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PLEASANT HOURS

PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

VOL. XIV.]

TORONTO, JULY 7, 1894.

[No. 27.

Little by Little.

Little by little the world grows strong,
Fighting the battles of right and wrong;
Little by little the wrong gives way,
Little by little the right has sway;
Little by little all longing soul
Struggle up nearer the shining goal.

Little by little the great rocks grew,
Long, long ago, when the world was new,
Slowly and silently, stately and free,
Cities of coral under the sea
Little by little are builded, while so
The new years come and the old years go.

Little by little all tasks are done;
So are the crowns of the faithful won,
So is heaven in our hearts begun.
Little by little the seeds we sow
Into a beautiful yield will grow.

—Woman's Journal.

WHALING.

BY GUSTAVE KOBBE.

REGULAR whale-boats are twenty-eight to twenty-nine feet long, with a cut in the bow through which the line passes, and in the stern a post over which the line may be checked if it is running out too fast. The officer sits in the stern, from where the line, which is coiled in a tub, is managed. The oars are called "leading," "tub," "midships," "bow," and "harpooner" (harpoon-er they pronounce it). When a boat "goes on," the harpooner draws in his oar and prepares to "strike." He doesn't always succeed.

When the whale is struck the harpooner shifts with the officer. This explains why he is often called the boat-steerer. The critical moment has arrived. The whale once fast, the future is narrowed down to "dead whale or stove boat." Therefore the killing of the whale is in the hands of the officer. He must judge nicely, though on the spur of the moment, when to lay on or off, and meet all the emergencies caused by the unforeseen actions of the wounded Leviathan.

Sometimes the whale will rush through the water drawing the boat after him at lightning speed, and almost tearing the loggerhead out of the stern, the while the line is taut as a fiddle-string. Or he may "sound" or dive, and fathom after fathom of line be rapidly paid out. Woo to him who gets foul of the smoking line! It often means loss of leg or arm, or even instant death; for the diving weight of tons at the other end tells before knives can be whipped out and the line cut. And where will the whale come up? Perhaps right under the boat, staving it, or raising it up with him and spilling all hands into the sea, where they will sink like so many stones unless they know how to swim, or unless another boat is at hand to pick them up. He may appear a little to one side, and in his convulsion shiver the boat with one lash of his tail, or splinter it between his jaws.

In the old days the whale was killed with a lance in the hands of the officer. It required eye and nerve for the fatal thrust. Now, however, they use the bomb-lance, which is shot from a brass gun, and explodes within the whale, usually with fatal effect.



THE STAR OVER BETHLEHEM.

A "LEAGUE" of boys in one of the public schools of New York City has recently been formed, and a pledge signed to abstain from the use of cigarettes until the age of twenty one. It is well, but if the fathers smoke cigars the boys are tempted

to smoke cigarettes. There is a law in some of the States against selling the latter article to minors, but it is easy to evade. The use of cigarettes by boys is most harmful, and every wise measure should be taken to discourage or prevent it.



THE WISE MEN FOLLOWING THE STAR.

The Wise Men Following the Star.

BY REGINALD HERKEL.

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid,
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall,
Angels adore him in slumber reclining,
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all!

Say, shall we yield him in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom and offerings divine?
Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine.

Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would his favour secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

ALLSPICE.

THE home of the Allspice tree is South America and the West Indies, especially Jamaica. The tree is a beautiful evergreen. The flowers are small and do not make much display. In Jamaica the tree grows without any care, but the fruit is worth so much that the planters give more attention to this crop than to any other.

The berries must be picked before they are ripe or they lose their pleasant flavour. One hundred and fifty pounds of the raw fruit is sometimes gathered from one tree. The crops are uncertain; it is only once in five years that it is abundant.

CLOVES.

The clove tree is a native of the Molucca Islands. It is said to be the most beautiful, elegant and precious of all trees. It is conical in form and lives from one hundred to two hundred years. The spice is not the fruit, as is generally believed, but it is blossoms that are gathered before they unfold.

About a dozen of these blossoms form a cluster at the end of each branch and twig of the tree. Cloves are gathered in December and are dried quickly in the shade.

In the year 1521 the Molucca Islands were inhabited by a great number of people, who were industrious, enterprising and happy. They devoted most of their time to the cultivation of the clove tree. Cloves were carried to all parts of the civilized world from these islands. At that time Spaniards and Portuguese came and took the first shipment of cloves to Europe. About one hundred years later the Dutch drove away the Spaniards and Portuguese. They also sent ships to these beautiful islands and destroyed every clove tree. Every year they sent ships there, and to other islands where the birds might carry the seeds, to destroy all the trees. Any of the natives who dared to set out a clove tree was put to death. The natives all died or were carried away as slaves. Then to raise the price of the cloves the Dutch burned a part of the crop every year. These annual burnings continued until as late as 1824.

The Only Flag for Canada.

We want no flag but the Old Red Cross!
The flag our fathers bore
On many a well-fought field of fame,
In the glorious days of yore!
The flag that floated o'er the Nile,
And at Trafalgar too,
And got a baptism of renown
On the field of Waterloo.

We want no flag but the Old Red Cross!
That sprang from freedom's soil
That fluttered high above the reach
Of hands that would despoil—
The gallant banner of the brave,
Our country's Union Jack,
That never streamed above a slave,
Or swerved from glory's track.

We want no flag but the Old Red Cross!
The terror of the main,
That never had its blazonry
Polluted by a stain—
The old and honoured bunting—
The chosen and the free—
Which made our land for ages
The Mistress of the Sea.

We want no flag but the Old Red Cross!
'Neath which our country grew
The mightiest empire on the earth,
To freedom ever true!
The emblem of high enterprise,
And of the rights of man,
Which liberty's disciples
Carried always in the van.

We want no flag but the Old Red Cross!
For this young land of ours,
To raise it to the standard
Of the world's mighty powers!
We've flourished 'neath its sheltering folds
In darkness and in light;
Then give to us the good old flag,
We claim it as our right.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, JULY 7, 1894.

A FEW weeks ago we presented a patriotic Queen's Birthday number of **PLEASANT HOURS**. We now give another Dominion Day number, in which we recount the conquest of the country by Wolfe, and give a picture of its greatest scenic attraction, the world-famed Niagara Falls, with an account of its new electric railway. The patriotic selections and poems, we trust, will deepen in the minds of our young readers a heartfelt sympathy with the glorious country which is theirs.

THE VICTORIES OF CHRISTIANITY.

BY F. W. FARRAR.

HARDER, deadlier, and more varied, more prolonged was the contest of Christianity with Paganism. From the first burst of hatred in the Neronian persecution till the end of the third century the fierce struggle continued—fierce because meek, unobtru-

sive, spiritual as the Christians were, they yet roused the hatred of every single class. Paganism never troubled itself to be angry with mere philosophers who aired their elegant doubts in the shady xystos or at the luxurious feast, but who with cynical insouciance did what they detested and adored what they despised. They were unworthy of that corrosive hatred which is the tribute paid to the simplicity of virtue by the despair and agony of vice. But these Christians, who turned away with aversion from temples and statues, who would die rather than fling into the altar flame a pinch of incense to the genius of the Emperors; who declined even to wear a garland of flowers at the banquet, or pour a libation at the sacrifice; whose austere morality was a terrible reflection on the favourite sins which had eaten like a spreading cancer into the very heart of their nation's life; the Christians, with their unpolished barbarism, their unphilosophic ignorance, their stolid endurance, their detestable purity, their intolerable meekness, kindled against themselves alike the philosophers, whose pride they irritated; the priests, whose gains they diminished; the mob, whose indulgences they thwarted; the Emperors, whose policy they destroyed. Yet, unaided by any, opposed by all, Christianity won. Without one earthly weapon she faced the legionary masses, and tearing down their adored eagles, replaced them by the sacred monogram of her victorious labarum; she made her instrument of a slave's agony a symbol more glorious than the laticlave of consuls or the diadem of kings; without eloquence she silenced the subtle dialectics of the academy, and without knowledge the encyclopedic ambition of the porch. The philosopher who met a Christian bishop on his way to the Council of Nicaea stammered into a confession of his belief, and the last of pagan emperors died prematurely in the wreck of his broken powers with the despairing words, "Vicisti, Galilæe!" "O Galilean, thou hast conquered!"

SCRIPTURE WELL APPLIED.

It is stated that Bishop Doane, of New Jersey, was strongly opposed to total abstinence. On one occasion, Rev. Mr. Perkins, of the same denomination and a member of the "Sons of Temperance," dined with the bishop, who, pouring out a glass of wine desired the reverend gentleman to drink with him, whereupon he replied:

"Can't do it, bishop; 'wine is a mocker.'"

"Take a glass of brandy, then," said the distinguished ecclesiastic.

"I can't do it, bishop; 'strong drink is raging.'"

"By this time the bishop, becoming restive and excited, said to Mr. Perkins:

"You'll pass the decanter to that gentleman next to you."

"No, bishop, I can't do that; 'woe unto him that putteth the bottle to his neighbour's lips.'"

DO IT NOW.

BY W. C. WILKINSON, D.D.

THIS is for you, boys and girls. It is a bad habit—the habit of putting off. If you have something that you are to do, do it now. Then it will be done. That is one advantage. If you put it off, very likely you will forget it, and not do it at all. Or else—what for you is almost as bad—you will not forget, but keep thinking of it and dreading it, and so, as it were, be doing it all the time. "The valiant never taste death but once;" never but once do the alert and active have their work to do.

I once read of a boy that drooped so in health that his mother thought she must have the doctor to see him. The doctor could find nothing the matter with the boy. But there the fact was, he was pining away, losing his appetite, creeping about languidly, and his mother was distressed. The doctor was nonplussed.

"What does your son do? Has he any work?"

"No; he has only to bring a pail of water every day from the spring. But that he dreads all the day long, and does not bring it until just before dark."

"Have him bring it the first thing

in the morning," was the doctor's prescription.

The mother tried it, and the boy got well. Putting it off made his job prey on the boy's mind. "Doing it now" relieved him.

Boys and girls, do it now!

The Union Jack.

YONDER waves Old England's banner
Still recalling by-gone years,
As it waved at famous Crecy,
And the battle of Poitiers.
Since days of Royal Alfred
It hath humbled haughty foes;
Faced a thousand threatening dangers,
Dealt a thousand mortal blows.
Still the ship that has it hoisted
Can through any ocean tack.
Give a shout for British freedom,
Raise aloft the Union Jack!

Mark its course upon the ocean,
Trace its path from land to land,
Ever guided in its mission
By a Providential hand:
Over stormy oceans wafted,
Where huge icebergs rock and roll,
And the briny waves, in fury,
Dash around each dreary pole;
And away in tropic climates
Where our heroes bivouac,
Whilst above them floats sublimely
England's ancient Union Jack.

Raise aloft the royal standard
Let it greet the passing breeze,
Still it braves the ocean's billow,
Stands secure on stormy seas,
As it waved above our Nelson,
England's gallant, matchless tar,
At the Nile's terrific combat
And immortal Trafalgar;
To the mast he nailed his colours,
Signalled them for close attack;
'Midst a peal of "British thunder"
He displayed the Union Jack.

Wolfe displayed Old England's colours
On the Plains of Abraham,
Where in war's impassioned combat
He encountered brave Montcalm;
Ere the din of battle ended
Both the gallant heroes fell—
Loud above the roar of battle
Rose the Highland soldiers' yell.
By a charge of British bayonets
Then the foe was driven back,
And the day was one of glory
To Old England's Union Jack.

Gallant Brock its folds expanded
On the field of Queenston Height;
Well the hero did his duty
Putting Britain's foes to flight;
But ere he reached the frowning summit
Did the gallant hero fall,
For his bright career was ended
By a marksman's rifle ball.
But his comrades, roused to vengeance,
Like a tempest swept the track,
And the day was one of glory
For the ancient Union Jack.

Should the war-cry then be sounded
O'er Canadian soil again,
We will guard the hallowed precincts
Where our Wolfe and Brock were slain.
Where our Empire's flag's insulted
Or a British hero leads,
There Canadians dare to follow
And will emulate their deeds:
Dare to fight for British freedom—
We're no coward, craven pack,
To disgrace Old England's standard,
Or desert the Union Jack.

And brave Scotia's sons are ready,
For their place is in the van,
To repel the fierce invasion
As they did at Inkerman.
And the loyal men of Erin,
Round the cross of red and blue,
Round the battle flag will rally
As of yore at Waterloo.
England, Scotland, and brave Erin
Have in warfare ne'er been slack;
And now Canada is with them
To defend the Union Jack.

Lives there still one British subject
Who'd refuse his life—his all—
In defence of British freedom,
Who'd rejoice at Britain's fall?
If there be, then curse the traitor,
Pass him by in dark disdain,
Let him bear while life is left him
On his brow the mark of Cain,
Let him die, a hated coward;
Bury him by midnight black,
He deserves no home nor country
Who'd desert the Union Jack.

JUNIOR LEAGUE.

v.

Pen.—"The department of work represented by the key-word 'Pen' is that of Correspondence. You have heard the proverb, 'The pen is mightier than the sword;' the meaning is that greater things have been done by writing books, magazines, and papers than have been done by fighting battles with guns and swords. Some of you may have read the book called 'Uncle Tom's Cabin'; many people think that the reading of that book did more toward liberating the slaves than many battles.

"It is very necessary that the records of our League be kept nicely and correctly. The secretary does this important work. He can help the pastor and Sunday-school superintendent by writing notices for the pulpit. "When you are away from home you are glad to hear from your friends. Your secretary can write to absent or sick members, sending love and prayers from the League. Once the president of a League was many miles away from home on the sad mission of burying his father; after the regular meeting of the League the secretary wrote the president a letter of remembrance, sympathy, and prayer, and several of the Juniors signed it; the president will always remember that letter with great pleasure."

References: Psalm 45. 1; Judg. 5. 14;
3 John 13; Job 19. 24.

Apply to department work.

vi.

Pocket.—"Juniors, what is the last one of the six key-words?" "Pocket." "Ah, yes, you can all remember that; it is the last, but not the least, of our departments of work; it means the consecration of our money to God. "Boys and girls like to have one or two pockets in their clothes. How proud you are when you get a new suit of clothes, or a new jacket with three or four pockets in it, especially when you have some money to put in the pockets! John Wesley, the founder of Methodism, had the following rule:

"Make all you can,
Save all you can,
Give all you can."

"Of course you cannot earn much money while you are young, but whether you earn it or it is given to you you should learn to save it while you are young. Pennies are easily spent for candy, nuts and toys. You should each have a bank at home and put some of your pennies in it to keep for future use.

"While earning and saving your money do not forget the giving. All the gold and silver belongs to God. We must do good with it. When the collection is taken for missions, education, or church extension you can put in five or ten cents from your bank and so help the cause along.

"The collection in your League should be enough to pay for all your books and papers, your charter, banner, and other things to make your League interesting."

References: Isa. 55. 2; Mark 12. 41; Luke 6. 38; 2 Cor. 9. 7; Prov. 28. 27; Acts 20. 35.
Leader apply to department work.

HUNTED AND HARRIED.

A Tale of the Scottish Covenanters.

BY R. M. BALLANTYNE.

CHAPTER I.—(Continued.)

Will Wallace was quick of thought and prompt in action. Carefully disposing of the limbs of his fallen comrade, and resting his head comfortably on a grassy bank, he cast a hurried glance around him.

On his left hand and behind him lay the rich belt of woodland that marked the course of the rivers Cluden and Cairn. In front stretched the moors and hills of the ancient district of Galloway, at that time given over to the tender mercies of Graham of Claverhouse. Beside him stood the two patient troop-horses, gazing quietly at the prostrate man, as if in mild surprise at his unusual stillness.

Beyond this he could not see with the physical eye; but with the mental orb he saw a dark vista of ruined character, blighted hopes, and dismal prospects. The vision sufficed to fix his decision. Quietly, like a warrior's wraith, he sheathed his sword and betook himself to the covert of the peat-morass and the heather hill.

He was not the first good man and true who had sought the same shelter.

At the time of which we write Scotland had for many years been a woful plight—with tyranny draining her life-blood, cupidity grasping her wealth, hypocrisy and bigotry mis-constructing her motives and falsifying her character. Charles II. filled the throne

Unprincipled men, alike in Church and State, make use of their position and power to gain their own ends and enslave the people. The King, determined to root out Presbytery from Scotland, as less subservient to his despot aims, and forcibly to impose Prelacy on it as a stopping-stone to Popery, had no difficulty in finding ecclesiastical and courtly brokers to carry out his designs; and for a long series of dismal years persecution stalked red-hot through the land.

Apply for the well-being of future generations, our covenanting forefathers stood their ground with Christian heroism, for both civil and religious liberty were involved in the struggle. Their so-called fanaticism consisted in a refusal to give up the worship of God after the manner dictated by conscience and practised by their forefathers; in declining to attend the ministry of the ignorant, and too often vicious, curates forced upon them; and in refusing to take the oath of allegiance just referred to by Will Wallace.

Conventicles, as they were called—or the gathering together of Christians in houses and barns, or on the hill-sides, to worship God—were illegally pronounced illegal by the King and Council; and disobedience to the tyrannous law was punished with imprisonment, torture, confiscation of property, and death. To enforce these penalties the greater part of Scotland—especially the south and west—was overrun by troops, and treated as if it were conquered country. The people—holding that in some matters it was better to "obey God rather than man," and that they were bound "not to forsake the assembling of themselves together"—resolved to set the intolérable law at defiance, and went armed to the hill-meetings.

They took up arms at first, however, chiefly, if not solely, to protect themselves from a lawless soldiery, who went about devastating the land, not scrupling to rob and insult helpless women and children, and to shed innocent blood. Our Scottish forefathers, believing—in common with the lower animals and lowest savages—that it was a duty to defend their females and little ones, naturally availed themselves of the best means of doing so.

About this time a meeting, or conventicle, of considerable importance was appointed to be held among the secluded hills in the neighbourhood of Irongray; and Andrew Black, the farmer, was chosen to select the particular spot, and make the preliminary arrangements.

Now this man Black is not easily described, for his was a curiously compound character. To a heart saturated with the milk of human kindness was united a will more inflexible, if possible, than that of Mexican mule; a frame of Herculean mould; and a spirit in which profound gravity and reverence waged incessant warfare with a keen appreciation of the ludicrous. Peacefully inclined in disposition, with a tendency to believe well of all men, and somewhat free and easy in the formation of his opinions, he was very unwilling to resist authority; but the love of truth and justice was stronger within him than the love of peace.

In company with his shepherd, Quentin Dick—a man of nearly his own size and build—Andrew Black proceeded to a secluded hollow in Skeoch Hill to gather and place in order the masses of rock which were to form the seats of the communicants at the contemplated religious gathering—which seats remain to this day in the position they occupied at that time, and are familiarly known in the district as "the Communion stones of Irongray."

CHAPTER II.—THE "FANATIC" AND THE "SPY."

The night was dark and threatening when Andrew Black and his shepherd left their cottage, and quickly but quietly made for the neighbouring hill. The weather was well suited for deeds of secrecy, for gusts of wind, with an occasional spattering of rain, swept along the hill-face, and driving clouds obscured the moon, which was then in its first quarter.

At first the two men were obliged to walk with care, for the light was barely sufficient to enable them to distinguish the sheep-track which they followed, and the few words they found it necessary to speak were uttered in a subdued tone. Jean Black and her Cousin Aggie Wilson had reported their rencontre with the two dragons; and Quentin Dick had himself seen the mafu body of the troops from behind a heather bush on his way back to the farm, therefore caution was advisable. But as they climbed Skeoch Hill, and the moon shed a few feeble rays on their path, they began to converse more freely. For a few minutes their intercourse related chiefly to sheep and the work of the farm, for both Andrew and his man were of that sedate, imperturbable nature which is not easily thrown off its balance by excitement or danger. Then their thought turned to the business in hand.

"Nae fear o' the soldiers comin' here on a night like this," remarked Andrew, as a squall nearly swept the blue bonnet off his head.

"Maybe no," growled Quentin Dick sternly, "but I've heard frae Tam Chanter that servants o' that Papist Earl o' Nithsdale, an' o' the scoundrel Sir Robert Dalzell, hae been seen pokin' their noses about at Irongray. If they git wind o' the place, we're no likely to ha' a quiet time o' it. Did ye say that the soldiers ill-used the bairns?"

"Na!—ano o' them was inclined to be impatient, but the ither, a guid lookin' young felly, accordin' to Jean, took their part an' quarrelled wi' his comrade, sae that they cam to loggerheads at last, but what was the upshot naebody kens, for the bairns took to their heels an' left them feeltin'."

"An' what if they said fin' yer hoose an' the bairns unprotected?" asked the shepherd.

"They're no likely to fin' the hoose in a night like this, man; an' if they do, they'll fin' naebody but Ramblin' Peter there, for I gied the lassies an' the women strick orders to tak' to the hidy-hole at the first sound o' horses' feet."

By this time the men had reached a secluded hollow in the hill, so completely enclosed as to be screened from observation on all sides. They halted here a few moments, for two dark forms were seen in the uncertain light to be moving about just in front of them.

"It's them," whispered Andrew. "Whae?" asked the shepherd. "Alexander M' Cubinean' Edward Gordon."

view of the surrounding country, "gang ye doon an' see if ye can tin' out onything mair about thae soldiers. I'll awa' hame an' see that a's right there."

They parted, the shepherd turning sharp off to the right, while the farmer descended to wards his cottage. He had not advanced above half the distance when an object a little to the left of his path induced to stop. It resembled a round stone, and was too small to have attracted the attention of any eye save one which was familiar with every bush and stone on the ground. Grasping a stout thorn stick which he carried, Andrew advanced towards the object in question with cat-like caution until quite close to it, when he discovered that it was the head of a man who was sleeping soundly under a whin bush. A closer inspection showed that the man wore an iron head-piece, a soldier's coat and huge jack-boots.

(To be continued.)

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF OUR LORD.

B.C. 4.] LESSON II. [July 8.

PRESENTATION IN THE TEMPLE.

Luke 2. 25-38. Memory verses, 27-32.



PRESENTATION IN THE TEMPLE.

"Guid an' safe men baith," responded Quentin: "ye bett gie them a cry."

Andrew did so by imitating the cry of a plover. It was replied to at once.

"The stanes are big, ye see," explained Andrew, while the two men were approaching. "I'll tak' the strength o' the four o' us to lift some o' them."

"We've got the cairn about finished," said M' Cubine as he came up. He spoke in a low voice, for although there was no probability of anyone being near, they were so accustomed to expect danger because of the innumerable enemies who swarmed about the country, that caution had almost become a second nature.

Without further converse the four men set to work in silence. They completed a circular heap, or cairn, of stones three or four feet high, and levelled the top thereof to serve as a table or a pulpit at the approaching assembly. In front of this, and stretching towards a sloping brae, they arranged four rows of very large stones, to serve as seats for the communicants, with a few larger stones between them, as if for the support of rude tables of plauk. It took several hours to complete the work. When it was done Andrew Black surveyed it with complacency, and gave it as his opinion that it was a "braw kirk, capable o' accommodatin' a congregation o' some thousands, mair or less." Then the two men, Gordon and M' Cubine, bidding him and the shepherd good-night, went away into the darkness from which they had emerged.

"Whar'll they be sleepin' the night?" asked the shepherd, as he and Andrew turned homeward.

"I' the peat bog, I doot, for I daurna tak' them hame when the dragons is likely to gie us a ca'; besides, the hidy hole will be ower fu' soon. Noo, lad," he added, as they surmounted a hillock, from which they had a dim

GOLDEN TEXT. A light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of thy people Israel.—Luke 2. 32.

OUTLINE.

1. A Saint's Desire, v. 25, 26.
2. A Saint's Delight, v. 27-35.
3. A Saint's Testimony, v. 36-38.

TIME.—B.C. 4.

PLACE.—Courts of the temple.

RULER.—Octavianus Augustus, emperor at Rome; Herod the Great, King of Judea.

CONNECTING LINKS.—The beautiful scene which is described in today's lesson follows in the sacred record immediately after the narrative of the appearing of the angels to the shepherds. Eight days after a Jewish boy was born he was formally introduced into the Jewish Church, and it was the custom for his mother some weeks later to offer a sacrifice in the temple. A poor woman was allowed to sacrifice a pair of turtle-doves, or two young pigeons. Richer ladies made larger and costlier sacrifices. Mary's offering is one of the evidences of the poverty of the parents of our Lord.

EXPLANATIONS.

25. "The consolation of Israel"—Pious Jews often referred to the great Prince whom their prophets had led them to expect, as the Consolation of Israel. So common was the phrase that it passed into an oath, so that the Jews who were not so pious swore by it—Let me see, or let me never see, the Consolation if so and so be not true.

26. "Before he had seen"—All pious Jews longed to see the Messiah, or Saviour. Our privilege is higher, for we may read the story of his life among men.

27. "By the Spirit"—By a divine inspiration. "The parents"—Mary and Joseph. "Brought in the child Jesus"—Who was then forty days old. "After the custom of the law"—An offering was required for every newborn male child, as specially belonging to God. (See verses 23 and 24.)

28. "Then"—Simon recognized the infant Saviour by a divine power.

30. "Thy salvation"—In the person of the Saviour.

32. "The Gentiles"—All the people of the world who were not Jews. All nations receive the light of salvation through Christ. "Marvelled"—Wondered, but did not fully understand.

34. "Fall"—The fall of the Jewish rulers and people, whose plans of empire were disappointed in the coming of Christ, and who therefore rejected him as their saviour. "And rising"—The salvation of those who believe in Christ.

35. "A sword"—Fulfilled when Mary saw her Son upon the cross. "Thoughts of many hearts"—The true character of hearts is revealed by their treatment of Christ.

36. "Asher"—Asher.

37. "Departed not from the temple"—Probably reverence for her piety secured for her the privilege of residing in a chamber of the women's court.

38. "Them that looked for redemption"—There were evidently at this time many devout souls who waited on the Lord, expecting a divine redemption. See note above on the "consolation of Israel."

HOME READINGS.

- M. Presentation in the temple.—Luke 2. 25-38.
- Tu. Light is come.—John 3. 16-21.
- W. God's salvation.—Isa. 49. 5-12.
- Th. A stone of stumbling.—1 Peter 2. 1-10.
- F. Spoken against.—Hab. 12. 1-6.
- S. The sword.—John 19. 25-30.
- Sa. Light of the Gentiles.—Isa. 42. 1-8.

PRACTICAL TEACHING.

- Where in this lesson are we taught—
1. A lesson of obedience in law?
 2. A lesson of faith in God?
 3. A lesson of devotion to God?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Who was Simon? "A just and devout man."
2. What had been promised to him? "That he should live to see Christ."
3. Where did he see the infant Saviour? "In the temple."
4. What did he call Jesus? "Golden Text." "A light to lighten the Gentiles," etc.
5. What are we taught in this lesson? "To receive Christ willingly."
6. Who else gave thanks to God for the coming of the Saviour? "Anna, a prophetess."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The office of the Holy Spirit.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

What are the privileges of sonship? They are the liberty to call God Father, the inward witness of being his children, and the title to the Christian inheritance.

A HARVEST OF DEATH.

"WHATSOEVER a man soweth, that shall he also reap." When the crop is in the ground he may take a rest, but his crop will grow, and he must reap in the harvest day.

It is said that a tavern-keeper who had abandoned the traffic in alcohol, after having been several years engaged in it, whenever the subject of his selling liquor was referred to was observed to feel deep regret and sorrow. A friend one day inquired the cause.

"I will tell you," said he, opening his account book. "Here are forty-four names of men who have been my customers, most of them for years. Thirty-two of these men, to my certain knowledge, now lie in the drunkard's grave, ten of the remaining twelve are now confirmed sots."

Was not that a flourishing business? Forty-two men ruined, forty-two homes made desolate, that one rum-seller might gain a little money and win the curse of God that overhangs the dealers in strong drink?

It is an easy business, it is a money-making business, but—"what shall the harvest be?"

BREAKING IT GENTLY.—Foreman of quarry gang. "It's sad news O'hev fur yez, Mrs. McGaharraghty. Y'r husband's new watch is broken. It waz a fume watch, and it's smashed all to pieces!"

Mrs. McG. "Deary me! How did that happen?" Foreman: "A ten-ton rock fell on 'im."



THE FALLS OF NIAGARA, FROM THE CANADIAN SIDE.

NIAGARA FALLS AND THE ELECTRIC RAILWAY.

TORONTO is greatly favoured in having so many delightful pleasure and health resorts near hand. The most notable of these is the world's great wonder—Niagara Falls and the gorge of the Niagara river. These are brought within easy reach in very short time, by the splendid new steamer *Chippewa*, which crosses the lake in less than two hours, and carries 2,500 passengers, and by the new electric railway from Queenston to Chippewa. The tide of travel must be enormous, which can maintain twelve trips a day between Queenston and Toronto, now made by the steamers of the Niagara Line.

We have seen some of the grandest scenery of the Rockies and Sierras, of the Alps and Appenines, of Lebanon and Taurus, but we do not know any scenery that, for mingled beauty and sublimity, will surpass that between Queenston and Chippewa—including the marvels of the world's great cataract. The thrilling historical memories of Queenston Heights and Lundy's Lane will stir the blood in every patriotic Canadian.

As the electric train climbs the steep escarpment at Queenston, we pass close by the spot where fell Canada's brave hero, Sir Isaac Brock, and from the summit his noble monument looks down upon the fair landscape of the country which he died to defend. As seen in the soft, afternoon light, we know no scene more lovely than that fertile plain, studded with farmsteads and smiling orchards, traversed by the noble Niagara river, as shown in the cut above.

The electric road follows the cliff so close to the edge of the precipice, that one can look sheer down through the climbing spruces and maples to the angry river, which rages and chafes far below. The road then makes a sweep completely around the famous whirlpool, giving views of it from every side. The finest of these, however, is from the airy-looking steel trestle-bridge which leaps across a narrow ravine directly to the west. Then soon come to view three of the most remarkable bridges in the world—the old and new suspension bridges, and the first great cantilever which was ever constructed.

Thank God that, as this angry stream has been spanned by these marvellous structures, across which throbs a ceaseless tide of traffic and of travel, so the deep chasm, through which once raged the angry tide of war, between the kindred people

who dwell upon its borders, has been knit together by golden ties of mutual interest and mutual trust.

As for the great cataract, words are powerless to express its grandeur. The view of the American Falls, shown in our cut, as seen from the electric railway, is one of surpassing beauty.

The Governments of Ontario and of the United States did a noble work in creating on either side a beautiful park for the preservation of the natural beauties of the scene. We hope that the scars made by running the electric road through this park will soon be healed by the kindly ministries of Nature. We would suggest that the space between the rails be sodded, as we have seen on suburban roads near Boston, and then only the two gleaming lines of steel will indicate where the road runs.

Many Canadians are unfamiliar with the beauties of those lovely islands—named from Lord Dufferin, whose far-sighted sagacity suggested the park reservation on either side of the river. These are now made easily accessible by the electric road.

We are proud that this railway is entirely Canadian in its officary, engineers, and manufacturers of its cars and electric plant. Our first visit was in connection with the Metropolitan Church Sunday-school picnic. About eight hundred pic-nickers, with a large excursion, were safely conveyed along this route.

We reprint, from the *Canadian Electric News*, the following items about this road:

"THE NIAGARA FALLS PARK AND RIVER RAILWAY.

"The road has made a good record, carrying 1,200 passengers from the Falls to Queenston in an hour and a half at one time. Though built primarily for passenger traffic, there is some likelihood of its also being used lucratively for carrying light freight, such as fruit, etc., down to Queenston, to be shipped to Toronto and other lake ports.

"The road in construction and management is wholly Canadian. Mr. W. A. Grant, who has been connected with the Grand Trunk and Canadian Pacific railways for a number of years, is the general manager of the road. He is a gentleman of courtesy and capability, and has risen rapidly to the place he now holds.

"The road was laid out under the direction of Mr. W. T. Jennings, C.E., of Toronto. The bridges are mostly of steel, or else standard railway trestles, and were constructed by the Hamilton Bridge Company. Safety is especially looked after by

placing guard-rails and rail-braces on curves, to prevent cars getting off the tracks, or getting away if they should go off along the precipitous banks which they skirt.

"At the whirlpool rapids there is an incline railway which is run in connection with the road, and which is worked after a novel though simple manner. There are two cars with seats in steps, made to hold from fifteen to twenty people. These are on the inclined rails, and are connected to each other by a double steel cable, which passes over a drum at the top of the slope, so that when one car is descending the other is ascending, and when one is at the bottom the other is at the top. Each car is provided with a large tank underneath the seats, and when the car is at the top, water—which is supplied from a neighbouring stream—is poured rapidly into this until there is sufficient to overbalance the car below, which has in the meantime been discharged when it reached the bottom. The capacity of the tank is sufficient to allow the car going down light to bring up the other loaded." This ingenious arrangement, common enough in Switzerland, is, we believe, the only one of the sort in Canada.

ROSE, THISTLE, AND SHAMROCK.

The adoption of the rose as a national flower by England dates from so long back that Pliny wondered if Albion took its name from its white cliffs, or white roses. In Edward the Third's reign, a gold coin was struck called a "rose noble," bearing a rose on one of its faces. We are all familiar with the flower, too, in the wars of the Roses.

Then the thistle! Tradition says that the thistle, with its motto, "Who shall dare meddle with me?" was first adopted as a symbol of Scotland under these circumstances: A party of invading Danes attempted to surprise the Scotch army by night. Under cover of darkness they approached the slumbering camp, when one of them trod on a prickly thistle, his cry of pain arousing the Scotch, who flew to arms, and chased the invaders from the field. From that day the thistle was honoured, and worn as the badge of Scotland.

The Shamrock, the badge of Ireland, has another story connected with it. Saint Patrick, instructing the Irish in Christian doctrine, found it hard to give them an idea of the Holy Trinity. He therefore stooped and gathered a shamrock, using it

as an illustration, and so satisfying the people, that ever since they have carried it as their national emblem. Queen Victoria also wears the trefoil in her royal diadem in place of the lilies of France.

God Save Canada.

BY DOUGLAS SLADEN.

BENEATH our northern skies
Behold a nation rise,
Born of two foes;
Destined, as earth grows old,
Glory and power to hold,
As those two rivals bold,
Lily and Rose.

God reared the lonely child,
Bred in the frost and wild,
For some great end;
Forest and waste untracked,
Snow deep and cataract,
Passes with glaciers packed,
Make her their friend.

Exiles for England's sake
Loved she, and bade them take
Half she possessed.
And, when the foeman came
Brandishing sword and flame,
Hurling him with wound and shame
Back from her breast.

Direly he felt thine arm,
Young Queen, at Chryslar's Farm
And Chateauguay;
And on the lofty shores,
Where vast Niagara roars,
Learned how the lion goes,
Standing at bay.

God save our Canada,
Long live our Canada,
Loyal, though free!
Steering her own stout helm,
No storm shall overwhelm
"A realm within a realm"
That rules the sea.

—Immigrant Inspector—"Did you contract to perform any species of labour before coming to this country? Immigrant—No, your Honour; I was promised a job in the Strate-Claining Department.

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