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PLEASANT HOURS

PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XIV.]

TORONTO, AUGUST 25, 1894.

[No. 34.]

JERUSALEM.

To look upon a corner gray wall stretching along a rocky foundation, with one massive square tower in sight; to find yourself suddenly in a crowded and noisy space, among rude and springless carriages, groups of munching and moaning camels, self-occupied and serious donkeys coming and going on all sides, and the general area filled with an ever-changing, ever-multiplying crowd in every kind of picturesque and strange costume; to enter through the momentary darkness of the gate, grateful in the midst of the dazzling sunshine, into the street thronged and noisy as the square outside, through which it is difficult to push your way, a little tired by your journey, a

relieved against a low green hill, which forms the background of the whole picture; while other domes, and tall, straight, slim minarets, and glimpses of façades and doorways fill up the many varying lines of the town before us. And is that indeed the Mount of Olives? We look at it with the water rising to our eyes in a sudden rush; we identify it with a strange, indescribable thrill of recognition, which indicates a sacred spot that we have known all our lives. There are walls and storied buildings which may have come into being since that day. But there it is sure that he must have walked, there mused and prayed and rested under the sunshine, and when the stars came out over Jerusalem.

endless little domes and level lines of gray-white. There is, perhaps, nothing more striking in all the after-views of Jerusalem than this first glimpse.

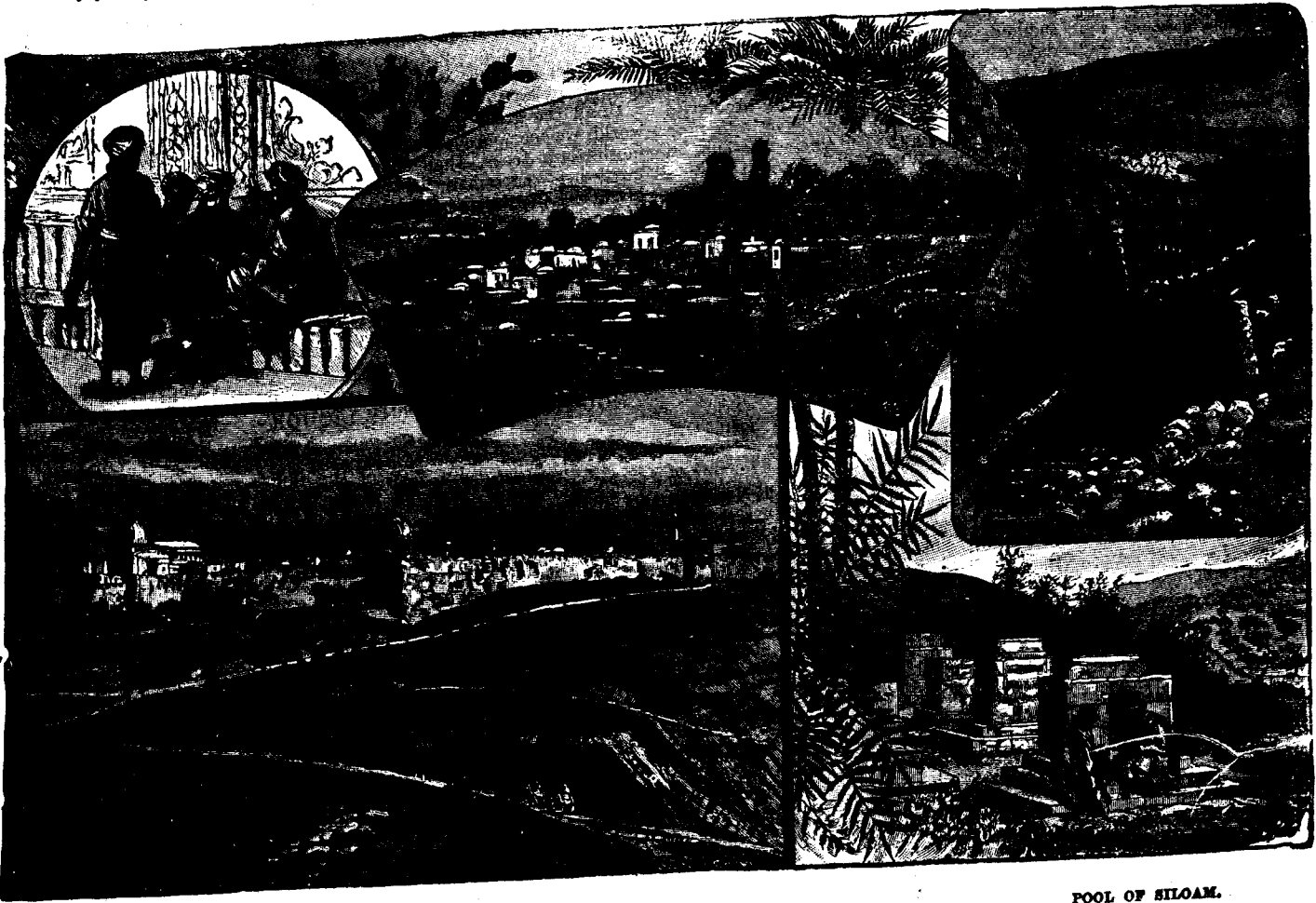
The octagonal building is the famous Mosque of Omar, occupying the centre of the platform, walled and strong, which once was occupied by Solomon's Temple—the centre of religious life, the constant haunts of those pilgrims of the old world, who came from all quarters of the land to keep the feast at Jerusalem. It brings a chill to the heart of the pilgrim to-day to find that shadow of another worship and faith occupying such a place in the very heart of this wonderful scene.

And it is something of a downfall to go

of impaling insects and small birds on the points of twigs and thorns.

Mr. G. H. Ragsdale, of Gainesville, Texas, a reader of the *Visitor*, a friend of the little people, and one of the keenest observers of birds we know, sends us the following interesting items concerning the butcher-bird:

"I once surprised one while making a meal off a Lapland long-spur. Having spitted his game on a dead twig of a hackberry-tree, he perched himself on a branch underneath the long-spur, and stripped the flesh down with his beak, swinging on to his support like grim death. The introduction of barbed wire is quite a convenience to the shrikes in some parts of the



JEWISH INTERIOR.

WALLS OF JERUSALEM.

BETHANY.

AROUND ABOUT JERUSALEM.

POOL OF SILOAM.

TOMBS WITHOUT THE WALLS.

little anxious about the accommodation provided for you, a little, or more than a little, awed by the sense of what this place is, which at last, after so many thoughts and anticipations of it, you have attained—and then to step out suddenly without warning and find yourself upon the terrace of your lodging, the house-top of all Eastern story and description, looking into the very heart of Jerusalem, is a sensation which can come but once in his life to the most indefatigable traveller.

If it were not an hotel but some hospice or religious house, such as are still to be found, the effect would be perfect. And it is to be said for the Mediterranean (which by this time is a hotel no longer) that it is as little like an inn in the modern sense of the word as can be conceived. From the house-top we look down upon the pool of Hezekiah, lying a square mirror at our feet, surrounded by houses, and their reflection in its still surface—while beyond stands full before us, upon its platform, an octagonal building, with its dome sharply

I cannot think of any sensation more strangely touching, solemn and real. The sight of the Mount of Olives is like the sudden sight of a never-doubted, always recognizable friend. We never thought we should have lived to see it, yet there it stands as we knew it would, as we have always known, held green and unchangeable in the soft keeping of nature. The stones can be cast down so that no one shall stand on another, but nothing can overthrow the gentle slopes, the sacred hill.

The Holy Sepulchre is also in sight from this wonderful point of vision, and many other places of interest, yet nothing that touches the heart of the spectator with this sudden sense of recognition, of satisfaction and tender awe. Among the buildings on the other side, stands rooted up high among the mason work, a solitary palm tree, which has no story or association, yet it comes into the landscape with a curious individuality, as of a half-alien spectator gazing across the house-tops, with their

down afterward into the very common, not to say vulgar, life of a hotel, which has a *table d'hôte* with a number of very ordinary people around it, and where we are obliged to withdraw our thoughts to very commonplace matters—such as getting comfortable places and securing the eye of a hurried and anxious waiter.

THE BUTCHER-BIRD.

A BOLD, bad fellow he is—this same shrike. It feeds on insects, especially grasshoppers and crickets, but it also attacks and kills small birds, which it tears apart and swallows in large pieces. It pitches downward like a hawk with closed wings on the back of its victim, which it instantly strikes on the head, tearing open its skull. It is so bold that it often enters apartments where pet birds are kept, and attempts to seize them from the cages. It has the singular propensity

South-western States, and they seem to prefer the barbs to thorns, although both are used. My children find it convenient to strip off grasshoppers from the wire along the school-road, to feed to their mocking-bird. In October, 1884, I was passing an outpost, and counted seventy-five bugs, all alike, and evidently impaled that day, many being still alive. Five grasshoppers were stuck on the same fence."

"Well, Aunt Rachael," said the young lady in the travelling suit, "I shall have to bid you a long farewell." "If you're going on this train, ma'am," said the guard, signalling the driver to go ahead, "you'll have to make it pretty short."

—Little Dot.—I wonder why it is grown folks' noses get so thin and hooked when they grow old. Little Dick—Huh! Any-one might know why that is. It's to hold the spectacles.—*Good News.*

That Things Are No Worse, Sire.

From the time of our old revolution,
When we threw off the yoke of the king,
Has descended this phrase to remember,
To remember, to say, and to sing;
'Tis a phrase that is full of a lesson,
It can comfort and warm like a fire,
It can cheer us when days are the darkest:
"That things are no worse, O my Sire!"

"I was King George's prime minister said it;
To the king who had questioned in heat
What he meant by appointing thanksgiving,
In such times of ill-luck and defeat;
"What's the cause of your Day of Thanks-
giving,
Tell me, pray?" cried the king, in his ire;
Said the minister: "This is the reason—
That things are no worse, O my Sire!"

There has nothing come down in the story,
Of the answer returned by the king;
But I think on his throne he sat silent,
And confessed it a sensible thing.
For there's never a burden so heavy
That it might not be heavier still;
There is never so bitter a sorrow
That the cup could not fuller fill.
—Wide Awake.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, AUGUST 25, 1894.

THE MOTHER OF JESUS.

BY THE REV. W. CRAFTS.

MARY, the mother of Jesus, was born and brought up in a little village called Nazareth, in the country of Palestine. The houses were many of them eaves and dug-outs in the sides of the hills; and others were built like common stone walls of rough rocks, with mud for mortar, and dirt for carpets, with no windows, and only one low door, so that the houses looked like very large dog-kennels.

The people were most of them so ignorant and wicked that men in other parts of the country used to say: "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" Mary was one the poorest of these Nazarenes. We know this because there was a law in that country that the people who were too poor to bring a lamb to the Temple as an offering could bring two pigeons. Mary brought two pigeons; and so we know that she was very poor.

When I was in Nazareth, they showed me a cave in the rock, with three rooms in it, which they said was the house where Mary lived. If that is not the one, hers was doubtless no better. In the centre of the village there is a very old fountain, where the people get their water for drinking and washing. The women in that country do all the carrying of water. We saw a great many of them—young and old—coming to the fountain with jars as big as water buckets, which they filled with water and carried back on their heads to their homes. This is called the Virgin's

Fountain, because, many years ago, just in this way, the Virgin Mary used to come with the other barefooted girls, to carry home water for the family. Some of those we saw had quite pretty faces, which made us think how Mary might have looked. But there were no faces so beautiful and thoughtful as some of your mothers' and sisters' in this country, where we put knowledge into the heads of girls, instead of putting jars of water on them.

When Mary grew up to be a young woman, she was engaged to be married to a young carpenter named Joseph, who came to Nazareth from Bethlehem. Strangely enough, there is only one Jew in Nazareth to-day, and his name is Joseph, and he is a carpenter.

This Joseph, who was engaged to be married to Mary, was not an old man, as you often see him represented in pictures that are made by people who worship Mary instead of God, and who want to make people think that Joseph was not afterwards Mary's husband, but some old uncle. Before Mary and Joseph were married, however, an angel came to the cave or cot where Mary lived, and told her wonderful news—that she was to have the blessing that all Jewish women longed for, to be the mother of the promised Messiah—the mother of Jesus. She would be his mother, and he would have no human father. God would be his father, and he would be as mighty as God in the world. Some time after that, she had her donkey saddled, and rode bravely two or three days through the country to a little village in the hills of Judea, where her cousin Elizabeth lived, to tell her the wonderful tidings. They did not have telegraph wires and mails to send their messages in those times. When she had told the news to her cousin, God made a wonderful song to come from her lips, just as a fountain bubbles up on the side of a hill.

Some time after that, she went with Joseph to visit his old home at Bethlehem, where he had gone to pay his tax. But there were so many people there from the country to pay their taxes, that there was no room for Joseph and Mary in the hotel; and so they had to find shelter in the stable, which was a cave.

During the night Jesus was born, and Mary laid him in a little stone trough or manger, where the hay was kept for one of the cattle. Mary saw a beautiful star flash out in the sky, to show people far away that Jesus was born, and where he could be found. She heard the shepherds when they came from the hills a little way off, tell about the wonderful chorus of angels that had told them that the Saviour, Christ the Lord, was born in Bethlehem. A few days afterward, she saw the wise men from far, far away, coming to see the wonderful Child, and making gifts to him of beautiful caskets of gold and frankincense and myrrh; and she knew by all these signs and the promise of the angel, that Jesus was indeed the Son of God—the Saviour of the world.

I think the reason Jesus was born of a poor woman of wicked Nazareth was to show that he could save the most wicked people, and that he loved the poor as well as the rich. The reason why he came as a little babe in Bethlehem, I think, was to show that he was the Saviour of children as well as the older people, and even of the poorest children.

When Mary's babe was eight days old, she carried him to the temple to be circumcised and named Jesus, just as babes in these days are christened and named in the church. After this, to escape from Herod the king—who was trying to kill Jesus—Mary took him down into Egypt. After Herod died, they came back and lived at Nazareth. After Jesus was born, Joseph had become the husband of Mary, and they had other children in Nazareth.

When Jesus was twelve years old, his mother took him to the beautiful Temple at Jerusalem. When Jesus grew to be a man, and began to teach and heal the people, she was with him in Cana, when he did his first miracle. When he was crucified—

Mary stood the cross beside.

When the Holy Spirit came down upon the disciples at Pentecost, Mary was there with the rest.

Some people, who wickedly or ignorantly

worship Mary instead of God or the Saviour, tell a great many other stories about her, that are not true. I have told you in this five minutes all the true stories that are about Jesus' mother except one, and that is this: One day, when Jesus had a great multitude around him, and he was making all the sick people well in a minute, by speaking a word or touching them, and forgiving those who were sorry for their sins, and teaching them all how to be good, someone said to him: "Your mother and your brothers are waiting just outside the crowd, and want to say something to you."

Then Jesus said to the people, before going to see what his mother and his brothers wanted: "Whoever shall do the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is my brother and sister and mother." That means if anyone obeys the commands of God, to love him with all the heart, and to give up everything that is sinful, and to trust in Jesus as his precious Saviour, and to try to be more like him every day; if thus anyone does the will of God, Jesus loves him just as much as his brother or his sister or his mother. Jesus loved John, who leaned upon his bosom and so often walked with him, just as much as he loved the brothers that played with him in childhood. And he loves every man or boy who tries to be a Christian, just as much as he loved his brothers or his disciples. The Saviour loves your mother, if she is a Christian, just as much as he loved his own mother. Every girl may have as warm a place in the love of the Saviour as Mary did.

In all the great picture galleries of the world, we see more pictures of Mary, the mother of Jesus, than of anybody else; but let us remember that in heaven God gives the pictures of all who love him as high a place as that of Mary the blessed. All faithful mothers are pictured as true Madonnas in the gallery of heaven. Whoever shall do the will of the Father which is in heaven, the same is the brother and sister and mother of Jesus.

GOUGH'S IDEA OF THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

"I WILL tell you my idea of the liquor-traffic very briefly," said Mr. Gough: "God forgive me, I do not speak of it boastfully, for my sin is ever before me—seven years of my life was a dark blank. I know what the burning appetite for stimulants is; I know all about it. As I have sat by the bedside of dying drunkards, and have held their hands in mine, I have tried to lead them at the last gasp to the Saviour who never turned away any that came to him; and yet in the light of my own experience and the experience of others that I have received through my own observation, I could say, Father in heaven, if it be thy will that man shall suffer, whatsoever seemeth good in thy sight of temporal evil, impose it on me. Let the bread of affliction be given me to eat; take from me the friends of my old age; let the hut of poverty be my dwelling-place; let the wasting hand of disease be upon me; let me walk in the whirlwind, live in the storm; let the passing away of welfare be like the flowing of a stream, and the shouts of mine enemies like rain on the waters; when I speak good, let evil come on me—do all this, but save me, merciful God, save me from the bed of a drunkard! And yet, as I shall answer to thee in the day of judgment, I had rather be the veriest sot that ever reeled through our streets than I would be the man who sold him his liquor a month."—Independent.

FAITH ILLUSTRATED.

ONE of the simplest and best illustrations of "faith" which I remember to have seen is a story told by M. Theodore Monod. A Sunday-school teacher, when teaching his class on one occasion, left his seat and went around among his scholars with his watch in his hand. Holding it out to the first child, he said:

"I give you this watch."

The boy stared at it and stood still. He then went to the next and repeated:

"I give you that watch."

The boy blushed, but that was all. One by one the teacher repeated the words and the action to each. Some stared, some blushed, some smiled incredulously, but none took the watch. But as he came nearly to the bottom of the class a small boy put out his hand and took the watch which the teacher handed him. As the latter returned to his seat the fellow said, gently:

"Then, if you please, sir, the watch is mine?"

"Yes, it is yours."

The elder boys were fairly roused by this time.

"Do you mean to say, sir, that he may keep the watch?"

"Certainly; I gave it to any boy who would have it."

"Oh, if I had known that," exclaimed one of them, "I would have taken it."

"Did I not tell you I gave it to you?"

"Oh, yes; but I did not believe you were in earnest."

"So much the worse for you; he believed me, and he has the watch."

Saving faith is as simple as this. It just takes God at his word and trusts him. Though it sounds too good to be true, Christ is the gift of God, freely and fully offered (John 3. 19), "His unspeakable gift."

King Richard's Present.

BY ROBERT L. BANGS.

KING RICHARD of the lion heart,
Before a Moslem town,
Lost his good steed: pierced by a dart
His favourite went down.

On foot he fought, without a word,
Though hard it was indeed;
His Paynim foe, Saladin, heard
That he had lost his steed.

An Arab horse of noble breed
Saladin sent, and said:
"Will Richard deign to ride this steed
In place of his that's dead?"

King Richard paused; then called a knight,
Saladin's gift to try:
He viewed the charger with delight,
And marked his flashing eye.

With snort and bound and arching neck,
Away the wild steed went;
Nor could the knight his courser check
Till at Saladin's tent.

What said King Richard? "Well for me
That I thought twice to-day;
Saladin's trick I plainly see
And dearly shall he pay."

Think twice, O boys who live to-day,
Then wisely you'll decide,
Ofttimes on foot to plod your way
Though tempted much to ride.

THE OTTER.

THE otter has attained a universal reputation as a persevering foe to fish. His home is by the river and the sea, and he is so expert that a fish seldom escapes his clutches. The animal is about three and a half feet at full length, and is strongly built, and very fierce when attacked; yet they are capable of being tamed and taught to catch fish for their masters. The Chinese or Indian otter is an excellent illustration of this, for in India the trained otters are almost as common as trained dogs in our country.

The following incident shows the sagacity of these interesting animals: An otter had a pair of young ones in the Zoological Gardens in London, and in due time these young ones took to the pond, when but half filled with water, and were unable to climb up its perpendicular sides. When they had remained in the water some minutes, the mother appeared anxious to get them out, and made several vain attempts to reach them from the side of the pond. She then plunged into the water; and after playing with one of them for a short time, she put her head close to its ear, as if to make it understand her intentions, and then sprang out of the pond, while the young one clung tightly by its teeth to the fur at the root of her tail. Having landed it, she rescued the other in the same manner.

A Boy Hero.

In heartless Paris, which to foreign eyes
Seems made of mirrors, gaslight, and dis-
play,
A splendid building's walls began to rise,
Ascending stone by stone from day to day.

High and more high the pile was builded
well,
And scores of labourers were busy there,
When suddenly a fragile staging fell,
And two strong workmen swung aloft in
air.

Suspended by their hands to one slight hold,
That bent and creaked beneath their sud-
den weight:
One worn with toil, and growing gray and
old;
One a mere boy, just reaching man's estate,

Yet with a hero's soul. Alone and young,
Were it not well to yield his single life,
On which no parent leaned, no children hung,
And save the other to his babes and wife?

He saw that ere deliverance could be brought,
The frail support they grasped must surely
break,
And in that shuddering moment's flash of
thought,
He chose to perish for his comrade's sake.

With bravery such as heroes seldom know,
"Tis right," he said, and loosing his strong
grip,
Dropped like a stone upon the stones below,
And lay there dead, the smile still on his
lip.

What though no laurels grow his grave above,
And o'er his name no sculptured shaft may
rise?
To the sweet spirit of unselfish love,
Was not his life a glorious sacrifice?

—Harper's Young People.

HUNTED AND HARRIED.

A Tale of the Scottish Covenanters.

BY R. A. BALLANTYNE.

CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

THE courage of the poor man of whom we now write, gave way at the second stroke of the mallet, and, at the third, uttering a shriek of agony, he revealed, in short gasps, the names of all the comrades he could recall. Let us not judge him harshly until we have undergone the same ordeal with credit! A look of intense pity overspread the face of Andrew Black while this was going on. His broad chest heaved, and drops of perspiration stood on his brow. He had evidently forgotten himself in his strong sympathy with the unhappy martyr. When the latter was carried out, in a half fainting condition, he turned to Lauderdale, and, frowning darkly, said—

"Thou meeserable sinner, cheeld o' the deevil, an' enemy o' a' righteousness, div'ee think that your blood-stained haund can overturn the cause o' the Lord?"

This speech was received with a flush of anger, quickly followed by a supercilious smile.

"We shall see. Get the boot ready there. Now, sir" (turning to Black), "answer promptly—Will you subscribe the oath of the King's supremacy?"

"No—that I will not. I acknowledge nae king ower my conscience but the King o' kings. As for that perjured libertine on the throne, for whom there's muckle need to pray, I tell ye plainly that I consider the freedom and welfare o' Scotland stands higher than the supposed rights o' king and lords. Ye misca' us rebels! If ye ken the history o' yer ain country—whilk I misdoot—ye would ken that the Parliaments o' baith Scotland an' England have laid it doon, in declaration and in practice, that resistance to the exercise o' arbitrary power is lawfu', therefore resistance to Charles and you, his shameless flunkeys, is nae mair rebellion than it's rebellion in a cat to flee in the face o' a bull-dog that wants to worry her kittens. Against the tyrant that has abused his trust, an' upset oor constitution, an' broken a' the laws o' God and man, I count it to be my bounden duty to fight wi' swurd an' lip as lang's I hae an aim to strike wi' a tongue to wag. Noo, ye may dae yer warst!"

At a signal the executioner promptly fitted the boot to the bold man's right leg. Black's look of indignant defiance passed

away, and was replaced by an expression of humility that, strangely enough, seemed rather to intensify than diminish his air of fixed resolve. While the instrument of torture was being arranged he turned his face to the Bishop of Galloway, who sat beside Lauderdale, silently and sternly awaiting the result, and with an almost cheerful air and quiet voice said—

"God has, for his ain wise ends, made the heart o' the puir man that has just left us tender, an' he's made mine teuch, but tak' notice, thou wolf in sheep's clothing, that it's no upon its teuchness, but upon the Speerit o' the Lord that I depend for grace to withstand on this evil day."

"Strike!" said the Duke, in a low, stern voice.

The mallet fell; the wedge compressed the strong limb, and Andrew compressed his lips.

"Again!"
A second time the mallet fell, but no sign did the unhappy man give of the pain which instantly began to shoot through the limb. After a few more blows the Duke stayed the process and reiterated his questions, but Black took no notice of him whatever. Large beads of sweat broke out on his brow. These were the only visible signs of suffering, if we except the deadly pallor of his face.

"Again!" said the merciless judge.
The executioner obeyed; but the blow had been barely delivered when a loud snap was heard, and the tortured man experienced instant relief. Jock Bruce's little device had been successful, the instrument of torture was broken!

"Thanks be to thy name, O God, for grace to help me thus far," said Black in a quiet tone.

"Fix on the other boot," cried Lauderdale savagely, for the constancy as well as the humility of the martyr exasperated him greatly.

The executioner was about to obey when a noise was heard at the door of the Council Chamber, and a cavalier, booted and spurred and splashed with mud, as if he had ridden fast and far, strode hastily up to the Duke and whispered in his ear. The effect of the whisper was striking, for an expression of mingled surprise, horror, and alarm overspread for a few moments even his hard visage. At the same time the Bishop of Galloway was observed to turn deadly pale, and an air of consternation generally marked the members of Council.

"Murdered—in cold blood!" muttered the Duke, as if he could not quite believe the news,—and perhaps realized for the first time that there were others besides the Archbishop of St. Andrews who richly deserved a similar fate.

Hastily ordering the prisoner to be removed to the Tolbooth, he retired with his infamous companions to an inner room.

The well-known historical incident which was thus announced shall receive but brief comment here. There is no question at all as to the fact that Sharp was unlawfully killed, that he was cruelly slain, without trial and without judicial condemnation, by a party of Covenanters. Nothing justifies illegal killing. The justice of even legal killing is still an unsettled question, but one which does not concern us just now. We make no attempt to defend the deed of those men. It is not probable that any average Christian, whether in favour of the Covenanters or against them, would justify the killing of an old man by illegal means, however strongly he might hold the opinion that the old man deserved to die. In order to form an unprejudiced opinion on this subject recourse must be had to facts. The following are briefly the facts of the case.

A merchant named William Carmichael, formerly a baillie of Edinburgh, was one of Sharp's favourites, and one of his numerous commissioners for suppressing conventicles in Fife. He was a licentious profligate, greedy of money, and capable of undertaking any job, however vile. This man's enormities were at last so unbearable that he became an object of general detestation, and his excessive exactions had ruined so many respectable lairds, owners, and tenants, that at last nine of these (who had been outlawed, interdicted the common intercourse of society, and hunted like wild beasts on the mountains) resolved, since all other avenues of redressing their unjust sufferings were denied them, to take the law into their own hands and personally chastise Carmichael. Accordingly, hearing that the commissioner was hunting on the moors in the neighbourhood of Cupar, they rode off in search of him. They failed to find him, and were about to disperse, when a boy brought intelligence that the coach of Archbishop Sharp was approaching.

Baffled in their previous search, and smarting under the sense of their intolerable wrongs, the party regarded this as a providential deliverance of their arch-enemy into their hands. Here was the chief cause of all their

woes, the man who, more almost than any other, had been instrumental in the persecution and ruin of many families, in the torture and death of innumerable innocent men and women, and the banishment of some of their nearest and dearest to perpetual exile on the plantations, where they were treated as slaves. They leaped at the sudden and unexpected opportunity. They reasoned that what had been done in the past, and was being done at the time, would continue to be done in the future, for there was no symptom of improvement, but rather of increasing severity in the Government and ecclesiastics. Overtaking the coach, which contained the Prelate and his daughter, they stopped it, made Archbishop Sharp step out, and slew him there on Magus Moor.

It was a dark unwarrantable deed, but it was unpremeditated, and necessarily unknown, at first, to any but the perpetrators, so that it would be inexcusably unfair to saddle it upon the great body of the Covenanters, who, as far as we can ascertain from their writings and opinions, condemned it, although, naturally, they could not but feel relieved to think that one of their chief persecutors was for evermore powerless for further evil, and some of them refused to admit that the deed was murder. They justified it by the case of Phinehas. A better apology lies in the text, "Oppression maketh a wise man mad."

This event had the effect, apparently, of causing the Council to forget our friends Black and Ramblin' Peter for a time, for they were left in the Tolbooth for about three weeks after that, whereat Andrew was much pleased, for it gave his maimed limb time to recover. As Peter remarked gravely, "It's an ill wind that blows naebly guid!"

A robust and earnest nation cannot be subdued by persecution. The more the Council tyrannized over and trampled upon the liberties of the people of Scotland, the more resolutely did the zeal-hearted and brave among them resist the oppressors. As far as things temporal are concerned, the records of the Scottish Covenanters prove incontestably that those long-tried men and women submitted with unexampled patience for full eight-and-twenty years to the spoiling of their goods and the ruin of their prospects; but when it came to be a question of submission to the capricious will of the King or loyalty to Jesus Christ, thousands of them chose the latter alternative, and many hundreds sealed their testimony with their blood.

When at last the question arose, "Shall we consent to the free preaching of the Gospel being suppressed altogether, or shall we assert our rights at the point of the sword?" there also arose very considerable difference of opinion among the Covenanters. Many of those who held the peace-at-almost-any-price principle, counselled submission. Others, such as Richard Cameron, Donald Cargill, and Thomas Douglas, who believed in the right of self-defence, and in such a text as "smite a scorner and the simple will beware," advocated the use of carnal weapons for protection alone, although, when driven to desperation, they were compelled to go further. Some of the ejected ministers, such as Blackadder and Welsh, professed to be undecided on this point, and leant to a more or less submissive course.

Matters were now hastening to a crisis. A lawless Government had forced a law-abiding people into the appearance, though not the reality, of rebellion. The bands of armed men who assembled at conventicles became so numerous as to have the appearance of an army. The Council, exasperated and alarmed, sent forth more troops to disperse and suppress these, though they had been guilty of no act of positive hostility.

At this crisis, Cargill and his friends, the "ultra-Covenanters," as they were styled, resolved to publish to the world their "Testimony to the cause and truth which they defended, and against the sins and defections of the times." They chose the 29th of May for this purpose, that being the anniversary of the King's birth and restoration. Led by Robert Hamilton, a small party of them rode into the royal burgh of Rutherglen; and there, after burning various tyrannical Acts—as their adversaries had previously burnt the Covenants—they nailed to the cross a copy of what is now known as the Declaration of Rutherglen, in which all their grievances were set forth.

The news of this daring act spread like wildfire, and the notorious Graham of Claverhouse was sent to seize, kill and destroy all who took any part in this business. How Claverhouse went with his disciplined dragoons, seized John King, chaplain to Lord Cardross, with about fourteen other prisoners, in passing through Hamilton, tied them in couples drove them before the troops like sheep, attacked the Covenanters at Drumlog, received a thorough defeat from the undisciplined "rebels," who freed the prisoners,

and sent the dragoons back completely routed to Glasgow, is matter of history.

While these stirring events were going on, our friend Andrew Black and Ramblin' Peter were languishing in the unsavoury shades of the Tolbooth Prison.

One forenoon Andrew was awakened from an uneasy slumber. They bade him rise. His arms were bound with a rope, and he was led up the Canongate towards the well-remembered Council Chamber, in company with Ramblin' Peter, who, owing to his size and youth, was not bound, but merely held in the grasp of one of the guards.

At the mouth of one of the numerous closes which lead down to the Cowgate and other parts of the old town stood Will Wallace, Quentin Dick, David Spence, and Jock Bruce, each armed with a heavy blackthorn. Bruce had been warned by a friendly turnkey of what was pending—hence their opportune presence.

As soon as the prison party was opposite the close, the rescue party made a united rush—and the united rush of four such strapping fellows was worth seeing. So thought the crowd, and cheered. So thought not the city guard, four of whom went down like nine pins. Black's bonds were cut and himself hurried down the close almost before the guard had recovered from the surprise. No doubt that guard was composed of brave men; but when they met two such lions in the mouth of the close as Wallace and Quentin—for these two turned at bay—they paused and levelled their pikes. Turning these aside like lightning the lions felled their two foremost adversaries. The two who followed them met a similar fate. Thinking that four were sufficient to block the entry, at least for a few moments, our heroes turned, unlikeliest, and fled at a pace that soon left the enemy far behind.

This delay had given time to Black and his other friends to make good their retreat. Meanwhile Ramblin' Peter, taking advantage of the confusion, wrenched himself suddenly free from the guard who held him, and vanished down another close. The rescue having been effected, the party purposely scattered. Black's leg, however, prevented him from running fast. He, therefore, thought it best to double round a corner, and dash into a doorway, trusting to having been unobserved. In this, however, he was mistaken. His enemies, indeed, saw him not, but Ramblin' Peter chanced to see him while at some distance off, and made for the same place of refuge.

Springing up a spiral stair, three steps at a time, Black did not stop till he gained the attics, and leaped through the open doorway of a garret, where he found an old woman wailing over a bed on which lay the corpse of a man with a coffin beside it.

"What want ye here?" demanded the old creature angrily.

"Wow! wumman, I'm hard pressed! They're at my heels!" said Black, looking anxiously at the skylight as if meditating a still higher flight.

"Are ye ane o' the persecuted remnant?" asked the woman in a changed tone.

"Ay, that am I."

"Hide, then, hide, man—haste ye!"

"Where?" asked the perplexed fugitive.

"There," said the woman, removing the coffin lid.

Andrew hesitated. Just then hurrying footsteps were heard on the stair. He hesitated no longer. Stepping into the coffin he lay down, and the woman covered him up.

"Oh, wumman!" said Black, lifting the lid a little, "tak' care ye dinna meddle wi' the screw-nails. They may—"

"Wheesh! Haud yer tongue!" growled the woman sharply, and reclosed the lid with a bang, just as Ramblin' Peter burst into the room.

"What want ye here, callant?"

Peter drew back in dismay.

"I'm lookin' for—I was thinkin'—Did 'ee see a man—?"

The lid of the coffin flew off as he spoke, and his master sprang out.

"Man, Peter," gasped the farmer, "yours is the sweetest voice I've heard for mony a day. I verily thocht I was doomed—but come awa', lad. Thank 'ee kindly, auld wife, for the temporary accommodation."

The intruders left as abruptly as they had entered.

That night the whole party was reassembled in Mrs. Black's residence in Candlemaker Row, where, over a supper "o' parritch an' soor milk," Andrew Black heard from Jock Bruce all about the Declaration of Rutherglen, and the defeat of Claverhouse by the Covenanters at Drumlog.

"The thunderclouds are gatherin'," said Black with a grave shake of the head, as the party broke up and were about to separate for the night. "Tak' my word for't, we'll hear mair o' this afore lang."

We need scarcely add that on this occasion Andrew was a true prophet.

(To be continued.)



BUYING AND SELLING IN THE TEMPLE.—John 11. 13-25.

BUYING AND SELLING IN THE TEMPLE.

This picture shows the crowded scene in the precincts of the temple where a great many oxen, doves and sheep were sold for the sacrifices, and eager money changers supplied the needs of many pilgrims from many lands, who came up to the temple to worship. These money-changers may still be seen at the corners of the streets in every Oriental city.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF OUR LORD.

A. D. 28 (?) LESSON X. [Sept. 2]

JESUS CLEANSING THE TEMPLE.

John 2. 13-25. Memory verses, 13-16.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Make not my Father's house a house of merchandise.—John 2. 16.

OUTLINE.

1. The Lord's House, v. 13-17.
2. The Lord's Body, v. 18-22.
3. The Lord's Wisdom, v. 23-25.

TIME.—A. D. 28 (?).

PLACE.—The court of the Gentiles, temple, Jerusalem.

PERSONS.—Herod in Galilee; Pilate in Judea.

CONNECTING LINKS. This "cleansing" occurred during the first passover of Christ's ministry, and should be not be confounded with that which marked its close.

EXPLANATIONS.

13. "Passover"—The origin of this feast was studied in Lesson X., Second Quarter.

14. "In the temple"—We are not to think of this great sanctuary of the Jews as having many points in common with a modern place of worship. It was a series of courts rather than a house, and the profanation which aroused our Lord's indignation was in the outer court, called the "Court of the Gentiles," which was popularly regarded as not quite so sacred as were those places which only Jews were allowed to enter. "Oxen, etc."—Animals for sacrifice, kept on sale just where customers were sure to come. "Changers of money"—In everyday life, Palestinian Jews handled, mostly, Roman money, but the temple dues could only be paid in Jewish coin.

15. "Scourge of small cords"—A whip of small rushes, to drive the cattle.

17. "It was written"—In Psalm 69 9.

18. "What sign"—The Jews regarded his act as a claim to the Messiahship, and demanded some miraculous endorsement of that claim.

20. "Forty and six years"—It was that long since Herod's task of rebuilding the temple had been begun, and it was not finished until A. D. 64.

HOME READINGS.

M. Jesus cleansing the temple.—John 2. 13-25.

Tu. A second cleansing.—Mark 11. 15-19.

W. Hezekiah cleansing the temple—2 Chron. 29. 16, 15-19.

Th. A house of prayer.—2 Chron. 6. 17-21.

F. Insincere worship.—Jer. 7. 8-16.

S. A purifier.—Mal. 3. 1-10.

Sa. The spiritual temple.—1 Cor. 3. 8-17.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

What are we taught in this lesson—

1. About reverence for God's house?
2. About regard for our bodies?
3. About Jesus' knowledge of us?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What is the Golden Text? "Make not my Father's house," etc. 2. Where and when did Jesus speak these words? "When he drove out of the temple the merchants and money changers." 3. What did the Jews understand him to claim? "That he was the Messiah." 4. What did they ask for to prove this claim? "A sign or miracle." 5. What did he give them instead? "An assurance of his omnipotence." 6. Why did he not trust these men? "He knew what was in man."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The fore-knowledge of Christ.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

How is the Holy Spirit an Agent?

In the works of creation and providence, but more particularly in the work of salvation.

Where do the Scriptures speak of the Holy Spirit in creation and providence?

Genesis 1. 2.—The earth was without form, and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.

"THE TWO MASTERS."

UNDER the deep blue midnight sky, spangled with a million diamond stars, in the year 1530, a weary cavalcade drew up at the iron bolted doors of Leicester Abbey. A peremptory knock at the gates causes them to be flung open, and when the long line of muleteers and soldiers were seen, the abbot himself came forward to receive his guest.

"This was an old man, feeble and tottering. Few would have recognized in that white haired, broken down figure the once justly dreaded Wolsey, prelate and prince. The scarlet cape was there on the drooping shoulders, the episcopal ring shone on the thin forefinger; the cardinal's hat crowned the weary brow. But yet how different! Few, like the abbot, would have bent their knee to assist the worn-out figure from his mule, for Wolsey was a prisoner about to be tried for his life.

Listen to the words he is saying as he is helped to bed, which is to prove his last couch on earth. "If I had served my God as diligently as I have served my king, he would not have given me over in my old

age," and then added, with downcast head, "This is my just reward."

It was the year 167. Under a sky of deeper blue, surrounded by a great multitude of witnesses stands another prisoner. He is old too, as his white hairs testify. He is frail and feeble—but his face is uplifted to his Master's throne with joy and trust.

Polycarp of Smyrna is to die that day, but ere he is mailed to the stake he gives his testimony to the King he has served.

"Renounce Christ, and I will release thee," comes thundering from the proconsul's chair. "Swear by the genius of Caesar, and thou shalt not die."

Gently and bravely the white head is raised as the answer is given: "Eighty and six years have I served God, and he never did me any harm. How, then, can I renounce my King, my Saviour, and my Master!"

Which was the best master do you think, dear young friend—Wolsey's or Polycarp's?

Both had received wages. Wolsey's master had allowed him to sleep in a golden bed—to sit in a chair of gold—to eat off a cloth of crimson; he had permitted him to heap up riches to himself—"rich stuffs, silks and velvets of all colours, costly furs, rich capes, and other vestments; gold and silver plate, set with pearls and precious stones by the basketful"—and then in his old age he had forsaken his faithful servant and left him to die unfriended and alone. Yea, I say unto you, Wolsey had his reward.

Polycarp's Master, how did he repay the services of a lifetime? With "tribulation" in this world, yet with a peaceful mind; "not as the world giveth" had the Master rewarded him, but in the hour of death he stood by his faithful servant. "When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee" had been his promise, and it was fulfilled. "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life," is graven on the stone in Smyrna where Polycarp suffered; but Wolsey's tomb bears no such inscription—he had received all his wages.

WATCHING.

SAYS an old sailor, "I often recall my first night at sea. A storm had come up, and we had put back under a point of land which broke the wind a little, but still the wind had a rake on us, and we were in danger of drifting. I was on the anchor watch; it was my duty to give warning in case the ship should drag her anchor. It was a long night to me. I was very anxious whether I should know if the ship really did drift. How could I tell? I found that by going forward and placing my hand on the chain, I could tell by the feeling of it whether the anchor was dragging or not; and how often that night I went forward and placed

my hand on that chain! Sometimes during that long, stormy night I would be startled by a rumbling sound, and I would put my hand on the chain, and find it was not the anchor dragging, but only the chain grating against the rocks at the bottom. The anchor was still firm. And sometime now, in temptation and trial, I became afraid, and praying, I find that away down deep in my heart I do love God, and my hope is in his salvation. And I want just to say a word to you boys. Boys, keep an anchor watch, lest, before you are aware, you may be upon the rocks."

Over the Fence.

BOY.

Over the fence is a garden fair—
How I would love to be master there!
All I lack is a mere pretence—
I could leap over the low white fence.

CONSCIENCE.

This is the way that crimes commence;
Sin and sorrow are over the fence.

BOY.

Over the fence I can toss my ball,
Then I can go in for it—that is all;
Picking an apple up near the tree
Would not be really a theft, you see.

CONSCIENCE.

This is a falsehood—a weak pretence;
Sin and sorrow are over the fence.

BOY.

Whose is the voice that speaks so plain?
Twice have I heard it, and not in vain.
No'er will I venture to look that way,
Lest I shall do as I planned to-day.

CONSCIENCE.

This is the way all crimes commence,
Coveting that which is over the fence.

JUST OUT.

A VETERAN OF 1812:

THE LIFE OF

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BY

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Cloth. with Illustrations, \$1.00.

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