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# PLEASANT HOURS

PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XIV.]

TORONTO, JULY 21, 1894.

[No. 29.

## THE CARPENTER OF NAZARETH.

One illustration on this page is a picture of the workshop in which Joseph laboured, and where Christ toiled until he was ready for the work of his public ministry. If you should visit Nazareth to-day, you would be shown a room which, you would be informed, is the identical room in which Christ laboured. There is no probability that this is true; and yet the room which you would see, with its tools for work, may be very much like the one owned by Joseph in the early years of our Lord's life. In such a shop, as a humble toiler, he laboured with his reputed father to help support the family while he grew in favour with God and man.

But there is one thing to make us thoughtful as we look at this picture of the Nazarene carpenter shop. There was once a carpenter in that same town of Nazareth who had a wonderful boy in his shop. It was in such a place, perhaps, that the child Jesus played with the shavings, and fragrant cedar sawdust. Later he learned the use of such tools as these, and worked at that laborious trade until he was thirty years old and began to let the world know that he was the Son of God and the Saviour of men. Doesn't this teach us that the man who works with his hands is just as good as the man who works with his head—and better than the one who doesn't work at all?

In Mark 6. 3. we find the memorable words, "Is not this the carpenter?" Well may we be thankful that in a life of which no record was kept during his earlier years we have this authentic statement of his occupation. It has had a wonderful influence on the thought of the world. It has consoled those in poverty; it has cheered the weary toiler; it has given a dignity and grandeur to simple manhood far above and beyond the circumstances of wealth and position which made it valuable in the eyes of men.

Let the millions of earth remember that the Saviour of men came from the poorer class of people, from the humbler walks of life. In the cities the carpenters, no doubt, would be skilled workmen; but in little villages like Nazareth their position would be a lowly one, and their income very moderate. Other kings had come attired in royal purple, and fared sumptuously, but this one, who is the King of kings, and rules in the hearts of all men, sanctioned the better customs of his nation, and chose the conditions in life in which the vast majority of mankind ever have lived and must ever live.

Men have always loved idleness. Indolence has been a mark of aristocracy, and the man who labours with his hands has been looked upon as of inferior rank. The Master laboured with his own hand to show that labour was honourable, and a good and noble thing, needful for man's best development. He fashioned yokes and ploughs for his neighbours about him. He came to reach the masses, to regenerate the world; and to do so he must know something of the people who inhabit it. His work would be to give them a bet-

ter conception than they ever had of human nature. The real value is in the inner life, not in the outer life. It is not the occupation or the position which ennobles or dishonours the man, but the man who honours or dishonours the occupation.

Had the Master come to us from the court of the king rather than from the humble home of the carpenter, it is not likely he would have had as much knowledge of the wants of the lowly, or as warm and as sympathetic a heart as he always manifested for them. On the other hand, it is not at all likely that the affections and thoughts of the toiling, suffering world would have gone out to him as they do to-day. Even those who in their misguided zeal are apt to complain of the Church because, in their judgment, it has not aided them as it should, still have kindly thoughts of him who founded the Church, and is its source of strength and hope. Let earthly toilers everywhere, however sad and desolate may

be their lot, and however much they may be oppressed by the grinding power of capital, remember that the Saviour of men toiled like them for his daily bread, and therefore knows how to sympathize with them in their troubles.

### FRED AND HIS COUSINS.

FRED is a city boy. He never was in the country until last year. He spent the summer vacation at his Grandma Stone's farm-house. The great out-of-doors was all new and very strange to him. He asked many queer questions. His country cousins thought many of them were foolish questions. He asked if the birch trees by the spring shed their skins every year; if a muskrat could climb as high as a squirrel; and he really did believe that cows gave skim milk, and that beans grew underground.

"A city boy does not know much," his cousins said to one another when Fred was not there to hear; but grandma would say: "Wait and see."

Grandma wanted some skullcap herb one day. Skullcap tea she must have for a very sick neighbour. She sent the children into the meadows and woods to search for it. None of them knew the herb or where it grew. "A little blue flower with a peaked green leaf" was all grandma could tell them of the herb.

Jack came home with a big bunch of lobelia, Lucy with water-woods, Joan with gentian flowers, the twins with an armful of snake-grass, but Fred came with his hands full of skullcap herb.

"I found it down in the south swamp, grandma," he said. "I had read of it in my botany, and I knew it the minute I saw it."

He does know something," the cousins whispered, and grandma said, "I told you to wait and see."

One evening grandma took a lighted lamp and went into the shed chamber for another cheese hoop. Jack and Joan and Fred went with her. She stepped on a loose board, it tipped, and the lamp flew from grandma's hand. The oil spilt and caught fire, and in a moment that end of the shed chamber was all ablaze. Grandma screamed for water, and grandma and the boys ran for it to dash over the flames, but Fred shouted, "Don't, don't, don't!"

He caught a shovel from the floor, scooped it into a barrel of meal and threw shovelful after shovelful of the damp stuff upon the flames. The fire was all out when the boys came pulling up stairs with pails of water.

"Don't, don't throw water on oil flames, for it spreads the fire," Fred said. "Our teacher told us about it. Dash on flour, meal, salt, earth, dressing, wool, clothing, rugs, but never water."

"Fred saved our house this time, and no mistake," grandma said, looking at the scorched floor and wall in the open chamber. "The timbers and boards are as dry as tinder, and hung with everything that would easily catch fire. Water would have spread the flames and burned the house."

"City boys do know a whole lot," Jack whispered to Joan, sliding down the shed chamber stairs.

"SEALED ORDERS."—This suggestion for a Junior consecration meeting is given by Mrs. H. P. Wilcox, in *The Washington Endeavourer*: "Just before the meeting began the chairman of the prayer-meeting committee passed around a plate containing little slips, each of which bore some direction in regard to taking part. The cheerful enthusiasm with which they all entered into the plan (for no Junior ever thinks of objecting to anything!) would have been instructive to many elder societies. Several received the suggestion to 'pray,' many of whom had never prayed in the meetings; and the earnest and unaffectedly simple little petitions that went up to the listening Father in heaven were very touching, especially when they betokened some effort to overcome timidity."



THE HOME OF JESUS AND CARPENTER'S SHOP, NAZARETH.

## The Last Day.

BY MRS. M. F. BUTTS.

WERE this the last of earth,  
This very day,  
How should I think and act?  
What should I say?  
Would not I guard my heart  
With earnest prayer?  
Would not I serve my friends  
With loving care?

How tender every word  
As the hours wane!  
"Like this we shall not sit  
And talk again."  
How soft the beating heart  
That soon must cease!  
What glances carry love—  
What heavenly peace!

And yet this fleeting life  
Is one last day;  
How long soe'er its hours,  
They will not stay.  
O heart! be soft and true  
While thou dost beat;  
O hands! be swift to do,  
O lips, be sweet!

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## Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, JULY 21, 1894.

## THE BOYHOOD OF JESUS.

BY SAMUEL GREGORY.

"Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?"—*Luke 2. 49.*

A GOLD-BEATER'S HAMMER.

Not long ago I was talking to a gold-beater, and I said: "Tell me what you can do with a bit of gold as big as a sovereign; how far can you make it spread out under your hammer?"

He said: "Well, suppose you had an image of a man on horseback the size of life—I could take the sovereign and beat it out until there was enough of it to cover the man and the horse all over, and then have gold to spare."

Now here is a golden saying of Jesus, "Know ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" and there is enough in its beautiful meaning to spread over all thoughts, words, and actions of our life. Everything is in this saying, that God loves me like a father, and that we must every day remember that we are doing his business and work.

AMONG THE BOYS AT NAZARETH.

This is the first saying of Jesus. He was twelve years old when he said this in the temple. During twelve years Jesus had lived in a quiet shut-away place among the hills called Nazareth. Behind the village there was a hill, which the boys used to climb, and from the top of which they could see across the country right away to the sea. Two or three miles off there was a great road from Damascus, along which

merchant caravans travelled. The boys of Nazareth sometimes went as far as the cross-roads, to watch the camels stride along, with bells on their bridles and bales on their backs; or to see a troop of Roman soldiers march by. At home what they saw was chiefly flocks following the shepherd, vineyards, gardens where oranges and fig trees grew, and the yellow barley fields.

When Jesus was seven or eight years old there was terrible excitement, for the Galileans broke out in rebellion, and then the boys saw along the roadside crosses, on which the Roman soldiers crucified the Galileans.

Ordinarily, however, it was quiet life at Nazareth. The boys were well taught at a school in the synagogue. They all went to school. Jew boys had wonderful brains and used them. On Mondays and Thursdays and on the Sabbath, they attended the synagogue for worship, and to read the Scriptures, and chant the Psalms, and hear discussions, for almost anybody might speak in the synagogue if he had anything to say.

When the boys were twelve years old they went to their first Passover, and they were little men after that. It was eighty miles from Nazareth to Jerusalem, where the Passover was celebrated, a long way to walk or to ride on a mule or an ass. Hundreds of people went together. The journey occupied several days, and being spring time when the sky was sunny and the fruit trees in blossom, it was a pleasant holiday excursion.

## THE FIRST WORDS OF JESUS.

Jesus made this journey when he was twelve years old. After the Nazareth people had started back his mother missed him; but she was not alarmed at first, thinking that he was with his cousins somewhere in the company. At last she went back to Jerusalem, and found him in the temple. Teachers (Doctors of the Law) taught in the courts of the temple, and Jesus was among them, hearing them and asking them questions. When his mother asked why he had frightened them so by staying behind, he said: "Do you not know that I must be in my Father's house, that I must be about my Father's business?"

## COLUMBUS ON THE CLIFFS.

Sometimes boys and girls suddenly think the same thoughts that Jesus did. It is as if they had discovered something.

You have read tales of the discoverer Columbus. I have seen a picture of him as a boy sitting on a cliff. He is looking right away to where the blue sky bends down to meet the blue sea. He is not watching the gulls sail and dive, but seems to be asking questions to himself about what there is over yonder where sky and water seem to meet. The boy was beginning to think.

## THE OPENING ROSE.

Before Jesus was twelve years old he often thought about life and about God. He thought while his mother talked to him: and often asked questions which she could not answer. He thought as he heard the man read in the synagogue: so at that Passover in the temple his whole mind was awake. A day will come when you will think and see that you must be about your Father's business. The mind is like a rose that has been slowly growing. One morning it becomes full-blown in the sunshine. All who pass by look at it and feel its loveliness and fragrance. The mind of Jesus opened towards heaven like an opening rose.

## HECTOR'S HELMET.

Jesus said of God "He is my Father!" In Homer's poem there is a story about Hector. He was ready for battle, covered with his terrible armour; his helmet covered his face, and great plumes waved on it. Hector wanted to kiss his little boy, but the child did not know who it was, and when he saw the armed figure, and heard the terrible clang of the bronze armour, he cried and ran away. So Hector took off his helmet, and then looked at the child. In a moment the little boy said, "It's my Father!" and ran to his arms.

Now if we are wicked we do not know God, and are afraid of him. What Jesus came to do was to "show us the Father"—to make us know God. It is like taking

off the helmet. Jesus used to say to everybody: "Look who is God?" God is kind! God is love! God is my Father and your Father. That is what Jesus says to us. He died to show us that, and to make us love God, and run to his arms as children to their father.

There is a little memorial stone in a quiet place, with just these words on it—

"Freddy!"

"Yes—Father?"

I think some of you can understand what that means. There are times when all we want to be sure of is that God is our Father, and to be able, like Freddy, when God calls, to say "Yes!"

## THE TWO SONS.

But Jesus also said: "I must do my Father's work!" We must all do that. We have to be good, and kind, and true, and help everybody all we can. Once Jesus told a story about a man who had two boys. The man said to the first boy: "Go, work in my vineyard!" The boy said: "I won't!" In a little while feeling sorry and ashamed he set off to the vineyard and helped to gather the ripe grapes. The man told his second boy to go, and this boy smiled, and said: "Yes, father, I'm going!" But he never went near the vineyard.

Some are like the second boy. You feel as if you will be good, and work hard, and do what you are told, and serve God. But you forget so soon. You make good resolutions, and then break them, and do nothing.

Some again are like the first boy. You are not thoughtful and earnest, and you don't try to do anything. You grieve your father, and mother and God. Now do the rest of the first boy's part. Say nothing but go and do better. Whenever anybody tries to do that God comes to help him. All that we have to do is our Father's work. You know what it is to be earnest and good, and you know that it is happiest for anybody. Hear the bees in the garden, how they sing among the flowers, as they work and store away sweetness for days to come!

## THE ANT AND THE GRASSHOPPER.

It is a terrible thing not to be earnestly at work. You remember what the ant said to the grasshopper. A grasshopper went to an ant, when winter was coming on, and said he wanted help. "But," said the ant, "what have you been doing all the summer?" "Well," the grasshopper said, "I spent my time chirping and jumping about and enjoying myself." "Then be off," said the ant, "for I spent the summer working hard to prepare for the winter."

"I MUST."

There is one grand word that Jesus used—the word "must." He said, "must be about my Father's business!"

In all of us there is a conscience that says, you must not be selfish and neglectful: you must not want to do as you like: you must not forget God: you must do what is right: you must pray and love God, and lived as Jesus lived. You must, says conscience. You must, says the Word of God. You must, says the Holy Spirit in our hearts. We all know that we must. Let us say: "By God's help I will!"

## THREE STAGES OF HOLY LIFE.

There are three great sayings of Jesus about the work of life.

At the beginning of his life he said to his mother: "I must be about my Father's work!"

In the midst of his work he said to his disciples: "I must work the work of him that sent me while it is day."

And at the end he said to God: "Father, I have finished the work which Thou gavest me to do!"

## TRIAL AND TRIUMPH.

STORY OF A TEMPERANCE HERO WHO WOULD NOT BREAK HIS PROMISE.

THE days of heroism are never past, and the history of temperance in the days when it was everywhere denounced would afford some noble specimens. I have often spoken of Willie Bartlett, and it will interest those of your readers who admire pluck wherever it is found to read of his

trial and triumph. Willie's father was a noble father, one of the multitude whom the drink sweeps away who are said to be nobody's enemies but their own. He died, terribly false, as Willie's mother and the fatherless children soon felt. Burdened with debt and with six small children to support, her prospects were very dark indeed. Early in life, however, she had become a true Christian, and though her husband, who had once walked with her in the narrow path, had been led away by the drink fiend, she remained faithful, and now that the day of trouble had come she knew where to go for support and guidance.

After awhile Willie's mother determined to apprentice him to his father's trade, and after some negotiations the master agreed to take him. Having a high regard for his father, the master took him into the works and gave him in charge of his principal foreman. As soon as the master had left the foreman said:

"Well, Willie, we'll make a man of thee here for thy father's sake, and we must have a footing to drink thy success, and as I know money is not very plentiful at home, I will pay for it myself," and immediately one of the other lads was sent for a quart of beer.

Poor Willie was bewildered with this arrangement, for his mother had trained him up a strict abstainer and had taught him to hate his father's murderer—the drink. The beer was soon brought, and the men gathered round and each drank to Willie's success. Then the foreman poured out a glass and offered it to Willie:

"Now, my lad, drink success to all."

Willie quietly replied, "I am a teetotaler and never touch the drink."

Irritated at the boy's reply, the foreman said: "None of that nonsense. We'll have no teetotalism here. Take the drink at once."

Willie said, "I promised mother I would never touch the drink, and I never will."

"Look here," said the man, "We are not going to have two masters here; so drink it up."

"I cannot, and I will not!" said Willie.

Mad with the boy's rebellion against his orders, the foreman said: "This is all nonsense! You will have it in you or over you!"

"Well," said Willie, "I can't help it. I will never drink. You can throw it over me if you like. I have brought here a clean jacket and a good character. You may spoil my jacket if you will, but you shall never spoil my character."

Struck with the boy's earnest look, the man's better nature prevailed, and turning away he said to his mates:

"He's a rum one, but I believe he'll make a man."

The prophecy was right, for to-day Willie is a prominent temperance worker and is at the head of a large establishment noted for their intelligence and high principle.—*Pacific.*

## DRAW NEAR TO HIM.

If you stand a quarter of a mile off from your father, you will be sore puzzled to know what he says or what he means; but if you go within five feet of him, everything will be plain. So, if you stand off and away from God, your Heavenly Father, in the midst of earthly absorptions, you will undoubtedly be much at a loss to know what is his will; but if you live near to him, walking with God (as the Scripture expression so significantly gives it), you will have no difficulty of this sort.—*Anon.*

THE boy who smokes every cigarette offered to him, then wishes a common cigar, in time, not satisfied till he can have a "filthy pipe," will soon become so confirmed in the use of vile tobacco, that he will be likely to continue the unfortunate habit as long as he lives, while the one who declines to take one, resisting the temptation, continuing to resist all temptations, as often as they are offered, becomes stronger and stronger in his ability to practise self-denial, in his ability to rise above temptation, becoming more and more a man, truly manly, at each time that he shows his independence.—*J. H. Hanford.*

Errors, like straws, upon the surface flow. He who would search for pearls must dive below.—*Addison.*

The Reliques of the Christ.

I wonder if in Nazareth  
By heedless feet o'er-run,  
There lingers still some dear relique  
Or work by Joseph's Son;  
Some carved thought, some tool of toil,  
Some house with stones grown gray,  
A home he built who had not where  
His weary head to lay.

It were a thing most beautiful,  
Of rare and rich design;  
And something very true and strong,  
Made by a skill divine;  
The roadside stones at sight of him  
Could scarce their rapture hush;  
What felt his touch and eye must yet  
With conscious beauty blush.

I visit Nazareth, ask each man,  
Each mould, each stone, each wind:  
"I pray ye, help some precious tract  
Of our Great Builder find;"  
Alas! ye listeners to my plaint,  
The startled silence saith:  
"What once was false, is now too true—  
No Christ in Nazareth!"

But, O my soul, why thus cast down?  
A truer Nazareth scan;  
What if thou find no time-spoiled work  
Of Christ, the Son of Man?  
Joy to thee yet; lift up thy head,  
Cast raptured gaze abroad,  
See in this vast Christ-built world  
Signs of the Son of God!

So Nazareth may silent be,  
But earth shall have her song;  
And all things true and beautiful,  
And all things grand and strong,  
And very humblest, too, shall sing:  
"Through him have all things been;  
And without him was nothing made:  
Praise ye the Lord! Amen."

HUNTED AND HARRIED.

A Tale of the Scottish Covenanters.

BY R. A. BALLANTYNE.

CHAPTER IV.—THE HUNTING AND HARRYING DISPLAYED.

Being ignorant, as we have said, of the cruel murder of old Mitchell, Ramblin' Peter's report had not seriously alarmed Black. He concluded that the worst the troopers would do would be to rob the poor old couple of what money they found in their possession, oblige them to take the Oath of Supremacy, drink the health of King and bishops, and otherwise insult and plunder them. Knowing the Mitchells intimately, he had no fear that their opposition would invite severity. Being very fond of them, however, he resolved, at the risk of his life, to prevent as far as possible the threatened indignity and plunder.

"They're a douce and pair," he remarked to Will Wallace as they strode down the hill-side together, "quiet an' peaceable, wi' naething to speak o' in the way of opeinions—somethin' like mysel'—an' willin' to let-be for let-be. But since the country has been ower-run by thae Highlanders an' sodgers, they've had little peace, and the auld man has gie'n them a heap o' trouble, for he's as deaf as a post. Peter says the pairty o' dragoons is a sma' ane, so I expect the sight o' us'll scare them away an' prevent fechtin'."

"It may be so," said Wallace, "and of course I shall not fail you in this attempt to protect your old friends; but, to tell you the truth, I don't quite like this readiness on the part of you Covenanters to defy the laws, however bad they may be, and to attack the King's troops. The Bible, which you so often quote, inculcates long-suffering and patience."

"Him! there speaks yer ignorance," returned the farmer with a dash of cynicism in his tone. "Hoo mony years, think ye, are folk to submit to tyranny an' wrang an' fierce oppression for nae sin whatever against the laws o' God or the land? Are twunty, thretty, or forty years no' enough to warrant bor claim to lang-sufferin'? Does submission to law-breakin' on the part o' Government, an' lang-continued, high-handed oppression frae King, courtier, an' prelate, accompanied wi' bare-faced plunder an' murder—does that no justify oor claim to patience? To a' this the Covenanters hae submitted for mony weary years without rebellion, except maybe in the matter o' the Pentlands, when a when o' us were driven to desperation. But I understand your feelin's, lad; for I'm a man o' peace by natur', an' would gladly submit to injustice to keep things quiet—if possible; but some things are, no' possible, an' the Bible itsel' says we're to live peaceably wi' a man only 'as much as in us lies.'"

The ex-trooper was silent. Although ignorant of the full extent of maddening persecution to which not merely the Covenanters but the people of Scotland generally had been subjected, his own limited experience told him that there was much truth in what his companion said; still, like all loyal-hearted men, he shrank from the position of antagonist to Government.

"I agree with you," he said, after a few minutes' thought, "but I have been born, I suppose, with a profound respect for law and legally constituted authority."

"Div ye think, lad," returned Black, impressively, "that nasebody's been born wi' a high respect for law but yersel'? I suppose ye admit that the King is bound to respect the law as weel as the people?"

"Of course I do. I am no advocate of despotism."

"Weel then," continued the farmer with energy, "in the year sixteen forty-ane, an' at ither times, kings an' parliaments hae stamped the Covenants o' Scotland as bein' part o' the law o' this land—whereby freepart o' conscience an' Presbyterian worship dom o' conscience an' Presbyterians are secured to us. An' here comes Chairles the Second an' breaks the law by sendin' that scoondrel the Duke o' Lauderdale here wi' full poors to dae what he likes—an' Middleton, a poors to dae what he likes—an' less conscience, that man wi' nae heart an' less conscience, but was raised up frae naething to be a noble, nae less! My word, nobles are easy made, but Lauderdale makes a cooncil wi' Aircbishop Sherp—a traitor and a turncoat—an' a wheen mair like himsel', and they send sodgers oot ower the land to eat us up an' cram Prelacy doon oor throats, an' curates into oor poo'pits whether we wull or no'. An' that though Chairles himsel' signed the Covenant at the time he was crooned! Ca' ye that law or legally constituted authority?"

Although deeply excited by this brief recital of his country's wrongs, Black maintained the quiet expression of feature and tone of voice that were habitual to him. Further converse on the subject was interrupted by their arrival at the farm, where they found all right save that Jean and Aggie were in a state of fearful anxiety about their poor neighbours.

While the farmer was seeing to the security of his house and its arrangements, preparatory to continuing the march to the Mitchells' cottage, the rest of the party stood about the front door conversing. Will Wallace was contemplating Jean Black with no little admiration, as she moved about the house. There was something peculiarly attractive about Jean. A winsome air and native grace, with refinement of manner unusual in one of her station, would have stamped her with a powerful species of beauty even if she had not possessed in addition a modest look and fair young face.

The ex-trooper was questioning in a dreamy way, whether he had ever before seen such a pretty and agreeable specimen of girlhood, when he experienced a shock of surprise on observing that Jean had gone to neighbouring spring for water and was making something very like a signal to him to follow her.

The surprise was mingled with an uncomfortable feeling of regret, for the action seemed inconsistent with the maiden's natural modesty.

"Forgie me, sir," she said, "for being so bold, but oh! sir, if ye know how anxious I am about Uncle Black, ye would understand—he is wanted so much, an' there's them in the hidy-hole that would fare ill if he was taken to prison just now. If—ye—would—"

"Well, Jean," said Will, sympathising with the struggle it evidently cost the girl to speak to him—"don't hesitate to confide in me. What would you have me do?"

"Only to keep him back frae the sodgers if ye can. He's such an awfu' man to fecht when he's roosed, that he's sure to kill some o' them if he's no' killed himsel'. An' it'll be ruin to us a' an' to the Mitchells too, if—"

She was interrupted at this point by Black himself calling her name.

"Trust me," said Wallace earnestly, "I understand what you wish, and will do my best to prevent evil."

A grateful look was all the maiden's reply as she hurried away.

Our hero's perplexity as to how this promise was to be fulfilled was, however, needless, for on reaching the Mitchells' hut it was found that the troopers had already left the place; but the state of things they had left behind them was enough to stir deeply the pity and the indignation of the party.

Everything in confusion—broken furniture, meal and grain scattered on the floor, open chests and cupboards—told that the legalised brigands had done their worst. Poor Mrs. Mitchell had objected to nothing that they said or did or proposed to her. She feebly drank the health of the King and prelates when bidden to do so, and swore whatever test-oaths they chose to apply to her till they

required her to admit that the King was lord over the kirk and the conscience. Then her spirit fired, and with a firm voice she declared that no king but Christ should rule over her kirk or conscience—to which she boldly added that she had attended conventicles, and would do so again!

Having obtained all they wanted, the dragoons went away, leaving the old woman among the ruins of her home, for they probably did not consider it worth while carrying off a prisoner who would in all likelihood have died on the road to prison.

In the midst of all the noise and confusion it had struck the old woman as strange that they never once asked about her husband. After they had gone, however, the arrival of two neighbours bearing his dead body, revealed the terrible reason. She uttered no cry when they laid his corpse on the floor, but sat gazing in horror as if turned to stone. Thus Black and his friends found her.

She could not be roused to speak, and looked, after a few minutes, like one who had not realised the truth.

In this state she was conveyed to Black's cottage and handed over to Jean, whom every one seemed intuitively to regard as her natural comforter. The poor child led her into her own room, sat down beside her on the bed, laid the aged head on her sympathetic bosom and sobbed as if her heart was breaking. But no response came from the old woman, save that once or twice she looked up feebly and said, "Jean, dear, what ails ye?"

In the Council Chamber at Edinburgh, Lauderdale, learning on one occasion that many persons both high and low had refused to take the bond already referred to, which might well have been styled the bond of slavery, bared his arm in fury, and, smiting the table with his fist, swore with a terrific oath that he would "force them to take the bond."

What we have described is a specimen of the manner in which the force was sometimes applied. The heartless despot and his clerical coadjutors had still to learn that tyranny has not yet forged the weapon that can separate man from his God.

"What think ye noo?" asked Andrew Black, turning to Wallace with a quiet but stern look, after old Mrs. Mitchell had been carried in, "what think ye noo, lad, o' us Covenanters an' oor lack o' lang sufferin' an' oor defyin' the laws? Aren't these laws we ought to defy, but havena properly defied yet, Jaws illegally made by a perjured King and an upstart Council?"

"Mr. Black," said the ex-trooper, seizing his companion's hand with an iron grip, "from this day forward I am with you—heart and soul."

Little did Wallace think, when he came to this decision, that he had stronger reason for his course of action than he was aware of at the moment.

It was night when Mrs. Mitchell was brought into the farm-house, and preparations were being made for a hasty meal, when Ramblin' Peter came in with the news that a number of people in the Lanarkshire district had been intercommuned and driven from their homes—amongst others David Spence, Will Wallace's uncle, with whom his mother had taken up her abode.

The distracted looks of poor Wallace on hearing this showed the powerful effect the news had upon him.

"Keep yersel' quiet, noo," said Black in an encouraging tone, as he took the youth's arm and led him out of the house. "These are no' times to let our hearts rin awa' wi' oor heids. Yer mither let me tell ye that yer uncle Daavid is a douce, cliver felly, an' fears naething i' this warld. If he did, he wadna be among the intercommuned. Be sure he's no' the man to leave his sister Maggie in trouble. Of course ye'll be wantin' to be aff to look after her."

"Of course—instantly," said Wallace.

"Na. Ye'll hae yer supper first—an' a guid ain—for ye'll need it. Have patience, noo, an' listen to me, for I'll do the very best I can for ye in this strait—an' it's no muckle ye can do for yersel' without help."

There was something so decided yet kindly and reassuring in the farmer's tone and manner that Wallace felt relieved in spite of his anxieties, and submitted to his guidance in all things. Black then explained that he had a friend in Lanark who owed him money on lambs sold to him the previous year; that he meant to send his man Quentin Dick first to collect that money, and then proceed to Edinburgh, for the purpose of making further arrangements there about cattle.

"Noo," continued Black, "I've gotten a mither as weel as you, an' she lives in the Canlemaker Row, close to the Greyfriars' Kirkyard, where they signed the Covenants, ye ken. Weel, I wad advise you to gang to Lanark wi' Quentin, an' when ye find yer mither tak' her to Edinbro' an' let her live

wi' my mither i' the meantime, till we see what the Lord has in store for this pair per-secuted remnant. I'm sorry to part wi' ye, lad, sae unexpectedly, but in thae times, when folk are called on to part wi' their heids unexpectedly, we manna compleen."

"I'll take your advice gladly," said Wallace. "When will Quentin Dick be ready to start?"

"In less than an hour. The moon'll be up soon after that. It's o' nae use startin' on sae dark a night till she's up, for ye'll hae to cross some nasty grund. Noo, lad, though I'm no a minister, my advice to ye is, to gang doon into the hidy-hole an' pray about this matter. Niver mind the folk ye find there. They're used to prayin'. It's my opeenion that if there was less preachin' an' mair prayin', we'd be a' the better for't. It's a thravn world we live in, but we're bound to mak' the best o't."

Although not much in the habit of engaging in prayer—save at the formal periods of morning and evening—our ex-trooper was just then in the mood to take his friend's advice. He retired to the place of refuge under Black's house, where he found several people who had evidently been at the communion on Skeoch Hill. These were engaged in earnest conversation, and took little notice of him as he entered. The place was very dimly lighted. The end of the low vaulted chamber was involved in obscurity. Thither the youth went and knelt down. From infancy his mother had taught him "to say his prayers," and had sought to induce him to pray. It is probable that the first time he really did so was in that secret chamber where, in much anxiety of soul, he prayed for himself.

(To be continued.)

A Sunset on the Lower St. Lawrence

BY ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

BROAD shadows fall. On all the mountain side  
The scythe-swept fields are silent. Slowly home  
By the long beach the high-piled hay carts come,  
Splashing the pale salt shallows. Over wide  
Fawn-coloured wastes of mud the slipping tide,  
Round the dun rocks and wattled fisheries,  
Creeps murmuring in. And now by twos and threes,  
O'er the slow spreading pools with clamorous chide,  
Belated crows from strip to strip take flight,  
Soon will the first star shine; yet ere the night  
Reach onward to the pale green distances,  
The sun's last shaft beyond the gray sea-floor  
Still dreams upon the Kamouraska shores,  
And the long line of golden villages.  
Ottawa, Canada.

COME JUST AS YOU ARE.

MANY years ago a little boy was stolen from his mother, in London. Years passed by, and the poor mother constantly prayed for her lost boy. But all seemed to be in vain. Still the mother did not give up her hopes.

One day a little chimney sweeper was sent into the house next to the mother's to clean the chimney. When he had finished his work, he by mistake went down the wrong chimney, which belonged to the next house. He came out at the fireplace of the sitting-room. He looked around, and the room seemed familiar to him. The scenes of the past days of his childhood came back to his mind.

A woman entered the room; and now all was clear to the boy. He cried out: "O my dear mother!"

Did that mother shrink back at the sight of the ragged, sooty clothes of the boy? Do you think she threw him out of the house, and told him to wash himself first before he could dare to come back? No! She took that boy into her arms, and wept tears of joy.

THE cross of Christ is the sweetest burden that I ever bore—such a burden as wings are to a bird, or as sails to a ship—to carry me forward to my desired haven. Truly, it is a glorious thing to follow the Lamb; it is the highway to glory; but when you see Him in his own country, at home, you will think you never saw him before.—Rutherford.





THE FOUNTAIN AT NAZARETH.

THE BOY JESUS.

BY BISHOP J. W. HOTT.

THE writer shall never forget his sitting beside the Virgin's Fountain, just below Nazareth, the only spring for the town, and looking upon the mothers and their children coming down at eventide for water, which these women and children carried away in large earthen jars upon their shoulders and heads. How the very heart toyed with fancies and images of the child life of Jesus! Did he tread these streets a barefooted boy? Did he come down this street to this same fountain at eventide, barefooted, beside his mother, and with her carry the water from this gurgling fountain to their humble home? What conflicts the mind had, not to believe the story of the youth-life of Christ, but to have a realization, a conviction, that such a life was lived here at Nazareth! Once fully grasped by the heart, the child life of Jesus is a precious truth. This child-life sanctified and hallowed motherhood. It fitted his arms to receive and his hands to bless those who were carried to him. To day, as then, he gathers the children to his bosom; and receiving them he also takes our hearts.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF OUR LORD.

A. D. 8.] LESSON V. [July 29.

THE YOUTH OF JESUS.

Luke 2. 40-52. Memory verses, 46-49.

GOLDEN TEXT.

And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favour with God and man.—Luke 2. 52.

OUTLINE.

1. To the Temple, v. 40-42.
2. In the Temple, v. 43-50.
3. In the Home, v. 51, 52.

TIME.—A. D. 8, when Jesus was twelve years old.

PLACES.—Nazareth in Galilee, and Jerusalem.

RULERS.—Augustus, Emperor of Rome; Herod Antipas, ruler of Galilee and Perea; Coponias, procurator of Judea.

CONNECTING LINKS.—The infancy of Jesus was spent in Nazareth. As soon as he was old enough he was taken by his parents to participate in the great passover feast at Jerusalem.

EXPLANATIONS.

40. "The child grew"—Like other children. "Strong in Spirit"—His mind grew with his body. "Grace of God"—The favour and blessing of God.

41. "Went to Jerusalem"—The capital of the country. "Feast of the passover"—It lasted a week, during which time the people ate unleavened bread. See Lesson X. Second Quarter.

42. "After the custom"—According to the usual manner of the feast.

43. "Tried behind"—In his interest in the temple, no doubt, forgetting to return home. "Knew not of it"—The children generally travelled together in the caravans of Galilean pilgrims, and it is not strange that Joseph and Mary lost sight of Jesus for three or four hours.

45. "Found him not"—Probably at evening, when the family gathered.

46. "Three days"—One day returning, one day searching the city, and one day coming to the temple. "In the temple"—Probably in that part of the temple called the court of the women. "Doctors"—Teachers of the laws of God. "Asking them questions"—All present were probably allowed to ask questions of the teachers.

47. "Astonished at his understanding"—Not only at his good sense and intellectual acuteness, but his knowledge of the law.

48. "Why hast thou thus dealt?"—Why have you treated us so?

49. "Wist ye not?"—Did ye not know? "About my Father's business"—Or, "at my Father's house." The words may have either meaning. Already he regarded himself as "the Son of God," and was committed of the work of saving men.

51. "Went down with them"—Giving an example of obedience to parents.

52. "Favour with . . . man"—Loved by all about him.

HOME READINGS.

M. The youth of Jesus.—Luke 2. 40-52.

Tu. Feast of the passover.—Deut. 16. 1-8.

W. Astonished at Christ's wisdom.—Matt. 13. 53-58.

Th. Obedience to parents.—Col. 3. 12-20.

F. Wisdom the principal thing.—Prov. 4. 1-9.

S. The Lord giveth wisdom.—Prov. 2. 1-9.

Sa. Favour with God and men.—Prov. 3. 1-6.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Where in this lesson are we taught—

1. The duty of religious worship?
2. The duty of seeking knowledge?
3. The duty of filial obedience.

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What is said of Jesus while he was a boy? "The grace of God was upon him." 2. At what age was he taken to the feast in Jerusalem? "At the age of twelve years." 3. What did he do at the close of the feast? "He stayed in Jerusalem." 4. How long did his parents seek for him? "Three days."

5. Where did they find him? "In the temple." 6. With whom was he found? "With the teachers of the law." 7. How did Jesus grow in young manhood? "Golden Text: "And Jesus increased in wisdom and in stature, and in favour with God and man."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Growth in grace.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

What is entire sanctification?

Entire sanctification is the state in which the heart is cleansed from all unrighteousness, in which God is loved with all our heart and mind and soul and strength, and our neighbour as ourselves.

How are believers kept in this state of salvation?

By the power of the Holy Spirit, given through Christ, in answer to fervent prayer.

HEATHEN CHILDREN PREACHING THE GOSPEL.

A LADY missionary in India writes of the way that the heathen children in the schools carry the Gospel to their homes. She says: "One day, I called at the house of an aunt of one of my little pupils, and the woman remarked that her little niece was not learning to read so fast as she expected. On my replying that a child of four years could not be expected to make rapid progress, she said: 'But she has learned all your Jesus prayers, and is always repeating them at home.' Many of the little ones cannot only repeat prayers, hymns, and texts, but tell Bible stories in their own simple language, and, as some of the mothers express it, 'night and day' they repeat at home what they learn at school."

A CUNNING DOG.

HE had the habit of rushing out and attacking passing vehicles, and his master—thinking to cure him—attached a piece of wood by a chain to his collar. This answered admirably; for no sooner did the dog start in pursuit of anything than the clog not only checked his speed, but generally rolled him over; but, to the surprise of all, doggie was soon at his old work, nearly as bad as ever.

This is how he managed: He did not attempt to drag the clog on the ground, and allow it to check and upset; but, before starting, he caught it up in his mouth, ran before the passing horse, dropped it, and commenced the attack; and when distanced, would seize the clog in his mouth, and resume his position ahead, and thus became as great a pest as ever.

Never Say "Die!"

BY JOHN IMRIE.

WHEN misfortune attends you, let this be your cry:

Never say "Die!" Never say "Die!" Nothing comes without energy, patience, and pluck—

Do not stay in the mud, and you'll never get stuck—

Trusting more to yourself than to chance or good luck:

Never say "Die!" Never say "Die!"

Don't say "Wait a minute!" but at once say "I'll try!"

Never say "Die!" Never say "Die!"

Put your hands to the plough-shafts and do not look back,

Better wear out than rust, though you earn not a pack,

They will yet call you "Mr." who now dub you "Jack!"

Never say "Die!" Never say "Die!"

Don't imagine when sick that you'll certainly die,

Never say "Die!" Never say "Die!"

Take a rest and be still, it will do you more good,

Than dosing your stomach with physic and food,

Nature's laws are the best, and should be understood.

Never say "Die!" Never say "Die!"

Should love e'er beguile you don't give way to sigh,

Never say "Die!" Never say "Die!"

Just appear to be careless and "let well alone!"

She may mourn in your absence when chances seem gone,

And the next time you ask her all shyness be flown.

Never say "Die!" Never say "Die!"

If your life be well spent you'll be ready to die—

Ready to die! Ready to die!

It will come just as easy as going to sleep.

Those who trust in the Lord he has promised to keep.

As you live—as you sow—you shall certainly reap,

Rewards will be paid when you die!

—Innate Keeness.—Einstein: "Scho-cob, vat vas it you learned at school?" Jacob: "Reading, writing, 'rithmetic." Einstein: "'Rithmetic?" Jacob: "Yes, fader." Einstein: "Can you tell me vas two and two?" Jacob: "Six." Einstein: "Six! No, dat is not right." Jacob: "I know, but I vas afraid you would beat me down."

RESCUED IN TIME

A TEMPERANCE TALE

BY C. WILSON.

GALT, ONT.

Cloth . . . Price, \$1.00.

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

The author strongly depicts the evils of the drink traffic, and traces the social wreck and ruin of many to the allurements of the glass. He presents also the brighter side, and proves the grace of God mightier than the unhallowed spell of sinful appetite.

Every Sunday-school librarian should see that this work is at once placed in the library.

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