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PLEASANT HOURS

PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XIV.]

TORONTO, AUGUST 11, 1894.

[No. 32.]

O Day of Rest and Gladness.

O day of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright!
On thee the high and lowly
Before the eternal throne
Sing, holy, holy, holy,
To God the Three in One.

On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee for our salvation
Christ rose from depths of earth
On thee our Lord victorious
The Spirit sent from heaven;
And thus on the most glorious
A triple light was given.

To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls.

about 140,000 cubic yards of masonry and concrete in the foundation and piers.

The main piers, three in number, consist each of a group of four masonry columns, faced with granite, 49 feet in diameter at the top, and 36 feet high, which rest either on the solid rock or on concrete, carried down in most cases by means of caissons, of a maximum diameter of 70 feet, to the rock or boulder clay, which is of almost equal solidity.

The stresses to be provided for are those arising from the weight of the structure itself, the rolling load, and wind, as well as from change of temperature.

The rolling load had been taken as one ton per foot run on each line of rails over the whole structure, or a train on each line consisting of sixty short coal trucks of fifteen tons each, weighing in the aggregate 142 tons.

The wind pressure provided for is a pres-

take the strains, and the vertical and horizontal bracing of the sides keep them stiff against the effects of their own weight and wind respectively.

The Forth Bridge is a most important link in the direct railway connection between Edinburgh, Perth and Dundee.

UGHT A BOY TO USE TOBACCO?

PERHAPS some boy will say: "Grown people are always telling us, 'This will do for men, but it is not good for men.'"

Tobacco is not good for men; but there is a very good reason why it is worse for boys.

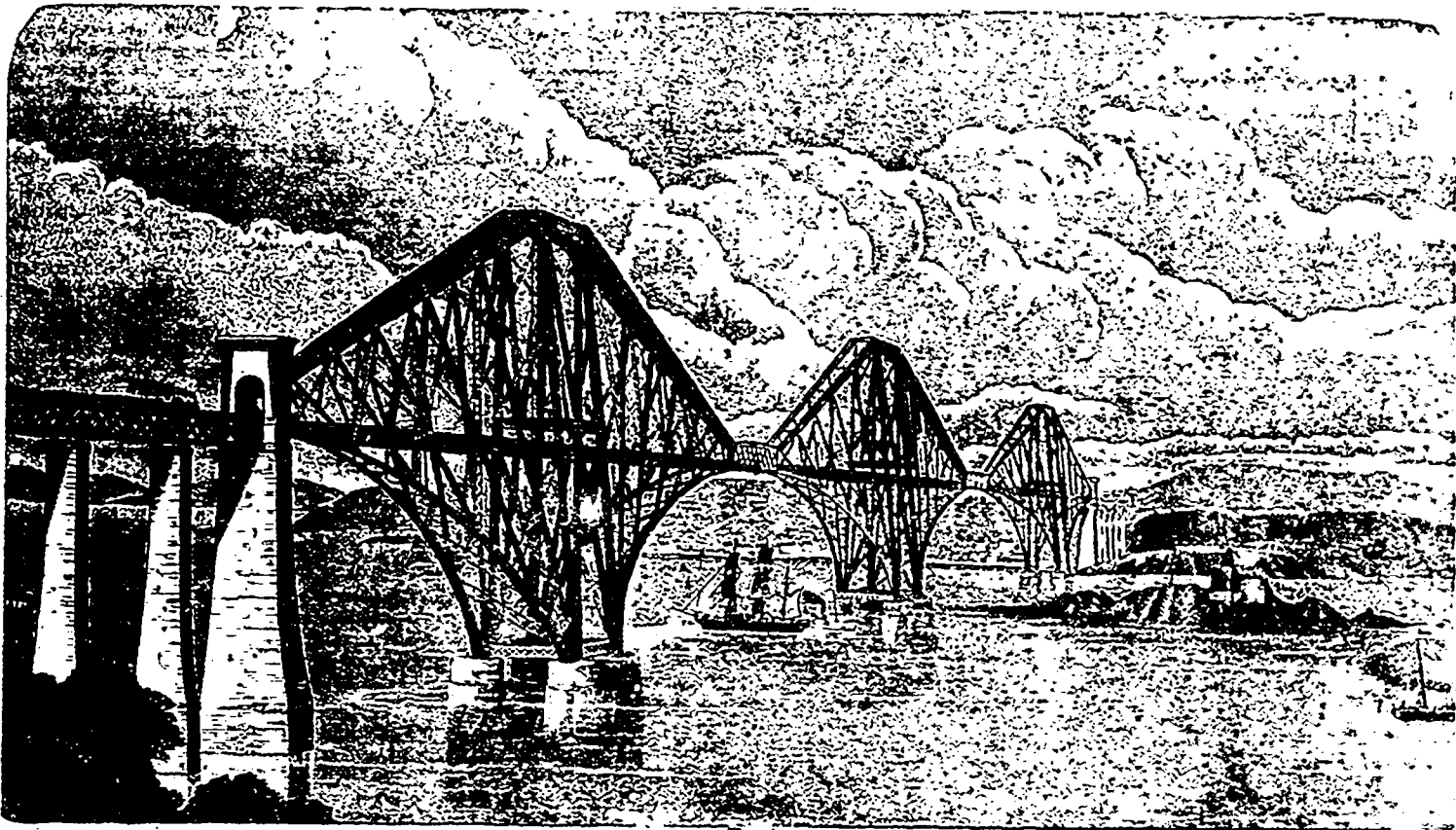
If you were going to build a house, would it be wise for you to put in the stone work of the cellar something that would make it less strong? Something into the brick-work or the mortar, the wood-work or the

quent spitting it causes is disgusting to others, and hurts the health of the chower. Tobacco, in any form, is a great enemy to youth. It stunts the growth, hurts the mind, and injures in every way the boy or girl who uses it.

Not that it does this to every youth who smokes, but it is always true that no boy of seven to fourteen can begin to smoke or chew, and have so fine a body and mind when he is twenty-one years old as he would have if he had never used tobacco. If you want to be strong and well men and women, do not use tobacco in any form.

"PAPA MADE ME DRUNK"

"These are the last words, repeated over and over again, of a little boy who recently died from the effects of whiskey.



THE FORTH BRIDGE.

Where gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

THE FORTH BRIDGE.

The construction of the Forth Bridge, Scotland, is justly regarded as one of the greatest scientific and mechanical achievements of modern times. The total length of the viaduct is 8,296 feet, or nearly 1½ miles, and there are two spans 1,710 feet, two of 680 feet, fifteen of 168 feet girders, four of 57 feet, and three of 25 feet being masonry arches.

The clear headway for navigation is 150 feet for 500 feet in the centre of the 1,710 feet spans. The extreme height of the structure is 361 feet above, and the extreme depth of foundations 91 feet below the level of high water.

There are about 53,000 tons of steel in the superstructure of the viaduct, and

sure of 56 pounds per square foot, striking the whole or any part of the exposed surface of the bridge at any angle with the horizon, the total amount on the main spans being estimated at nearly 8,000 tons.

The superstructure of the main spans is made up of three enormous double cantilevers, resting on the main piers. Those on the shore sides are 1,505 feet, and that on Inch Garvie (an island fortuitously dividing the deep water space into two channels of nearly equal width) is 1,620 feet in length. The effective depth over the piers is 330 feet, and at the end 35 feet. The centre portions of the two 1,710 foot spans on each side of Inch Garvie are formed by two lattice girders 350 feet in length, 50 feet deep in the centre, and 37 feet deep at the ends.

The compression members of the cantilevers are, as a rule, formed of tubes either circular in form, or circular with flattened ends.

The tension members are quadrangular in section. The booms at their corners

nails, the walls or the chimneys, that would make them weak and tottering, instead of strong and steady?

It would be bad enough if you should repair your house with poor materials; but, surely it must be built in the first place with the best you can get.

You will soon learn that boys and girls are building their bodies, day after day, until at last they reach full size. Afterwards they must be repaired as fast as they wear out. It would be foolish to build any part in a way to make it weaker than need be.

Wise doctors have said that the boy who uses tobacco while he is growing, makes every part of his body less strong than it otherwise would be. Even his bones will not grow so well.

Boys who smoke cannot become such large, fine looking men as they would if they did not smoke.

Cigarettes are small, but they are poisonous. Chewing tobacco is a worse and more filthy habit even than smoking. The fro-

His father, an old acquaintance of mine," says A. T. Goodlove, "carried a jug of whiskey home with him from town, and gave each of his children a dram out of it. The child was brought under the control of the whiskey devil by the drink given to him, and slipped to the jug, as soon as he could do so unobserved, to get as much of the fiery liquid as his cravings called for. When found, he was lying on the floor by the jug, unable to move, and insensible. The doctor was sent for, and the boy was roused sufficiently to say, and keep saying till he died: 'Papa made me drunk.'"

But who sold papa the poison? Who licensed him to make that father a mad man and a murderer? Who sets the seal of government authority on the manufacture and sale of this deadly drink? Who are the men who countenance and approve the act, and share the blood money received for distilling and selling this beverage of perdition?

The Night Wind.

BY EUGENE FIELD.

HAVE you ever heard the wind go "Yoooooo?"
 'Tis a pitiful sound to hear!
 It seems to chill you through and through
 With a strange and speechless fear.
 It's the voice of the night that broods outside,
 When the folk should be asleep,
 And many and many's the time I've cried
 To the darkness that brooded far and wide
 Over the land and deep:
 "Whom do you want, O lonely night,
 That you wail the long hours through?"
 And the night would say, in its ghostly way:
 "Yoooooo!"

My mother told me long ago
 (When I was a little lad),
 That when the night went wailing so,
 Somebody had been bad;
 And then when I was snug in bed,
 Whither I had been sent,
 With the blankets drawn up round my head,
 I'd think of what mother'd said,
 And wonder what boy she meant!
 And "Who's been bad to day?" I'd ask
 Of the wind that hoarsely blew,
 And that voice would say, in its meaningful
 way:
 "Yoooooo!"

That this was true I must allow—
 You'll not believe it, though!
 Yes, though I am quite a model now,
 I was not always so.
 And if you doubt what things I say,
 Suppose you make the test;
 Suppose, when you've been bad some day
 And up to bed are sent away
 From mother and the rest—
 Suppose you ask, "Who has been bad?"
 And then you'll hear what's true:
 For the wind will moan in its rueful tone:
 "Yoooooo!"

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, AUGUST 11, 1894.

SANDY'S EXAMINATION.

BY J. NORRIS.

SANDY was a little brown-eyed, curly-headed, freckle-faced country boy, who lived with his father and mother in a very wild, rocky section of the country, and helped them to work the farm from which they derived their sustenance. Early and late, summer and winter, Sandy had worked with right goodwill; and although as yet scarcely more than in his "teens," his father had often acknowledged that Sandy was a "regular little man!"

Now, although Sandy was perfectly contented to work hard, and wear patched clothes when it couldn't be helped, yet he was an ambitious lad, and had planned out for himself a glorious future.

I must tell you something else about Sandy, too. He was a soldier of Christ's; and once having chosen the "narrow way," he followed it with all the ardour of his strong, young nature.

Often, when gathering the sheep from the stony pasture fields to the big building which he liked to call "The Fold," Sandy had longed for the time to come when he should go out into the world and gather home to the fold of the "Good Shepherd" the poor lost sheep that, one by one, had strayed away upon the mountains of sin.

Of late years, Sandy's father could not afford to let him go to school, but, sympathizing with his "little man" in his high ambitions, he procured for him the necessary books, and Sandy lost no time in proceeding to devour their contents. No opportunity escaped him. Long winter evenings, when the "chores" were done, he had sat up, studying far into the night. On rainy days, and in spare moments, with no one to help or guide him; no one to unfold to him the tangles of a hard problem; he had plodded on, day after day, and now—in one more month—he was going up to write at the "Entrance," confident of success!

What a long month that last one was! and how hard Sandy worked! His pocket was never without a book, which at every chance was pulled out and examined. While the oxen rested at the plough, driving the sheep home from pasture, going to the post-office for the mail, or while eating his meals—these were Sandy's study-hours.

At last the day previous to the examination arrived. Sandy was all excitement. It was really true, then, that he was going to ride up to the place of examination in the railway-train, and wearing his new suit of clothes, without a patch on them; a suit which his mother had toiled hard to procure for the special occasion, and which fitted—him so Sandy said—just to perfection! For hadn't he tried them on? Yes, more than once during the past week he had fitted them on, and stood before the looking-glass, and felt proud of them—actually proud of them! although Sandy knew very well that the coat and vest were old ones of his father's, turned over and "boiled down" so as to fit him; while the cheapest piece of cloth in the village store was worked up into a pair of frousters which, if the truth must be told, were just a trifle too short, for the want of sufficient material to finish them!

What a glorious adventure it would be to buy his own ticket at the station, step into the car like any traveller, and be rolled away to his destination, at the rate of forty miles an hour, and then to board at a real boarding-house for three whole days! All this to Sandy's mind was an occurrence which might happen but once in a lifetime. Sandy did not purpose doing much work on this last day, so that he might be thoroughly rested for the coming trial. The ridge-boards on the peak of the barn were loose, that was all; and Sandy promised to nail them down "right tight," while his father was at market that afternoon.

Poor Sandy! How little he knew that the sunset of his short life was closer at hand even than the sunset of this beautiful, bright day—the last before the day of examination!

As soon as his father had gone, Sandy filled his pockets full of nails, climbed the long ladder that reached to the eaves of the barn, and then up the little, narrow board steps to the peak, where he whistled and sang and worked, as merry as the June sunbeams themselves, and all unconscious of the hard earth forty feet beneath him.

No one knew how it happened—no one saw him fall. They only found towards evening, lying near the end of the big barn, cold and stiff and lifeless, and they carried him, just as they found him, to his own little room—his life-work ended, his short journey over, his sun gone down in the early morning of life!

An all-wise Providence had cut short on the very borders of the realization of some of them, at least, the aspirations, ambitions, and longings of a warm, young heart.

And so, while bright, eager scholars were busy writing at the place of examination, Sandy was lying white and still in his own little room at home. The freckles were all gone from his face now, leaving it pale and rigid as marble. The merry brown eyes, that were closed forever to earthly scenes, were gazing upon far fairer scenes than were ever revealed to mortal vision. The

lips, which in life had poured forth many a merry whistle and song, were sealed forever now. The little hands—brown and toilworn in life, white and smooth in death—were crossed stiffly on the breast of his ragged coat. The brown curls, which lay in little ringlets on his forehead, remained just as they were in life, and reflected all the glory of the warm sunshine that streamed in through the little, narrow window, and fell upon the cold, white face and silent head.

Sandy was dead—his earthly hopes unrealized! But, ah, what hopes, what feelings, what transcendent realities of joy he had already found! What glory, what brilliance, what scenes of immortal brightness, had dawned upon his waking soul! What songs of angels had burst upon his ears! What glories of Paradise had revealed themselves to his quickened sight!

Although Sandy's name did not appear in the list of "Successful Candidates" that year, yet, after all, he had passed—passed that greatest and best of all examinations, "the entrance" into the high school of heaven; passed from death unto life—from darkness into life eternal; passed from the rough floor and the bare walls of his old home, to the golden streets and the jasper walls of the "City Bright"; passed from the barren fields and stony hillside to the green pastures beside the still waters; passed from a world of sorrow, and crying, and sickness, and death, to the "many mansions" of his Father's house, where Christ himself had led him unto living fountains of water, and where God had wiped away all tears from his eyes!

Williamsford, Ont.

HAL'S CONVERT.

HE was a rough-looking Irish boy. This at the first glance; but his face was full of fun, his brown hair clung to his head in tight curls, his eyes were merry, gentle, or fierce, according to his quickly changing moods. I am not sure that you might not have called him positively handsome, had he been well dressed and cared for.

In speech Mike was the worst boy in school. Why should he not be? His father was unusually intelligent for one of his class, a good workman, but given to drink, and when drunk he was foul of speech, abusive of his family, the terror of the neighbourhood.

Mike's mother, ignorant, hark-working, honest, quick-tempered, dealt many a blow to her children in her hot impatience, while she worked early and late to keep them clothed and fed. The boy had never learned the first lesson in self-control. How could he? When angry, as he was extremely often, his profaneness was fearful to hear. All the better class of boys avoided him; all but Hal, a fine, manly fellow of twelve, whose home was as good as Mike's was bad.

Hal admired Mike, who rivalled him in foot-ball, base-ball, jumping, and in his own classes even, for Mike was among the first there in spite of his disadvantages. Hal was distressed at Mike's profaneness, and determined to try to help him to give it up. This was how he did it:

He took him one day to see his fantailed pigeons; then to see his pups, a new and thriving but sightless family. One day Hal astonished his Aunt Hannah by asking her if she would have a secret with him. Would she knit a pair of cardinal mittens like the pair she knit for him last winter? Of course she would. Christmas morning Hal slipped the mittens into Mike's cold hands. One morning the boys were alone, again admiring the pups. "Mike," said Hal, "if you'll give up all your bad words, I'll give you one of my pups." Now these pups constituted a prospective bicycle fund, at least the beginning of one. Their owner expected to sell the five setters for at least sixty dollars. It cost a struggle to give up one.

Mike could hardly believe his ears. "I'll do my best," he said, and bore off his treasure in such a state of pride and delight as he had never known. He kept his word. The foul words slipped out many times afterwards, but by-and-bye he had so far given up the dreadful habit that his teacher praised him for his improvement.

"It's not meself it is," said the boy; "it's Hal intirely."

Some of the well-dressed boys in school jeered at Mike, calling him "Hal's convert"; but do you not think Hal had found out the secret of helping those less fortunate than himself?

Out of the Way.

BY EMMA C. DOWD.

JAMIE's feet are restless and rough,
 Jamie's fingers cause disarray;
 Jamie can never make noise enough,
 Jamie is told to get out of the way!

Out of the way of beautiful things,
 Out of the way with his games and toys,
 Out of the way with his sticks and strings,
 Out on the street with the other boys!

Easy to slip from home restraint,
 Out of the mother care, into the throng,
 Out of the way of fret and complaint,
 Out in the fun—borne swiftly along!

HUNTED AND HARRIED.

A Tale of the Scottish Covenanters.

BY R. A. BALLANTYNE.

CHAPTER VI.—TELLS OF OVERWHELMING REVERSES.

MRS. BLACK was a woman of sedate character and considerable knowledge for her station in life—especially in regard to Scripture. Like her son she was naturally grave and thoughtful, with a strong tendency to analyse, and to inquire into the nature and causes of things. Unlike Andrew, however, all her principles and her creed were fixed and well defined—at least in her own mind, for she held it to be the bounden duty of every Christian to be ready at all times to give a "reason" for the hope that is in him, as well as for every opinion that he holds. Her natural kindness was somewhat concealed by slight austerity of manner.

She was seated, one evening, plying her ever-active needle, at the same small window which overlooked the church-yard. The declining sun was throwing dark shadows across the graves. A ray of it gleamed on a corner of the particular tombstone which, being built against her house, slightly encroached upon her window. No one was with the old woman save a large cat, to whom she was in the habit of addressing occasional remarks of a miscellaneous nature, as if to relieve the tedium of solitude with the fiction of intercourse.

"Ay, pussie," she said, "ye may weel wash yer face an' purr, for there's nae fear o' ye bein' dragged before Archbishop Sherp to hae yer thombs sawred, or yer legs squeezed in the—"

She stopped abruptly, for heavy footsteps were heard on the spiral stair, and next moment Will Wallace entered.

"Well, Mrs. Black," he said, sitting down in front of her, "it's all settled with Bruce. I'm engaged to work at his forge, and have already begun business."

"So I see, an' ye look business-like," answered the old woman, with a very slight smile, and a significant glance at our hero's costume.

A considerable change had indeed taken place in the personal appearance of Will Wallace since his arrival in Edinburgh, for in place of the shepherd's garb, with which he had started from the "bonnie hills of Galloway," he wore the leathern apron and other habiliments of a blacksmith. Moreover, his hair had been allowed to grow in luxuriant natural curls about his head, and as the sun had bronzed him during his residence with Black, and a young beard and moustache had begun to assert themselves in premature vigour, his whole aspect was that of a grand heroic edition of his former self.

"Yes, the moment I told your friend," said Wallace, "that you had sent me to him, and that I was one of those who had good reason to conceal myself from observation, he gave me a hearty shake of the hand and accepted my offer of service; all the more that, having already some knowledge of his craft, I did not require teaching. So he gave me an apron and set me to work at once. I came straight from the forge just as I left off work to see what you would think of my disguise."
 "Ye'll do, ye'll do," returned Mrs. Black, with a nod of approval. "Yer face an' hands need mair washin' than my pussie gies her nose! But wheesh! I hear a fit on the stair. It'll be Quentin Dick. I sent him oot for a red herrin' or twa for supper."

As she spoke, Quentin entered with a brown paper parcel, the contents of which were made patent by means of scent without the aid of sight.

The shepherd seemed a little disconcerted at sight of a stranger, for, as Wallace stood by, the light did not fall on his face; but a word and glance sufficed to enlighten him.

"No, that bad," he said, surveying the metamorphosed shepherd, "but I doot yer auld friends the dragoons wad sune see through't—considerin' yer size an' the sound o' yer voice."

So saying he proceeded to place the red herrings on a gridiron, as if he were the recognized cook of the establishment.

Presently Bruce himself—Mrs. Black's friend the blacksmith made his appearance, and the four were soon seated round a supper of oat-cakes, mashed potatoes, milk, and herring. For some time they discussed the probability of Wallace being recognized by spies as one who had attended the conventicle at Irongray, or by dragoons as a deserter; then, as appetite was appeased, they diverged to the lamentable state of the country, and the high-handed doings of the Privy Council.

"The Archbishop cam' to the toon this mornin'," remarked Mrs. Black, "so there'll be plenty o' torterin' gaun on."

"I fear you're right," said Bruce, who, having sojourned a considerable time in England, had lost much of his northern language and accent. "That horrible instrument, the boot, was brought this very mornin' to my smithy for repair. They had been so hard on some poor wretch, I suppose, that they broke part of it, but I put a flaw into its heart that will force them to be either less cruel or to come to me again for repairs!"

"H'm! if ye try thae pranks ower often they'll find it out," said Quentin. "Sharp is weel named, and if he suspects what ye've done, ye'll get a taste of the bait yersel'."

The hatred with which by far the greater part of the people of Scotland regarded Archbishop Sharp of St. Andrews, is scarcely a matter of wonder when the man's character and career is considered. Originally a Presbyterian, and Minister of Crail, he was sent to Court by his brethren and countrymen as their advocate and agent, and maintained there at their expense for the express purpose of watching over the interests of their Church. Sharp not only betrayed his trust but went over to what might well at that time be described as "the enemy," and secretly undermined the cause which he was bound in honour to support. Finally he threw off all disguise, and was rewarded by being made Archbishop of St. Andrews and Primate of Scotland! This was bad enough, but the new prelate, not satisfied with the gratification of his ambition, became, after the manner of apostates, a bitter persecutor of the friends he had betrayed. Charles II., who was indolent, incapable and entirely given over to self-indulgence, handed over the affairs of Scotland to an unprincipled cabal of laymen and churchmen, who may be fittingly described as drunken libertines. By these men—of whom Middleton, Lauderdale, and Sharp were the chief—all the laws passed in favour of Presbyterianism were rescinded; now tyrannical laws such as we have elsewhere referred to were enacted and ruthlessly enforced; Prelacy was established; the Presbyterian Church was laid in ruins, and all who dared to question the righteousness of these transactions were pronounced rebels and treated as such. There was no impartial tribunal to which the people could appeal. The King, who held Presbyterianism to be unfit for a gentleman, cared for none of these things, and even if he had it would have mattered little, for those about him took good care that he should not be approached or enlightened as to the true state of affairs in Scotland.

Sharp himself devised and drafted a now edict empowering any officer or sergeant to kill on the spot any armed man whom he found returning from or going to a conventicle, and he was on the point of going to London to have this edict confirmed when his murderous career was suddenly terminated.

In the days of James VI. and Charles I. the bishops, although forced on the Scottish Church and invested with certain privileges, were subject to the jurisdiction of the General Assembly, but soon after Charles II. mounted the throne ecclesiastical government was vested entirely in their hands, and all the ministers who refused to recognize their usurped authority were expelled.

It was in 1662 that the celebrated Act was passed by Middleton and his colleagues in Glasgow College. It provided that all ministers must either submit to the bishops or remove themselves and families out of their manse, churches, and parishes within a month. It was known as the "Drunken Act of Glasgow," owing to the condition of the legislators. Four hundred brave and true men left their earthly all at that time, rather than violate conscience and forsake

God. Their example ultimately saved the nation from despotism.

The Archbishop of St. Andrews was chief in arrogance and cruelty among his brethren. He afterwards obtained permission to establish a High Commission Court in Scotland—in other words, an Inquisition—for summarily executing all laws, acts, and orders in favour of Prelacy and against recusants, clergy and laity. It was under this authority that all the evil deeds hitherto described were done, and of this Commission Sharp was constant president.

It may be well to remark here that the Prelacy which was so detested by the people of Scotland was not English Prelacy, but Scotch Prelacy. It was, in truth, little better at that time than Popery disguised—a sort of confused religio-political Popery, of which system the King was self-constituted pope, while his unprincipled minions of the council were cardinals.

No wonder, then, that at the mere mention of Sharp's name Mrs. Black shook her head sorrowfully, Bruce, the blacksmith frowned darkly, and Quentin Dick not only frowned, but snorted vehemently, and smote the table with such violence that the startled passers fled from the scene in dismay.

"Save us a'! Quentin," said Mrs. Black, "ye'll surely be hanged or shot if ye dinna learn to subdue yer wrath."

"Subdue my wrath, wyman!" exclaimed the shepherd, grinding his teeth; "if ye had seen the half o' what I've seen ye wad but ye ken 'maist naething about it! Gio me

time, and presented a fearful aspect of scotching foam mingled with black rocks, as it rushed over the linn and through its narrow throat below. A path led to the brink of the gorge which is now spanned by the Rouden Bridge. From the sharp-edged cliff on one side to the equally sharp cliff on the other was a width of considerably over twenty feet. Towards this point Andrew Black sped. Close at his heels the dragoons followed, Glendinning, on a superb horse, in advance of the party. It was an untiring leap to the farmer, who nevertheless went at it like a thunderbolt and cleared it like a stag. The troopers behind, seeing the nature of the ground, pulled up in time, and wheeling to the left, made for the ford. Glendinning, however, was too late. The reckless sergeant, enraged at being so often balked by the farmer, had let his horse go too far. He tried to pull up, but failed. The effort to do so rendered a leap impossible. So near was he to the fugitive that the latter was yet in the midst of his bound when the former went over the precipice, head foremost, horse and all. The poor steed fell on the rocks below and broke his neck, but the rider was shot into the deep dark pool round which the Cluden whirled in foam-flecked eddies. In the midst of its heaving waters he quickly arose flinging his long arms wildly about, and shouting for help with bubbling cry.

The iron helm, jack-boots, and other accoutrements of a seventeenth century trooper were not calculated to assist flotation. Glendinning would have terminated his career then and there if the flood had not come to his aid by sweeping him into the shallow water



FIRST DISCIPLES OF JESUS.—John 1. 35-49.

some mair tatties an' mulk, it'll quite no maybe."

In order that the reader may know something of one of the things about which Mrs. Black, as well as Quentin Dick himself, was happily ignorant at that time, we must change the scene once more to the neighbourhood of Andrew Black's cottage.

It was early in the day, and the farmer was walking along the road that led to Cluden Ford, bent on paying a visit to Dimfries, when he was overtaken by a troop of about twenty horsemen. They had ridden out of the bush and came on the road so suddenly, that Black had no time to secrete himself. Knowing that he was very much "wanted," especially after the part he had played at the recent conventicle on Skeoch Hill, he at once decided that discretion was the better part of valour, and took to his heels.

No man in all the country-side could beat the stout farmer at a race either short or long, but he soon found that four legs are more than a match for two. The troopers soon gained on him, though he ran like a mountain hare. Having the advantage, however, of a start of about three hundred yards, he reached the bend in the road where it begins to descend towards the ford before his pursuers overtook him. But Andrew felt that the narrow strip of wood beside which he was racing could not afford him shelter and that the ford would avail him nothing. In his extremity he made up his mind to a desperate venture.

On his right an open glade revealed to him the dark gorge through which the Cluden thundered. The stream was in flood at the

lower end of the pool, whence some of his men soon after rescued him. Meanwhile, Andrew Black, plunging into the woods on the opposite side of the river, was soon far beyond the reach of his foes.

But escape was not now the chief anxiety of our farmer, and selfishness formed no part of his character. When he had left home, a short time before, his niece Jean was at work in the dairy, Ramblin, Peter was attending to the cattle, Marion Clark and her comrade, Isabel Scott, were busy with domestic affairs, and old Mrs. Mitchell—who never quite recovered her reason—was seated in the chimney corner calmly knitting a sock.

To warn these of their danger was now the urgent duty of the farmer, for well he knew that the disappointed soldiers would immediately visit his home. Indeed, he saw them ride away in that direction soon afterwards, and started off to forestall them if possible by taking a short cut. Glendinning had borrowed the horse of a trooper and left the dismounted man to walk after them.

But there was no particularly short cut to the cottage, and in spite of Andrew's utmost exertions the dragoons arrived before him. Not, however, before the wary Peter had observed them, given the alarm, got all the inmates of the farm—including Mrs. Mitchell—down into the hidy-hole and established himself in the chimney corner with a look of imbecile innocence that was almost too perfect.

(To be continued.)

Be temperate and be happy.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF OUR LORD.

A. D. 27. LESSON VIII. [Aug. 19.]

FIRST DISCIPLES OF JESUS.

John 1. 35-49. Memory verses, 40-42.

GOLDEN TEXT.

We have found the Messias, which is being interpreted, the Christ.—John 1. 41.

OUTLINE.

1. Looking upon Jesus, v. 35, 36.
2. Following Jesus, v. 37-40.
3. Leading to Jesus, v. 41-49.

TIME.—Probably during the year A. D. 27, and early in the year, as it was before the first passover of his ministry.

PLACE.—Bethabara, east from Jerusalem, a ford of Jordan, where John had baptized. The place of gathering was across the river; hence, Bethabara beyond Jordan.

RULERS.—Tiberius, emperor of Rome; Pontius Pilate, Procurator of Judea; Herod Antipas, Tetrarch of Galilee; Philip, Tetrarch of Iturea and Trachonitis; Lysanias, Tetrarch of Abilene; and Annas and Caiaphas, high priests.

EXPLANATIONS.

36. "Lamb of God"—Jesus, sinless and pure. No other man was ever called the Lamb of God.
37. "They followed Jesus"—The beginning of the Christian Church.
38. "What seek ye"—Jesus knew, but he made the way easy for them to follow him if they wished it. "Rabbi"—Master.
39. "Abode with him"—Stayed with him wherever it was that he tarried. "The tenth hour"—Four o'clock in the afternoon.
40. "Two"—One was Andrew. The other was no doubt John himself. "Peter's brother"—In Church history Peter is everything, and Andrew nothing; but there would have been no apostle Peter but for Andrew.—Plumptre.
46. "Any good thing"—The reputation of Nazareth was very bad. That is why Nathaniel asked such a question.
47. "An Israelite indeed"—Really and truly an Israelite in spirit, and not alone in name. (See Rom. 2. 28, 29.) "No guile"—no deceit, no fraud.

HOME READINGS.

- M. First disciples of Jesus—John 1. 35-42.
- Tu. First disciples of Jesus—John 1. 43-49.
- W. Call of Levi—Luke 5. 27-32.
- Th. The call obeyed.—Mark 1. 14-20.
- F. Earnest following.—Luke 9. 57-62.
- S. Counting the cost.—Luke 14. 25-35.
- Su. The reward.—Matt. 19. 23-30.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

- Where in this lesson are we taught—
1. Whom we should seek?
 2. When we should seek Jesus?
 3. That we should lead others to Jesus?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Who came to prepare the way for Christ? "John the Baptist." 2. What did he say of Jesus? "Behold the Lamb of God." 3. Who heard John the Baptist say this? "Two of his disciples." 4. What did they do? "They followed Jesus." 5. What did one of these two disciples say to his brother Simon? Golden Text: "We have found the Messias, which is, being interpreted, the Christ." 6. Who were among the earliest disciples of Jesus? "Andrew and Peter, Philip and Nathaniel."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The omniscience of Christ.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

Who is the Holy Spirit?

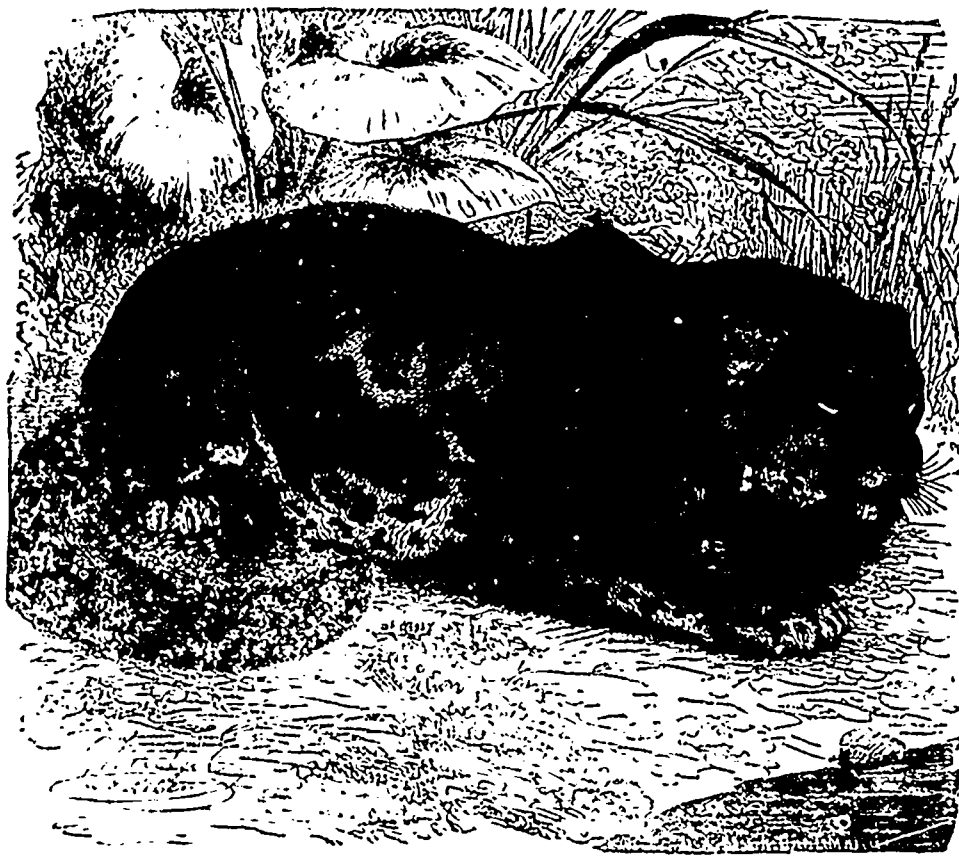
The Holy Spirit is the third Person in the blessed Trinity, one in the Godhead with the Father and the Son.

Is the Person of the Divine Spirit often mentioned in Scripture?

Yes; from the beginning of the Bible to the end, but especially in the New Testament.

A young lady can stand up straight and still be bent on marriage.

"O dear!" sighed little Harry, whose clothes are all made of his papa's old ones, and who does not like it, "papa has had his mustache shaved off, and I suppose I got to wear it now."



THE TIGER.

TIGER LAND.

BY F. L. OSWALD

ON board of a steamer that crosses the Mediterranean on the way from Marseilles to Algiers, I once heard a party of tourists discuss the advantages of well-wooded countries.

"What a paradise that coast must have been in the time of the heathens," said a French professor, "in the good old times when the world was still full of trees and wild animals."

"Yes, but Christians might find a wilderness of that sort a little too wild," observed our Italian physician.

"At least the wild animal part of it," said an old clergyman. "When I was a missionary in the East Indies, I once came across a wilderness of that kind that had become too much for the very heathens."

"Tell us all about it, please," said an American lady. "Was it on the Ganges, where they say the crocodiles are so large that they can swallow a person at a gulp?"

"Yes, on a branch of the Ganges," said the missionary, "but the crocodiles never troubled us in that part of the country. It was in the Behar district, on the road from Patna to Mirzapore, and we had to camp the second night, because the landlord of the wayside bungalow had been eaten by a tiger. There was a fine spring, and the weather was so dry that we could get along without a tent, but our guide advised us to send our horse to a stable in the abandoned farmstead, because it would not be safe to tether him in the bush."

"Do you think he will be stolen out here?" asked one of my companions.

"No, but eaten," said the guide. "The tigers killed the landlord's mare and two foals the week before he was eaten himself."

"We had better mind what we are doing before we camp in such a country," said my friend.

"Yes, we have to bang off a pistol the moment we hear our dogs bark," answered the guide.

"Suppose we should not wake in time?"

"Oh, the dogs will attend to that," said the guide. "They howl like crazy when a tiger gets within a hundred yards of a camp."

"We found that out before morning. About midnight I saw our big wolf-dog start up with all his hair standing on end, and a moment after howling and barking broke out, enough to wake the natives for miles around. It recommenced whenever I tried to get a minute's sleep, and we must have fired some 'weaty shots that night."

"There is a good well a mile from here," said the landlord, "but we are afraid to go

"We made about fifteen miles the next forenoon, and took dinner at a ferryman's house, near where our road crossed the Sone river.

"It is a pity I cannot offer you a glass of milk," said the ferryman's wife. "The tigers ate up our cow last Christmas, and we have drunk nothing but water ever since."

"Two miles on the other side of the ferry our horse came near running away. We had just crossed a little gully when a troop of steers came thundering down the road, as if the bush in their rear had caught fire, and went down the slope toward the river in a bee-line, tearing through fences and hedges in their mad career.

"Is the forest on fire?" I asked a man who came running after the bullock, flourishing a large bush, for the Hindus never beat black cattle with a club. "Your steers seem to be scared out of their wits."

"Yes, they saw a tiger on the ridge up there," said the man. "He made a spring just when the troop started, but by good luck he got nothing but a yearling."

"A mile further on we met a man who carried his arm in a sling.

"How did you get hurt?" asked the guide, when the man stopped to ask us for a copper coin.

"I jumped down a cliff to get away from a tiger," said he, "and I fell on my side and broke my arm. The worst about it was we had no surgeon to set the bones properly. Last year a good doctor settled at Rangaya, ten miles from here, but he was eaten by the same she tiger that killed an English officer two months ago. The old Sepoy surgeon at Panagore disappeared, and they do not know what became of him, but they found a piece of his coat in a ravine where the tigers killed Singh Amer's colt last winter."

"Couldn't you go to Patna and get your arm bandaged?" asked my friend.

"No, I was too weak to walk that far," said the poor fellow. "I had a fever the first week, and I could not go by the palanquin stage because it stopped running on account of the tigers."

"We were lucky enough to get lodgings at a stone-built house that night, and got permission to stable our horse in a collar of the building, where no wild beast could get him without tearing down the walls of the house first. Our supper, too, would have been more than usually good if the drinking water had not been so warm, and with a stale taste about it, as if it had been kept in a barrel several days."

"There is a good well a mile from here," said the landlord, "but we are afraid to go

near it till we can get a dozen of the neighbours to join us. The tigers killed three men and a boy there in less than one month, and we all agreed to get our water in barrels after this and take at least twelve men along with all the dogs we can find. We would have gone yesterday, but Zhib Moger's best mule was killed by the tigers, and we cannot start till he gets his brother's horse from Ramseegeo."

"You had better buy provisions enough to last you to Mirzapore," said the landlord, when we got ready to start next morning.

"Isn't there a stranger's house at Gayagung?" asked our guide.

"There was, but you know the whole village is broken up. So many got killed that their neighbours decided to move their households to Panagora rather than have to fight a couple of tigers every night."

"We hardly slept a wink in our next camp, and never felt at ease till we saw the towers of Mirzapore on the ridge of a hill that we could hope to reach before sunset. But before we got to the foot of that hill, we had to ford another river, and came near upsetting our coach in the swift current."

"Is there no ferryman here, now?" our guide asked a boy we met on the opposite bank.

"Yes, he still keeps the ferry," said the boy, "but he took his boat down to Bhundergutt this morning to fetch his brother and what is left of his property. He used to have a cow and a herd of goats, but the tigers ate the last one this week."

A GOOD REPLY.

A GENTLEMAN travelling on the railroad made the acquaintance of a fellow passenger, who with his wife and little son occupied seats adjoining his own. The boy was a good-tempered, frank little fellow, whose bright ways and childish talk were very entertaining.

He was busily engaged in trying to untie the knot of a parcel, which his new friend suggested he could not do, and offered to cut the string for him. But his prompt and well-pronounced reply was, "Thank you, sir, but my papa never allows me to say I can't. I belong to the the Try Company."

READING ONE HOUR A DAY.

THERE was once a lad who, at the age of fourteen, found himself an apprentice to a soap-boiler. Having a spare hour every day, he decided to pass that fleeting time in reading. Within a few weeks the habit became fixed, and then he thoroughly enjoyed his lesson. He stayed seven years at the place, and when he was twenty-one he took a position that could be filled only by an educated man.

Now let us see how much time he spent in reading during the seven years. At the rate of one hour a day, the whole time thus passed would be 2,555 hours. In other words, it was equal to the time one would spend in reading at the rate of eight hours each day, three hundred and ten days, or nearly a whole year.

—The ambitious young man who wants an opening has only to skate where the ice is thin.

—Little Dick: "Papa, how does thunder sour milk?" Papa: "It is not the thunder, but the electricity." Dick: "How does electricity sour milk?" Papa: "It works certain chemical changes in the constituents of the fluid, which result in the formation of an acid." Dick: "Of course. But how?" Papa: "I don't know." Dick: "I thought you didn't, or you wouldn't 'a' used such big words."

Comrades of the Cross.

BY E. A. GIBVIN.

Air—"We're Marching to Zion."

Come, comrades of the Cross, and serve the King of kings;
Each moment spent in sin is loss,
Each moment spent in sin is loss;
Life moves on rapid wings, Life moves on rapid wings.

CHORUS.

We're marching to Zion, beautiful, beautiful Zion;
We're marching upward to Zion,
The beautiful city of God.

Our Captain is the Lord; we march at his command;
The Boys' Brigade with one accord,
The Boys' Brigade with one accord,
For Christ our Saviour stand, For Christ our Saviour stand.

We wield the sword of Truth, and wear Faith's shining shield,
And gladly spend our strength and youth,
And gladly spend our strength and youth,
On Christ's great battle-field, On Christ's great battle-field.

We know that he will win, and that from sea to sea,
His blood washed hosts will conquer sin,
His blood-washed hosts will conquer sin,
And Satan cause to flee, And Satan cause to flee.

With Christ we feel secure, tho' dangers dire are near;
Of Father's love and care we're sure,
Of Father's love and care we're sure,
And cast aside all fear, And cast aside all fear.

—He: Have you ever had your ears pierced? She: No; but I have had them bored.

—I am inclined to think a good many "impromptus" have lost many sleepless days.

—Pride is increased by ignorance; those assume the most who know the least.

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