars derailed, five of them wrecked completely, badly blocking the main line. Will report in person by first train."

"My greatest fear had been that loss of life would result. Now that was passed, I was ready to explain.

"As is usual in such cases, all the participants in the affair were called before the superintendent. Each man told his story. The operator at A— firmly adhered to his falsehood and I as firmly to the truth, but to no purpose. The influence of the director uncle saved for him his position, the blame was attached to me, and I was discharged, forced to give up my position and move. Some time before this, trusting in the security of my position, I had put all our little savings together and purchased a small house and lot in the pleasantest part of our city. I had borrowed from our savings bank the sum of two thousand dollars, and placed a mortgage for that amount upon the place, believing that with prudence and economy we should be able to repay and lift the mortgage in due course of time.

"A pleasant little place it was, and much pleasure we took in fixing it up with flowers and vines, until it presented a most attractive appearance, and to ourselves at least, was the very perfection of taste and home comfort. Now it must all be given up. This made the blow doubly hard, for where could I obtain a position at my business, with the knowledge that I had caused a wreck?

"No! I must give it all up, and commence at the foot of the ladder again.

"The company, having decided to put in the wires and open a station at C—, as a measure for guarding against further trouble, very kindly offered the situation to me. I could but accept. Soon we were moved into our new quarters—I cannot call it a home—in a modest house near my station.

"Day after day came and passed now, so uneventfully, as nearly to destroy all ambition. Duties there were none to speak of. My station was what is termed a 'flag station.' Trains made no regular stop there, and when an occasional passenger wished to take the train, a very unusual occurrence by the way, my red flag by day, or red light at night, 'hauled up' the desired train. I grew despondent. Every day I sat in my little den of an office, listening to the business passing upon the wire, business in which I took no active part, for few, indeed, were the opportunities I had to open the wire.

"The little boy was my almost constant companion. He took great delight in the rural life which we were obliged to lead, grew stout and brown as any little rustic, and his delight knew no bounds as he stood upon the platform when the heavy freights went rolling by, or the fast express, with a rush and scream of the whistle, passed like a flash; and he would watch them out of sight with great round eyes, laughing and clapping his hands with delight.

"We used to watch him in silence, my wife and I, for she often came to sit with us, and cheer me by her presence; and thoughts of the opportunities he would miss, and the privilege of schooling he would be debarred from by my misfortune, were not calculated to make us cheerful.

"One beautiful summer day, when I had been some three months at my station, sitting as usual watching and listening at my instruments, for want of something better to do, I heard the dispatcher's office calling A—, heard him answer, followed by an order from the office to '14 for special freight passing east,' heard the reply exactly as the operator had given it to me on the day of the wreck—'15 for special freight'—then this order:

"To Conductor and Engineer Special Freight:

"You will not leave A— until special passenger train, Fairfield, conductor, has arrived."

"The special passenger train referred to, was, as I knew, for I had heard it reported by wire, composed of an engine, superintendent's private car, and directors' car, filled with the officers of the road with their wives, all of whom had been down the line on a pleasure trip to inspect the new station and grounds at our eastern terminus, and were now returning with all haste, in order to reach their homes in this city before dark.

"I had heard the superintendent's telegraphic request to the dispatcher to give them the right of way as far as practicable, and in accordance with this instruction he was now holding back the freight.

"I sat idly watching the approach of the special, and marking the quick time they were making, as the telegraphic reports, one by one, succeeded each other, as the train passed station after station—and still bemoaning my hard fate.

"No mistakes this time, I thought, only for me was the ill-luck reserved; for surely the operator at A— would not, could not, commit the same fault twice. This time there would be no poor assistant to attach the blame to but the chief dispatcher.

"I sat there some time filled with these ungrateful and useless thoughts, until I was disturbed by the entrance of the little boy, who had been busy at play outside. He came in in high glee, exclaiming: 'Papa! papa! train coming!'

"'No, dear, not just yet. Wait five minutes and then we shall see them go flying by,' I answered him with a smile,

knowing how pleased he would be to see the rushing train.

"'No! now, papa, now! I can see the smoke—come out, quick!' To please him I complied, and looked up the line in the direction of the approaching special, which had passed the last station east of me, and must now be within five miles of our station.

"'That, that way, papa! Look through the tree—see!'

"I turned, and saw rising above the trees the black smoke which denoted the approach of a train. In an instant I understood the situation. The freight was approaching—the freight which was ordered to remain at A—to cross the passenger train. For a moment I was dazed, but only for a moment, for I knew something must be done, and that quickly, to avert an awful catastrophe.

"Below my station, some hundred yards or so, round a curve which hid it from sight, was a switch which opened upon a side track running by the station for another hundred yards, and which would hold the freight, could I but reach and open it before the freight arrived there. But I must also stop the passenger train for fear the freight would not get on in time.

"Rushing into the station I grasped my signal flags, put the blue in the proper place, but not daring to trust to that to stop them, for fear the engineer, having his orders to run past my station, and at the high rate of speed he was coming, might not see it, I took the red flag and the boy in my arms, and placing him in the middle of the platform, put the flag in his hands.

"'Arthur!' I said sternly, 'do just as papa says, now, and we will have the trains. Stand right here! Do not move except to wave this flag, so!' giving him the up-and-down motion. 'Wave it, my brave boy, and do not stop till papa gets back!'

"His blue eyes filled with tears at my manner, and giving him a kiss to reassure him, I turned and ran for the switch. Could I reach it in time? I must! I must! Over the ties I ran for life, for lives; for if the trains came into collision at that high rate of speed, many lives must be sacrificed.

"'O God! permit me to reach it first!' I cried.

"As I turned the curve I looked back at the station. There the little fellow stood, just where I had placed him, and the flag, yes! the flag was waving, up and down, up and down, as fast as the stout little arms could move it, and way down the line as far as the eye could reach, I could see the special passenger train coming. Now for it! Looking and running ahead again I saw the freight.

"'Thank God! I shall reach the switch first,' I cried, and ran on. My switch-key was out of my pocket as I ran, and in my hand. A moment more and the switch was reached, and the train one thousand feet behind in the race for life. To insert the key, unlock and throw the rails upon the siding, was the work of an instant.

"Yes! I was discovered by the engineer of the train—heard the shrill whistle for brakes, the danger signal, saw the engine reversed, the brakemen scrambling over the tops of the cars setting the brakes, and knew all was done that could possibly be done to slacken the speed of the heavy train—standing at the switch, ready to throw the rails back as soon as they had passed upon the siding.

"In a moment they were within hailing distance, the fireman was upon my side, down upon the steps of his engine making ready to jump.

"'Stick to your engine,' I cried. Run upon the siding, and do your best to stop her. Tell the engineer to stick and stop her for his life.'

"It is wonderful that he heard me, much more comprehended my meaning through the rush and roar of the train, and hiss of escaping steam, as the engine rolled by at greatly reduced speed; but I saw him climb back and commence setting the brake of the tender. With a terrible roar and grinding of the brakes upon the wheels, the train passed.

"I closed and locked the switch on the main line, and started back for the station. I knew the special must have stopped there, else, ere this, it would have been upon us. Yes! sure enough,—coming in sight of the station,—there she stood, safe and sound, and upon the siding beside it stood the freight, now come to a full stop.

"The platform in front of the little

depot was filled with people, passengers of the special and train men. I saw the boy, still holding the red flag, in the arms of the superintendent. Crowded about him were the president, Board of Directors and other notables, invited guests of the road, with their ladies, numbering full twenty-five people, who certainly, some of them, if not all, owed their lives to the little fellow.

Upon reaching the station, I was at once the centre of the excited throng, all eager for an explanation. In a few words as possible I gave, in answer to the superintendent's inquiry, my story,—how the baby had discovered the approaching freight, how I had instantly placed him with the flag, which, it seems, had been the means of stopping them, how I had hastened to the switch, arriving just in time to put the freight upon the siding, and that was all.

"All—no! This was followed by an impromptu directors' meeting in my little seven-by-nine station—a directors' meeting in which ladies took a prominent part. I was called in with my wife, who had run to the station, alarmed by the unusual excitement—and the boy. Speeches were made which brought the blush to my cheeks and tears to my wife's eyes, tears of joy and pride in the boy.

"Yes, sir! They voted me two thousand dollars 'for prompt action and heroic conduct in time of danger,' and at the suggestion of the ladies—who but a woman would have thought of anything so romantic?—also voted to place the boy upon the payroll as telegraph operator.

"A happy household we were that evening, and with many a kiss the boy was put to bed at night. The next day I was called to the general offices, and the dispatcher having told his story, how the orders had been promptly given to hold the freight, there were no doubts now as to the person who had been remiss in duty upon both occasions. I was reinstated in my old position, and we immediately moved back into the little house you see yonder, which the company's gift allowed me to free from debt; and, yes, that is the boy running to meet us now—a proud little fellow upon pay-day, as he goes with me to the office, and stands among the men taking their turn to receive their pay—the pet of all. My wife fears they will spoil him with their attention, and the presents of the ladies on that train.

"The operator? Oh! Without stopping to learn the result of his second blunder he deserted his post, and for aught I know, may be running yet; for, certainly, I have no knowledge of his future career. His error lay in replying that the blue was displayed before putting it out, and then neglecting it. When he saw the train pass, he deliberately tore up the orders, trusting in his ability to shift the blame upon me, in the first instance, but the second was too much."

—W. D. Holman in *The Fourth's Companion*.

Not Yet!

My boy Bert, with dancing eyes,
Flushed and eager, goes from play
Half-a-dozen times a day,
Straight to where a red book lies
On the lowest library shelf,
Finds the page all by himself,
Where a lion is portrayed
Springing toward a shrinking maid:
Long he looks at this attraction,
Then remarks with satisfaction,
Flinging back his curls of jet:
"The lion hasn't got her yet."

That was years and years ago;
Still the trembling little maid
In the red book is portrayed
Facing her terrific foe,
And my boy with dancing eyes
Views them now without surprise;
When my heart is full of fear,
Fancying there is trouble near,
And I dread what is to be,
Then he breaks out laughingly:
"Auntie, don't you fuss and fret:
The lion has not got her yet!"

—Wide Awake.

"Well, Mr. Bronson," said a dominie,
"I hoped you derived profit from the
services this morning." "Sir," returned
Bronson, inclining to be indignant,
"I assure you I drop business on Sundays and
attend church with no hope of profit."

The Old Teacher.

BY GEORGE F. HUNTING.

I wonder if he remembers,
That good old man in heaven,
The class in the old red school-house
Known as the noisy seven?

I wonder if he remembers
How restless we used to be?
Or thinks we forgot the lesson
Of Christ and Gethsemane?

I wish I could tell that story
As he used to tell it then,
I am sure that, with heaven's blessing,
I could reach the hearts of men.

That voice, so touchingly tender,
Comes down to me through the years,
A pathos, which seemed to mingle
His own with the Saviour's tears.

I often wish I could tell him,
Though we caused him so much pain
By our thoughtless, boyish frolic,
His lessons were not in vain.

I'd like to tell him how Harry,
The merriest one of all,
From the bloody field of Shiloh
Went home at the Master's call.

I'd like to tell him how Stephen,
So brimming with mirth and fun,
Now tells the heathen of China
The tale of the crucified one.

I'd like to tell him how Joseph
And Philip and Jack and Jay
Are honoured among the churches,
The foremost men of their day.

I'd like—yes, I'd like—to tell him
What his lesson did for me,
And how I'm trying to follow
That Christ of Gethsemane.

Perhaps he knows it already,
For Harry has told, may be,
That we all are coming, coming,
Through Christ of Gethsemane.

How many beside, I know not,
Will gather at last in heaven,
The fruit of that faithful sowing,
But the sheaves are surely seven.

HUNTED AND HARRIED.

A Tale of the Scottish Covenanters.

BY K. M. BALLANTYNE.

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

After a hearty but hearty supper, Will Wallace and Quentin Dick set out on their night journey. They carried nothing with them except two wallets, filled, as Wallace could not help thinking, with a needlessly large amount of provisions. Of course they were unarmed, for they travelled in the capacity of peaceful drovers, with plaids on their shoulders, and the usual staves in their hands.

"One would think we were going to travel for a month in some wilderness, to judge from the weight of our haversacks," observed Wallace, after trudging along for some time in silence.

"Maybe we'll be langer than a month," returned Quentin, "an' the wilderness here-aw is worse than the wilderness that Moses led his folk through. They had manna there. Mony o' us hae naething here."

Quentin Dick spoke with cynicism in his tone for he was a stern straightforward man, on whom injustice told with tremendous power, and who had not yet been taught by adversity to bow his head to man and restrain his indignation.

Before Wallace had time to make any rejoinder, something like the appearance of a group of horsemen in front arrested them. They were still so far distant as to render their tramp inaudible. Indeed they could not have been seen at all in so dark a night but for the fact that in passing over the crest of a hill they were for a moment or two dimly defined against the sky.

"Dragoons—fow' o' them," muttered Quentin. "We'll step aside here an' let them gang by."

Clambering up the somewhat rugged side of the road, the two men concealed themselves among the bushes, intending to wait till the troopers should pass.

"What can they be doing in this direction, I wonder?" whispered Wallace.

"My freend," answered Quentin, "dinna whisper when ye're hidin'. Of a' the sounds for attractin' attention an' revealin' secrets a whisper is the warst. Speak low if ye maun

speak, but sometimes it's wiser no to speak awa'. Dootless the sodgers 'll be gieing Andrew Black a ca', but he kens brawly hoo to tak' care o' himself."

When the horseman approached it was seen that they were driving before them a boy, or lad, on foot. Evidently they were compelling him to act as their guide.

"It's Ramblin' Peter they've gotten haud o', as sure as I'm a leevin' man," said the shepherd with a low chuckle; "I'd ken him amang a thousand by the way he rins."

"Shall we not rescue him?" exclaimed Wallace, starting up.

"Wheesht! keep still, man. Nae fear o' Peter. He'll lead them in amang the bogs o' some peat-moss or ither, gie them the slip there, an' leave them to find their way out."

Just as the troop trotted past an incident occurred which disconcerted the hiders not a little. A dog which the soldiers had with them scented them, stopped, and after snuffing about for a few seconds, began to bark furiously. The troop halted at once and challenged.

"Tak' nae notice," remarked Quentin in a low voice, which went no further than his comrade's ear.

A bright flash and sharp report followed the challenge, and a ball whistled through the thicket.

"Ay, fire away," soliloquised Quentin. "Ye seldom hit when ye can see. It's no likely ye'll dae muckle better i' the dark."

The dog, however, having discovered the track of the hidden men, rushed up the bank toward them. The shepherd picked up a stone, and, waiting till the animal was near enough, flung it with such true aim that the dog went howling back to the road. On this a volley from the carbines of the troopers cut up the bushes all around them.

"That'll dae noo. Come awa', Wull," said the shepherd, rising and proceeding farther into the thicket by a scarce visible footpath. "The horses canna follow us here unless they hae the legs an' airms o' puggies. As for the men, they'd have to cut a track to let their big boots pass. We may tak' it easy, for they're uncommon slow at loadin'."

In a few minutes the two friends were beyond all danger. Returning then to the road about a mile farther on, they continued the journey until they had left the scene of the great communion far behind them, and when day dawned they retired to a dense thicket in a hollow by the banks of a little burn, and there rested till near sunset, when the journey was resumed. That night they experienced considerable delay owing to the intense darkness. Towards dawn the day following Quentin Dick led his companion into a wild, thickly-wooded place which seemed formed by nature as a place of refuge for a hunted creature—whether man or beast.

Entering the mouth of what seemed to be a cavern, he bade his companion wait. Presently a sound, as of the cry of some wild bird, was heard. It was answered by a similar cry in the far distance. Soon after the shepherd returned, and, taking his companion by the hand, led him into the cave which, a few paces from its mouth, was profoundly dark. Almost immediately a glimmering light appeared. A few steps farther, and Wallace found himself in the midst of an extraordinary scene.

The cavern at its inner extremity was an apartment of considerable size, and the faint light of a few lanterns showed that the place was clouded by smoke from a low fire of wood that burned at the upper end. Here, standing, seated, and reclining, were assembled all sorts and conditions of men—some in the prime and vigour of life; some bowed with the weight of years; others, both young and old, gaunt and haggard from the influence of disease and suffering, and many giving evidence by their aspect that their days on earth were numbered. Some, by the stern contraction of brow and lip, seemed to suggest that submission was the last thought that would enter their minds, but not a few of the party wore that look of patient endurance which is due to the influence of the Spirit of God—not to mere human strength of mind and will. All seemed to be famishing for want of food, while ragged clothes, shaggy beards, hollow cheeks, and unkempt locks told eloquently of the long years of bodily and mental suffering which had been endured under ruthless persecution.

CHAPTER V.—RISKS AND REFUGES.

IMMEDIATELY on entering the cave in which this party of Covenanters had found a temporary shelter, Will Wallace learned the reason of the large supply of provisions which he and his comrade had carried.

"I've brought this for ye frae Andrew Black," said Quentin, taking the wallet from his shoulder and presenting it to a man in clerical costume who advanced to welcome him. "He thought ye might stand in need o' victuals."

"Ever thoughtful of his friends; I thank him heartily," said the minister, accepting the wallet—as also that handed to him by Wallace. "Andrew is a true helper of the persecuted; and I thank the Lord who has put it into his heart to supply us at a time when our provisions are well-nigh exhausted. Our numbers have been unexpectedly increased by the arrival of some of the unfortunates recently expelled from Lanark."

"From Lanark!" echoed Wallace as he glanced eagerly round on the forlorn throng. "Can you tell me, sir, if a Mr. David Spence and a Mrs. Wallace has arrived from that quarter?"

"I have not heard of them returned the minister, as he emptied the wallets and began to distribute their contents to those around him.—"Ah, here is milk—I'm glad our friend Black thought of that, for we have a poor dying woman here who can eat nothing solid. Here, Webster, take it to her."

With a sudden sinking at the heart Wallace followed the man to whom the milk had been given. Might not this dying woman, he thought, be his own mother? True, he had just been told that no one with her name had yet sought refuge there; but, there was a bare possibility and—anxiety does not reason! As he crossed to a spot where several persons were bending over a couch of straw, a tremendous clap of thunder shook the solid walls of the cavern. This was immediately followed by a torrent of rain, the plashing of which outside suggested that all the windows of heaven had been suddenly opened. The incident was natural enough in itself, but the anxious youth took it as a bad omen, and trembled as he had never before trembled at the disturbances of nature. One glance, however, sufficed to relieve his mind. The dying woman was young. Delicate of constitution by nature, long exposure to damp air in caves, and cold beds on the ground, with bad and insufficient food, had sealed her doom. Lying there, with hollow cheeks, eyes closed and lips deathly pale, it seemed as if the spirit had already fled.

"Oh, my ain Lizzie!" cried a poor woman who knelt beside her.

"Wheesht, mither," whispered the dying woman, slowly opening her eyes; "it is the Lord's doing—shall not the Judge of the earth do right? We'll understand it a' some day—for ever wi' the Lord!"

The last words were audible only to the mother's ear. Food for the body, even if it could have availed her, came too late. Another moment and she was in the land where hunger and thirst are unknown—where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

The mourners were still standing in silence gazing on the dead, when a loud noise and stamping of feet was heard at the entrance of the cave. Turning round they saw several drenched and haggard persons enter, among them a man supporting—almost carrying—a woman whose drooping figure betokened great exhaustion.

"Thank you, O thank you; I—I'm better now," said the woman, looking up with a weary yet grateful expression at her protector.

Will Wallace sprang forward as he heard the voice. "Mother! mother!" he cried, and, next moment, he had her in his arms.

The excitement coupled with extreme fatigue was almost too much for the poor woman. She could not speak, but with a sigh of contentment, allowed her head to fall upon the broad bosom of her son.

Accustomed as those hunted people were to scenes of suffering, wild despair, and sometimes, though not often, to bursts of sudden joy, this incident drew general attention and sympathy—except, indeed, from the mother of the dead woman, whose poor heart was for the moment stunned. Several women—one of whom was evidently a lady of some position—crowded to Will's assistance, and conveyed Mrs. Wallace to a recess in the cave which was curtained off. Here they gave her food, and changed her soaking garments. Meanwhile her brother, David Spence—a grand-looking old man of gentle manners and refined mind—gave his nephew an account of the manner in which they had been driven from their home.

"What is the matter with your hands, uncle?" asked Will, observing that both were bandaged.

"They tried the thumbscrews on me," said Spence with a pitiful smile, glancing at his injured members. "They wanted to force me to sign the Bond, which I declined to do—first, because it required me to perform impossibilities; and, second, because it was such a Government in the world has a right to exact or freemen to sign. They were going to put the boot on me at first, but the officer in command ordered them to try the thumbscrews. This was lucky, for a man may get along with damaged thumbs, but it would have been hard to travel with crippled legs! I held out though, until the pain became so

great that I couldn't help giving a tremendous yell. This seemed to touch the officer with pity, for he ordered his men to let me be. Soon afterwards your mother and I managed to give them the slip, and we came on here."

"But why came you here, uncle?" asked Will.

"Because I don't want to be taken to Edinburgh and hanged. Besides, after hearing of your temporary settlement with Black, I thought the safest place for your mother would be beside yourself."

When Wallace explained the cause of his own journey, and the condition of the district around Black's farm, the plans of David Spence had to be altered. He resolved, after consideration and prayer, to take to the mountains and remain in hiding, while Mrs. Wallace should go to Edinburgh, as already planned, and live with Mrs. Black.

(To be continued.)

Cause and Effect.

BY MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.

A LITTLE dinner party was in progress down below,
While above stairs, in the nursery, was a lonely little Fred.
"There is nothing left to do!" he sighed,
"That clock is very slow,
And when nurse does finish supper, she will put me straight to bed!"

"Now, if they'd let me play with that!"—
he looked upon the wall,
And gently pushed a chair along before him, as he spoke—
"I really would not mischief it, or worry it, at all,
And I feel quite pretty certain I could mend it, if it broke!"

About five minutes after this, the door-bell rang, and low
The servant to the master whispered, "Sir, he's at the door—"
The messenger you rang for," Replied the master, "No;
He's made some stupid blunder." And he thought of it no more.

Five minutes passed; a sound of wheels; the servant came to say:
"The carriage is a-waiting, sir,—belike it's come too early,
But the man is very positive you rang for a cuppay."
"I didn't," said the master, and his look and tone were surly.

In the same mysterious manner a policeman came and went,
And a doubtful look was growing now upon the master's face;
An idea had occurred to him of what the mystery meant,
And he was just preparing to follow up the trace—

When, lo! "A burst of thunder-sound,"—
the engine drew up proudly,
Close followed by the hose-cart; and dire confusion grew.
But the master from his door-step by shouting wildly, loudly,
Was in time to stop the deluge, and 'twas all that he could do.

Straightway to the alarm he went, and captured Master Fredly,
Who sobbed, "I ouldy gave it such a little, little jerk!
I didn't mean to start it—just to try if it was ready;
I wanted—all I wanted was to see if it would work!"

WHAT DO YOU WISH?—Here is a good point well made by *The Young People's Standard*: "For the prayer service in the Junior meeting it is well to ask the children some such question as, 'What do you wish to ask God for to-day?' After a number of objects of prayer have been named, everyone should have an opportunity to offer a sentence prayer. The idea of definiteness in prayer can be taught in no better way."

AGREEABLE ALL AROUND!—"I purpose introducing some new features into the service," said the Rev. Mr. Textual. "All right!" remarked Fogg. "New features in that pulpit are just what I have been longing for for the last year or two."



HOW THE BABY PAID THE MORTGAGE.—(See Story.)

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF OUR LORD.

A Lullaby.

SLEEP, baby, sleep,
Mother her watch is keeping;
Slowly, slowly fades the light,
Softly, softly falls the night;
Moonbeams tender, round us gleaming,
Whisper that 'tis time for dreaming,
Hush, my dear, the world is sleeping—
Sleep, baby, sleep.

Rocking—rocking to and fro,
Off to Slumberland we go,
Where the fairies' mystic song
Echoes sweetly all night long;
Rocking—rocking to and fro,
Off to Slumberland we go;
Sleep, baby, sleep.

Sleep, baby, sleep,
Dreamland vespers are ringing,
Gently, gently flows the stream;
Sweetly, sweetly, bright stars gleam;
Silver dews are softly falling,
Dreamland sprites are calling, calling;
Visions sweet to thee they're bringing;
Sleep, baby, sleep.

Rocking—rocking to and fro,
Off to Slumberland we go;
Down the stream we're floating now,
Mother's kisses on thy brow.
Rocking—rocking to and fro,
Little one to Dreamland go;
Sleep, baby, sleep.

Sleep, baby, sleep,
Sweet, sunny eyes now closing,
Smiling, smiling in your sleep,
At the fairies' secret deep;
Golden curls in wavy splendour
Woo thee now with kisses tender;
Naught shall harm thy sweet reposing;
Sleep, baby, sleep.

Sleep, baby, sleep,
Rocking—rocking to and fro,
Off to Slumberland we go,
Listening to the fairies' song
Floating round us all night long;
Rocking—rocking to and fro,
Off to Slumberland we go,
Off we go! Off we go!
Sleep, baby, sleep.

We ought be holy because God commands it.

A.D. 26.] **LESSON VI.** [Aug. 5.

THE BAPTISM OF JESUS.

Mark 1. 1-11. Memory verses, 9-11.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Thou art my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.—Mark 1. 11.

OUTLINE.

1. The Voice in the Wilderness, v. 1-8.
2. The Voice from Heaven, v. 9-11.

TIME.—A.D. 26. The opening of the year preliminary to Christ's most public work, called the Year of Preparation, or Year of Obscurity.

PLACES.—The wilderness of Judea. The banks of the Jordan River, not far north of the Dead Sea. Nazareth.

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

EXPLANATIONS.

1. "The beginning of the Gospel"—The beginning of the story rather, which is the Gospel. Gospel means good news; the beginning of the story of how the "good news" came to men.
2. "In the prophets"—In the books which had been written and left by the prophets, and which were a part of the Jewish Scriptures.
3. "The voice of one," etc. This means, I am the man who was to cry in the wilderness, as foretold, "Prepare ye," etc. "Make his paths straight"—Or, make straight the paths for his feet; that is help him to go about his work with directness and certainty.
4. "Baptism of repentance"—A symbolic act, announcing the purpose of the one baptized to live a changed life. "Remission of sins"—This remission was to come from Jesus the Christ, and was not made sure by John's baptism.
5. "All the land of Judea"—All the inhabitants of the land. This shows how powerfully John preached.
6. "Clothed with camel's hair"—Clothing made from stuff woven from camel's hair, which was a coarse material common among the peasants. "A girdle of a skin"—This is another evidence of his poverty. He could not have the girdles worn by his more fortunate countrymen, but cut his own from the skins of beasts. "Eat locusts and wild honey"—Still another proof how poor he was, and that in his fare he was allied to the wandering Bedouins.

7. "Latchet of whose shoes"—The thong by which the sandal was fastened to the foot. To unloose it was a menial's office.

HOME READINGS.

- M. The baptism of Jesus.—Mark 1. 1-11.
- Tu. Fulfilling all righteousness.—Matt. 3. 7-17.
- W. John's witness.—John 1. 15-28.
- Th. The Spirit's witness.—John 1. 29-34.
- F. "What shall we do?"—Acts 2. 36-41.
- S. Baptized into Christ.—Rom. 6. 1-11.
- Su. Another heavenly voice.—2.Peter 1. 16-21.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Where in this lesson are we taught—

1. The need of repentance?
2. The duty of baptism?
3. The divinity of Christ?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. About what does Mark the evangelist write? "The Gospel of the Son of God." 2. How does it begin? "In the preaching of John." 3. What did he preach? "The baptism of repentance." 4. What prophecy did his preaching fulfil? "Prepare ye the way," etc. 5. In what did his work culminate? "In the baptism of Jesus." 6. What was uttered from heaven? Golden Text; "Thou art my beloved Son," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The divinity of Christ.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

May these various blessings be lost? Yes; believers may fail to believe and watch; they may cease to be diligent in duty, and thus may lose these blessings forever?

GIVE THE BOYS A TRADE.

Go where you will, you will find youths entering manhood without any equipment for the struggle before them. Tens of thousands of them hope to become merchants, when they have no aptitude whatever for commercial affairs, and are doomed to lives of bitter toil and grinding poverty. This ought not to be. Everybody is justly entitled to a trade, and he ought to have the chance to master one.

Many sons of poor parents, and many orphan boys, are compelled to forego the inestimable benefits of apprenticeship, and these ought to be assisted by wise philanthropy; but very many more fail to improve the great opportunity of becoming skilled workers, and so drift into the labouring army, to become helpless victims of poverty all their lives.

Boys in town and country! learn a trade. It will be your surest and best friend through life. Parents! in whatever else you come short, don't fail to see to this matter. You will be ensuring the happiness and comfort of your sons, the welfare of those who come after them, and discharging a solemn duty you owe to society and the country.—*Farm and Fireside.*

—He Searches the Scripture.—Do you read the Bible, Waldo?" "Oh, yes! almost every day," replied the little Boston boy. "Scarcely a day passes that in my reading I do not find some reference to it which requires verification."

Recruiting Song.

Dedicated to the "Douglas" E.L. of C.E.

BY REV. H. A. FISH.

TUNE—"Lily of the Valley."

WE are a band of soldiers, enlisted for the King!
Even Jesus, our Great Captain, gone before;
We are every one determined, who've joined the Douglas wing—
Of Christ's army, to be faithful evermore.
Let no one be discouraged, or think we are too young
With the foe in mortal combat to engage;
For "the Lord of Hosts is with us," we fear no challenge flung
By the enemy, malicious though he rage.

Our ranks include no traitors, here all are staunch and true
To the pledges they have taken for the right;
Each one is brave and loyal, ready to dare and do—
In this way our soldiers keep their armour bright.
By self-denying service, and constancy in prayer,
We shall come off more than conquerors by his power;
Though foes around us gather we need not once despair.
For Our Saviour is a strong and mighty tower.

"Be strong and of good courage,"—"endure throughout the fight,"
This shall be our motto on our banner gay;
And when others see us marching, with happy faces bright,
They will wish to join our ranks—and so they may.
And when the conflict's over, and victory is won,
In heavenly places we shall then sit down;
When, welcomed by our Captain—God's well-beloved Son;
We shall lay aside the helmet for the crown.

—"I want to ask one more question," said little Frank as he was being put to bed. "Well?" acquiesced the tired mamma. "When holes come in stockings what becomes of the piece of stocking that was there before the hole came?"

RESCUED IN TIME

A TEMPERANCE TALE

By C. WILSON.

GALT, ONT.

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This admirable story, which we have just placed on the market, is worthy of a large sale.

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