

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/  
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/  
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/  
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/  
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/  
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/  
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/  
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/  
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/  
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/  
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/  
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/  
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/  
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from:/  
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/  
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title page of issue/  
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/  
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/  
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments:/  
Commentaires supplémentaires: Some pages are cut off.

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/  
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X

# PLEASANT HOURS

PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XIV.]

TORONTO, OCTOBER 13, 1894.

[No. 41.]

## DOVES.

The dictionary defines the word "dove" as "a name given to a certain species of pigeons noted for their gentleness and timidity." Those who love these birds admit the correctness of the word "gentleness" in describing them, but not the word "timidity." Doves, when well cared for, become loving, gentle, very affectionate, and, as a rule, quite the reverse of timid. Their bill is moderate in length, more or less curved at the point, and the base of the upper mandible is covered with soft skin on which are the nostrils. Doves, like other pigeons, generally lay but two eggs. The nest of the wild dove is as big and flat as a dinner plate, wholly built of turfs, without lining of any kind, except, perhaps, a few accidental feathers. The reason of this is that the parent bird has such a mass of plumage that a warmer nest would addle the eggs. The cushat, or ring dove, is the commonest of all pigeons. It does not, however, thrive well in captivity, a free wild life being almost necessary for it. In the quiet summer's evenings, while walking through some fir tree grove, you may hear the cushat's cooing, "far down the dark green plantain's shade." It is a most mournful cry, almost like the moaning of some human being in pain and distress.

The dove family is divided up into a great many classes, each with a name of its own. Most of them are well adapted for domestic life and make beautiful pets. Some of them are white, others gray and black, gray and white, brown or very light grey with a spot of red on the breast.

## A MONKEY'S CURIOSITY.

One day recently a new lock was put upon the door of the monkey cage in Central Park. The monkeys watched the proceedings with great interest, and the curiosity of one monkey became particularly excited. After the workmen had finished and gone away, he drew near to investigate this strange ornament to his house. He felt the lock all over with his paws; poked



DOVES.

his finger through the keyhole, and twisted it about, shaking the door while he did so. Then he looked long and earnestly through the keyhole, first with one eye and then with the other. Then he examined the hole with another finger.

During his examination of the lock a little monkey drew near and stood watching his actions attentively. The inquisitive fellow happened to turn around, and found himself observed. He flew at the little monkey with a cry of rage, and gave him a sharp box on the ear. The poor little monkey, in great alarm, fled to the farthest corner of the cage, and crouched down

here whimpering. Having so defended his outraged dignity, the first monkey resumed his study of the lock.

He climbed up the bars of the cage and took views of it from above. Then he stooped down and took an observation from below. Then he peered through the keyhole, first with one eye, then with the other, as before. Then he explored it again with his finger. Presently, finding himself again watched by the little monkey, he sprang at him again, and gave him another beating.

Overmuch curiosity is always punished in this world, and by-and-bye this monkey

found it out. He caught his finger in the keyhole and in spite of all his efforts could not release it. He twisted and struggled, chattered and screamed. His outcries finally brought a keeper to his rescue, and the finger was extricated, with loud laughter from the spectators. Seemingly much humiliated, the monkey retired to a corner of the cage, where he sat nursing his wounded finger, and sulking as undoubtedly as ever a cross little boy sulks. And in the opposite corner sat a much smaller monkey, and I am sure, if ever monkeys smile inwardly that little monkey was doing that very thing. *Harper's Young People.*

## A DYING GIFT.

A FRIEND writes the following touching account of a little girl's last gift to missions.

"A little incident has occurred in connection with our Sunday school that I thought you ought to know, and perhaps would think wise in the interests of our Master's work to make use of.

"We had a little girl in the infant class, between three and four years old, Millie Appleton, a dear little girl of good Christian parents, who took sick with scarlet fever and died; but before departing this life said, 'Mamma, here is some money I have saved, a copper at a time. Instead of buying candies for myself I thought I would save my cents to help send the sweet news of Jesus and his love to the heathen. I want you to send it when

I am gone, to the Sunday school, so that they may use it for the heathen.' And so last Sunday being our Missionary Sunday we put it with the collections devoted to that purpose, praying that the dear child in heaven may look down and see some fruits in its use for the Master. If you put this in our Sunday school paper perhaps it may stir up in some hearts a renewed and earnest interest in the cause of missions."

What a man knows is worth more to him than what all other men may know.

**The Kobold in the Flame.**

THERE'S a queer little kobold that lives in the flame,

A merry hobgoblin that nothing can tame.

He crouches, bent low,  
On the black, broken ledge where the soot-bushes grow;

Or through the long seams works his intricate way;  
And crackles with laughter, emerging in day.

Like a firefly that carries his lamp through the dark,  
He bears in his hand a wand tipped with a spark.

Magician-like, he  
Shows marvellous things by his weird tracery.  
He rears in a moment his palaces high;  
As quickly their ruins in gray ashes lie.

Oh, gay little kobold, we laughed at thee well

When low in the grate all thy masonry fell!  
Yet touch not, we pray,  
Those structures we toiled upon day after day.

When float thy red banners above wood and stone,  
We weep and we tremble—thou laughest alone.

**OUR PERIODICALS:**

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

Christian Guardian, weekly .....	\$2 00
Methodist Magazine, 104 pp., monthly, illustrated .....	2 00
Methodist Magazine and Guardian together .....	3 50
Magazine, Guardian and Onward together .....	4 00
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly .....	1 50
Sunday-School Banner, 52 pp., 8vo., monthly ..	0 60
Onward, 8 pp., 4to., weekly, under 5 copies .....	0 60
5 copies and over .....	0 50
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4to., weekly, single copies ..	0 30
Less than 20 copies .....	0 25
Over 20 copies .....	0 24
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 10 copies .....	0 15
10 copies and upwards .....	0 12
Happy-Days, fortnightly, less than 10 copies .....	0 15
10 copies and upwards .....	0 12
Pereau Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month .....	5 50
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24c. a dozen; \$2. per 100; per quarter, 6c. a dozen; 50c. per 100.	

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto.

C. W. COATES, S. F. HURSTIS,  
2176 St. Catherine Street, Wesleyan Book Room,  
Montreal, Halifax, N.S.

**Pleasant Hours:**

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, OCTOBER 13, 1894.

**CHRIST BLESSING LITTLE CHILDREN.**

BY REV. W. F. CRAFTS.

Mothers brought him their babes, and he sought him,

Half kneeling, with suppliant air,  
To bless the brown cherubs they brought him,  
With holy hands laid in their hair.

Then reaching his hands, he said, slowly,  
"Of such is my kingdom;" and then  
Took the brown little babes in the holy  
White hand of the Saviour of men;

Held them close to his heart, and caressed them;  
Put his face down to theirs, as in prayer;  
Put their hands to his neck, and so blessed them,  
With baby hands hid in his hair.

THERE were some of Jesus' grown-up friends who thought he would not like to be interrupted when he was teaching the older people and healing their diseases, by having the children come for a blessing; and so, when they saw the little ones and their mothers coming, they told them they had better keep back, because Jesus had something more important to do than to attend to little children. But the Saviour said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God."

Little Carrie was a heathen child, about ten years old, with bright black eyes, dark skin, curly brown hair, and slight, neat form. A little while after she began to go

to school, the teacher noticed one day that she looked less happy than usual.

"My dear," she asked, "why do you look so sad?"

"Because I am thinking."

"What are you thinking about?"

"O teacher! I do not know whether Jesus loves me or not."

"Carrie, did Jesus ever invite little children to come to him?"

The little girl repeated the verse, "Suffer little children to come unto me," which she had learned in school.

"Well, whom is this for?"

In an instant, Carrie clapped her hands for joy, and said, "It is not for you, teacher, is it? For you are not a child. No; it is for me! for me!"

From that hour Carrie knew that Jesus loved her, and she loved him back again with all her heart.

"Wonderful things in the Bible I see—  
This the most wonderful, Jesus loves me."

A little girl said to a minister one day, "Please, sir, may I speak to you a minute?"

He saw that she was in some kind of trouble; so he took her hand and said, "Certainly, my little maiden. What do you want?"

Her lip quivered and tears filled her eyes as she said, "It's a dreadful thing, but I don't love Jesus."

"And how are you going to love him?" asked the minister.

"I don't know, sir; I want you to tell me." She spoke sadly, as if it was something she could never do.

"Well, John, who loved the Lord almost more than anyone else ever did, says, that 'we love him because he first loved us.'

Now, if you go home to-night saying in your heart, 'Jesus loves me,' I think that to-morrow you will say, 'I love Jesus.'"

She looked up through her tears, and said, very softly, "Jesus loves me." She began to think about it as well as say it—about his life, and his death on the cross—and began to feel it, too. So she went home. The next evening she came to the minister, and putting both her hands into his, she said, with a very happy face:

"O sir, I love Jesus to-night, for he does love me so!"

Ought we not all of us to love him who first loved us?

But I must tell you how you can come to Jesus in these days. When Jesus was on the earth, children ran to him and were led to him by their mothers to be blessed; but we don't see Jesus with our eyes now, and so we have to come to him on our knees by praying. Every little child that prays to Jesus is sure of being received.

During a great revival, a little girl remained one evening with many others in the inquiry room. The preacher spoke to the others, and when he finished he said to her, "Well, little girl, isn't it time for you to be in bed? Are you waiting for anyone?"

"Yes, sir," she said, "I am waiting for mother," pointing to one of the women.

"Do you think mother will give her heart to Jesus to-night, sir?"

He was much surprised, and said to the child, whose name was Ada, "Why, Ada, are you a Christian?"

"Yes, sir."

"How long have you been one?"

"Ever since last night, sir."

"And how was it, Ada?"

"Well, sir, last night Mr. Moody was preaching, and he said, 'Young man, what are you going to do with Jesus to-night? Young lady, what are you going to do with Jesus to-night?' And then he said, 'Little girl, what are you going to do with Jesus?' and he looked right at me. After the meeting was over I wanted to speak to Mr. Moody, but mother was very cross, and dragged me home, and put me to bed; but when she had gone downstairs I got out of bed again and knelt down and gave my heart right up to Jesus." He asked her what made her think Jesus had made her his child. Ada answered, "Because I went to him, and he has promised never to send anyone away who comes to him."

"Hear now his accents tenderly say,  
Will you, my children, come!"

AVOID any action or word which may not be in harmony with the will of God.

**BENNIE AND THE TIGER.**

A BEAR little English boy, named Bennie, lay sleeping in the verandah of his Indian home. The nurse who had been trusted with him had neglected her charge, and left him when he was asleep. A great, fierce tiger, prowling in search of prey, finding the village very quiet, had ventured in among the dwellings. The English gentlemen were all absent; the natives were in the rice-fields; and the ladies were taking their rest during the heat of the day.

The tiger crept noiselessly past the quiet house until he saw the sleeping child. Then, with one bound, he sprang upon him, grasped the white robe of the child in his teeth, and darted on with it to his native jungle.

Having secured his prize, he laid it down; and, as the kitten often plays with a captive mouse before devouring it, so the tiger began sporting with the child. He walked round and round him; laid first one paw and then another gently on his plump little limbs, and looked into the boy's beautiful face, as if his savage heart was almost melted by its sweetness.

There was a brave little heart in Bennie, for he did not seem to be at all alarmed by his strange companion. He was well-used to Nero, the large, black house-dog; and he felt inclined to look on the tiger as if he were only Nero's brother. And when the tiger glanced at him with his great fiery eye-balls, or when the sight of his teeth made his heart beat for a moment, he only returned the gaze, saying, in baby language: "I'm not afraid of you, for I've father! You can't hurt Bennie—Bennie's got a mamma!"

Oh, if we could only have the same trust in our Heavenly Father, how well it would be for us!

All this time, while her darling boy was in such dreadful danger, his mother was sleeping. The faithless nurse returned by-and-bye, to find the child gone! In her fright she flew from house to house, in search of him. But the Eye that never sleeps was watching that dear child. The best shield was stretched over him. An aged native had heard the tiger give a low, peculiar growl, from which he knew that he had seized some prey. Taking his gun, he followed in his trail till he came near him. Then he hid himself carefully behind the bushes. He saw the terrible creature playing with the child, and dreaded every moment to see him tear it to pieces. He watched his opportunity to fire, fearful lest the ball intended for the tiger should hit the child. The proper moment came. He took his aim, and fired. The tiger leaped, gave a howl of pain, ran a few steps, and fell dead by the side of the now frightened child.

He who said: "I am thy shield," watched over and protected that little one in such an hour of fearful danger. Let us make him our friend. Let us put our whole trust in Jesus as our ever-present and loving Saviour. Thus trusting him, we shall be safe and happy for time and eternity.—*The Sunlight.*

**A DOLL TOWN.**

IN the little town of Sonneberg, in Thuringia, says an exchange, twenty-five million dozen dolls are made every year, each one of the twelve thousand inhabitants of the place being in the business.

The children on their way to school call for or deliver work; the shoemaker makes the tiny shoes; the barber works on the dolls' wigs; the butcher sells suet to the dolls' gluemaker; the tailor and seamstress sell "pieces" to the dolls' dressmaker, and so on through the whole list of tradesmen. Five large firms control the business; and through these, sales are annually made in America to the amount of twelve million dollars.

But this vast amount of business is far from pleasing or profitable to the poor mechanics who work at this trade. A girl who goes into the factory at the age of fourteen receives seventy-five cents a week, and ten years later considers herself fortunate if she attains the maximum of \$2.50 a week; and the man who receives a dollar a day for making dolls' eyes is said to be an object of envy.

**My Neighbour's Boy.**

BY MARIANNE BARNINGHAM.

It seems to be several days in one,  
So much he is constantly everywhere!  
And the marvellous things that boy has done  
No one can remember, nor mouth declare.  
He fills the whole of this share of space  
With his strong, straight form and his merry face.

He is very cowardly, very brave,  
He is kind and cruel, good and bad,  
A brute and a hero! Who will save  
The best from the worst of my neighbour's lad?

The mean and the noble strive to-day—  
Which of the powers will have its way?

The world is needing his strength and skill,  
He will make hearts happy or make them ache,

What power is in him for good and ill!  
Which of life's paths will his swift feet take?

Will he rise, and draw others up with him,  
Or the light that is in him burn low and dim?

But what is my neighbour's boy to me  
More than a nuisance? My neighbour's boy,

Though I have some fears for what he may be,  
Is the source of solicitude, hope, and joy,

And a constant pleasure. Because I pray  
That the best that is in him will rule some day.

He passes me with a smile and nod,  
He knows I have hope of him—guesses too,

That I whisper his name when I ask of God  
That men may be righteous his will to do.  
And I think that many would have more joy  
If they loved and prayed for a neighbour's boy.

—*Christian World.***"CASH" IN JAPAN.**

A PENNY in Japan will go a longer way than a penny in America, for in Japan are real "mites," which are called "tempos" and "cash," all less than a copper cent. The tempo is a heavy, flat piece of copper, or bronze, two inches long and like an egg, except that both ends are the same size; in the centre is a square cut hole, and on both sides are characters indicating the value. The tempo is about four-fifths of a cent in value. Very often are seen boys drawing handcarts in which are piled up tempos strung together on straw rope, and so carried about from place to place.

Children and grown people in Japan use their long, wide sleeves for pockets, and often boys and girls take out cash from their sleeves. But not tempos, because they are too large and clumsy to be comfortable in a sleeve. There are several kinds of cash; they are round bits of bronze with a round hole in the centre. The smallest cash is called "rin" (pronounced *reen*), and ten of these equal a cent.

**UZA, A GOD IN JAPAN.**

THERE is the land they call Sunrise. In this land there is a god whose name is Uza. They think more of him than all the gods they have. They think that a long, long time since, he was the first to set out the rice plant and make it grow. You know rice is their main food, and you may have seen the chopsticks that they throw it into their mouths with. I say throw, for that is the way they eat. They make the chopstick fly so fast it throws the rice in a stream to their mouths.

They show the god Uza in the form of a fox. They fall down on their knees and pray to him. Some gods are made of gold, some of wood, and the priests put rice in bowls and set it in front of them to please them. If a live fox gets in a house or barn the priests bring food each day and give him. They like to have him stay near, so that good will come to them while he is there. They would not dare kill one, though a fox will eat their hens and spoil their vines; they would think Uza would kill them at once for it.

When you hear these things, does it not make you want to send the Word of God to them, so they may learn the true way?

**Eating and Earning.**

BY HENRY H. REXFORD.

Oh, once there was a little boy,  
Who dearly loved to shirk,  
Because he was a lazy lad,  
And hated all hard work.

One day his mother bade him churn  
While she was gone to town;  
But soon as she was out of sight,  
He flung the dasher down.

"It's churning, churning, twice a week,"  
He groaned despairingly;  
"I wish there were no cows! I wish  
The churn was in the sea!

"I wish the butter'd churn itself;  
I wish"—and then he sighed—  
"The old wood-box would fill itself,"  
And then he almost cried.

"It's 'Bob, do this,' and 'Bob, do that,'  
All day, oh dear," groaned he;  
"It's all a boy should do to eat  
And grow—and steady to me.

"I wish"—and he was wishing still,  
All foolish things, when, lo!  
There stood his mother in the door—  
How could she hurry so!

"I suppose the butter's come," she said.  
His face began to burn,  
And he began to fidget when  
He saw her at the churn.

She lifted up the lid, and then:  
"For lazy boy!" she said;  
"I ought to whip you, but I won't;  
I'll punish you instead,

"By giving you dry bread to eat  
Until you're glad to earn  
The butter that you like so well,  
By working at the churn."

Now he was pleased to think that he  
Could easily get rid  
Of churning, if he went without  
The butter for his bread!

But by-and-bye he hungry grew,  
And begged a "piece to eat";  
She cut a slice of bread. Alas!  
He missed the butter sweet!

At dinner-time, dry bread again—  
The butter looked so nice!  
Oh, dear!" thought he, "I wish I had  
A little for my slice!"

At supper-time it really seemed  
On dry bread he must choke;  
His mother smiled. But, ah! to him,  
It seemed a sorry joke.

Next morning, very meekly, he  
Unto his mother said:  
"I'll churn to-day." "And earn" said she,  
"The butter for your bread.

"I felt quite sure my plan would work;  
I hope from this you'll learn  
This lesson: What he would enjoy,  
A boy must help to earn."

A boy—or man—should be ashamed  
To make himself a shirk;  
To darn a share of life's good things,  
Just do your share of work.

**HUNTED AND HARRIED.**

A Tale of the Scottish Covenanters.

BY R. M. BALLANTYNE.

CHAPTER XIII.—(Continued.)

NEXT morning Jean accompanied her lover to the workshop of her uncle, who had preceded him, as he usually went to work about daybreak.

"Are ye no feared," asked Jean, with an anxious look in her companion's face, "that some of your auld enemies may recognize you? You're so big and—and—" (she thought of the word handsome, but substituted) "odd-looking."

"There is little fear, Jean. I've been so long away that most of the people—the covenants at least—who know me must have left; besides, my bronzed face and bushy beard form a sufficient disguise, I should think."

"I'm no sure o' that," returned the girl, shaking her head doubtfully; "an' it seems to me that the best thing ye can do will be to gang to the workshop every mornin' before it's daylight. Hava ye fairly settled to tak' to Uncle Andrew's trade?"

"Yes. Last night he and I arranged it while you were asleep. I must work, you know, to earn my living, and there is no situation so likely to afford such effectual concealment. Bruce offered to take me on again, but the smiddy is too public, and too much frequented by soldiers. Ah, Jean! I fear that our wedding-day is a long way off yet, for although I could easily make enough to support you in comfort if there were no difficulties to hamper me, there is not much chance of my making a fortune, as Andrew Black says, by turning parritch-sticks and pterias!"

Wallace tried to speak lightly, but could not disguise a tone of despondency.

"Your new King," he continued, "seems to be bad as the old one, if not worse. From all I hear, he seems to have set his heart on bringing the country back again to Popery, and black will be the lookout if he succeeds in doing that. He has quarrelled, they say, with his bishops, and in his anger is carrying matter against them with a high hand. I fear that there is woe in store for poor Scotland yet."

"It may be so," returned Jean sadly. "The Lord knows what is best; but he can make the wrath of man to praise him. Perhaps," she added, looking up with a solemn expression on her sweet face, "perhaps, like Quentin Lusk an' Margaret Wilson, you an' I may never wed."

They had reached the east end of the Grassmarket as she spoke, and had turned into it before she observed that they were going wrong, but Wallace explained that he had been directed by Black to call on Ramblin' Peter, who lived there, and procure from him some turning-tools. On the way they were so engrossed with each other that they did not at first observe the people hurrying towards the lower end of the market. Then they became aware that an execution was about to take place.

"The old story," muttered Wallace, while an almost savage scowl settled on his face.

"Let us hurry by," said Jean in a low tone. At the moment the unhappy man who was about to be executed raised his voice to speak, as was the custom in those times.

Jean started, paused, and turned deadly pale.

"I ken the voice," she exclaimed.

As the tones rose in strength she turned towards the gallows and almost dragged her companion after her in her eagerness to get near.

"It's Mr. Renwick," she said, "the dear servant o' the Lord!"

Wallace, on seeing her anxiety, elbowed his way through the crowd somewhat forcibly, and thus made way for Jean till they stood close under the gallows. It was a woeful sight in one sense, for it was the murder of a fair and goodly as well as godly man in the prime of life; yet it was a grand sight, inasmuch as it was a noble witnessing unto death for God and truth and justice in the face of prejudice, passion, and high-handed tyranny.

The martyr had been trying to address the crowd for some time, but had been barbarously interrupted by the beating of drums. Just then a curate approached him and said, "Mr. Renwick, own our King, and we will pray for you."

"It's that scoundrel, the Rev. George Lawless," murmured Wallace in a deep and bitter tone.

"I am come here," replied the martyr, "to bear my testimony against you, and all such as you are."

"Own our King, and pray for him, whatever ye say of us," returned the curate.

"I will discourse no more with you," rejoined Renwick. "I am in a little to appear before him who is King of kings and Lord of lords, who shall pour shame, contempt, and confusion on all the kings of the earth who have not ruled for him."

After this Renwick—as was usual with the martyrs when about to finish their course—sang, read a portion of Scripture, and prayed, in the midst of considerable interruption from the drums. He also managed to address the spectators. Among the sentences that reached the ears of Jean and Wallace were the following:

"I am come here this day to lay down my life for adhering to the truths of Christ. . . . I die as a Presbyterian Protestant. . . . I own the Word of God as the rule of faith and manners. . . . I leave my testimony against . . . all encroachments made on Christ's rights, who is the Prince of the kings of the earth."

The noise of the drums rendered his voice inaudible at this point, and the executioner, advancing, tied a napkin over his eyes. He was then ordered to go up the ladder. To a friend who stood by him he gave his last message. Among them were the words—

"Keep your ground, and the Lord will provide you teachers and ministers; and what

he comes he will make these despised truths glorious in the earth."

His last words were—"Lord, into thy hands I commit my spirit, for thou hast redeemed me, Lord God of truth."

Thus fell the last, as it turned out, of the martyrs of the Covenant, on the 17th of February, 1688. But it did not seem to Will Wallace that the storm of twenty-eight long years had almost blown over, as he glanced at the scowling brows and compressed lips of the upturned faces around him.

"Come—come away, Jean," he said quickly, as he felt the poor girl hang heavily on his arm, and observed the pallor of her face.

"Ay, let's gang hame," she said faintly.

As Will turned to go he encountered a face that was very familiar. The owner of it gazed at him inquiringly. It was that of his old comrade in arms, Glendinning. Stooping over his companion as if to address her, Wallace tried to conceal his face and pushed quickly through the crowd. Whether Glendinning had recognized him or not, he could not be sure, but from that day forward he became much more careful in his movements, went regularly to his work with Andrew Black before daylight, and did not venture to return each night till after dark. It was a weary and irksome state of things, but better—as Black sagaciously remarked—than being imprisoned on the Bass Rock or shut up in Dunnottar Castle. But the near presence of Jean Black had, no doubt, more to do with the resignation of our hero to his position than the fear of imprisonment.

As time passed, things in the political horizon looked blacker than ever. The King began to show himself more and more in his true colours—as one who had thoroughly made up his mind to rule as an absolute monarch and to reclaim the kingdom to Popery. Among other things he brought troops over from Ireland to enforce his will, some of his English troops having made it abundantly plain that they could not be counted on to obey the mandates of one who wished to arrogate to himself unlimited power, and showed an utter disregard of the rights of the people. Indeed, on all hands the King's friends began to forsake him, and even his own children fell away from him at last.

Rumours of these things, more or less vague, had been reaching Edinburgh from time to time, causing uneasiness in the minds of some and hope in the hearts of others.

(To be continued.)

**APRON STRINGS.**

"I PROMISED my mother I would be at home at six o'clock."

"But what harm will an hour more do?"

"It will make my mother worry, and I shall break my word."

"Before I'd be tied to a woman's apron strings!"

"My mother doesn't wear aprons," said the first speaker, with a laugh, "except in the kitchen sometimes; and I don't know as I ever noticed any strings."

"You know what I mean. Can't you stay and see the game finished?"

"I could stay, but I will not. I made a promise to my mother, and I am going to keep it."

"Good boy!" said a hoarse voice just back of the two boys.

They turned to see an old man, poorly clad and very feeble.

"Abraham Lincoln once told a young man," the stranger resumed, "to cut acquaintance of every person who talked slightly of his mother's apron strings; and it is a very safe thing to do, as I know from experience. It was just such talk that brought me to ruin and disgrace, for I was ashamed not to do as other boys did. When they made fun of my mother I laughed too—God forgive me! There came a time, when it was too late,—and now there were tears in the old eyes,—when I would have gladly been made a prisoner, tied by these same apron strings, in a dark room, with bread and water for my fare. Always keep your engagements with your mother. Never disappoint her if you can possibly help it; and when advised to cut loose from her apron strings, cut the adviser, and take a tighter clutch of the apron strings. This will bring joy and long life to your mother, the best friend you have in the world, and will insure you a noble future; for it is impossible for a good son to be a bad man."

It was an excellent sign that both boys listened attentively, and both said "Thank you" at the conclusion of the stranger's

lecture. They left the ball grounds together, silent and thoughtful. At last the apron-string critic remarked with a deep-drawn sigh, "That old man has made me goose flesh all over."

"Oh, Dick," said his companion, "just think what lovely mothers we both have got!"

"Yes, and if anything were to happen to them, and we hadn't done right! You'll never hear apron strings out of my mouth again."—Harper's Young People.

**JUNIOR LEAGUE.**

THE Rev. T. Albert Moore kindly forwards the following interesting letter sent him, showing what the Juniors can do:

"We organized a Junior League society in our village in February 9th, 1893. It has grown since then, but we have only got a membership of twenty-eight. Though we are small in number we trust we are doing something for the right. I want to tell you about a meeting we had on the tenth of June: The League Meeting Committee of the Senior League, in making out their list of leaders and subjects, put us down to lead a meeting about once every quarter, and on the above date we had for our subject, 'The Lord is my Shepherd.' All the active members of our society were on the platform, and by the direction of the president and the two vice-presidents, we led the meeting. We had recitations, Scripture reading and songs on the subject; also prayers by the children. We had the church nicely decorated with flowers, evergreens, and mottoes. The people turned out well and we had a good time. I hope it did some good. Our president is a young girl, thirteen years old, and the two vice-presidents are girls about the same age. I am the secretary, and am a little boy, only nine years old. The treasurer is a little boy too, only nine. At the meeting the treasurer and myself took up the collection and got about \$1.25, with which we wish to buy a banner for our society. We would like to have you advise us what kind to get and how to get it. Some of the Juniors go occasionally to see a poor old couple who cannot get out to church and who need company and comforts. We have been doing something towards distributing Sunday-school papers among the children within our reach, who do not attend Sunday-school, hoping to interest them and perhaps get them to attend Sunday-school."

—PRINCE ABBOTT.

**A BAD FIRE.**

"JOE, have you heard of the fire that burned up the man's house and lot?"

"No, Sam; where was it?"

"Here in the city."

"What a misfortune to him! Was it a good house?"

"Yes, a nice house and lot—a good home for any family."

"What a pity! How did the fire begin?"

"The man played with fire and thoughtlessly set it burning himself."

"How silly! Did you say the lot was burned too?"

"Yes; lot and all—all gone, slick and clean."

"That is singular. It must have been a terribly hot fire; and then I don't see how it could have burned the lot."

"No; it was not a very hot fire. Indeed it was so small that it attracted but little attention, and did not alarm anybody."

"But how could such a little fire burn up a house and lot? You haven't told me."

"It burned a long time—more than twenty years; and though it seemed to consume very slowly, it consumed about \$150 worth every year until it was all gone."

"I cannot understand you yet. Tell me where the fire was kindled, and all about it."

"Well, then, it was kindled on the end of a cigar. The cigar got him, he himself told me, \$12.00 a month, or \$150 a year, and that in twenty-one years would amount to \$3,150, besides all the interest. Now the money was worth at least ten per cent., and at that rate it would double once in about seven years; so that the whole sum would be more than \$20,000. That would buy a fine house and lot in any city. It would pay for a large farm in the country. Don't you pity the family of the man who has slowly burned up their home?"

It is the saloon that is the greatest obstacle to all public reforms.



THE SABBATH IN CAPERNAUM.

**October's Party.**

OCTOBER gave a party—  
The leaves by hundreds came—  
The Chestnuts, Oaks, and Maples,  
And leaves of every name.  
The sunshine spread a carpet,  
And everything was grand;  
Miss Weather led the dancing—  
Professor Wind the band.

The Chestnuts came in yellow,  
The Oaks in crimson dressed;  
The lovely Misses Maple,  
In scarlet, looked their best.  
All balanced to their partners,  
And gaily fluttered by,  
The sight was like a rainbow  
New fallen from the sky.

Then, in the rusty hollows,  
At hide-and-seek they played;  
The party closed at sundown,  
And everybody stayed.  
Professor Wind played louder,  
They flew along the ground,  
And there the party ended,  
In hands across all round.

**LESSON NOTES.**

**FOURTH QUARTER.**

LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF OUR LORD.

A. D. 27.] **LESSON III.** [Oct 21.

A SABBATH IN CAPERNAUM.

Mark 1. 21-34. Memory verses, 27, 28.

**GOLDEN TEXT.**

He taught them as one that had authority,  
and not as the scribes.—Mark 1. 22.

**OUTLINE.**

1. In the Synagogue, v. 21-28.
2. In the Home, v. 29-31.
3. In the City, v. 32-34.

**TIME**—A. D. 27.

**PLACE**—Capernaum.

**RULERS**—Herod, in Galilee; Pilate, in Judea.

**EXPLANATIONS.**

21. "The Synagogue"—The place in every Jewish town in our Lord's time where the Jews assembled on the Sabbath for the religious worship of reading, exhortation, and instruction in the Scriptures.

22. "His doctrine"—Simply, his teaching. "Not as the scribes"—That is, Not in accordance with the traditional interpretations of the past, but with his own new and fresh interpretation.

23. "An unclean spirit"—Or, possessed with a devil. Demoniical possession was a matter of common belief, and apparently of frequent experience in those times.

24. "To destroy us"—Perhaps this means to drive them back to the world of lost spirits.

25. "Had torn him"—That means, had caused the poor victim to suffer a paroxysm of pain.

32. "At even, when the sun did set"—A part of the wonderful works of Christ told in this lesson were after the Sabbath had closed.

**HOME READINGS.**

- M. A Sabbath in Capernaum.—Mark 1. 21-34.
- Tu. Prayer and power.—Mark 1. 35-45.
- W. The great Physician.—Matt. 15. 21-31.
- Th. Wonderful words.—John 7. 40-53.
- F. Authority.—Matt. 7. 24-29.
- S. In the name of Jesus.—Acts 16. 14-18.
- Su. Words and works divine.—John 8. 25-32.

**PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.**

What are we taught in this lesson—

1. About Jesus as a Teacher?
2. About the power of Jesus?
3. About bringing our friends to Jesus?

**THE LESSON CATECHISM.**

1. What great change now occurs in the life of Jesus? "He moved from Nazareth to Capernaum." 2. How did he begin his life in Capernaum? "As his custom was," etc. 3. Who recognized him as the Son of God? "An evil spirit." 4. How did he show his power as the Son of God? "He cast out the demon." 5. What was the effect upon the populace? "They spread his fame through Galilee." 6. What is the Golden Text? "He taught them," etc.

**DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.**—The supreme authority of Christ.

**CATECHISM QUESTION.**

Where is he said to sanctify the heart and life?

Galatians 5, ver. 22, 23.—The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, kindness, goodness, faithfulness, meekness, temperance.

**SUNDAY-SCHOOL SCHOLARS IN JAPAN.**

BY F. B. H.

Boys and girls who go to Sunday-school in Japan wear the same kind of dress, cut and made in the same way; but the girls always have some red about them, while boys never wear this colour. All go bareheaded, and some of the boys and girls have their hair cut in very odd ways. Many shave off all the hair except a little patch on the top of the head, while others have hair all over except on top. They wear low white socks with a different place for the big toe, just as Canadian children have a separate place for the thumb in the mittens worn in winter. Over these socks, when on the street, the Japanese children put on straw or wooden shoes. The straw ones have nothing but soles, held to the feet by strings passing between the big toe and the other toes. The wooden shoes are on stilts, and are used in muddy weather.

When the children reach the Sunday-school they all step out of their shoes and leave them at the door until they are ready to start home again. The floor is covered with straw mats about two inches thick.

The children sit on these mats with their feet under them. They can sit there for hours at a time without growing tired. The teacher sits on the floor too. The children are very quiet and well-behaved, and give very little trouble. They seem to like the Sunday-school and to be glad to learn, and are faithful in their attendance.

**THE DEEP-SEA DIVER.**

PERHAPS you are wondering what this strangely-dressed man is going to do. Well, I will tell you. He is getting ready to go down to the bottom of the sea, and his queer clothing is a diving-dress. It is not a very handsome suit of clothes, but it is quite expensive, costing about seven hundred dollars to rig out a young fellow who goes to call on the mermaids in their coral parlours. This suit consists of rubber pants and jacket, with a metal helmet with three small glass windows, protected by bars of brass. The boots have lead soles, and weigh about twenty pounds apiece, while the diver usually has about forty pounds more strapped to his breast and back to hold him down. The long line lying on the floor is a rubber hose which connects the back of the helmet with an air-pump, by means of which a constant supply of fresh air is driven down to the man while he is working on the bottom of the ocean. The line the man has in his left hand is a signal line, by which he communicates with the men on board the ship. Sea-diving is a very dangerous occupation. Very few divers can stand the great pressure of water on them longer than thirty minutes. It is said that one man worked forty-two minutes at a depth of two hundred and one feet, and this is believed to be the greatest feat of sea-diving known.



THE DEEP-SEA DIVER.

with the dog. Oh! no; not he. He sent the young man, who had already suffered so much, to gaol for being bitten.

"Ah! but," you say, "this young man did not keep out of the way of danger." Perhaps not; but how many who did keep out of the way were injured through him and the grog-shop! His little ones went supperless to bed in a cold garret; his poor wife wandered about the streets all night trying to find him, for she had no money, food, or fuel. His poor old mother wept bitter tears because of the disgrace of her son: So you see all three had to suffer through the grog-shop, although they went not at all in its way. So I think that it is wrong to license and wicked to sell, and that grog-shops should be chained with a Prohibition chain, and every man fined or sent to prison who would let one loose. What do you think about it?—*Nat. Temperance Leaflet.*

**DOGS THAT BITE SHOULD BE CHAINED.**

BY EDWARD CARSWELL.

Boy—"Will that dog bite?"  
Man—"If I let go, I guess you'll find out, unless you can run faster than he can."

Boy—"Then please don't let go, for I cannot run very fast, and I do not wish to be bitten."

Man—"That's your look-out. If you do not like dogs keep out of the way. I do like them, and I am not going without my dog because some people are afraid or get bitten."

Boy—"But your dog is savage!"  
Man—"Yes; I like cross dogs."

Well, at last the dog did get away from his master, and sprang at the boy, and tore his clothes, and bit him pretty severely before the man could get him away. Then the father of the boy had the owner arrested, and the judge ordered the dog to be shot and the owner fined.

Now, there are seven thousand licensed grog-shops in New York City alone, and each one is worse and does more harm than ten cross dogs.

And temperance people say, "We want these grog-shops chained up."

But the drinking people say, "No; we like grog-shops, and if you do not, keep out of their way."

But these grog-shops bite and tear—yes, and bite a great many who try very hard to keep out of the way.

Look at that mother. How sad she looks and how she weeps! She has been bitten by a grog-shop.

"What!" you say, "did she drink?"

Oh! no. She tried very hard to keep out of the way, but her son got into a saloon, and was bitten very badly, so that he was found insensible on the street, with his nose bleeding, his eyes black, and his Sunday clothes all spoiled. Then a policeman took him before a judge, and the judge said, "What have you been doing?" and the poor young man said, "I just drank some of the stuff that you licensed a man to sell, and it has bitten me very badly."

Then, I suppose, you think the judge ordered the grog-shop to be shut up, and the man who kept it to be fined, like he did

WHEN you have a number of duties to perform, always do the most disagreeable one first.

**A NEW CANADIAN BOOK.**

**Hill-Crest**

By Mrs. Flewellyn.

A book very much after the style of the "Pansy," "Elsie," and "Annie S. Swan" books. The plot is laid in New York State, and tells of the life struggles of a motherless family of four girls. Unselfish devotion, unselfish friendship, and unselfish religion are inculcated behind a romantic description of the loves and sorrows of family life.

The charming descriptions, the quaint character-sketches, the abundance of incident, combine to make this a book of pleasant reading. Its moral tone is much above the average of the fiction of the day. For this reason it will not only suit the hammock and the fireside, but will find a place in all public, private and Sunday-school libraries.

Cloth Extra, . . . . \$1.00

**WILLIAM BRIGGS,**

Methodist Book and Publishing House,  
Toronto.

C. W. COATES, MONTREAL.

S. F. HUESTIS, HALIFAX.