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PLEASANT HOURS

PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XIV.]

TORONTO, OCTOBER 20, 1894.

[No. 42.]

MOONLIGHT ON THE RIVER.

In the hush of the summer night we steal along in our little steam yacht over the River St. Lawrence. The beauty of the scenery around us is indescribable, and added to it is the witchery of the bright moonlight. Sometimes we pass so close to the shore that the overhanging branches form a canopy over our heads, and we look up at the moon through a hundred dancing leaves. Then out again into the open water we go, while the sounds of the rustling leaves die away. The water is perfectly calm, the ripples of our yacht breaking its smooth, satiny surface in a circle around us. It seems like a second sky, with its moon and shadow clouds. Soon we pass a number of little round islands densely covered with trees. Then we make a cut across to the opposite shore, our

Revelation, where it tells all about the city of gold, with its gates of pearl and its foundations of precious stones. No pain, no sickness, no tears, no death, ever entered there, for all was life and light and joy. That was the place where Jesus Christ had always lived before he came to this world.

What did the Saviour suffer when he came to this earth? He had to lay aside all his glory and come here as a little helpless babe. We cannot understand how it is possible, and yet we know that the glorious Son of God, who always had been in heaven with his Father, became a little babe, just like the little ones we see in our homes, and then he lived for thirty years a life of poverty and of hard toil. He who had been ruler in heaven, on earth was obedient to his earthly parents. He who

save sinners. He was not in any way obliged to humble himself. No one had a right to claim this service from him, and no one was strong enough to compel him to come to this earth. But though no one could force him to come, his love for us led him to hasten down in order that he might save us. The Bible tells us that we are sinners and must suffer for our sins unless someone can take our place. Now, no one could take our place and suffer for our sins but Jesus, the Son of God. If he had refused to come down from heaven to suffer for us, we should all have been lost. But he loved us, and therefore was quite willing to make the sacrifice. For our sakes he became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross. He came not to get good, but to do good. He came not to enjoy himself, but to suffer. He came not

A NOBLE LITTLE FELLOW.

Some time since I read a story about a boy whose parents were French Huguenots. They often talked to their children of the glory of holding fast to their faith and enduring persecution nobly. One day a troop of soldiers came to the village to arrest all the Huguenots. This boy's father and mother determined to escape. They loaded their one little donkey with vegetables, hiding their little son among the cabbages, and charging him to keep silence no matter what happened. The mother with a basket of carrots walked ahead; so they started off. They were soon discovered by the soldiers, one of whom asked their destination. "To market," answered the father. The soldier plunged his sword into the basket "to see if the cabbages were tender," he said.



MOONLIGHT ON THE RIVER.

little boat doing a great deal of puffing and hissing as we travel along close to the great high hills that rest so peaceful and serene in the clear, cool moonlight.

SUFFERING AND SERVICE.

BY REV. A. F. SCHAUFFLER.

WHERE was Jesus before he came to this earth? He was in heaven. He did not begin to live when he came into this world as we do. He always had been in heaven, and there angels had worshipped him, and were glad to obey his commands. There, everybody honoured him even as they honoured God the Father. He was never scoffed at nor mocked up yonder, and never suffered any pain or grief. We cannot begin to conceive what glory and bliss surrounded him while he was in heaven. If you want to have a faint conception of the glory of that home of the Saviour, read the last two chapters of

had created the world, earned his daily bread by the sweat of his brow. He whom myriads of angels had always been ready to serve, now became a servant himself and worked for daily wages. But he suffered more than this. For when he began to tell men the truth about God, then they began to hate him. The more he told them about God and heaven and the way to get there, the more they disliked him. In spite of the fact that he never injured any one, but only helped all who cried to him, the Pharisees made up their minds to kill him. And when at last they arrested the Master, they killed him in the most cruel way they could. They laid him on a cross and drove nails through his hands and feet, and then left him there to die. No one ever was exalted above Christ when he was in heaven, and no one ever stooped as low as he did when he was on earth.

Why did Jesus humble himself in this way? He did it in order that he might

to save his life, but to lose it for our sakes. Whenever we think of the cross, and of Christ nailed to it, we ought always to realize that we deserved to bear the punishment of our sins, but that Jesus bore the penalty for us. This thought should fill us with joy and love to him. Then, if we love him, we shall try and follow his example, who, though in heaven he was rich, yet for our sakes he became poor, that we through his poverty might be made rich. To this the apostle exhorts us when he says, "Let this mind be in you which was in Christ Jesus." If we would only follow the Master's example in this, how many quarrels between brothers and sisters would cease! How much bitterness of feeling and disappointment would be done away with, for men would not try to be great any more, but would be content with being the last and the least.

Not a sound was heard, and with a hearty *bon voyage*, the soldier galloped off. After they had disappeared from sight the parents hastened to open the basket. They found their son had been stabbed through the thigh. He was suffering terribly and yet the brave boy had not uttered a sound.

A little girl's mother wanted her to go to bed before she began to feel sleepy. "But the moon hasn't sent her children to bed yet," objected the little astronomer petulantly. It so happened that a storm was brewing, and heavy clouds were gathering in the heavens. "Go and see if she hasn't," said her mother. The little head was popped out of the window, and the sky was scanned eagerly. "Well, I guess I've got to go to bed now," she said after the survey; "the moon is covering up her children and tucking them in."—*Exchange.*

THE lowest ebb is the turn of the tide.

Only a Little Sparrow.

I'm only a little sparrow,
A bird of low degree;
My life is of little value,
But 'twas God who gave it me.
He gave me a coat of feathers,
It's very plain, I know,
With never a speck of crimson,
But it was not meant for show.

But it keeps me warm in winter,
And shields me from the rain;
Were it border'd with gold and purple,
Perhaps it would make me vain.
But now that the spring-time's coming,
I'll build me a little nest,
With many a chirp of pleasure,
In the spot I like the best.

I fly through the thickest forest,
I light on many a spray,
I've neither chart nor compass,
Yet I never lose my way.
And fold my wings at twilight,
Wherever I happen to be,
For I know there is someone watching
That no harm may come to me!

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, OCTOBER 20, 1894.

FATHER'S SERMON AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE.

BY SALLIE V. DUBOIS.

"CHILDREN," said father, one morning at the breakfast-table, how many of you would like to help our church-board in building a little church in the West?"

"What for?" said Willie.

And father continued: "You know last summer Mr. Bedine was in Dakota, and he told me yesterday of a little sod-church he visited there. They used a dry-goods box for a pulpit, and the seats were only rough boards. It had been announced that he would preach, and the house was crowded—the greater portion being children who had come with their parents from over the far-spreading prairies. In the midst of the service rain set in, and the roof leaked. He was dismayed, and wondered what the people would do; but they sat quite still, listening to every word that fell from his lips. Mr. Bedine stayed at the parsonage—a little unfinished frame building. When night came, there was no room to accommodate him, so he slept in the little sod church, back of the pulpit-box.

"But why don't they have a better church than that, father?" said Mary.

"Dear, the people are poor, and can only afford the bare necessities of life. Mr. Bedine said the pastor's wife had a can of peaches that had been given her years before, but which she still kept as a curiosity. Bed-quilts were hung up as substitutes for doors; and meat was an almost unknown luxury at the table; yet the people are saving every cent they can

possibly spare in order to build a house where they may worship God.

"Now children," said father, "how many of you are willing to help them in building a church?"

"But, father," said Willie, who was saving all his money to buy a bicycle, and who counted every penny accordingly, "why don't they call on the home-mission board to help them?"

"Ah! Willie," said father, sadly, "if you knew of the demands upon this same board, and how often they are obliged to refuse because they have not the means to comply, you would not ask that question. Now, the church is coming out and is asking the children to help them. How many of you are willing to be little church-builders?"

"Father," said Mary, "may we give you just what we please?"

"Yes, dear, if what you give is your own."

"Then I have just fifty cents to begin with."

With Willie the struggle was hard, and a fierce battle must be fought with self before he could give of his earnings. In ten weeks he had gathered together ten dollars; and, while he loved Jesus and had promised to serve him, yet the very thought of giving away his precious money made him sick at heart.

"Father, I cannot do it!" he said.

"Nor have I asked you to do it, Willie," father answered.

Harry, who had listened to the whole conversation without a word, slipped grandma's Christmas gift—a shining gold dollar—into his father's hand; and baby Nellie stole from her chair, and, with the words, "Me, too, papa," offered her single penny.

Brave, manly Willie, taking from a hidden corner his precious dollars, said: "I could not give them to those boys and girls, father, but I can and will give them to the dear Jesus Christ."

"HE FIND ME."

YAM SING came from China to California, and was brought to know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ. When examined before baptism concerning his experience and faith, someone asked him how he found Jesus.

"I no find Jesus at all; he find me," was the answer of the converted; an answer which was more than satisfactory to the questioner, and which showed that he had learned something of the love of him who came to "seek and to save that which was lost." And not only Yam Sing, the Chinaman, but every other happy child of grace can truly say—

"Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the throne of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

"Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter
Bind my wandering heart to thee."

SOMETHING A NICE GIRL WILL NOT DO.

SHE will not start off to school in such a hurry that she must stop and tie her shoes along the street.

She will not use her pocket handkerchief to keep her face clean when she ought to use soap and water.

She will write her name in her books and not leave her thumb-marks on them, as people used to do to mark their property before the days of writing.

She will enjoy swinging in the hammock, but not when mother has to wash and wipe the dishes.

She won't almost smother her baby brother with kisses and endearing terms when he comes from mamma's hands neatly dressed and his hair curled, and call him a troublesome thing and push him out of the way when he comes to her crying, his face streaked with dirt, and puts his muddy hands upon her dress.

She will not sharpen her pencil upon her book, nor in her lap, nor upon the carpet, but will go to the waste-basket, or door, or some other place where refuse matter will not be so much out of place,

She won't put on a clean apron to hide a dirty dress, nor clean gloves to hide dirty hands.

She won't leave the stopper out of her cologne or ink bottle, and scold her little sister for upsetting it by pulling at the table cover.

She won't cultivate wrinkles upon her face in the place of smiles.

She won't be always excusing herself for doing and saying disagreeable things by claiming she forgot.

THE GRAIN BESIDE THE RAILROAD TRACK.

STAND here on the railroad embankment. Two tracks are before us. As far as you can see, the right-hand track has a green fringe of grain-stalks, but there is none along the other track. How did it happen? Along one track go the cars grain-loaded and bound for the east. No such freight is in the west-bound cars.

Sowing where we go; sowing whether we intend it or not; and have as little thought about it as a grain-car. Sowing because we must. These are the lessons taught us, and how it should sober everyone!

Every Sunday at church, every prayer, every chapter read in the Bible, every good deed, word and thought—all that is seed.

That boy idling at the corner, who pulls a cigar from his mouth only to drop out an oath, disobeying his parents and neglecting church—he, too, is sowing; but how terrible the harvest will be from such seed! We sow as we go.

GOD KNOWS BEST.

It was raining hard, and little Charlie was looking out of the window and feeling badly about it.

"I hate the rain," Charlie said. "It's always around when I want to play. I wish it would go away and never come back again."

Just then a dear little bird on a tree began to sing merrily.

"Goodness sake!" said Charlie, "you'd better get back into your nest, and pull the bed-clothes over you. How can you sing when it rains so hard?"

"I sing," said the bird, "to see the rain that has come to make the grass grow, and the flowers come out, and the little brooks run. The dear, kind rain."

"I never thought of that," said Charlie. "I expect it is best." God knows what is best.

TAKE A SHEEP.

THERE is a pertinent temperance lesson in the following anecdote. A farmer once employed a young man to labour upon his farm without knowing anything of his habits. All too soon the farmer found that his new hand was addicted to drinking alcoholics; and this habit interfered with his usefulness.

"John," said the farmer to the man, "I'll give ye one o' my best sheep if ye'll give up drinking while ye work for me."

"It's a bargain," declared the man. A grown son of the farmer, overhearing this agreement, looked up and asked,

"Pa, will you give me a sheep, too, if I will not drink?"

"Yes," replied the father; "you may have a sheep."

Then the little boy spoke up and said, "Pa, will you give me a sheep too, if I'll not drink?"

"Yes, son; you shall have a sheep too." After a moment's pause, the little boy turned to his father and said: "Pa, hadn't you better take a sheep too?"

"I dunno, I dunno," the farmer replied doubtfully; and then suddenly concluded, "I declare, I'll try it and see?"

The old gentleman was heard afterward to declare that he made the best investment of sheep that season he ever made in his life.—Selected.

THE bank of heaven is the only bank we know of these hard times that invites a run upon it.

The Water-Mill.

BY D. G. MITCHELL.

LISTEN to the water-mill, through the live-long day,
How the clicking of its wheels wears the hours away;
Languidly the autumn wind stirs the green-wood leaves;
From the fields the reapers sing, binding up the sheaves;
And a proverb haunts my mind, as a spell is cast—
The mill will never grind with the water that is past.

Autumn winds revive no more leaves that once are shed,
And the sickle cannot reap the corn once gathered;
And the rippling stream flows on, tranquil, deep, and still,
Never gliding back again to the water-mill.
Truly speaks the proverb old, with a meaning vast—
The mill will never grind with the water that is past.

Take the lesson to thyself, loving heart and true;
Golden years are fleeting by; youth is passing too;
Learn to make the most of life, lose no happy day,
Time will never bring thee back chances swept away;
Leave no tender word unsaid; love while love shall last—
The mill will never grind with the water that is past.

Work while yet the daylight shines, man of strength and will,
Never does the streamlet glide useless by the mill;
Wait not till to-morrow's sun beams upon the way,
All that thou canst call thine own lies in thy To-day;
Power, intellect, and health, may not always last—
The mill will never grind with the water that is past.

Oh, the wasted hours of life that have drifted by!
Oh, the good we might have done, lost without a sigh,
Love that we might once have saved by a single word,
Thoughts conceived, but never penned, perishing unheard!
Take the proverb to thy heart, take and hold it fast—
The mill will never grind with the water that is past.

Love thy God and fellow-man, thyself consider last;
For come it will, when thou must scan dark errors of the past;
And when the fight of life is o'er, and earth recedes from view,
And heaven in all its glory shines, 'midst the pure, the good, the true—
Then you'll see more clearly the proverb deep and vast—
The mill will never grind with the water that is past.

A DAY.

THE day is a pyramid, God-built. He uses sixty tiny, distinct blocks, called seconds, and builds them into another block called a minute. He takes sixty of these minute blocks, each containing sixty second blocks, and builds them into an hour block; and then he takes twenty-four of these hour blocks, each containing sixty minute blocks, each of which contains sixty second blocks, and with them completes the pyramid of a day. When we count up all the hour, minute, and second blocks, we find that the Divine Architect has used 24 of the first order, 1,440 of the second order, and 86,400 of the third order—and that his pyramid of a day has 87,864 blocks. We ought to make use of this beautiful pyramid.

ANXIOUS TO AFFILIATE.

A YOUNG Baptist layman, of Washington, D.C., writes "I belong to the E. St. Baptist Church and to the Society of Christian Endeavour, but I think with many others that we ought to train under the Baptist banner."

How the Leaves Came Down.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

I'll tell you how the leaves came down,
The Great Tree to his children said,
"You're getting sleepy, yellow and brown,
Yes, very sleepy, little Red;
It is quite time you went to bed."

"Ah!" begged each silly, pointing leaf,
"Let us a little longer stay;
Dear Father Tree, behold our grief;
'Tis such a very pleasant day,
We do not want to go away."

So just for one more merry day,
To the Great Tree the leaflets clung,
Frolicked and danced and had their way,
Upon the autumn breezes swung,
Whispering all their sports among.

"Perhaps the Great Tree will forget
And let us stay until the spring,
If we all beg and coax and fret."
But the Great Tree did no such thing;
He smiled to hear their whispering.

"Come, children, all to bed," he cried;
And ere the leaves could urge their
prayer,
He shook his head, and far and wide,
Fluttering and rustling everywhere,
Down sped the leaflets through the air.

I saw them; on the ground they lay,
Golden and red, a huddled swarm,
Waiting till one from far away,
White bed-clothes heaped upon her arm,
Should come to wrap them safe and warm.

The great bare tree looked down and smiled,
"Good-night, dear little leaves," he said;
And from below each sleepy child
Replied, "Good-night," and murmured,
"It is so nice to go to bed."

HUNTED AND HARRIED.

A Tale of the Scottish Covenanters.

BY R. M. BALLANTYNE.

CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)

ONE night the usual party of friends had assembled to sup in the dwelling of Mrs. Black. It was the Sabbath. Wallace and Black had remained close all day—with the exception of an hour before daylight in the morning when they had gone out for exercise. It was one of those dreary days not unknown to Auld Reekie, which are inaugurated with a persistent drizzle, continued with a "Scotch mist," and dismissed with an even down-pour. Yet it was by no means a dismal day to our friends of Candlemaker Row. They were all more or less earnestly religious as well as intellectual, so that intercourse in reference to the things of the kingdom of God, and reading the Word, with a free and easy commentary by Mrs. Black and much acquiescence on the part of Mrs. Wallace, and occasional disputations between Andrew and Bruce, kept them lively and well employed until supper-time.

The meal had just been concluded when heavy footfalls were heard on the stair outside, and in another moment there was a violent knocking at the door. The men sprang up, and instinctively grasped the weapons that came first to hand. Wallace seized the poker—a new and heavy one—Andrew the shovel, and Jock Bruce the tongs, while Ramblin' Peter possessed himself of a stout rolling-pin. Placing themselves hastily in front of the women, who had drawn together and retreated to a corner, they stood on the defensive, while Mrs. Black demanded to know who knocked so furiously "on a Sabbath night."

Instead of answering, the visitors burst the door open, and half-a-dozen of the town-guard sprang in and levelled their pikes.

"Yield yourselves!" cried their leader. "I arrest you in the King's name!"

But the four men showed no disposition to yield, and the resolute expression of their faces induced their opponents to hesitate.

"I ken o' nae King in this realm," said Andrew Black in a deep, stern voice, "an' we refuse to set oor necks under the heel o' a usurpin' tyrant."

"Do your duty, men," said a man who had kept in the background, but who now stepped to the front.

"Ha! this is your doing, Glendinning," exclaimed Wallace, who recognised his old comrade. The sergeant had obviously been promoted, for he wore the costume of a commissioned officer.

"Ay, I have an auld score to settle wi' you, Wallace, an' I hope to see you an' your comrades swing in the Grassmarket before lang."

"Ye'll never see that, my man," said Black, as he firmly grasped the shovel. "Ye ha'na gotten us yet, an' it's my opinion that you an' your freends 'll be in kingdom-come before we swing, if ye try to tak' us alive. Oot o' this hoose, ye scoondrels!"

So saying, Black made a spring worthy of a royal Bengal tiger, turned aside the pike of the foremost man, and brought the shovel down on his iron head-piece with such force that he was driven back into the passage or landing, and fell prostrate. Black was so ably and promptly seconded by his stalwart comrades that the room was instantly cleared. Glendinning, driven back by an irresistible blow from the rolling-pin, tripped over the fallen man and went headlong down the winding stairs, at the bottom of which he lay dead, with his neck broken by the fall.

But the repulse thus valiantly effected did not avail them much, for the leader of the guard had reinforcements below, which he now called up. Before the door could be shut these swarmed into the room and drove the defenders back into their corner. The leader hesitated, however, to give the order to advance on them, partly, it may be, because he wished to induce submission and thus avoid bloodshed, and partly, no doubt, because of the terrible aspect of the four desperate men, who, knowing that the result of their capture would be almost certain death, preceded by imprisonment, and probably torture, had evidently made up their minds to fight to the death.

At that critical moment a quick step was heard upon the stair, and the next moment the Rev. Frank Selby entered the room.



THE PARALYTIC HEALED.

"Just in time, I see," he said, in a cool, nonchalant manner that was habitual to him. "I think, sir," he added, turning to the leader of the guard, "that it may be as well to draw off your men and return to the guard-room."

"I'll do that," retorted the man sharply, "when I receive orders from my superiors. Just now I'll do my duty."

"Of course you will do what is right, my good sir," replied the Rev. Frank; "yet I venture to think you will regret neglecting my advice, which, allow me to assure you, is given in quite a friendly and disinterested spirit. I have just left the precincts of the Council Chamber, where I was told by a friend in office that the Councillors have been thrown into a wild and excusable state of alarm by the news that William, Prince of Orange, who, perhaps you may know, is James's son-in-law and nephew, has landed in Torbay with 15,000 Dutchmen. He comes by invitation of the nobles and clergy of the kingdom to take possession of the Crown which our friend James has forfeited, and James himself has fled to France—one of the few wise things of which he has ever been guilty. It is further reported that the panic-stricken Privy Council here talks of throwing open all the prison doors in Edinburgh, after which it will voluntarily dissolve itself. If it could do so in prussic acid or some chemical solvent suited to the purpose, its exit would be hailed as all the more appropriate. Meanwhile, I am of opinion that all servants of the Council would do well to retire into as much privacy as possible, and then maintain a careful look-out for squalls."

Having delivered this oration to the gaping guard, the Rev. Frank crossed the roof, and went through the forbidden and dangerous

performance of shaking hands heartily with the "rebels."

He was still engaged in this treasonable act, and the men of the town-guard had not yet recovered from their surprise, when hurrying footsteps were again heard on the stair, and a man of the town-guard sprang into the room, went to his chief, and whispered in his ear. The result was, that, with a countenance expressing mingled surprise and anxiety, the officer led his men from the scene, and left the long-persecuted Covenanters in peace.

"Losh, man! div'e rarily think the news can be true?" asked Andrew Black, after they had settled down and heard it all repeated. "Indeed! I do," said the Rev. Frank earnestly, "and I thank God that a glorious revolution seems to have taken place, and hope that the long, long years of persecution are at last drawing to a close."

And Frank Selby was right. The great revolution of 1688, which set William and Mary on the throne, also banished the tyrannical and despotic house of Stuart for ever; opened the prison gates to the Covenanters; restored to some extent the reign of justice and mercy; crushed, if it did not kill, the heads of Popery and absolute power, and sent a great wave of praise and thanksgiving over the whole land. Prelacy was no longer forced upon Scotland. The rights and liberties of the people were secured, and the day had at last come which crowned the struggles and sufferings of half a century. As Mrs. Black remarked—

"Surely the blood o' the martyrs has not been shed in vain!"

But what of the fortunes of those whose

Between 1661, when the Marquis of Argyll was beheaded, and 1688, when James Renwick suffered, there were murdered for the cause of Christ and Christian liberty about 18,000 noble men and women, some of whom were titled, but the most of whom were unknown to earthly fame. It is a marvellous record of the power of God; and well may we give all honour to the martyr band while we exclaim with the "Ayrshire Kilder"—

"O for the brave true hearts of old,
That bled when the banner perished!
O for the faith that was strong in death—
The faith that our fathers cherished."

"The banner might fall, but the spirit lived,
And liveth for evermore;
And Scotland claims as her noblest names
The Covenant men of yore."

THE END.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF OUR LORD.

A.D. 27.] LESSON IV. [Oct. 23.

A PARALYTIC HEALED.

Mark 2. 1-12. Memory verses, 9-12.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The Son of Man hath power on earth to forgive sins.—Mark 2. 10.

OUTLINE.

1. An Act of Faith, v. 1-4.
2. An Act of Mercy, v. 5-9.
3. An Act of Power, v. 10-12.

TIME.—A.D. 27.

PLACE.—Capernaum.

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

EXPLANATIONS.

1. "It was noised"—It was reported throughout the city. "In the house"—Either his own house, where he made a home for his mother, or into Peter's house.
3. "Sick of the palsy"—Or, smitten with paralysis.
4. "Uncovered the roof"—Either opened a connecting trap-door, or removed the court awnings, or made an opening through the flat house top by breaking up the tiles. If Jesus was in the court, the second is the probable way; if in an upper room, either of the others.
7. "Speak blasphemies"—That is, utter words which are direct profanations of God's holiness.
9. "Take up thy bed"—The Eastern pallet, or rug, or mat, here called a bed, because it was that on which he lay, could be easily rolled up and carried.

HOME READINGS.

- M. A paralytic healed.—Mark 2. 1-12.
 Tu. Plenteous redemption.—Psalm 130.
 W. Sins blotted out.—Isa. 43. 14-25.
 Th. Trespasses forgiven.—Col. 2. 6-15.
 F. Forgiven through Christ.—Acts 13. 32-39.
 S. For his sake.—1 John 2. 1-12.
 Sa. Prayer for pardon.—Psalm 25. 1-11.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

What are we taught in this lesson about—

1. Overcoming hindrances?
2. The forgiveness of sins?
3. Praising God for mercies?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Who was brought to Christ in Capernaum? "One sick with the palsy." 2. How did they bring him? "By opening the roof." 3. What did Christ say to him? "Thy sins be forgiven thee." 4. What followed his forgiveness? "He was made well." 5. In what character did Christ thus become known? "As a forgiver of sins." 6. What is the Golden Text? "The Son of man," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The divine legislation of Jesus.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

How may you obtain the help of the Holy Spirit?

By prayer in the name of Jesus.
 John 6. 23.—If ye shall ask anything of the Father in my name, he will give it you.

—Miss Denton—'Bridget, what is wrong with the sponge cake? It is very tough. Bridget (just over). "Shure, Miss, perhaps the sponge I used was pretty owd."



SLEIGHS AND SLEIGH DOGS.

SLEIGHS AND SLEIGH DOGS.

It is not often that children of the far North have much to do with sleigh driving; their experience of that mode of travelling is mostly limited to the ten or twelve miles over which their friends may propose to take them, as a great treat, once or twice in the course of the winter. Yet the sleigh is part of the necessary equipment of every mission station, and forms an important agency in the work of the mission itself. Among the Indians there is always a rivalry in the get-up of their sleigh and dog harness—the latter, made by dint of immense labour, of moose leather, all the metal appendages of which are procured from the store of the Hudson's Bay Company. Each dog has also to be furnished with a gay "tapis" or saddle-cloth made by the Indian women, and in the production of which all the taste and skill and power of invention of which they are so capable is expended.

Some of the tapis are made of deer's skin, with quaint devices worked on them, but the most popular are of dark blue cloth, elaborately beaded and adorned with broad fringes of wool or leather. It is not often that our Indian silk or bead work finds its way into these more southern regions, but whenever it is seen it excites wonder and admiration from its delicate tracery and the effective mingling of the colours; they have an instinctive knowledge of perspective, too, which they often bring to bear upon a turned-back leaf or distant spray, and in bead-work their skill in fixing the beads firmly is well adapted to the rough usage their handiwork has to encounter in the long winter journeys.

Another necessary appendage to the dog harness is the chain of bells; this is fastened on the collar or across the gay tapis. Each dog should have six or eight bells, and the merry tinkle of these doubtless keeps up the spirit of both dogs and men, as surely as do the bagpipes in a Highland regiment. The sound of sleigh bells has a friendly, cheering effect upon all (dogs and men alike) as it is caught across the snowy plain or icebound river.

How the sleigh dogs manage to live is often a problem which is hard to solve. The greater part of their time, poor brutes, they are kept on the brink of starvation, for the Indians find it hard enough to feed themselves, and every morsel of meat being demolished, the bones are kept to break and boil down, and so converted into grease. At the mission stations part of the fall fishery is reserved for the dogs—fortune favours them some seasons when the frost does not come at the very nick of time, and so our hung fish is anything but savoury, and unless dire necessity compels us to make use of it (as is the case sometimes), it is reserved for the dogs' winter supply. One or two white fish per day will keep a dog in good working condition.

A well-equipped sleigh should have four dogs harnessed tandem fashion. The sleigh-driver, with reins and whip in hand, runs an easy, jaunty pace by the side—his whip, handle elaborately carved and ornamented—the lash of leather cleverly twisted, its efficiency tested on the backs of the poor brutes with but short inter-

ruptions. Our sleigh-driver is dressed in leather and well-worked moose skin, with fringed shirt, and cloth leggings profusely beaded down the side of each leg. His cap is of fur—marten, mink, or beaver—for Whutale is a good trapper, and has made quite a fortune of furs he has trapped and sold to the Hudson's Bay Company. His leather mittens, lined with duff, are slung round his neck with a twisted braid of many colours.

Now, with his handsomely beaded fire-bag at his side, and a good warm comforter which some kind, industrious friend to our mission has sent out from Canada or England, our good-looking driver's outfit is complete.

But the sleigh, or "sled," as it is called in the North, must now be loaded. First come our travelling blankets and pillow, then kettle and sauceman, an axe (without which no traveller would ever think of travelling), and lastly our "prey," consisting of a few ribs of dried moose or deer's meat, a few dried fish, a small bag of biscuits or a little flour to mix with water and fry in grease—a very favourite dish in the North, which goes by the name of "bangs," and which our sleigh-boy connects with great skill; another bag will contain tea, and of this we must take a pretty liberal supply, as every grain which we do not need for our own use will be begged of us by the Indians.

Thus our sled is made ready for the start. And next comes our cariole, which is only a sleigh with sides of parchment, painted and decorated according to Indian fancy, and stocked with cushion and fur robe for the traveller's comfort. When the Bishop or any of his clergy go on a trip, this is their usual style of equipage. In this way they are able to make long winter expeditions to visit the Indians in their camps, and, being always sure of a kind welcome, they have camped among them and spent several days teaching them and holding services in the camps.

Each night, when they are on a trip, a halt is made. The poor, tired dogs are unharnessed. The axe is immediately in demand to hew down trees for fuel, and soon the pleasant sound of crackling wood meets the ear, and the travellers gather round the cheerful blaze.

Supper is the next concern, and then the short evening service, after which each one turns into his bed, dug deep in the snow and well lined with boughs and brush-wood, and the good robe of musk-ox or buffalo wrapped closely round him.

THE DIFFERENCE.

"Dick drinks water, but Dad has gone into the saloon. I wish Dad'd drink the water and send Dick into the saloon. I wish men knew as much as animals about some things. Dick stands up straight and trots along on four legs. Dad can't manage two. Dick puts in a day's work, and keeps good hours at night. Dad sleeps half the day and I don't know when he comes in at night.

"Quiser what a difference there is."

DAILY BREAD.

A LITTLE girl in a wretched attic, whose sick mother had no bread, knelt down by the bedside, and said, slowly—"Give us this day our daily bread." Then she went into the street, and began to wonder where God kept his bread. She turned round the corner, and saw a large, well-filled baker's shop.

"This," thought Nottie, "is the place." So she entered confidently, and said to the stout baker, "I've come for it."

"Come for what?"

"My daily bread," she said, pointing to the tempting loaves. "I'll take two, if you please—one for my mother and one for me."

"All right," said he, putting them into a bag, and giving them to his little customer, who started at once into the street.

"Stop, you little rogue!" he said, roughly; "where is your money?"

"I haven't any," she said simply.

"Haven't any?" he repeated angrily; "you little thief, who brought you here, then?"

The hard words frightened the little girl, who, bursting into tears, said: "Mother is sick, and I am so hungry. In my prayers I said, 'Give us this day our daily bread,' and then I thought God meant me to fetch it, and so I came."

The rough but kind-hearted baker was softened by the child's simple tale, and he sent her back to her mother with a well-filled basket.

Nettie had faith in God; she asked and expected to receive.

Perhaps if some older persons had more faith in their asking, they would have more joy in receiving. God is ready to fulfil his promises, but we must be in the appointed attitude of trusting expectation.

October.

'Tis a banner of gold and scarlet
October flings to the breeze,
And none other of all the twelvemonths
Can boast such colours as these.

For the trees that through all the summer
Have been dressed in the darkest green,
Now hanging with red and yellow
In most gorgeous gowns are seen.

The goldenrod flames by the roadside
And over the fences old,
Till each meadow is fast becoming
The field of the Cloth of Gold.

And even the sun in his setting,
When he slowly sinks from view,
And looks over the world of colour,
Has caught the golden hue.

SEA WORN SILVER.

An expedition has been sent out to find an English sloop-of-war which sank off the coast of Delaware nearly a century ago, and which is supposed to have had on board at the time several millions of dollars' worth of coin. The fascination of picking up or fishing up coin, as it may be in this case, is extremely great. But this expedition is not unlike one which was started several years ago on the coast of California. A Spanish treasure-ship, bound for California in the last century, was lost off the lower coast of the Golden State. Some capitalists put their heads together and jingled their money bags in union to devise some scheme of capturing the submarine wealth. The hulk was found after the supply in the aforesaid bags had been greatly reduced by the expensive search, and there was great rejoicing among the originators of the plan. But there came a melancholy end to these beautiful dreams. The sunken vessel was found and so was the money—what there was left of it. The coins, however, had been worn smooth and thin by the constant grinding of the tides and currents on the remorseless sand at the bottom of the blue Pacific. Some of the silver dollars and half dollars were mere wafers. Others had become so light that the tides had hurried them over the submarine continents until, like Cleopatra's pearls, they melted and vanished, lost in the salted waters. The silver in any coin was hardly worth the picking. The writer is in possession of one of the few coins rescued from their ocean grave. It was a Spanish half-dollar, coined some time in the early part of the

last century. Only the figure "7" is left, and that is dim and scarcely distinguishable with the naked eye. The shining bit of silver had been ground down to the thinnest plate by the ceaseless flow and ebb. It is as smooth and even as the softest velvet save for the spots whose corrosion has punctured it with a few fine pinholes. That search for gold, like many others, was a costly one—a dismal failure. Old ocean is no miser. He hoards not his wealth, but scatters it with a lavish hand.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Lament of a Missionary Box.

FORGOTTEN and forlorn I live,
Upon a dusty shelf,
And feel so downcast and so sad
I hardly know myself;
A missionary-box am I,
And better days have seen,
For copper, silver, and gold,
Within my walls have been.

Now I am empty—no, not quite,
For sometimes you may hear
A mournful jingle from my depths,
By pennies made, I fear;
I scorn not pennies—no, indeed!
Their worth too well I know,
But twopence only in a box
Does make one's spirits low!

The missionaries say, indeed,
That pence to pounds soon grow;
But older people ought to give,
We want our money so!
And thus, in emptiness, I wait,
And dustier grow each day,
While heedless of my silent plea
You round me work and play.

My words are poor and weak at best,
I know not how to plead,
But look upon the distant fields
"To harvests white" indeed;
The heathen be in thickest gloom:
Do you need a stronger plea?
Then listen to His voice who said:
"Ye did it unto me!"

The smallest offerings for his sake,
Into the treasure given,
He with an eye of love will note
And own one day in heaven;
And even here you'll have his smile
While you the words believe,
That far "more blessed 'tis to give"
Than only "to receive."

—The Juvenile.

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