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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

VOL. XIV.]

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 22, 1894.

[No. 38.]

A GREAT STEAMSHIP.

THE most striking impression made on a landsman upon his first embarkation on one of the great ocean steamships is of its enormous size. Many of them are six hundred feet long, five turns about the deck being a mile. Many of them tower forty or fifty feet above the water line. In few places is the water deep enough for them to come beside a wharf. They therefore lie out in the stream, or in the offing some distance from land, and passengers come on board in steam tenders or small boats. The latter process is shown in our cut.

When the water is calm, as is here shown, this is comparatively easy, but when it is rough, and the great ship is rolling from side to side, and the boats are bobbing up and down like corks upon the waves, it is a matter of extreme difficulty. One must take advantage of the moment when the boat and gangway approach, and make a spring. He is, of course, helped by careful sailors or stewards, but it is a somewhat severe ordeal for ladies, seasick from the tossing of the boats or roll of the ship, trying to get off these huge leviathans.

I have seen a lady fastened into a sort of arm-chair in the boat and swung by ropes from the yard of the vessel, and then the chair and its passenger hauled up through the air and safely landed on deck.

This is quite safe and easy, but it is quite an ordeal. I have seen a lady at night, by the light of a lantern, swung up through the air while the tide swept dark below. Horses, oxen and even elephants, are often thus landed or embarked, not in a chair but in a sling, although some times they are unceremoniously thrown on board to swim ashore. Frequently, too, ships in the Mediterranean are unloaded and coaled by lighters, freight barges. At Beyrout, in Syria, one of these barges was upset with all its freight, and so rough was the weather the passengers were delayed two or three days before they could go on board.

A DOG THAT SAVED NINE MEN.

It is related that a party of nine adventurous tourists once undertook to ascend and explore one of the Alps mountains without the aid of a guide. Intending to return at nightfall, they took with them only a scanty stock of provisions, and no additional clothing to protect them against the cold of the mountain-top. Gaily bidding good-bye to their friends, they started out, and speedily disappeared from view around the shoulder of one of the lower hills.

But when night came they did not make their appearance. Their friends were not greatly alarmed, thinking that perhaps they had gone further than they intended, and that they had stopped somewhere on the way to wait for daylight. But when the next day passed without signs of them, measures were taken to find them, as it was evident that they were lost.

It is well known that a magnificent species of dogs called the St. Bernard, from a famous monastery of that name, has been trained for many years to trace and help lost travellers and tourists on the Alps mountains. One of these dogs was at once set to work to find the missing party. On the morning of the third day he discovered them wandering, famishing and almost despairing, on one of the upper plateaus. Constituting himself as their guide, the intelligent animal led them by a safe way to one of the little shelters built here and there, where they found protection and food. Had it not been for the dog, they would have continued wandering until they perished from hunger and cold.

—Our Young People.

A FINE SCENE.

Two boys were in a school room alone together, when some fireworks, contrary to the master's express prohibition, exploded. The one boy denied it; the other, Ben Christie, would neither admit nor deny it, and was severely flogged for his obstinacy. "Why didn't you deny it?" asked the real offender, when the boys were alone.

the master walked down to where young Christie sat and said aloud.

"Ben, lad, he and I beg your pardon, we are both to blame."

The school was hushed and still, as other schools are apt to be when something true and noble is being done—so still they might almost have heard Ben's big boy-tears dropping on his book, as he sat enjoy

The five poison-branches, let us name them, discontent, greed, mortification, dislike, disparagement. These all grow out of one parent stalk, envy.

Alice is a poor singer, and this poverty leads to discontent. Jennie is a good singer, and what a greed Alice has for that superior voice! There is mortification when her nipped voice makes its squeak besides Jennie's rich, full tones. What a dislike Alice has for the owner of that fine voice, and what disparagement of Jennie as a singer Alice shows in her comments on that voice!

Five poison-branches out of one stalk, and if there is not strychnine enough in them, we may be able to trace another poisonous outshoot, but there is enough to vitiate any character. You may know of a singer thus poisoned. "Send for the doctor at once," do you say?

No; the best remedy is a grip of Christian love and common sense on that poisonous plant; then tugging at it vigorously, pull it up by the roots! If Jennie is a canary, and you are not, thank God that the world is richer for that one sweet voice, and that you have such resources in the love of Christ that you can be contented to be just what he has made you. No matter how destitute of gifts you may be, if the King will only let you stand in his presence and will crown you with his love. In his ears your satisfaction with him will make a music constant, even if inaudible to the world.

BORROWED BOOKS.

A PERSON who borrows a book has no right to lend it to another without the express permission of the owner. This should be an unvarying rule.

A borrowed book should be covered and handled with care and nicety, and returned promptly. Nobody has a right to retain a borrowed book during an indefinite period.

If accident or injury result to a borrowed volume while away from its owner, honour requires that the borrower shall replace it with a new copy.

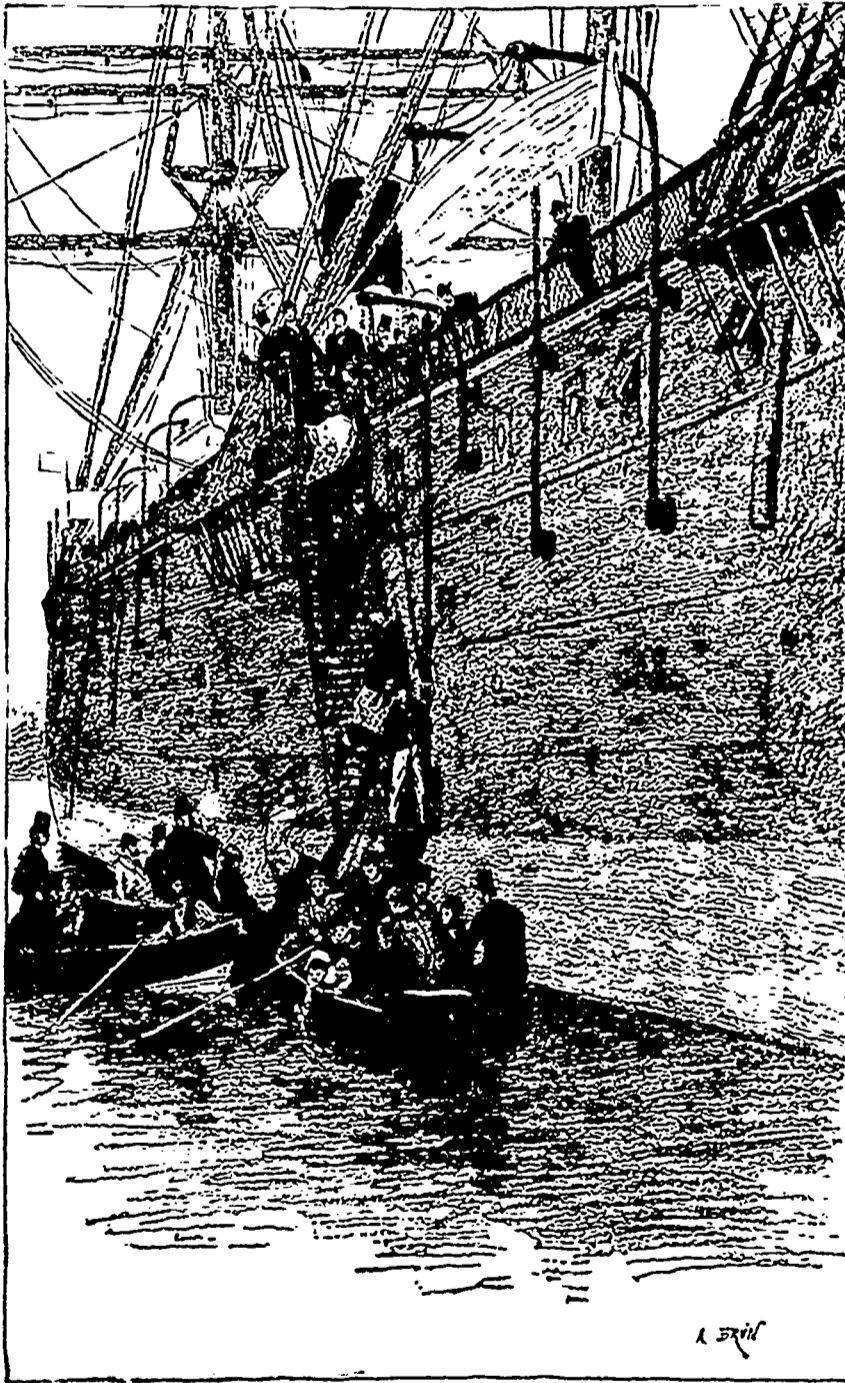
Never ask the loan of a very costly book, or one belonging to a set, if you can avoid it by any means.

Teach children to be very particular in regard to the handling of all books, whether their own or those of others.

A LIGHT FOR OUR FEET.

MAY lived in a big city where the streets were bright with light every night. Once she went to visit her grandpa in the country. May saw many things she had never seen before. She had fine rides in grandpa's carriage, and walked by the side of the brook and saw the fish playing in the water. One evening grandpa and May went to church. Grandpa got down his lantern to take it along. May wondered what the lantern was for. When they started to go home from church grandpa lighted the lantern. When they walked along the way the light of the lantern showed them where to walk. May was much pleased, for she had never walked by the light of a lantern before. Then grandpa said, "The Lord's Word is like this lantern." Then he told May what the Psalmist meant when he said, "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path."

It is a dark world through which we are passing; there are dangers all about us, and to get through it safely we need a light to guide us. We may all have this same lamp the Psalmist talks about, as a guide for our feet and a light for our path. We will find it in the Bible. Let us all try to walk by its light.—Selected.



A SHIP'S LADDER.

"Because there were only we two, and one of us must have lied," said Ben.

"Then why not say I did it?"

"Because you said you didn't, and I would spare the liar."

The boy's heart melted. Ben's moral gallantry subdued him. When school reassembled, the young culprit marched up to the master's desk, and said:

"Please, sir, I can't bear to be a liar. I let off the squib." And he burst into tears.

The master's eye glistened on the self-accuser, and the undeserved punishment he had inflicted on the other boy smote his conscience. Before the whole school, hand in hand with the culprit, as if he and the other boy were joined in the confession,

ing the moral triumph which subdued himself as well as all the rest. And when, from want of something else to say, he gently cried "Master forever!" the loud shout of the scholars filled the old man's eyes with something behind his spectacles, which made him wipe them before he sat down again.—Sunday-school Advocate.

"FEELS SO MISERABLE"

ALICE "feels so miserable!"

Is it any wonder? There is a poison plant growing in her soul, one poison-stalk and five poison branches. It is enough to make the strongest feel most miserable, send them to bed and move their friends to send for the doctor.

A Little Brown Penny.

A LITTLE brown penny, worn and old,
Dropped in the box by a dimpled hand,
A little brown penny, a childish prayer,
Sent far away to a heathen land

A little brown penny, a generous thought,
A little less easily just for one day;
A young heart awakened for life, mayhap,
To the needs of the heathen far away.

The penny flew off with the prayer's swift
wings.

It carried the message by Jesus sent,
And the gloom was pierced by a radiant light
Wherever the prayer and the message
went.

And who can tell of the joy it brought
To the souls of the heathen far away,
When the darkness fell like wavering mists
From the beautiful dawn of the Gospel
day?

And who can tell of the blessings that came
To the little child when Christ looked
down;

Or how the penny, worn and old,
In heaven will change to a golden crown!

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Rev. W. H. WITBROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 22, 1894.

THE TRANSFIGURATION.

BY REV. L. D. BEVAN, D.D., NEW YORK.

(Mark 9. 2-10.)

THIS passage contains the narrative of what we call "the Transfiguration of our Lord." It is one of the most wonderful incidents in his life, and you must notice, first of all, how very short the story is. The Bible does not say a great deal about the most important events of the life of Jesus Christ, if they are also very strange and out of the common. It is not like other books, which dwell long upon extraordinary events, and give a great many details, for God's Word was written not that you might be surprised, and marvel, and grow very curious, but that you may believe in Jesus Christ, who is the chief subject of all Holy Scripture.

And then you will see that the transfiguration of Jesus was not seen by everybody. All the disciples even, were not allowed to behold the exceeding glory. I suppose, all were not fit for it, or perhaps these three who saw it deserved some special favour more than the others, or we were to learn that God does give some peculiar blessings to some men which others do not receive, although all men can have the salvation of their souls, if they will accept it from God.

These three were the peculiar friends of Jesus Christ. He took them with him when he raised the daughter of Jairus from the dead. They accompanied him to the garden of Gethsemane, and it was these who were with him when he was transfigured.

You see where they went. "Up into a

high mountain, apart by themselves." We must sometimes go away from the places where we meet men and carry on the duties of every-day life. We must leave the world a long way beneath us, that, either alone or in company with a few friends who think and feel as we do, we may seek for some special sign of God's grace, something that will make us very happy, and help us when it is all over to be better servants of Christ, and more able to do good to our fellow-men. It need not be a high mountain, for we cannot always go to a high mountain. It need not be a lonely forest, for perhaps we live in a crowded city. It need not be by the side of the sea, for our life may be spent far away inland. But we can find some quiet place in our own chambers, or in some room in the church. The place does not matter much. The great thing is to have Jesus Christ with us, and then we may be sure that we shall have some great blessing, and Jesus Christ will always be with us if we ask him, for he has given that promise to all those who love and seek him.

I dare say you would like to know what the transfiguration was like. "We can only tell what Scripture has said. The face of Jesus became very bright." It shone like the sun. And the clothes of Jesus glistened most gloriously, I suppose, as if they had been made of the finest silver thread, and spangled all over with the purest diamonds. You have seen the snow just after it has fallen, when the sun has come out and shone upon it. It sparkles and shines and glistens so that you can hardly look at it. The clothes of Jesus, Mark tells us, were like that snow.

And what made him to be thus transfigured? I do not think that it was any glory from outside shining upon him. It was the glory that was in Jesus Christ, which burst out through the body which as a man he possessed, and filled the disciples with such wonder and astonishment. For you know that the Son of God dwelt in human flesh in Jesus Christ, and the body which men saw, who lived when Christ lived, and know him, was a sort of veil hiding the glory which he really possessed. God has given us eyes to see with, and we see very many beautiful and wonderful objects in the world. But we see only a very small part of what there is really in the universe. We could not bear to look upon everything that God has made, in the light which God could make to shine upon it. And so Jesus Christ covered with his body the beautiful light and the heavenly glory which always shines from his divine person. But at the transfiguration this light, like the shining of a candle through the sides of a lantern, broke through the body of Jesus and astonished and almost overwhelmed the disciples who saw it. How glorious it would be to see Jesus Christ like that! Who would not be glad to be allowed such a sight! And yet I am afraid some of you are not getting ready to see the light of Christ's glory, which we are promised by God we shall see if we will believe in him and love him and serve him. In heaven, Jesus is always shining in a glory greater even than that of his transfiguration, and if you will be his dear children, you shall all see that glory, and be very glad to be always in its presence.

But the disciples did not only see their Lord transfigured. There came two persons out of the world of spirits, and they talked with Christ. They were Moses and Elias, or Elijah. Moses was the founder of the religion of the Jews, who gave them their laws, and told them how they were to serve God. Elijah was the greatest prophet who had ever appeared to the people and spoke to them in the name of Jehovah. Of course, they had died and passed away from earth many many years before. Moses died and God buried him, nobody knew where. Elijah did not die, but was taken up to heaven, God thus showing how good and great a man he was. And now they were sent back to the earth, that they might speak to Jesus, and that we might know that the great work which each of them did upon earth was in some way to prepare for the greater work of our Lord, and also that we might learn that the salvation of man by Jesus Christ was something so important that even the blessed dead, the glorified spirits of the unseen world, were interested in it. For if you will turn to the

account of the transfiguration given by St. Luke, you will see that the two spirits from heaven and Jesus Christ were talking about the death which Jesus was about to die in Jerusalem. It was surely then the most important thing in the world, for heavenly beings when they returned to earth would not converse upon anything but that which was of greatest moment. And yet there are some people who think very little, or even nothing at all, about Jesus Christ's death. We may see that if Moses and Elijah and Jesus made that death the subject of their talk, we ought to think about it, and learn what it means, and find out whether it is not of the most vital importance to ourselves.

And perhaps there is another lesson which we may learn here. We think sometimes that heaven is very far away from us, and what we call the world of spirits is quite beyond our reach. Not at all. It is close by. It is all around us, and if God willed it, he could show us in a moment all the glories of that wonderful life to which he has taken those who have died. And you see, they are interested in things of the earth, if Jesus Christ has anything to do with these things. His death, from which we get our salvation, is a matter that the blessed dead think about; and surely our salvation and our good life, which springs from the death of Jesus, will therefore be interesting to those who love, who are gone before us to be with God. Fathers and mothers, and brothers and sisters and friends, who have died, do not forget us; and I do not think that they are parted from us by any great distance. If Moses and Elijah could come and talk with Christ, perhaps our loved ones may come and watch, and, may be, help us too. At all events, we will think of them very tenderly and softly, as if they were close by, and live always as if we were in the presence and under the eye of the holy and the happy dead.

Then came the greatest wonder of all. A cloud overshadowed them, and the disciples heard a voice out of the cloud which said, "This is my beloved son; hear him." Whose voice do you suppose that was? Why, of course, the voice of God. How awful must that place have seemed then to Peter and James and John! As if it were not enough that they should see the glory of Jesus, and the saintly forms of the great lawgiver and the holy prophet; but that there should be the further witness to the truth and the claim of Jesus, namely, the voice of God himself. It was only a short sentence that God spoke. One declaration and one command. The declaration was that Christ was his beloved Son, and the command was, "Hear him." Let that then be the closing lesson and appeal of my words to you. It is not I who tell you that Christ was God's Son. It is not Moses and the prophets that proclaim the Saviour to you. It is not Peter and John and James who as apostles preach the Gospel. But it is God himself. He says that Jesus is his beloved Son. God himself commands you to hear Jesus. Then surely you will honour him as the Son of God. You will give the answer of your love to him who kept not back even the Son whom he loved so much; and when Jesus speaks you will listen and learn, and trust him. Then you, too, will see a glory of the dear Lord's as much greater than the glory which the apostles saw upon the mountain of Transfiguration, as that glory was itself greater than the usual human appearance of Jesus Christ.

HINDU GOD KRISHNA.

KRISHNA is the greatest favourite with the Hindus of all their deities. Some worship him as the supreme spirit and the cause and substance of creation. He excites great enthusiasm, especially among his female worshippers. He is presented in many different forms, and is made to appear as beautiful as Apollo.

His festivals are very popular. His images are carried about in palanquins and on elephants and horses. In one of the festivals the Hindus spend the night in singing and dancing and wandering about the streets besmeared with the doli powder, which is red; in the daytime they carry about with them a quantity of the same powder, and, with much noise and rejoicing, throw it over the different persons they meet.

A LESSON FROM THE OYSTER.

BY ETHEL ORERS.

HAVE you ever thought, or perhaps noticed, that pearls are formed by the secretion of oysters, and have you ever cared to know something of that wonderful little animal which so greatly benefits mankind in many ways? First the flesh of the oyster, then the pearls, if they happen to be of a valuable kind; also the shell, pounded, gives us lime, which is useful in many ways. And see how wonderfully God takes care of the oyster, as well as all his other subjects, for if one grain of sand happens to be washed into its shell by the waves it would irritate its tender flesh and end in certain death; but no, the same secretion immediately begins to form around this tiny particle which has made such a rude intrusion, and ere long it is the foundation of one of these beautiful pearls, so pure and attractive, that delight everybody.

And why not liken ourselves to the oysters, calling those tiny particles of sand every little trouble that enters our daily life, and why not bear it with Christian fortitude and braveness, and turn that into a beautiful pearl. If we did so always our life would be one continual bright sunshine, and when the end came we would not only have had the great joy of a life so full of pearls, but to know that the Master awaits us with the words, "Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." (Matt. 25. 21.) Louisville, Ky.

Faith in the Boys.

HAVE faith in the boy, not believing
That he is the worst of his kind,
In league with the army of Satan,
And only to evil inclined;
But daily to guide and control him,
Your wisdom and patience employ,
And daily, despite disappointments
And sorrow, have faith in the boy.

Ah! many a boy has been driven
Away from his home by the thought
That no one believed in his goodness,
Or dreamed of the battles he fought;
So, if you would help him to conquer
The foes that are prone to annoy,
Encourage him often with kindness,
And show you have faith in the boy.

IN MEMOIR OF MOHAMMED.

WHEN Mohammed was a young man he used to travel with some of the caravans which went northward into Syria for trade. During these journeys he doubtless saw and heard of the Christians and Jews. But he learned little of what Christianity was from what he saw. Sad corruptions had crept into the Christian Church, and Mary and the saints were worshipped in place of God. But, in some way not quite clear, Mohammed was led to accept the grand truth, of which the Christian Church had nearly lost sight, that there was but one God, and that it was sacrilegious to worship images. So he entered the Kaaba, the most celebrated mosque, and preached this truth. He announced himself as the prophet of God, and sought to destroy all idols. This aroused the opposition of his fellow-townsmen. After a time they planned to destroy him, but he escaped them.

It was during this flight of Mohammed from Mecca to Medina, in the year 622, that the life of the prophet is said to have been saved once by a spider, and once by pigeons. The spider spun his web and the brooding pigeons remained undisturbed by the mouth of the cave where Mohammed had hidden, and his pursuers, thinking that no man could have been there, passed on. It is in remembrance of this deliverance that to this day pigeons are fed from the tower of one of the mosques of Constantinople.

GENERAL BOOTH, on his voyage out to Cape Colony, was introduced by Lord Carington to the saloon passengers to talk about his "Darkest England scheme" in the following terms: "He is the best known, best abused and most misunderstood man of the day." That sounds wonderfully like the characterizations that were made of John Wesley in his later days.

Keep Nothing from Mother.

They sat at the spinning together,
And they spun the fine white thread;
One face was old and the other young—
A golden and silver head.

At times the young voice broke in song
That was wonderfully sweet,
And the mother's heart beat deep and calm;
Her joy was most complete.

There was many a holy lesson,
Interwoven with silent prayer,
Taught to her gentle, listening child,
As they sat spinning there.

"And of all that I speak, my darling,
From older head and heart,
God giveth me one last thing to say,
With it thou shalt not part:

"Thou wilt listen to many voices—
And oh, that these must be!—
The voice of praise—the voice of love,
And voice of flattery.

"But listen to me, my little one,
There's one thing thou shalt fear:
Let never a word to my love be said
Her mother may not hear.

"No matter how true, my darling one,
The words may seem to thee,
They are not fit for my child to hear,
If not indeed for me.

"If thou'lt ever keep thy young heart pure,
Thy mother's heart from fear,
Bring all that is told thee day by day
At night to thy mother's ear."

As thus they sat spinning together,
An angel bent to see
The mother and child whose happy life
Went on so lovingly.

A record was made by his golden pen.
This on his page was said:
The mother who counselled her child so well
Need never be afraid;

For God would keep the heart of the child
With tender love and fear,
Who lisps at her mother's side at night,
All to her mother's ear.

—*Mother's Magazine.*

HUNTED AND HARRIED.

A Tale of the Scottish Covenanters.

BY R. M. BALLANTYNE.
CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)

AFTER the battle of Bothwell Bridge the persecutions which had been so severe for so many years were continued with intensified bitterness. Not only were all the old tyrannical laws carried into force with increased severity, but new and harsher laws were enacted. Among other things the common soldiers were given the right to carry these laws into effect—in other words, to murder and plunder according to their own will and pleasure. And now, in 1680, began what has been termed the killing-time; in which Graham of Claverhouse (afterwards Viscount Dundee), Grierson of Lagg, Dalziel, and others, became pre-eminently notorious for their wanton cruelty in slaughtering men, women, and even children.

On 22nd June, 1680, twenty armed horsemen rode up the main street of the burgh of Sanquhar. The troop was headed by Richard Cameron and his brother Michael, who, dismounting, nailed to the cross a paper which the latter read aloud. It was the famous "Declaration of Sanquhar," in which Charles Stuart was publicly disowned.

While the fields of Scotland were being traversed and devastated by a lawless banditti, authorized by a lawless and covenant-breaking king and Government, those indomitable men who held with Cameron and Cargill united themselves more closely together, and thus entered into a new bond pledging themselves to be faithful to God and to each other in asserting their civil and religious rights, which they believed could only be secured by driving from the throne that "perfidious, covenant-breaking race, untrue both to the most high God and to the people over whom for their sins they were set."

If the Cameronians were wrong in this opinion then must the whole nation have been wrong, when a few years later, it came to hold the same opinion, and acted in accordance therewith! As well might we find fault with Bruce and Wallace as with our covenanting patriots.

Be this as it may, Richard Cameron with his followers asserted the principle which

afterwards became law—namely, that the House of Stuart should no longer desecrate the throne. He did not, however, live to see his desire accomplished.

At Airmoss—in the district of Kyle—with a band of his followers, numbering twenty-six horse and forty foot, he was surprised by a party of upwards of one hundred and twenty dragoons under command of Bruce of Earlsdragoons. The Cameronians were headed by Hackston of Rathillet, who had been present at the murder of Sharp, though not an active participator. Knowing that no mercy was to be expected they resolved to fight. Before the battle Cameron, engaging in a brief prayer, used the remarkable words: "Lord, take the ripe, but spare the green." The issue against such odds was what might have been expected. Nearly all the Covenanters were slain. Richard Cameron fell, fighting back to back with his brother. Some of the footmen escaped into the moss. Hackston was severely wounded and taken prisoner. Cameron's head and hands were cut off and taken to Edinburgh, where they were cruelly exhibited to his father—a prisoner at the time. "Do you know them?" asked the wretch who brought them. The old man, kissing them, replied, "Ay, I know them! They are my son's—my own dear son's! It is the Lord; good is the will of the Lord, who cannot wrong me nor mine, but has made goodness and mercy to follow us all our days." A wonderful speech this from one suffering under, perhaps, the severest trial to which poor human nature can be subjected. Well might be applied to him the words—slightly paraphrased—"O man, great was thy faith!"

Hackston was taken to Edinburgh, which he entered on a horse, with his head bare and his face to the tail, the hangman carrying Cameron's head on a halter before him. The indignities and cruel ties which were perpetrated on this man had been minutely pre-arranged by the Privy Council. We mention a few in order that the reader may the better understand the inconceivable brutality of the Government against which the Scottish Covenanters had to contend. Besides the barbarities connected with poor Cameron's head and hands, it was arranged that Hackston's body was to be drawn backward on a hurdle to the cross of Edinburgh, where in the first place, his right hand was to be struck off, and after some time his left hand. Thereafter he was to be hanged up and cut down and then to be burnt in a fire on the scaffold. Afterwards his head was to be cut off, and his body divided into four quarters, to be sent respectively to St. Andrews, Glasgow, Leith, and Burntisland.

Several others who had been with Cameron were betrayed at this time, by apostate comrades, tried under torture, and executed; and the persecution became so hot that field-preaching was almost extinguished. The veteran Donald Cargill, however, still maintained his ground.

This able, uncompromising, yet affectionate and charitable man had prepared a famous document called the "Queensferry Paper," of which it has been said that it contains the very pith of sound constitutional doctrine, regarding both civil and ecclesiastical rights. In Once, however, he mistook his mission. In the presence of a large congregation at Torwood he went so far as to excommunicate Charles II.; the Dukes of York, Lauderdale, and Rothes; Sir C. McKenzie and Dalziel of Binns. That these despots richly deserved whatever excommunication might imply can hardly be denied, but it is equally certain that prolonged and severe persecution had stirred up poor Cargill upon this occasion to overstep his duty as a teacher of love to God and man.

Heavily did Cargill pay for his errors—as well as for his long and conscientious adherence to duty. Five thousand marks were offered for him, dead or alive. Being captured, he was taken to Edinburgh on the 15th of July, and examined by the Council. On the 26th he was tried and condemned, and on the 27th he was hanged, after having witnessed a good confession, which he wound up with the words: "I forgive all men the wrongs they have done against me. I pray that the sufferers may be kept from sin and helped to know their duty.

About this time a test oath was ordered to be administered to all men in position or authority. The gist of it was that King Charles II. was the only supreme governor in the realm over all causes, as well ecclesiastical as civil, and that it was unlawful for any subject upon pretence of reformation, or any pretence whatever, to enter into covenants or leagues, or to assemble in any councils, conventicles, assemblies, etc., ecclesiastical or civil, without his special permission.

Pretty well this, for a king who had himself signed the covenant—without which signing the Scottish nation would never have consented to assist in putting him on the throne! The greater number of the men in office in

Scotland took the oath, though there were several exceptions—the Duke of Argyll, the Duke of Hamilton, John Hope of Hopetoun, the Duchess of Rothes, and others—among whom were eighty of the conforming clergy whose loyalty could not carry them so far, and who surrendered their livings rather than their consciences.

It would require a volume to record even a bare outline of the deeds of darkness that were perpetrated at this time. We must dismiss it all and return to the actors in our tale.

Will Wallace, after being recaptured, as already stated, was sent off to the plantations in a vessel with about two hundred and fifty other unfortunates, many of whom were seriously ill, if not dying, in consequence of their long exposure in the Greyfriars Churchyard. Packed in the hold of the ship so closely that they had not room to lie down, and almost suffocated with foul air and stench, the sufferings which they endured were far more terrible than those they experienced when lying among the tombs; but God sent most of them speedy deliverance. They were on the coast of Orkney. At night they were dashed on the rocks. The prisoners entreated to be let out of their prison, but the brutal captain ordered the hatches to be chained down. A tremendous wave cleft the deck, and a few of the more energetic managed to escape and reach the shore. The remainder—at least two hundred—were drowned in the hold. Will Wallace was among the saved, and was taken to Leith and transferred to another vessel. After several months of tossings on the deep he reached his destination and was sold into slavery.

Many months—even years—passed away, but no news reached Candlemaker Row regarding the fate of the banished people. As to Andrew Black, the only change that took place in his condition during his long captivity was his transference—unknown to his kindred—from the gloomy prison of the Bass Rock to the still gloomier cells of Dumnotar Castle.

During all this time, and for some years after, the persecutions were continued with ever-increasing severity: it seemed as if nothing short of the extirpation of the Covenanters altogether was contemplated. In short, the two parties presented at this period an aspect of human affairs which may well be styled monstrous. On the one hand a people suffering and fighting to the death to uphold law, and on the other a tyrant king and arrogant ecclesiastics and nobles, with their paid slaves and sycophants, deliberately violating the same!

Quentin Dick and Ramblin' Peter had been drawn closer together by powerful sympathy after the imprisonment of Black and the banishment of Will Wallace. They were like-minded in their aspirations, though very dissimilar in physical and mental endowment. Feeling that Edinburgh was not a safe place in which to hide after his recent escape, Quentin resolved to return to Dumfries to inquire after, and if possible to aid, his friends there. Peter determined to cast in his lot with him. In size he was a still a boy, though he had reached manhood.

"We maun dae our best to help the wanderers," said the shepherd, as they started on their journey.

"Ay," assented Peter.

Arrived in Galloway they were passing over a wide moorland region one afternoon when a man suddenly appeared before them, as if he had dropped from the clouds, and held out his hand.

"What! M'Cubine, can that be you?" exclaimed Quentin, grasping the proffered hand.

"Man, I am glad to see ye. What brings ye here?"

M'Cubine explained that he and his friend Gordon, with four comrades, were hiding in the Moss to avoid a party of dragoons who were pursuing them. "Grierson of Lagg is with them, and Captain Bruce is in command," he said, "so we may expect no mercy if they catch us. Only the other day Bruce and his men dragged poor old Tam M'Haffie out o' his bed, tho' he was ill wi' fever, an' shot him."

Having conducted Quentin and Peter to the secret place where his friends were hidden, M'Cubine was asked anxiously by the former if he knew anything about the Wilsons.

"Ay, we ken this," answered Gordon, "that although the old folk have agreed to attend the curates for the sake o' peace, the two lassies have refused, and been driven out o' hoose an' hame. They maun hae been wanderin' among the hills noo for months—if they're ne' caught by this time."

Hearing this, Quentin sprang up.

"We maun rescue them, Peter," he said.

"Ay," returned the boy, "Jean Black will expect that for Aggie's sake; she's her bosom friend, ye ken."

Retusing to delay for even half an hour, the two friends hurried away. They had scarcely

left, and the six hunted men were still standing on the road where they had bidden them God-speed, when Bruce with his dragoons suddenly appeared—surprised and captured them all. With the brutal promptitude peculiar to that well-named "killing-time," four of them were drawn up on the road and instantly shot, and buried where they fell, by Lochent Moor, where a monument now marks their resting-place.

The two spared men, Gordon and M'Cubine, were then, without reason assigned, bound and carried away. Next day the party came to the Cluden Water, crossing which they followed the road which leads to Dumfries, until they reached the neighbourhood of Irongray. There is a field there with a mound in it, on which grows a clump of old oak-trees. Here the two friends were doomed without trial to die.

When Gordon and M'Cubine were standing under the fatal tree with the ropes round their necks, a sorrowing acquaintance asked the latter if he had any word to send to his wife.

"Yes," answered the martyr; "tell her that I leave her and the two babes upon the Lord, and to his promise: 'A father to the fatherless and a husband to the widow is the Lord in his holy habitation.'"

Hearing this, the man employed to act the part of executioner seemed touched, and asked forgiveness.

"Poor man!" was the reply; "I forgive thee and all men."

They died, at peace with God and man. An old tombstone, surrounded by an iron rail, marks to this day the spot among the old oak-trees where the bodies of M'Cubine and Gordon were laid to rest.

Commenting on this to his friend Selby, the Rev. George Lawless gave it as his opinion that "two more fanatics were well out of the world."

To which the Rev. Frank replied very quietly: "Yes, George, well out of it indeed; and, as I would rather die with the fanatics than live with the godless, I intend to join the Covenanters to-night—so my pulpit shall be vacant to-morrow."

(To be continued.)

FRIENDS AFTER A FIGHT.

A FINE Newfoundland dog and a mastiff had a fight over a bone, or some other trifling matter. They were fighting on a bridge, and being blind with rage, as is often the case, over they went into the water.

The banks were so high that they were forced to swim some distance before they came to a landing place. It was very easy for the Newfoundland dog; he was as much at home in the water as a seal. But not so with poor Bruce. He struggled and tried his best to swim, but made little headway.

Old Bravo, the Newfoundland, had reached the land, and turned to look at his old enemy. He saw plainly that his strength was failing, and that he was likely to drown. So what should he do but plunge in, seize him gently by the collar and, keeping his nose above water, tow him safely into port.

It was curious to see the dogs look at each other as soon as they shook their wet coats. Their glances said plainly as words, "We will never quarrel any more."

PRAYING FOR ENEMIES.

A LITTLE girl in an Italian Sunday-school complained that some of the children had hissed at her.

"Why did you not do your best to defend yourself, or complain to the master?" inquired the mother.

The child hung down her head and was silent.

"What did you do," added the mother, "when they were seeking their pleasure in tormenting you?"

"I remembered what Jesus did for his enemies," replied the child; "I prayed for them."

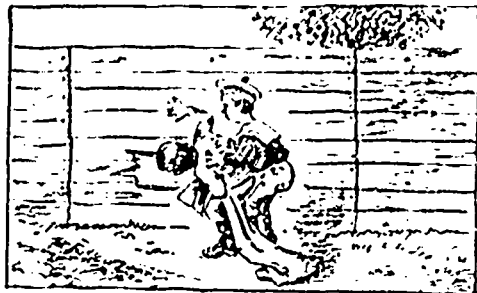
—Haverly: "Hullo, Austin, I'm glad I met you. I have just returned from the World's Fair." Austin: I am sorry, old man, but I haven't a cent.

—The malleability of gold is so great that a sheet of foil, it is said, can be beaten as thin as the slice of ham in a World's Fair sandwich.

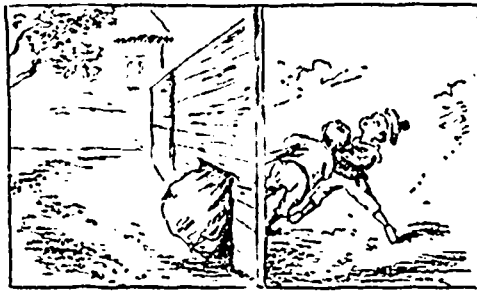
—"Ma," said a newspaper man's son, "I know why editors call themselves 'we.'"

"Why?" "So's the man that doesn't like the article will think there are too many people for him to tackle."

A Story without Words.



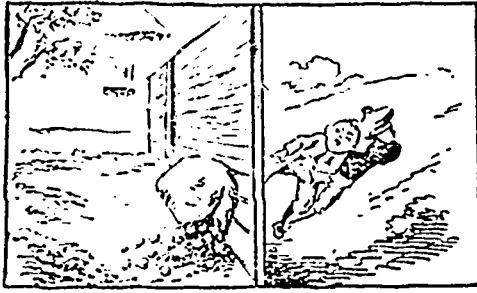
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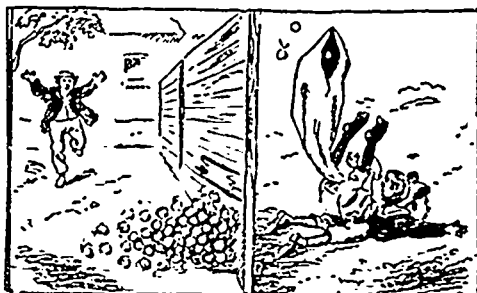
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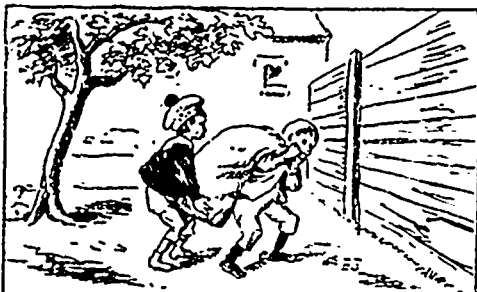
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Who challenged his authority, and how? What did he say in reply? What did he mean by this saying?

11. What visitor sought Jesus at night? What declaration of faith did he make? What did Jesus declare as the only way into the kingdom of God? To what did he liken the mystery of this change? Whom did he declare as the author of the new birth?

12. What occasioned a woman's surprise at Jacob's well? What contrast did Jesus draw between that water and living water? How was the woman convinced that Jesus was a prophet? What kind of worship only did he say was acceptable to God? Whom did he declare as the Messiah?

13. What noble purpose did Daniel form? What courteous request did he make of the steward? How did the test result? How did Daniel rank with the magicians? What honours came to him?

What announcement and command sum up the teachings of the lessons of this Quarter? (Golden Text.)

The Battle of Life.

BY JENNIE F. WILLING.

Go forth to the battle of life, my boy,
Go while it is called to-day;
For the years go out and the years come in,
Regardless of those who may lose or win,
Of those who may work or play.

And the troops march steadily on, my boy,
To the army gone before;
You may hear the sound of their falling feet,
Going down to the river where two worlds meet;
They go to return no more.

There's a place for you in the ranks, my boy,
And duty, too, assigned;
Step into the front with a cheerful face;
Be quick, or another may take your place,
And you may be left behind.

There is work to be done by the way, my boy,
That you never can tread again—
Work for the loftiest, lowliest men—
Work for the plough, plane, spindle, and pen—
Work for the hands and the brain.

The serpent will follow your steps, my boy,
To lay for your feet a snare;
And pleasure sits in her fairy bowers,
With garlands of poppies and lotus flowers
Enwreathing her golden hair.

Temptations will wait by the way, my boy,
Temptations without and within;
And spirits of evil, with robes as fair
As those which the angels in heaven might wear,
Will lure you to deadly sin.

Then put on the armour of God, my boy,
In the beautiful days of youth;
Put on the helmet and breastplate and shield,
And the sword the feeblest arm may wield—
In the cause of right and truth.

And go to the battle of life, my boy,
With the peace of the Gospel shod,
And before high heaven do the best you can
For the great reward and the good of man,
For the kingdom and crown of God.

SORCERERS OF AFRICA.

THE sorcerers of Africa are the fetich priests or witch doctors. They will take the claws, bills, and bones of various kinds of birds, animals, and reptiles, and pray over them and give them to the people to wear, promising that they will thus be protected from harm and also be made successful in whatever they undertake. The sorcerers will also offer sacrifices for the people to their gods. Fowls, oxen, sheep, goats, and dogs are slain for this purpose, as the natives believe that their gods delight in blood. In some places if the king or chief wishes to send a message to some friend who is dead, he whispers the message in the ears of a slave, and immediately has his head cut off. A missionary writes of a fetich man who kept a crocodile to whom divine honours were paid. When a person wished to obtain his favour a white fowl and a bottle of rum were brought. The priest would whistle and the crocodile would come out and eat the fowl, and the priest would drink the rum.

—A Scotchman who wanted to sell some bees inserted the following advertisement in the local paper: "Extensive sale of live stock, comprising no less than 140,000 head, with an unlimited right of pasturage."

"I have always taken pleasure in your presence," she said, as they were parting as friends and nothing more. "I beg your pardon," he said reflectively, "but do you mind spelling that last word?"

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THIRD QUARTERLY REVIEW.

SEPTEMBER 30.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The kingdom of God is at hand; repent ye, and believe the Gospel.—Mark 1. 15.

HOME READINGS.

- M. The birth of Jesus.—Luke 2. 1-16.
- Tu. Visit of the wise men.—Matt. 2. 1-12.
- W. The youth of Jesus.—Luke 2. 40-52.
- Th. The baptism of Jesus.—Mark 1. 1-11.
- F. First disciples of Jesus.—John 1. 35-49.
- S. Jesus and Nicodemus.—John 3. 1-16.
- Sa. Jesus at Jacob's well.—John 4. 9-26.

I. MEMORY HELPS.

- 1. The B. of J. Unto you is born—
- 2. P. in the T. A light to lighten—
- 3. V. of the W. M. They saw the young—
- 4. F. into E. The Lord shall preserve—
- 5. The Y. of J. And Jesus increased—
- 6. The B. of J. Thou art my beloved—
- 7. T. of J. In all points tempted—
- 8. F. D. of J. We have found the—
- 9. F. M. of J. This beginning of mira- [cles—
- 10. J. C. the T. Make not my Father's—
- 11. J. and N. God so loved the world—
- 12. J. at J. W. Whosoever drinketh—
- 13. D. A. Daniel purposed—

II. MEMORY TESTS.

1. During the reign of what emperor was Jesus born? In what city and province was he born? To whom was the first announcement of his birth made? By whom was it made? What was the "symphony of the angels"?

2. What saint first recognized Jesus as the Messiah? What prayer did the saint offer

for himself? What prediction did he utter about Mary? What other saint also recognized Jesus in the temple? What age had this saint attained?

3. From what country came visitors to seek Jesus? How were they guided in their search? Where did the scribes say that Christ should be born? What gifts did the visitors offer to the newborn king? What king was troubled by these events?

4. What angelic warning did Joseph receive? What cruel edict did Herod issue? When and why did Joseph return from Egypt? Why did he not go into Judea? To what province and city did he go?

5. What journey did Jesus take in his twelfth year? What alarm arose when the company set out for return? Where was Jesus found, and how engaged? How did he explain his absence? In what did he grow?

6. With whose work does Mark begin his gospel? What did John do and preach? Who went to hear and be baptized? What Galilean was baptized by him? At the baptism, what did John see and hear?

7. Who was the tempter of Jesus? Where did the temptation occur? What were the three temptations? (1.—2.—3.—) How were they repelled? Who came to Jesus when the tempter left him?

8. Who were the first two followers of Jesus? Who was the third? Who was the fourth? Who was the fifth, and who brought him? What noble confession did this last one make?

9. On what occasion was Jesus's first miracle wrought? Who suggested to him the need for a miracle? What was the miracle? What did it show forth? What was the effect of the miracle?

10. What unlawful traffic did Jesus find in the temple? What did he do and say?

whistle and the crocodile would come out and eat the fowl, and the priest would drink the rum.

THE innate depravity of human nature is illustrated in connection with the liquor traffic in a way sufficient to make any decent man's blood boil with indignation. The board of health of New York, under the influence of that noble friend of the children, E. T. Gerry, has secured the analysis of candy sold to children in confection shops. A pound of chocolate drops was found to contain 157.69 grains of alcohol, and a pound of gum drops contained 210.60 grains. It is also stated that a dozen brandy drops contain enough brandy to intoxicate a man of ordinary habits. This stuff is being sold to our children with the expectation that they will acquire the appetite for the infernal liquor, and become paying patrons of some bar near by. Yet only the other day we were severely criticised for saying so much in favour of Prohibition. We wish we could say more. We wish we could dethrone any political party which does not array itself against this foe with all its power.—*Wesleyan Methodist.*

If all Christians were as full of zeal at home as they are at camp-meetings, there wouldn't be half so many saloons with doors wide open on Sunday.

WHEN the world sees us praising God while in the stocks the world will take some stock in your salvation.