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PLEASANT HOURS

PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

VOL. XIV.]

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 1, 1894.

[No. 35.]

What Rum Will Do.

RUM will scorch and scar the brain;
Rum will mad the heart with pain;
Rum will bloat the flesh with fire,
And internal thirst inspire.

Rum will clothe with rags your back,
Make you walk a crooked track;
Change your meat to naked bones,
And to wrath your gentle tones.

Rum will rob the head of sense;
Rum will rob the purse of pence;
Rum will rob the mouth of food,
And the soul of heavenly good.

Rum the gaols with men will fill,
And the dungeon's gloomy cell;
It rouses passion's deadly hate,
And pours its curses o'er the State.

Rum the Christian's love will cool,
Make him break the Golden Rule;
Bind his soul in error's bands,
And to evil turn his hands.

CACTI.

THERE is something weird about cacti, and they seem peculiarly adapted to the surroundings. As a rule, they frequent desert places—rearing their strange shapes where almost no animal life exists. The tall cacti are the sentinels of the desert, and thrive in a burning heat that is deadly to every other form of vegetation. The visitor to Arizona or California is attracted by these giants, and often at night or as evening approaches they present a weird and mystical appearance rising out of a lifeless plain. Curiously enough, this apparently inhospitable cactus forms the home of several birds. One species often becomes decayed where a branch breaks off, and the hollow interior is laid open; into this a bird makes its way, and the hollow is soon lined with bits of grass, feathers and other material, in which the eggs are in time deposited and a family of young birds reared, protected by a most remarkable defence of spines and needles.

Many of the cacti afford similar protection to birds. In Southern California, especially in the San Gabriel Valley, a little bird makes a bag-like nest among the leaves or branches of a cactus. The opening is concealed, and approached by a small platform, while the interior is lined with the softest grasses and down from seeds. There the young family is safe from hawks and other enemies.

Many of the cacti have a great indirect economic value; thus the cochineal insect is nurtured in a species of *Opuntia*. In some localities vast plantations of this cactus are kept up for the sole purpose of rearing this insect for the trade, and are known as nopaleries. In one, over fifty thousand plants can be seen covered with the richly-hued insect known to science as *Coccus Cacti*.—*Californian Magazine*.

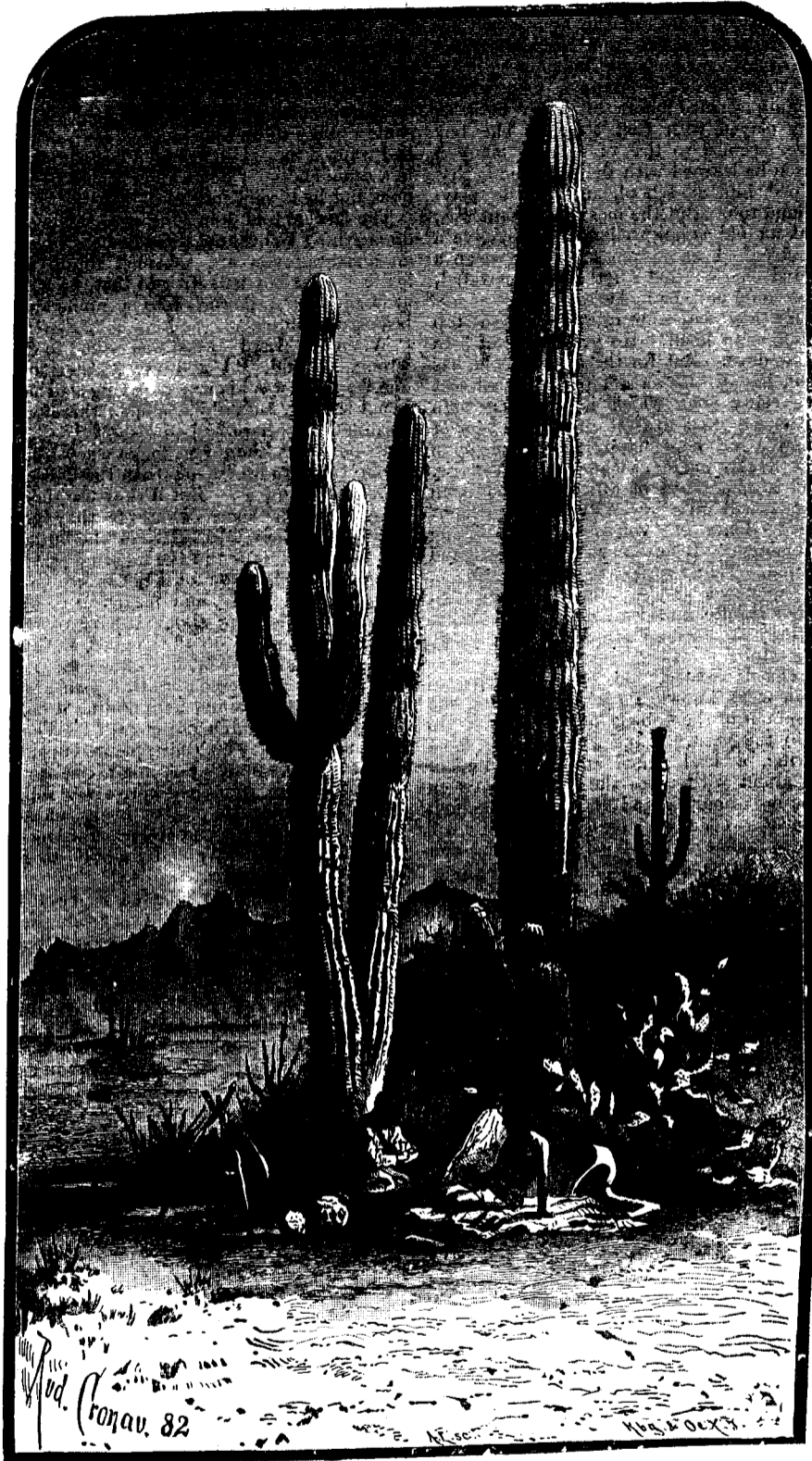
HOW MOLLIE LED HIM.

"O MISS WINSLOW, I do wish that I could help someone to be a Christian! It must be beautiful; but I never shall, I know," and Mollie sighed despondently.

"Why not?" asked Miss Winslow.

"Why, because I couldn't. I never could say anything, and what could I do to help anyone that way?"

"I do not know, Mollie. Perhaps none of us know just which acts of ours may help. We can only do 'ye next thyngs' faithfully, and leave the results to Him. It may be we should help all others more if we thought less of doing them good and more of being found faithful in that which is least as well as great. Strive earnestly



CACTI.

to do just as you think Christ would want you to do in everything, Mollie, and I feel sure some day you will find that you have helped someone."

"Mollie's merry face was unwontedly grave as she bade her Sunday-school teacher good-bye and went her own way alone. There were so many she wanted to help—her brother Tom particularly. She knew mamma and papa were anxious about him; he was beginning to like to go down the street evenings, and be round with fellows they did not like. O if she could only help him! But she couldn't; he would never pay any attention to her, she knew.

"Well," she thought rather sadly, "if I cannot help anyone, I will try to do as Miss Winslow said, though I think she is

mistaken. I could not possibly help anyone that way."

Just behind Mollie, unknown to her, was Tom.

"I wonder what the midget is thinking of," he said to himself. "She looks as sober as a deacon. Something to do with the silver cross business, I presume. It won't last long probably; still, the little puss is so sweet and earnest about it now, that it makes me feel ashamed of myself. I shouldn't like to have mother or her hear the boys talk sometimes," and Tom sighed more gloomily than Mollie had.

She had very little idea how closely her brother was watching her; she never dreamed that he saw her efforts to do every little duty faithfully. He was in the kitchen eating apples when she put

the oatmeal pail up only half clean, because she was in a hurry to get out with Annie Smith. He gave a little low whistle when he saw her hesitate, and then take it out and wash it clean. He knew in some way that she gave up going on a little picnic with the girls because she found mamma had planned to go away that day, and could not unless she stayed at home with Robby.

One afternoon when Tom and Mollie happened to be at home alone, Will and Clara Marshall, who lived across the street, came over to call. Will was at home from the city on his vacation, and both Tom and Mollie felt rather in awe of him.

"Tell you what it is," he said, presently, "let's have a game of cards to pass away the time. Play, don't you, Tom?"

Tom coloured and hesitated.

"I—know how a little," he said.

"All right! Come on, Mollie! We can show you how in a trice. I've some cards in my pocket."

Poor little Mollie! How her heart beat, and how she did wish that they had not wanted her to play. For one instant she hesitated. What harm could it do to play just once? Will would be sure to make fun of her if she did not, and it was so hard for her to be laughed at. Then she remembered her talk with Miss Winslow. She was to do everything just as she thought Christ would have her. That settled it. He would never have her do what she knew mamma would disapprove.

"I'm sorry, but I can't play cards, Will," she said, bravely. "Mamma does not like them."

Will looked up with a half laugh, but Tom stopped him.

"It is so, Will, and I ought to have been man enough to have said so myself; but if my little sister will brace me up, I'll try to be more courageous hereafter."

"I say, Mollie," said Tom when they were alone, "I want to try with you. Couldn't you take hold of my hands and help a fellow along a little?"

"O Tom!" sobbed Mollie. "I am so glad, but I couldn't help you. I would if I could."

"Well, you have, and just keep on, please," answered Tom rather huskily.

"You have made me ashamed of myself forty times a day. I haven't been just the kind of fellow I ought to be lately, but I'll turn over a new leaf if I can."

"I'm so thankful," said Mollie again; "but, Tom, you must ask God to help you, won't you?"

"Yes," whispered Tom, as he kissed Mollie and then ran off upstairs to his own room.

"O Miss Winslow," said Mollie next Sunday, "it don't seem possible, but Tom says I did really help him just by trying to do everything, even the little bits of things, faithfully, as you said. He says he wouldn't have paid any attention if I had tried to talk to him; but he watched me, and those things made him think I was really in earnest, and now he is trying. Oh, I just can't tell you how happy I am!"—*Zion's Herald*.

HOW MUCH FOR GOD.

A CITY missionary in Boston met a prominent business man on the streets who stopped him, saying: "I looked over my cash accounts and found this entry, 'pug terrier, \$10,' and in the next line, 'City Missions, \$5.' I haven't felt quite easy about the matter ever since, and hence give you \$5 more." It is well to review our personal expenditures and consider how they must look in the eye of God.

September.

ONCE more the liberal year laughs out,
O'er richer stores than gems or gold:
Once more with harvest song and shout
Is nature's bloodless triumph told.

Our common mother rests and sings,
Like Ruth among her garnered sheaves;
Her lap is full of goodly things,
Her brow is bright with autumn leaves.

Oh, favours every year made new!
Oh, gifts with rain and sunshine sent!
The bounty overruns our due,
The fulness shames our discontent.

We shut our eyes, the flowers bloom on,
We murmur, but the corn-ears fill;
We choose the shadow; but the sun
That casts it, shines behind us still.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 1, 1894.

THREE WORDS FROM THE LILIES.

BY REV. WILLIAM BURNET WRIGHT.

Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow.—
MATT. 6. 28.

THERE are three virtues which Jesus was endeavouring to teach when he told his disciples to consider the lilies. They are contentment, obedience, humility.

1. Flowers are not only very beautiful, but they always seem contented and glad. Did you ever think how little they have to make them so? They live on other people's leavings. The air gives them only what finer folks reject and call poison. When the birds and beasts have taken from the atmosphere all they want, the flowers, like poor Lazarus, desire what is left—the crumbs that fall from the rich man's table. Then, too, if there is any dreadful filth from the sewers or the barnyard, that men do not know how else to be rid of, they give it to the flowers; just as I have seen certain children send ragged clothes and broken toys to the Christmas poor-box. But the flowers are grateful, and though they cannot talk they blush with gratitude, pink or blue or yellow or white. Then the poor flower folks, out of these odds and ends that nobody else will have, make such splendid clothes for themselves as King Solomon could not get, though he had first choice of everything, and all the weavers and tailors and jewellers in the world to dress him.

Once there was a toy chariot in a shop window. It had two horses, a driver, and four people inside. It went by springs, and when it moved the horses pranced, the driver cracked his whip, and the people inside craned their necks to see what was the matter. There was a certain boy who thought he would be perfectly happy if he only had that chariot. He lounged for it, and talked about nothing else for weeks. At last Christmas came, and some-

one gave him a brown-paper parcel, tied with a long piece of pack-thread. It was the coveted chariot. The boy danced with delight as he tore open the paper and tossed the thread away. Wise auntie picked up the string from the floor and said, "May I have this?"

Not many evenings after, this boy was asking for something to play with. "Why don't you get your chariot?" "Oh, I'm sick and tired of that!" he replied. Then wise auntie took out of her bag the piece of pack-thread which he had flung away. She taught the owner of the chariot to play cat's-cradle with it. She told him the names of the figures as they appeared—triangles and parallelograms and squares. She taught him how to bring out new figures. Many a long winter evening seemed short to them both as they played with that string. The boy never seemed to tire of it, and many a lesson he learned with delight from it that helped him at school, and on the playground too. But the most important was, that an old string well used could give a hundredfold more pleasure than even a gilded chariot that all the boys coveted, that could only be looked at.

My boy had a beautiful Chinese top which spun itself. He grew tired of it in a few days. But for three seasons he has been happy with an old peg top that cost five cents, but which nobody can spin without a great deal of practice. I never knew a girl kept happy very long by a silk dress, made at the mantuamaker's, but to make one of calico with her own hands will give her real and permanent joy. Some of you may be studying geometry. It often seems tedious and stupid. That everlasting A, B, C=X, Y, Z, and two parallel lines between two other parallel lines are equal, etc. What if they are? Who cares? I'd rather fly my kite.

That is because you keep on trying to gain more knowledge without getting the good out of the knowledge you have. Go into the yard. Take a shingle, a short string, a lead pencil and a yard-stick. Find out with these the distance between the back-door sill and the top of the next house. When you have succeeded, you will enjoy geometry; you will understand that we could have no railroads, nor bridges, nor Atlantic cables, and could never learn how far it is to anywhere much beyond the ends of our noses if it were not for those stupid triangles and parallelograms.

Sometimes the Sunday-school lessons and even the sermons grow tedious, especially in summer. You get tired of hearing, "Blessed are the merciful." That, too, is because you don't use what you know. Carry that knowledge about mercy somewhere and use it. Try to be merciful in collecting beetles and butterflies. Try to catch trout without hurting them—you cannot do it with worms, but you can with a fly—and you will begin to enjoy the sermons.

So the first lesson in contentment is to get all the good out of things you have, before you wish for more things.

Flowers have no wings and no feet. They must stay in one place. Therefore they never do anything which they cannot do at home.

I will tell you a parable. A boy lived in the country. He was happy as the day was long. He played in the fields. He ran home at dinner and supper time, and told his mother everything he saw and everything he did. But one day he overheard the beasts talking together. The horses stood under a shady tree watching him, and he thought they said, "Poor boy, he has only two feet; how tired he must get!" But one old circus horse, which had been turned out to die, said, "Oh, no! He has four feet, but his mother whips him if he don't walk on his hind legs! I know how to pity him!"

While he listened, somehow the boy began to feel ashamed. So he got down on his hands and knees, and tried to walk that way. He was very tired when he reached home. But though his mother asked him how his trousers got so muddy and torn, he only hung his head and would not tell.

One evening he was quite late from going on all fours. The bats were flying about, and he heard them saying, "Poor boy, he has to spend the best part of the time in bed. At night when it is so

splendid to be out, he has to be shut up." The next day he heard the crows, that steal corn and eat carrion, cawing, "Poor boy, he has to eat cooked corn and tough fresh meat! How his jaws must ache!" Thus he began to pity himself, and think he was very wretched, and that his mother meant to make him miserable. So he stayed out nights and ate carrion. He grew peaked from never walking upright, and from getting scared so often in the darkness, and from the dreadful carrion, which he smoked and chewed and drank; but when his mother asked him what ailed him, he would not tell. He went to the owl about it, who looked so wise. She said his trouble all came of too much sunlight, and he must put out his eyes, or he would never be any better. So he put out his eyes. He came no more to church or Sunday-school. He could not see to find his mother, even if he had wanted to. He was seen last Sunday in a dram-shop. I don't know where he is now, but he is very forlorn.

The flowers told him long ago, "Never do anything you cannot do at home. Never do anything you are ashamed to do at home." If a boy will stick to that, he will grow up like a flower, into a noble and beautiful man.

When the Lord Jesus was asked to do wrong, he said, "I and my Father are one." This was his way of saying "That is not the way they do at home; therefore I cannot do so here."

If boys use their feet to get away from home, they are worse off than the flowers which have no feet. But if they use them to carry their home wherever they go, they are far more blessed than the fairest flowers. The flowers have no tongues. I do not mean that you must not talk. God has given us tongues, and means us to use them. But let the silent beauty of the flowers teach us to do all the good we can, and make no fuss about it. Never be in a hurry to tell people you are Christians, but act so that they cannot help finding it out.

Did you ever watch beans grow? They come up as if they had been planted upside down. Each appears carrying the seed on top of his stalk, as if they were afraid folks would not know they were beans, unless they told them immediately. But most flowers wait patiently and humbly to be known by their fruits.

Sometimes boys get laughed at because they think they must tell everybody they are Christians. They talk about their piety, and never show it in any other way. But no boy gets laughed at for being a Christian; for being true, and brave, and kind, and humble, and pure, like the Lord Jesus.

Consider the flowers, and see if you can read, with the help of this sermon, the words written on their leaves—"Contentment, obedience, humility."

SAY thou art the set of sun,
"Is there ought I've left undone
That I might have done to-day?"
Then Love's sweet impulse obey,
And go to do it right away;
Nor to-morrow's dawn await,
Lest to-morrow be too late.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

TRY to behave so that you will not need to explain and apologize; try to make friends with boys and girls of excellent reputation; be industrious and kind; read books of unquestionable literary and moral excellence; be cleanly in your habits; be respectful and kind to the aged; so far as possible study into the reason why, both in mechanical inventions and moral and religious teachings.

EVERY girl wants to be beautiful, and so she may. Where do you think beauty begins—on the skin? No, in the heart. And no matter how fair the skin, how soft the eye, how regular the features and bright the colour, if there is anything unlovely in the soul it will show through and spoil all the beauty of face. You may try to hide it but you cannot; in unguarded moments, in a tone, a look, an act, it will reveal itself. Whatever is ugly in the heart—pride, selfishness, anger, envy—will sooner or later be written on the face. Get Jesus to make and keep your hearts clean and kindly, and the beauty he puts in them will shine through in your faces.

HUNTED AND HARRIED.

A Tale of the Scottish Covenanters.

BY R. M. BALLANTYNE.

CHAPTER VIII.—BOTHWELL BRIDGE.

MATTERS had now come to such a pass that it was no longer possible to defer the evil day of civil war.

There were two elements of weakness among the Covenanters in 1679 which rendered all their efforts vain, despite the righteousness of their cause. One was that they were an undisciplined body, without appointed and experienced officers; while their leader, Robert Hamilton, was utterly unfitted by nature as well as training for a military command. The other weakness was, that the unhappy differences of opinion among them as to lines of duty, to which we have before referred, became more and more embittered, instead of being subordinated to the stern necessities of the hour.

After Drumclog, Hamilton led his men to Glasgow to attack the enemy's headquarters there. He was repulsed, and then retired to Hamilton, where he formed a camp.

The Privy Council meanwhile called out the militia, and ordered all the heritors and freeholders to join with the regulars in putting down the insurrection. A good many people from all quarters had joined the Covenanters after the success at Drumclog; but it is thought that their numbers never exceeded 4,000. The army which prepared to meet them under the command of the Duke of Monmouth and Buccleuch was said to be 10,000 strong—among them were some of the best of the King's troops.

The Duke was anxious to delay matters, apparently with some hope of reconciliation. Many of the Covenanters were like-minded; and it is said that Mr. Welsh visited the royal camp in disguise, with a view to a peaceful solution; but the stern spirits in both camps rendered this impossible. Some from principle, others from prejudice, could not see their way to a compromise; while the unprincipled on either side "cried havoc, and let slip the dogs of war!"

It was on Sabbath the 22nd of June, that the Duke's army reached Bothwell Moor; the advanced guards entering Bothwell town within a quarter of a mile of the bridge which spans the Clyde. The Covenanters lay encamped on Hamilton Moor, on the southern side of the river.

That morning a company of stalwart young men coming from the direction of Edinburgh, had crossed Bothwell Bridge before the arrival of the royal army and joined the Covenanters. They were preceded by two men on horseback.

"It seems a daft-like thing," said one horseman to the other as they traversed the moor, "that the likes o' me should be ridin' to battle like a lord, instead o' trudgin' wi' the men on fuff; but, man, it's no' easy to walk far efter wearin' a ticht-fittin' butt—though it was only for a wee while I had it on. It's a verra weel for you, Wull, that's oor electit captain, an' can sit yer horse like a markis; but as for me, I'll slip off an' fecht on my legs when it comes to that."

"There's no military law, Andrew, against fighting on foot," returned the captain, who, we need scarcely say, was Will Wallace; "but if you are well advised you'll stick to the saddle as long as you can. See, yonder seems to be the headquarters of the camp. We will report our arrival, and then see to breakfast."

"Ay—I'll be thankfu' for a bite o' something, for I'm famished; an' there's a proverb, I think, that says it's ill fechtin' on an empty stamack. It seems to me there's less order an' mair noise yonder than befits a camp o' serious men—especially on a Sabbath morning."

"The same thought occurred to myself," said Wallace. "Perhaps they have commenced the services, for you know there are several ministers among them."

"Mair like disputation than services," returned the farmer with a grave shake of his head.

Finding that Andrew was correct, and that the leaders of the little army were wasting the precious moments in irrelevant controversy, the Edinburgh contingent turned aside and set about preparing a hasty breakfast. This reinforcement included Quentin Dick, Jock Bruce, David Spence, and Ramblin' Peter; also Tam Chanter, Edward Gordon, and Alexander McCubine, who had been picked up on the march.

Of course, while breaking their fast they discussed the pros and cons of the situation freely.

"If the King's troops are as near as they

are reported to be," said Wallace, "our chances of victory are small."

"I fear ye're richt," said Black. "It becomes Ignorance to haul its tongue in the presence o' Knowledge, nae doot—an' I confess to bein' as ignorant as a bairn o' the art o' war; but common sense seems to say that haverin' about theology on the eve o' a fecht is no sae wise-like as disposin' yer men to advantage. The very craws might be ashamed o' sic a noise!"

Even while he spoke a cry was raised that the enemy was in sight; and the confusion that prevailed before became redoubled as the necessity for instant action arose. In the midst of it, however, a few among the more sedate and cool-headed leaders did their best to reduce the little army to something like order, and put it in battle array. There was no lack of personal courage. Men who had, for the sake of righteousness, suffered the loss of all things, and had carried their lives in their hands for so many years, were not likely to present a timid front in the hour of battle. And leaders such as John Nisbet of Hardhill, one of the most interesting of sufferers in the twenty-eight years' persecution; Clelland, who had fought with distinguished courage at Drumlog; and John Balfour of Burley—such men were able to have led a band of even half-disciplined men to victory if united under a capable general. But such was not to be. The laws of God, whether related to physics or morals, are inexorable. A divided army cannot conquer. They had assembled to fight; instead of fighting they disputed, and that so fiercely that two opposing parties were formed in the camp, and their councils of war became arenas of strife. The drilling of men had been neglected, officers were not appointed, stores of ammunition and other supplies were not provided, and no plan of battle was concerted. All this, with incapacity at the helm, resulted in overwhelming disaster and the sacrifice of a body of brave, devoted men. It afterwards intensified persecution, and postponed constitutional liberty for many years.

In this state of disorganization the Covenanters were found by the royal troops. The latter were allowed quietly to plant their guns and make arrangements for the attack.

But they were not suffered to cross Bothwell Bridge with impunity. Some of the bolder spirits, leaving the disputants to fight with tongue and eye, drew their swords and advanced to confront the foe.

"It's every man for himself here," remarked Andrew Black indignantly, wiping his mouth with his cuff, as he arose from the meal which he was well aware might be his last. "The Lord has mercy on the poor Covenanters, for they're in sair straits this day. Come awa', Will Wallace—lead us on to battle."

Our hero, who was busily forming up his men, needed no such exhortation. Seeing that there was no one in authority to direct his movements, he resolved to act "for his own hand." He gave the word to march, and set off at a quick step for the river, where the fight had already begun. Soon he and his small band were among those who held the bridge. Here they found Hackston, Hall, Turnbull, and the lion-like John Nisbet, each with a small band of devoted followers sternly and steadily defending what they knew to be the key to their position. Distributing his men in such a way among the coppices on the river's bank that they could assail the foe to the greatest advantage without unnecessarily exposing themselves, Wallace commenced a steady fusillade on the King's footguards, who were attempting to storm the bridge. The Covenanters had only one cannon and about 300 men with which to meet the assault; but the gun was effectively handled, and the men were staunch.

On the central arch of the old bridge—which was long and narrow—there stood a gate. This had been closed and barricaded with beams and trees, and the parapets on the farther side had been thrown down to prevent the enemy finding shelter behind them. These arrangements aided the defenders greatly, so that for three hours the gallant 300 held the position in spite of all that superior discipline and numerous guns could do. At last, however, the ammunition of the defenders began to fail.

"Where did ye tether my horse?" asked Will Wallace, addressing Peter, who acted the part of aide-de-camp and servant to his commander.

"Ayont the hoose there," replied Peter, who was crouching behind a tree-stump.

"Jump on its back, lad, and ride to the rear at full speed. Tell them we're running short of powder and ball. We want more men, too, at once. Haste ye!"

"Ay, an' tell them frae me, that if we lose the brig we lose the day," growled Andrew Black, who, begrimed with powder, was busily loading and firing his musket from behind a thick bush, which, though an admirable

screen from vision, was a very poor protection from bullets, as the passage of several leaden messengers had already proved. But our farmer was too much engrossed with present duty to notice trifles!

Without a word, except his usual "Ay," Ramblin' Peter jumped up and ran to where his commander's steed was picketed. In doing so he had to pass an open space, and a ball striking his cap sent it spinning into the air; but Peter, like Black, was not easily affected by trifles. Next moment he was on the back of Will's horse—a great, long-legged chestnut—and flying towards the main body of Covenanters in rear.

The bullets were whistling thickly past him. One of these, grazing some tender part of his steed's body, acted as a powerful spur, so that the alarmed creature flew over the ground at racing speed, much to the rider's satisfaction. When they reached the lines, however, and he attempted to pull up, Peter found that the great tough-mouthed animal had taken the bit in his teeth and bolted. No effort that his puny arm could make availed to check it. Through the ranks of the Covenanters he sped wildly, and in a short time was many miles from the battle-field. How long he might have continued his involuntary retreat is uncertain, but the branch of a tree brought it to a close by sweeping him off his saddle. Quarter of an hour later an old woman found him lying on the ground insensible, and with much difficulty succeeded in dragging him to her cottage.

From that time forward they galloped about the moor, slaying remorselessly all whom they came across.

The gentle-spirited Monmouth, seeing that the victory was gained, gave orders to cease the carnage; but Claverhouse paid no attention to this. He was like the man-eating tigers,—having once tasted blood he could not be controlled, though Monmouth galloped about the field doing his best to check the savage soldiery.

Speaking to Monmouth about his conduct Charles said, "If I had been present there should have been no trouble about prisoners." To which Monmouth replied, "If that was your wish, you should not have sent me, but a butcher!"

In the general flight Black, owing to his lame leg, stumbled over a bank, pitched on his head, and lay stunned. Quentin Dick, stooping to succour him, was knocked down from behind, and both were captured. Fortunately Monmouth chanced to be near them at the time and prevented being slaughtered on the spot, like so many of their countrymen, of whom it is estimated that upwards of four hundred men were slain in pursuit that succeeded the fight—many of them being men of the neighbourhood, who had not been present on the actual field of battle at all. Among others Wallace's uncle, David Spence was killed. Twelve hundred, it is said, laid down their arms and surrendered at discretion.

(To be continued.)



JESUS AND NICODEMUS.—John 3. 1-16.

Meanwhile the tide of war had gone against the Covenanters. Whatever may be said of Hamilton, unquestionably he did not manage the fight well. No ammunition or reinforcements were sent to the front. The stout defenders of the bridge were forced to give way in such an unequal conflict. Yet they retired fighting for every inch of the ground. Indeed, instead of being reinforced they were ordered to retire; and at last, when all hope was gone, they reluctantly obeyed.

"Noo this bates a'!" exclaimed Black in a tone of ineffable disgust, as he ran to the end of the bridge, clubbed his musket, and laid about him with the energy of despair. Will Wallace was at his side in a moment; so was Quentin Dick. They found Balfour and Hackston already there; and for a few moments these men even turned the tide of battle, for they made an irresistible dash across the bridge, and absolutely drove the assailants from their guns, but, being unsupported, were compelled to retire. If each had been a Hercules, the gallant five would have had to succumb before such overwhelming odds. A few minutes more and the Covenanters were driven back. The King's troops poured over the bridge and began to form on the other side.

Then it was that Graham, of Claverhouse, seeing his opportunity, led his dragoons across the bridge and charged the main body of the Covenanters. Undisciplined troops could not withstand the shock of such a charge. They quickly broke and fled; and now the battle was changed to a regular rout.

"Kill! kill!" cried Claverhouse; "no quarter!"

His men needed no such encouragement.

cles"—These were intended to be, as Nicodemus regarded them, evidences of the divine mission of Jesus.

3. "Jesus answered"—Answered Nicodemus's thought. "Born again"—An entirely new life must begin in him. "The kingdom of God"—Nicodemus thought he was a citizen of that kingdom by right of birth. Jesus tells him that, to be God's heir, he must have a higher birthright than any that Abraham could give.

5. "Verily, verily"—A term used by our Lord for emphasis. "Born of water and of the Spirit"—A man must begin a new life in the sight of others by publicly acknowledging and confessing his sin, and a new life in the sight of God by having the Spirit of God work a direct change in his character.

7. "Marvel not"—Wonder not.

8. "Canst not tell whence"—Just where it comes from and just how far its forces will extend the most advanced science cannot tell. "So is every one"—Such is the case of every one. We feel the Spirit of God as we feel and hear the wind, but it is incomprehensible to us.

10. "Art thou a master"—A teacher, which is the old sense of the word, retained by us in "schoolmaster" and "master of arts."

11. "We . . . we . . . we"—The ambassadors of God.

12. "Earthly things . . . heavenly things"—The conversion of a man on earth is hard to comprehend, but what of eternal spiritual activity?

13. "The Son of man"—A term used in the Old Testament which Jesus was fond of applying to himself. "Heaven"—Spiritual conditions.

14. "Must"—The atoning sacrifice of Christ was a necessity. "He lifted up"—Nicodemus may not have understood that this was a prophecy of the death of Christ.

15. "Whosoever"—Nicodemus would have said, "What Jew soever."

16. "Everlasting life."—The life of the soul.

HOME READINGS.

- M. Jesus and Nicodemus.—John 3. 1-16.
- Tu. The brazen serpent.—Num. 21. 4-9.
- W. Natural and spiritual.—Rom. 8. 1-11.
- Th. A new creature.—2 Cor. 5. 14-21.
- F. A new heart.—Ezek. 36. 22-27.
- S. Life by faith.—John 6. 28-40.
- Su. Mighty love.—Rom. 8. 31-39.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Where in this lesson are we taught—

1. The meaning of miracles?
2. The need of being born again?
3. The blessedness of being born again?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What did Jesus say to Nicodemus? "Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God." 2. How did he say a man must be born again? "Of water and of the Spirit." 3. Like what did Jesus say is the working of the Spirit? "Like the wind, which bloweth where it listeth." 4. To what did Jesus compare his own death for mankind? "To Moses lifting up the serpent in the wilderness." 5. What is the Golden Text? "God so loved," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Regeneration.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

What was the Spirit's work of inspiration? He moved and guided the writers of the Bible, so that they truly recorded the truth of God.

What was the Spirit's work as to the person of Jesus? He brought into being the human nature of our Lord, so that he was born without sin; and gave to him as the Christ—or the Anointed—wisdom and grace without measure for his redeeming work.

WHAT A BOY CAN DO.

In a small village an elderly lady, who is a diligent and faithful worker in the church, distributes tracts on Sunday afternoon, and frequently takes her little grandson with her. In going her rounds she sometimes meets several young men on the sidewalks smoking their cigars or pipes, to whom she always gave tracts. One Sunday the little boy gave one of them, with the following advice: "Don't throw it away, nor light your pipe with it, but read it." Some time after a young man arose in the fellowship meeting, and said he was converted by reading a tract given to him on the street by an elderly lady, or rather by a little boy she had with her. By small means God sometimes accomplishes great results. "In the morning sow thy seed, in the evening withhold not thy hand, for thou knowest not whether shall prosper this or that, or both may be alike prosperous; trying all means, if by any we may save some."

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF OUR LORD.

A.D. 28.] LESSON XI. [Sept. 9.

JESUS AND NICODEMUS.

John 3. 1-16. Memory verses, 1-3.

GOLDEN TEXT.

God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.—John 3. 16.

OUTLINE.

1. The Need of the New Birth, 1. 1-3.
2. The Mystery of the New Birth, v. 4-12.
3. The Author of the New Birth, v. 13-16.

TIME.—A.D. 27 or 28.

PLACE.—Jerusalem.

RULERS.—Herod in Galilee; Pilate in Judaea.

CONNECTING LINKS.—This conversation was held soon after the last lesson, while Jesus was still in Jerusalem.

EXPLANATIONS.

1. "A ruler"—A member of the Sanhedrin, a body which consisted of priests, rabbis, and elders.
2. "By night"—Perhaps for fear of the Jews; perhaps to avoid interruption. "Rabbi"—A term of respectful courtesy. "Mira-



IN SUMMER.

Summer.

SUMMER is in the air, odours are everywhere; Idle birds are singing loud and clear; Brooks are babbling over; heads of crimson clover On the edges of the field appear, All the meadow blazes with buttercups and daisies, And the very hedges are tangles of perfume: Butterflies go brushing, all their plumage crushing, In among this wilderness of bloom. The thorn-flower bursts its sheath, the bramble hangs a wreath, The blue-eyed grasses beckon to the sun, While gipsy pimpernel waits, eager to foretell When rainy clouds are gathering one by one. The very world is blushing, is carolling and gushing Its heart out in a melody of song, While simple weeds seem saying, in grateful transport playing, "Unto Him our praises all belong."

WHY BOYS SHOULD NOT SMOKE.

THE use of tobacco is expensive. Money paid out for the filthy weed is worse than wasted. Think of it, one billion of dollars spent every year, and for what? To degrade men mentally, morally and physically. We said to a young man of twenty-one, one evening, referring to the young lady to whom he was engaged. "Are you going to take Mary to hear Gough to-night?" "No. I cannot afford it. The tickets are fifty cents." "How many cigars do you smoke in a day?" "Never more than two." "And you pay—" "Ten cents apiece for them. I like a good one." "Twenty cents a day for five days is just one dollar."

The money expended upon tobacco would not only enable young men to enjoy innocent amusements and give pleasure to those they love, but would beautify their homes, furnish them with libraries, and enable them to save against a day of adversity or need. Franklin's maxim: "A penny saved is two pence earned," is never more true than when used in connection with such a useless article as tobacco.

The weed is not only expensive, it is excessively disagreeable to refined people. The defiled breath, the polluted air of a room where smokers have been, the smell of stale tobacco on the clothing of those who use it, is a positive pain to those who dislike it, and who are rendered faint and dizzy by the odour.

Many who are the victims of tobacco, and indulge in its use in the presence of women and children, and non-smokers, might be surprised to hear themselves designated as thieves, but they certainly deprive others of a gift which they have no right to purloin. Neal Dow says: "Men whose moral sense is dulled by the tobacco habit do not even consider that people have a right to the pure, fresh air, so important to their comfort and health, and they poison it with tobacco smoke. The pure air is as much their right as the purse in their pockets; and the forcibly taking it away by the tobacco smoker is as much stealing in the moral sense, as picking the pocket."

Then tobacco is a poison, just as surely as strychnine or arsenic. It is more dangerous than either of these, because its baneful influence is not so quickly felt. But it enfeebles the body, weakens the memory, dims the sight, impairs the taste and the smell, deadens the nerves, deranges the digestion, tends to insanity, and used excessively, causes terrible diseases. We know one man who from constant use of tobacco, suffered agonies from a cancer on the tongue, and he died a lingering, horrible death. One man, a great smoker and

chewer, smoked fifty cigars, for which he paid seventeen cents apiece, in less than a week. He not only burned up \$8.50, but was prostrated by a disease similar in character to *delirium tremens*. Tobacco not only injures the body and deadens the sensibilities and blunts the moral sense, but it is the primary cause of the death of thousands of persons every year. A young man only nineteen years of age, stood, one Saturday evening in Schenectady, on a bridge, looking into the abyss below, and laughing and talking with a friend. He was offered a chew of tobacco, and accepted it. In a few moments he became dizzy, and turning to go home, lost his balance, and fell a distance of many feet to the rock below. He was carried home, but never recovered consciousness, and died the victim of a single chew of tobacco.

Boys, never begin the habit which is sure to result in some evil, and may cause you a sorrow which shall be everlasting.

I have lived more than four-score years and never used tobacco in any form, and I am better physically, morally and spiritually without it.

A YOUNG MAN'S FRIEND.

BIRDS AND BUGS.

BOGS kill the plants, birds kill the bugs, but boys kill the birds. Then the bugs multiply; for the birds cannot keep them down; and then the boys and the men have to spend their time killing bugs, or lose their crops. The Lord has arranged this world very wisely, and if men do not meddle with it too much it runs very well; but when they interfere with the Lord's arrangements they are sure to have a great amount of trouble.

We knew a little boy who saw an old-fashioned clock, the weights of which were tin cylinders filled with sand; and on top of one of them lay a little piece of lead. The boy did not see the use of that lead, and so pocketed it and went off. But the clock would not go right; for the weight was not heavy enough. The lead had been put on to make up for the lack of weight. The boy did not know enough to let things alone; but he was speedily found out, and taught a useful lesson. Many little things which we do are far reaching in their results; therefore, we should be very careful how we meddle with things which do not concern us, or try to interfere with things which we do not in the least understand. Let the little birds alone.

WHAT BOYS SHOULD LEARN.

NOT to tease girls or boys smaller than themselves.

NOT to take the easiest chair in the room, put it in the pleasantest place, and forget to offer it to mother when she comes to sit down.

TO treat their mother as politely as if she were a stranger lady who did not spend her life in their service.

TO be as kind and helpful to their sisters as they expect their sisters to be to them.

TO make their friends among good boys. To take pride in being a gentleman at home.

TO take their mothers into their confidence if they do anything wrong, and, above all, never to lie about anything they have done.

TO make up their minds not to learn to smoke, chew, or drink, remembering that these things cannot be unlearned, and that they are terrible drawbacks to good men and necessities to bad ones.

TO remember that there never was a vagabond without these habits.

TO observe all these rules and they are sure to be gentlemen.

Good Enough.

DEAR boys, I want to give you, A motto safe and good; 'Twill make your lives successful If you heed it as you should. Whatever you are told to do, Obey it in the letter— Don't say a thing is good enough, Till it can be no better.

And whether at your lessons, Or at your daily work, Don't be a half-way dabbler— Don't slip aside and shirk, And think it doesn't matter That such talk is "trash" and "stuff," For until your task is perfect, It is never "good enough."

If your work is in the school-room, Make every lesson tell; No matter what you mean to be, Build your foundation well. Every knotty point and problem That you bravely master now Will increase your skill to labour With the pen or with the plough.

Is you sweep a store or stable Be sure you go behind Every box and bale and counter; It will pay, you'll always find, To be careful, patient, thorough, Though the work be hard and rough; And when you've done your very best, 'Twill then be good enough."

—A little girl asked her mother, "Is Jesus like anyone I know?" We ought to be able to find resemblances to Christ among his followers.

—School Board Inspector: "Haven't you a son named John Williams, Mrs. Timmins?" Mrs. Timmins: "Yes." S. B. I.: "Then why doesn't he come to school?" Mrs. T.: "'Cause he's been in California this three and twenty years."

—"I am very sorry to learn your mother is ill," said the sympathizing teacher to the little girl who had come in late. "Is she sick a-bed?" "Not quite," replied the truthful child, "She's just sick a-sofa."

A HARMONY of the GOSPELS

BEING THE LIFE OF JESUS IN THE WORDS OF THE FOUR EVANGELISTS.

ARRANGED BY W. H. WITHROW, D.D., F.R.S.C. From the Revised Version of the New Testament.

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