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PLEASANT HOURS

PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XIV.]

TORONTO, AUGUST 18, 1894.

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[No. 33.]

THE EIFFEL TOWER.

The most conspicuous feature of the Paris Exposition of '89 was the famous Eiffel tower, upon this page, the highest structure in the world. It is a beautiful lace-like structure of iron and steel, resting on four great legs and rising gracefully to the height of about 1000 feet. On the first platform, about 200 feet above the ground, is a great concert hall with restaurants, and on the second and third are similar refreshment stalls. On the top is a powerful electric light which may be seen about 100 miles.

The most peculiar feature about it is the series of elevators which run up and down the legs to the second gallery, from which a single elevator conveys visitors to the top-most gallery. The details of these elevators are shown on our last page. The present writer went to the top in the elevator and then walked down a winding cork-screw stair which seemed to rest upon nothing. And a very queer sensation it was to wind one's way downward seemingly with little between one and the horizon or the earth than the gauzy network of steel of the tower.

The English, not to be outdone by the French, are erecting a tower in London about one quarter higher than this, the elevators of which will run straight up from the ground to the top in a much shorter time than those of the Eiffel Tower. The cut on the last page shows the enormous strength of the foundation, which, indeed, it needs to have to sustain the strain of the winds and the pressure of the enormous weight of iron.

CHILDREN'S PRAYER.

BY D. L. MOODY.

I REMEMBER a man who enlisted in our war, and left a wife and two children, and the wife was not in good health. One cold day in November, in the first year of the war, the news came that he was shot in battle, and the mother was in great sorrow. Soon after the landlord came round for his rent, and she told him her trouble, and said she would not be able to pay the rent so regularly as before, as she had only her needle, and sewing machines were just coming

in then, and as she could not buy one, she had a very poor chance. The man was a heartless wretch, and he said that if she did not pay the rent regularly, he would turn her out. After he went away the mother began to weep. Her little child not quite five, came up to her and said.

"Mamma, is not God very rich?"

"Yes, my child."

"Can't God take care of us?"

"Yes."

"Then what makes you cry? Mayn't I go and ask him?"

The mother said she might if she liked. The little child knelt at her cradle bed, where the mother taught her to pray, and the mother told me the child never looked so sweet. She stood weeping over her misfortunes, and the little child knelt down and said, "O Lord, you have given and taken away my dear father, and the landlord says he will turn us out of doors, and my mamma has no money; won't you please lend us a little house to live in?"

And then she came to her mamma, and said, "Mamma, don't weep. Jesus will take care of us. I know he will, for I have asked him."

It is upward of twenty years, and that mother has never paid any rent from that day to this. A beautiful cottage was provided for her and her two children, and she has lived there without paying any rent. When the fire swept over Chicago and burnt up her home, another little home was put up for her, and there she is.

I remember another little incident connected with the same family. They heard I was going to the army a few weeks after they had been provided for, and the mother came to me with her two little children, and they brought down all the money they had, some pennies which they had been putting away in a little bank, or at least the oldest one, and it was like the widow's mite. I thought at first I could not take the money; but then I thought it is God who had prompted them to give it. They wanted me to take it down into the army and buy a Bible and give it to a soldier, and tell the soldier who got it that the children who gave it were going to pray for him, as they used to pray for their father. They wanted some soldier to pray for—God bless such children. I bought two Bibles, and one night I was preaching, and

had a lot of men hearing me, and I told them this story, and holding one of the Bibles, I said, "If there is a man here who has the courage, the moral courage, who is not a Christian, to rise and take this Bible and have the prayers of these two fatherless children to follow him through the war, let him step forward."

To my surprise sixteen men sprang to their feet, came forward and knelt around me, and it seemed as if heaven and earth came together. The prayers of those little children had followed the Bibles. I am so thankful that we have a God who hears and answers prayers.

THE BOY MARTYRS.

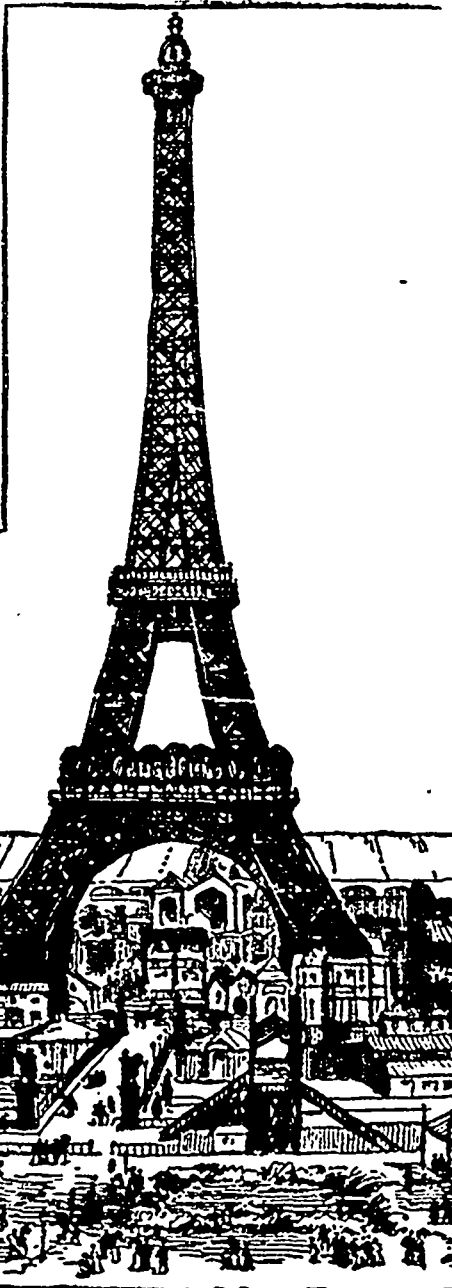
THE days when people are called upon to die for Christ have not yet passed away. From the interior of Africa came news, not long ago, of the terrible treatment wicked men bestowed upon three boys simply because they had accepted the white man's God and been baptized.

The cruel officers of the more cruel king of Uganda had arrested several Christians under the false charge that they were going to leave the country. Some of

them were released or bought off by presents, and a few escaped. But three lads had been retained, and the blood thirsty officer ordered them to be tortured. Their arms were first cut off, and then they were bound alive to a scaffolding under which a fire was made, and thus they were slowly burnt to death.

As they were suffering these cruel tortures the officer and his soldiers mocked them, and cried out: "Pray now if Jesus Christ will take you out of our hands." But the dear boys clung to their faith in Jesus, and in the midst of the flames sang a hymn they had learned, "Daily, daily sing his praises."

Thus these black boys in the heart of dark Africa did so love Jesus that they could die as Christians and sing his praises in the fire as the martyrs of old had done. Their heroic testimony was not in vain, for after this greater numbers would come to the missionaries to hear of Jesus, some in the darkness of the night to escape arrest. One of the very men that had helped torture the boys was so impressed with their behaviour under the sufferings by the knife and the fire that he had determined to learn to pray also.



EIFFEL TOWER, PARIS EXPOSITION.

A Mother's Gift.

The following lines were written by a mother inside a Bible which she gave her boy when he left home:

REMEMBER, love, who gave you this,
When other days shall come;
When she who had thy earliest kiss
Sleeps in her narrow home.
Remember, 'twas a mother gave
The gift to one she'd die to save.

That mother sought a pledge of love
The holiest, for her son;
And from the gifts of God above
She chose a goodly one;
She chose for her beloved boy,
The guide to light, and life, and joy:

And bade him keep the gift—that when
The parting hour should come,
They might have hope to meet again
In her eternal home.
She said his faith in this would be
Sweet incense to her memory.

And should the scoffer, in his pride,
Laugh that fond gift to scorn,
And bid him cast that gift aside,
That he from youth had borne—
She bade him pause, and ask his breast
If he or she had loved him best?

A parent's blessing on her son
Goes with this holy thing;
The love that would retain the one
Must to the other cling.
Remember, 'tis no idle toy:
A mother's gift. Remember, boy!

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, AUGUST 18, 1894.

THE LORD'S NAME DAY.

BY THE REV. W. F. CRAFTS.

"When eight days were accomplished, his name was called Jesus."—LUKE 2: 11.

NEW YEAR'S DAY is sometimes called the Lord's Name Day, because the Saviour, eight days after his birth, was called "Jesus"—the name which the angels had told his mother to call him; and New Year's Day is eight days after Christmas—the time when we celebrate the birth of Christ, reckoning both days as the Jews did. Let us make to-day a Lord's Name Day, by thinking about the names of Jesus as a sort of rosary in our hearts.

I hold in my hand a rosary of beads, such as is used by the people in the Roman Catholic Church, and also by some heathen worshippers of idols, to count their prayers. They put the thumb and finger on one bead, and hold it while they say the prayer as fast as they can mumble; and then they take hold of the next bead, and hurry through another prayer; and so on till they get around where they started. Then they know they have said as many prayers as there are beads in the rosary. They think God will be pleased if they say a great many prayers with their lips, even

though they do not stop to think what they are saying in their words. God tells us that he would rather have us pray a few words, and think about them, than to say a great many words without our hearts talking to him.

Prayers that we say without thinking what we are saying, fall to the ground. God does not hear them. Only the prayers that have the love of our hearts behind them fly up to heaven. Our loving thoughts about God make wings for our words, so that they may reach the throne of God. But there is a kind of rosary that we may have in our hearts, out of sight, that would be pleasing to God, and very appropriate for this Lord's Name Day. This rosary would not be made of beads, but names of Jesus, of which there are more than a hundred. Please hunt them out in the Bible, and stop over each one as if you were holding a bead, and say: "What does this mean? What does it tell me about Jesus, and what he can do for me and for others?"

The first name you will find that was given to the Saviour, was that which God spoke to Adam and Eve when he called Jesus "the seed of the woman," so that they might know that Jesus would be born as a little babe, that he might win the love of children.

One of the other names that was first given to the Saviour was this: "A Star out of Jacob;" a name that was given him by the prophet Balaam. That was to show men that as the star sheds light in the darkness, so Jesus would bring joy and forgiveness to the sad and sinful hearts of men. Moses called Jesus our brother, when he said: "A prophet shall the Lord raise up unto you from your brethren, like unto me. Him shall ye hear." This tells us that Jesus is like a big brother who loves us very much, and is wise enough to teach us and guide us, and strong enough to protect us against those who would do us harm.

David called Jesus a King, because all over the world the hearts of men and women and children would learn to love Jesus, and then to obey him as their Ruler. Isaiah called the Saviour by many beautiful names. He said, "His name shall be called Wonderful," because of the wonderful words Jesus would speak, and the wonderful works he would do; and he said he would also be called "Counsellor," because when people did not know what was best to do, they would come to the words of Jesus in the Bible, and learn there just what ought to be done. And Isaiah said Jesus would also be called "Mighty God," because God would live in his soul in such a wonderful way that he could still the storms upon the sea, and make a little bread enough to feed a great multitude, and could heal people who were sick in a moment, and raise to life those who were dead. And Isaiah said Jesus would be called the "Everlasting Father," because as a father pitieth his children, so Jesus would pity the hearts of men.

So Malachi called Jesus "a Refiner and Purifier of silver," because as the refiners take the silver when it has come out of the mountains all mixed with lead and rock and dirt, and get all these impurities out of it, to make it pure and precious silver, so Jesus would drive badness out of the hearts of those that loved him, and make them pure and precious in the sight of God, so that he would rejoice over them as the woman rejoiced that found the lost piece of silver.

John the Baptist called Jesus a Lamb, because he would be gentle as a lamb; and because as the lambs were killed upon the altars, so Jesus would die upon the cross, that men might be forgiven. Peter often called Jesus "the Christ," a word which means "anointed;" because when a man was made king, precious ointment—much sweeter than Cologne—was poured upon his head, and filled the room with fragrance; so, when we speak of Jesus as Christ, it means that he is a king. James called Jesus "the Lord of Glory;" because he is Lord of all the angels in heaven, as well as of the people on the earth. John called Jesus the "Son of God," because long before the world was made, or the first man lived upon it, Jesus was with the Father as his only Son, and by him God made the worlds.

Paul usually called the Saviour "our

Lord Jesus Christ." He calls him by that name ten times in ten verses of one of his letters. He seemed to rejoice to write the name as that of his dearest friend. That name reminds us that Jesus is Lord in heaven and King on earth; and the word "Jesus"—the most precious of all the Saviour's names—means that he shall save his people from their sins.

Something that happened one New Year's Day—as the Jews measure their year—will show you how Jesus saved the people from their sins. The Jews were slaves in Egypt, and were made to work very hard without any pay; and were whipped and wronged in many ways, and all their little boys were killed as soon as they were born. God told the wicked Egyptians to let the Jews go free—to go to another country.

The Egyptians would not obey God, and so he sent the Angel of Death through their towns and cities, to kill one in every house. And he told the Jews—his own people—how they could save themselves from being killed. In every house they were to kill a little lamb, and take some of the blood and sprinkle it on the outside of the door, so that the destroying angel would see the mark of God's people, and pass over them. That was called the Pass-over. Jesus, the Lamb of God, died on the cross in our stead, that we might not be punished, and saves us from sin, and from the death of the soul.

Every boy or girl who will kneel to-day before God and ask him for pardon in Jesus' name, will be forgiven; and if you love, trust, and obey Christ, as a good child loves, trusts, and obeys his father and mother, then Jesus will be your Saviour and King forever.

NELLIE'S GOLD-WEED.

BY REV. J. F. COWAN.

"FRANK, Frank," cried Nellie, from the corner near the old mine, to which she had strayed, in one of their rambles for flowers; "I have found the prettiest green weed with a flower wearing a row of gold buttons down one side, and wearing gold bands around it."

Frank ran to look. "Why, it is brighter than gold," he said, "and looks like a bell hung on a stalk. Here are more of them; we must carry some home to Auntie Nell."

The children carried their "gold-weed" home, feeling that Auntie Nell would be sure to have the explanation ready for them. "Place it away in my room till morning," she said.

Next morning Nell retreated from the room with an exclamation of dismay, "My pretty flower has all dried up!"

Sure enough, there seemed to be nothing left of it but a shrunken skin, until Auntie Nell said, "What is that on the window-sill, Nellie?"

Nellie looked and saw a beautiful, bright butterfly. Its yellow wings were banded with black, and a black border ran around them. In the outer corner were spots of yellow, and when they looked closer, they saw that the black border was dotted with white spots.

"Where did it come from, Auntie, and what has it to do with my beautiful flower?"

"It has had a great deal to do with your beautiful flower, which was not a flower at all, as you might have seen had you looked more closely, but a chrysalis hanging to a weed-stalk. I want you to notice the markings of this one closely, because it is called the Monarch, or Milkweed Butterfly. It comes from a grub that feeds on the milkweed, and belongs to a family that are destructive of vegetation. To-morrow we will look for some of the baby "gold-weed."

They found a few eggs which, when placed under a microscope, showed the most curious little baskets. "Oh, Auntie!" cried Nellie, "is this the cradle the butterfly rocks her baby to sleep in?"

"That is the butterfly's cradle, and a prettier one you could not buy for your baby brother in any of the stores. See what pretty weaving! The slats run up and down and around and around as regularly as in the finest hand-work."

"It is too small and fine for hand-work, Auntie."

"Yes, or loom-work, either," said Auntie admiringly.

"Then what kind of work would you call it?"

"The most delicate and perfect of all work, which is Mother Nature's magic work," said Auntie.

"And that, I know, means God's handiwork, which I read of in the Bible." And the children were right.

At the King's Feast.

BY MARY BRADLEY.

ALPHONSO, fitly named The Wise,
Had, as kings should, observant eyes,
And seeing, when his pages fed,
They asked no blessing on their bread,
He thought it not beneath his state—
Since kings must have an equal care,
Like the good God, for small and great—
An object-lesson to prepare.

So all the rosy troop one day,
Half in delight, and half dismay
(For this was an unheard-of thing)
Dined with His Majesty the king.
As royal guests each had his place
According to the deep design,
And each was served by royal grace,
With meats, and sweets, and dainties fine.

But while they feasted sumptuously,
Another guest of mean degree,
A ragged, rude, unbidden guest,
Pushed himself in among the rest;
And with no reverence to the king,
Or word of thanks or look of shame,
Took of the best of everything—
Then went as careless as he came.

A dozen pairs of boyish eyes
Looked on, the while, in dumb surprise;
But, the man gone, a righteous rage
Swelled in the breast of every page.
"Ungrateful! Shameless! Impudent!"
They cry aloud; and all agree
That sharp and sudden punishment
Should follow such a wretch as he.

But the wise monarch, having heard
Their hasty judgment, spake his word:
"Wherein do you," he asked of them,
"Excel the beggar you condemn?
You scorn his base ingratitude,
Yet owe in God's sight is your share,
Who owe to him your daily food,
And never give back praise or prayer."

Oh, wise Alphonso! centuries dead,
Still be thy searching lesson read:
For we, in these ungodly days,
Have equal need to mend our ways.
We eat and sleep, we come and go,
As though our God was deaf and dumb,
Neither had eyes to see. But, oh,
The reckoning day that's yet to come!

A HEROINE AT A FIRE.

A MOTHER'S concern for her son was heroically displayed at a fire in New York recently. The fire was in a large tenement-house, and was caused by the explosion of a lamp on the first floor. An alarm was sent over the wires and loud shouts warned the tenants on the upper floors to make their escape. All did so except a widow, who, with her son, occupied rooms on the top floor. The son, who is twenty-one years of age, was confined to his bed, being ill with consumption. The mother found it was hopeless to get him out of bed and down the stairs by herself, and presently the stairs took fire, cutting off her escape by that way effectually. She managed to drag the young man to the window, where he could get air, and she waited with him for help to come. Her position was described from the street, and some firemen made their way through the scuffle of a neighbouring house to the roof of the one on fire. Lying down on the roof they lowered a rope to the window at which the widow was, and told her to tie it around her body and they would draw her up. Instead of doing so, she tied it around her invalid son, and waited patiently while the firemen drew him up and lowered the rope again for her. Both were saved, but while the son was being rescued, his mother was in imminent danger. What love that must have been that, in the face of death by burning, could prefer that another should be saved rather than herself! How infinitely greater must have been the love of Christ for a lost world, when he voluntarily laid down his life for its salvation. (John 10: 18.)

HUNTED AND HARRIED.

A Tale of the Scottish Covenanters.

BY R. M. BALLANTYNE.

CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

Poor Peter! his heart sank when the door was flung violently open and there entered a band of soldiers, among whom he recognized some of the party which he had so recently led into the heart of the morass and so suddenly left to find their way out as they best could. But no expression on Peter's stolid countenance betrayed his feelings.

"So, my young bantam cock," exclaimed a trooper, striding towards him, and bending down to make sure, "we've got hold of you at last?"

"Ri?" exclaimed Peter interrogatively.

"You're a precious scoundrel, aren't you?" continued the trooper.

"Ay," responded Peter.

"I told you the lad was an idiot," said a comrade.

The remark was not lost upon the boy, whose expression immediately became still more idiotic, if possible.

"Tell me," said Glendinning, grasping Peter savagely by one ear, "where is your master?"

"I dinna ken, sir."

"Is there nobody in the house but you?"

"Naeboddy but me," said Peter, "an' you," he added, looking vacantly around on the soldiers.

"Now, look 'ee here, lad, I'm not to be trifled with," said the sergeant. "Where are the rest of your household hidden: Answer; quick."

Peter looked into the sergeant's face with a vacant stare, but was silent. Glendinning, whose recent misfortune had rendered him unusually cruel, at once knocked the boy down and kicked him; then lifting him by the collar and thrusting him violently into the chair, repeated the question, but received no answer.

Changing his tactics he tried to cajole him and offered him money, but with similar want of success.

"Hand me your sword-belt," cried the sergeant to a comrade.

With the belt he thrashed Peter until himself grew tired, but neither word nor cry did he extract, and, again flinging him on the floor, he kicked him severely.

"Here's a rope, sergeant," said one of the men at this point, "and there's a convenient rafter." A lad that won't speak is not fit to live.

"Nay, hanging is too good for the brute," said Glendinning, drawing a pistol from his belt. "Tie a cloth over his eyes."

Peter turned visibly paler while his eyes were being bandaged, and the troopers thought that they had at last overcome his obstinacy, but they little knew the heroic character they had to deal with.

"Now," said the sergeant, resting the cold muzzle of his weapon against the boy's forehead, "at the word three your brains are on the floor if you don't tell me where your people are hid—one—two—"

"Stop, sergeant, let him have a taste of the thumb-screws before you finish him off," suggested one of the men.

"So be it—fetch them."

The horrible instrument of torture was brought. It was constantly used to extract confession from the poor Covenanters during the long years of persecution of that black period of Scottish history. Peter's thumbs were placed in it and the screw was turned. The monster, increased the pressure by slow degrees, repeating the question at each turn of the screw. At first Peter bore the pain unmoved, but at last it became so excruciating that his cheeks and lips seemed to turn grey, and an appalling shriek burst from him at last.

Talk of devils! The history of the human race has proved that when men have deliberately given themselves over to high-handed contempt of their Maker there is not a devil among all the legions in hell who could be worse: he might be cleverer, he could not be more cruel. The only effect of the shriek upon Glendinning was to cause him to order another turn of the screw.

Happily, at the moment the shriek was uttered Andrew Black arrived, and finding the troop-horses picketed outside, with no one apparently to guard them, he looked in at the window and saw what was going on.

With a fierce roar of mingled horror, surprise, and rage, he sprang into the room, and his huge fist fell on the brow of Glendinning like the hammer of Thor. His left shot full into the face of the man who had worked the screws, and both troopers fell prone upon the floor with a crash that shook the building. The act was so quick, and so overpoweringly violent that the other troopers were for a

moment spellbound. That moment sufficed to enable Black to relieve the screws and set Peter free.

"C'way oot, lad, after me!" cried Andrew, darting through the doorway, for he felt that without more space to fight he would be easily overpowered. The dragoons, recovering, dashed after him. The farmer caught up a huge flail with which he was wont to thresh his oats. It fell on the headpiece of the first trooper, causing it to ring like an anvil, and stretching its owner on the ground. The second trooper fared no better, but the head of the flail broke into splinters on his iron cap, and left Andrew with the stamp only to continue the combat. This, however, was no insignificant weapon, and the stout farmer laid about him with such fierce rapidity as to check for a few moments the overwhelming odds against him. Pistols would certainly have been used had not Glendinning, recovering his senses, staggered out and shouted, "Take him alive, men!" This was quickly done, for two troopers leaped on Andrew behind and pinioned his arms while he was engaged with four in front. The four sprang on him at the same instant. Even then Andrew Black's broad back—which was unusually "up"—proved too strong for them, for he made a sort of plunging somersault and carried the whole six along with him to the ground. Be-fore he could rise, however, more troopers were on the top of him. Samson himself would have had to succumb to the dead weight. In a few seconds he was bound with ropes and led into the house. Ramblin' Peter had made a bold assault on a dragoon at the be-ginning of the fray, but could do nothing with his poor maimed hands, and was easily secured.

"Let him taste the thumbscrews," growled Glendinning savagely, and pointing to Black.

"Dae yer warst, ye born deevil," said Black recklessly—for oppression driveth even a wise man mad.

"Very good—fetch the boot," said the sergeant.

The instrument of torture was brought and affixed to the farmer's right leg; the wedge was inserted, and a blow of the mallet given.

Black's whole visage seemed to darken, his frowning brows met, and his lips were com-pressed with a force that meant endurance unto the death.

At that moment another party of dragoons under Captain Houston galloped up, the captain entered, and, stopping the proceed-ings of his subordinate, ordered Black and Peter to be set on horseback and bound to-gether.

"Fire the place," he added. "If there are people in it anywhere, that will bring them out."

"Oh dear!" gasped Peter, "the hidy—"

"Wheesht, bairn," said Black in a low voice. "They're safe enough. The fire'll no' touch them, an' besides, they're in the Lord's hands."

A few minutes more and the whole farm-stead was in flames. The dragoons watched the work of destruction until the roof of the cottage fell in; then, mounting their horses, they descended to the road with the two prisoners and turned their faces in the direction of Edinburgh.

CHAPTER VII.—MORE THAN ONE NARROW ESCAPE.

ONE day, about a week after the burning of Black's farm, a select dinner-party of red-hot rebels—as the Government would have styled them; persecuted people as they called them-selves—assembled in Mrs. Black's little room in Candlemaker Row. Their looks showed that their meeting was not for the purpose of enjoyment. Their part consisted of Mrs. Black, Mrs. Wallace, who had reached Edinburgh in company with her brother, David Spence, Jean Black, Will Wallace, Quentin Dick, and Jock Bruce the blacksmith.

"But I canna understand, lassie," said Mrs. Black to Jean, "hoo ye werena a' roasted alive i' the hidy-hole, or suffocated at the best: an' hoo did ye ever get oot wi' the ruckle o' burning rafters abune ye?"

"It was easy enough, answered the girl, "for Uncle Andry made the roof o' the place uncommon thick, an' there's a short tunnel leadin' to some bushes by the burn that let us oot at a place that canna be seen frae the hoose. But oh, granny, dinna ask me to speak about thae things, for they may be torturin' Uncle Andry at this very moment. Are you sure it was him ye saw?" she added, turning to Bruce.

"Quite sure," replied the smith. "I chanced to be passing the Tolbooth at the moment the door opened. A party of the city guard suddenly came out with Black in the midst, and led him up the High Street."

"I'm sure they'll torture him," said the poor girl, while the tears began to flow at the

dreadful thought. "They stick at naethin' now."

"I think," said Will Wallace, in a tone that was meant to be comforting, "that your uncle may escape torture, for the Archbishop does not preside at the council to-day. I hear that he has gone off suddenly to St. Andrews."

"That won't serve your uncle much," remarked Bruce sternly, "for some of the other bishops are nigh as bad as Sharp, and with that raving monster Lauderdale among them they're likely not only to torture but to hang him, for he is well known, and has been long and perseveringly hunted."

In his indignation the smith did not think of the effect his foreboding might have on his friend's mother, but the sight of her pale cheeks and quivering lips was not lost upon Wallace, whose sympathies had already been stirred deeply, not only by his regard for Black, but also by his pity for tender-hearted Jean.

"By heaven!" he exclaimed, starting up in a sudden burst of enthusiasm, "if you will join me, friends, I am quite ready to attempt a rescue at once."

A sort of pleased yet half-cynical smile crossed the grave visage of Quentin Dick as he glanced at the youth.

"Hoots, man! sit doon," he said quietly; "ye might as weel try to rescue a kid frae the jaws o' a lion as rescue Andry Black frae the fangs o' Lauderdale an' his crew. But some-thing may be done when they're takin' him back to the Tolbooth—if ye're a' wullin' to help. We mak' full twenty-four feet amangst us, an' oor shooters are braid!"

"I'm ready," said David Spence, in the quiet tone of a man who usually acts from principle.

"An' so am I," cried Bruce, smiting the table with the fist of a man who usually acts from impulse.

While Wallace calmed his impatient spirit, and sat down to hatch a plot with his brother conspirators, a strange scene was enacting in the Council Chamber, where the perjured prelates and peers were in the habit of practising cruelty, oppression, and gross injustice under the name of law.

They sat beside a table which was covered with books and parchments. In front of them, seated on a chair with his arms pinioned, was Andrew Black. His face was pale and had a careworn look, but he held his head erect, and regarded his judges with a look of stern resolution that seemed to exasperate them considerably. On the table lay a pair of brass-mounted thumbscrews, and beside them the strange-looking instrument of torture called the boot.

Lauderdale on this occasion found it fit and convenient to apply the torture to another man in the presence of Black, in order that the latter might fully appreciate what he had to expect if he should remain contumacious. The poor man referred to had not been gifted with a robust frame or a courageous spirit. When asked, however, to reveal the names of some comrades who had accompanied him to a field-preaching he at first loyally and firmly refused to do so. Then the boot was applied. It was a wooden instrument which enclosed the foot and leg of the victim. Between it and the leg a wedge was inserted which, when struck repeatedly, compressed the limb and caused excruciating agony. In some cases this torture was carried so far that it actually crushed the bone. It was so in the case of that well-known martyr of the Cove-nant, Hugh M'Kail, not long before his execution.

(To be continued.)

CONNECTING LINKS.—This miracle occurred on the third day from the calling of Philip, and on the last day of the first week of Christ's ministry.

EXPLANATIONS.

1. "A marriage"—Hebrew maidens were married on the fourth day of the week—our Wednesday; widows were married on the fifth day of the week—our Thursday. "The mother of Jesus"—She had some apparent authority on this festive occasion, and may have been a relative.

2. "His disciples"—Five or six men: An-drew, John, Peter, Philip, Nathaniel, and probably James. "Marriage"—Such festivi-ties often were continued for several days.

3. "When they wanted wine"—When the wine failed. "They have no wine"—In the East, at the present time, guests sometimes contribute viands to the banquet.

4. "Woman"—To our ears this sounds harsh, but the word that Jesus used was both respectful and affectionate. "What have I to do with thee"—What are our mutual re-lations? How different are our standpoints! "Mine hour is not yet come"—The divinely appointed hour when a miracle was to be worked. It came immediately afterward.

6. "Six waterpots of stone"—Large ves-sels placed in the outer court to hold water for washing purposes. "Two or three fir-kins"—From eighteen to twenty-seven gallons each. Anywhere from one hundred and fifty to one hundred and sixty gallons in all.

8. "The governor"—Probably a kind of head waiter who tested the wines, arranged the tables, and conducted the feast.

9. "Called the bridegroom"—Called out to him, perhaps across the room, in sportive language.

10. "Have well drunk"—Are drunken.

11. "This beginning of miracles"—This first of the signs of Jesus' divine power. "His disciples believed on him"—The faith that they already had was greatly confirmed.

HOME READINGS.

- M. First miracle of Jesus.—John 2. 1-11.
- Tu. Customs of purifying.—Mark 7. 19.
- W. Doing what he saith.—John 15. 8-14.
- Th. Eating with the unworthy.—Mark 2. 14-20.
- F. Proofs of Messiahship.—Matt. 11. 1-6.
- S. Christ glorified.—John 17. 1-11.
- Su. A waiting guest.—Rev. 3. 14-22.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Where in this lesson are we taught—

1. Whom to invite to share our joys?
2. To whom to tell our wants?
3. Whose manifested glory calls for our faith?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. In what place was Jesus' first miracle performed? "In Cana of Galilee."
2. Who told Jesus that there was no wine? "His mother."
3. What did Jesus say? "Mine hour is not yet come."
4. What did he tell the servants to do with the six waterpots of stone? "To fill them with water."
5. Into what was the water turned by Jesus's power? "Wine."
6. What is the Golden Text? "This beginning," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The almighty power of Christ.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

How is He generally spoken of? Sometimes as a personal agent, and some-times as an influence or gift coming down from God.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF OUR LORD.

A. D. 27.] LESSON IX. [Aug. 26.

FIRST MIRACLE OF JESUS.

John 2. 1-11. Memory verses, 1-5.

GOLDEN TEXT.

This beginning of miracles did Jesus in Cana of Galilee, and manifested forth his glory.—John 2. 11.

OUTLINE.

1. The Marriage in Cana, v. 1, 2.
2. The Mother of Jesus, v. 3-5.
3. The First Miracle, v. 6-10.
4. The Manifested Glory, v. 11.

TIME.—A. D. 27.

PLACE.—Cana of Galilee.

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

BEGINNING AND END.

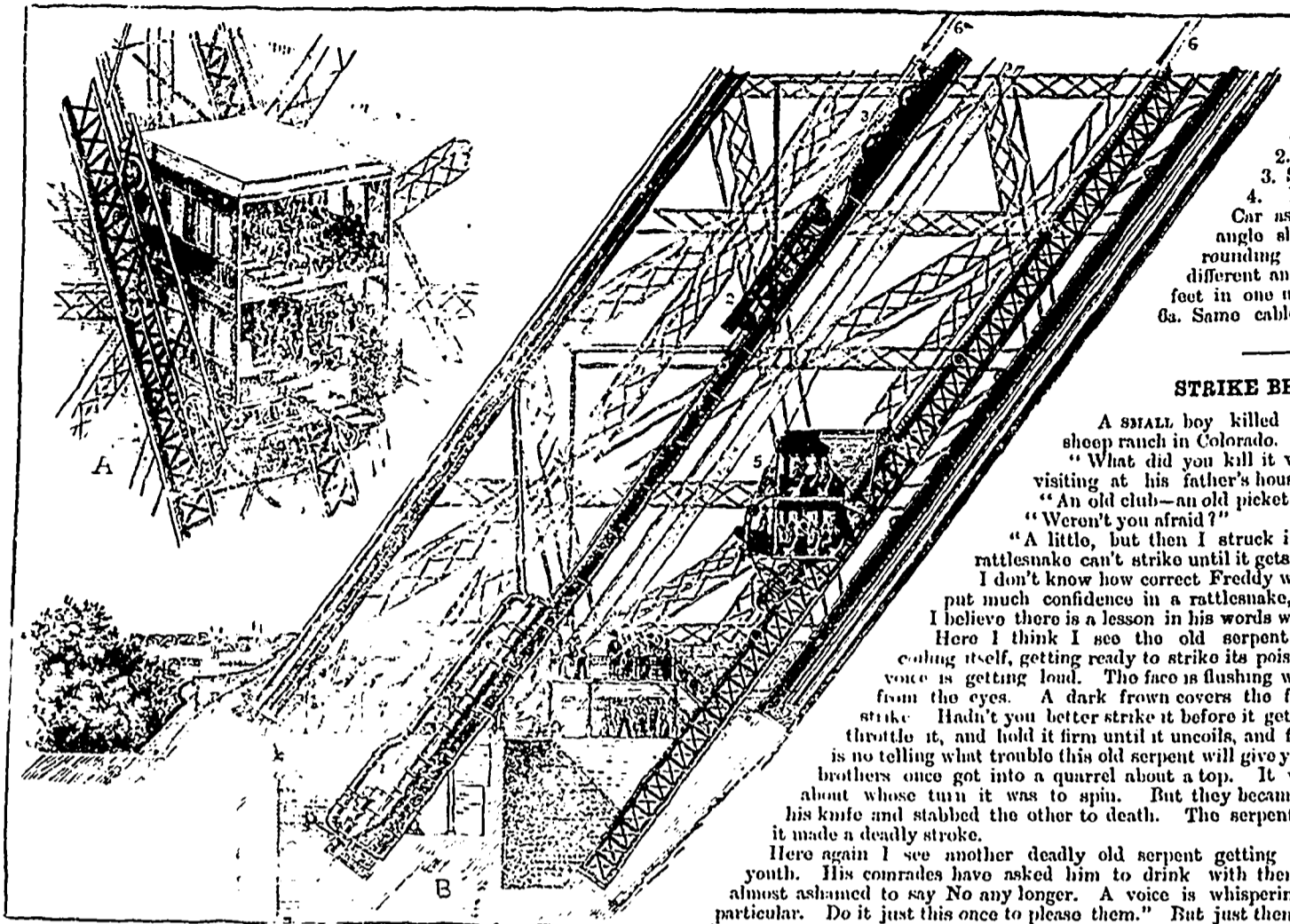
THE beginning:

A school-boy, ten years old, one lovely June day, with the roses in full bloom over the porch, and the labourers in the wheat fields, had been sent by his Uncle John to pay a bill at the country store, and there were seventy-five cents left and Uncle John did not ask for it.

At noon the boy had stood under the beautiful sky, and a great temptation came. He said to himself, shall I give it back, or shall I wait until he asks for it? If he never asks that is his lookout. If he does, why I can get it again. He never gave back the money.

THE ending:

Ten years went by; he was a clerk in a bank. A package of bills lay in the drawer, and had not been put in the safe. He saw them, wrapped them up in his coat, and carried them home. He is now in a prison cell; but he set his feet that way when he was a boy, years before, when he sold his honesty for seventy-five cents.



THE OTIS ELEVATOR IN THE EIFFEL TOWER.

A. View of Car for forty passengers, with front removed, showing interior. B. General view of one leg of the Tower at the base, showing the actual incline. 1. Hydraulic cylinder. 2. Travelling multiplying pulleys. 3. Stationary multiplying pulleys. 4. Double landing platform. 5. Car ascending, moving on trucks at angle shown to first story, where, rounding a sharp curve, it continues in different angles to second story, rising 420 feet in one minute. 6. Cables lifting car. 6a. Same cables returning to cylinder.

STRIKE BEFORE IT IS COILED.

A SMALL boy killed a rattlesnake, one day, on a sheep ranch in Colorado. "What did you kill it with?" asked a lady, who was visiting at his father's house. "An old club—an old picket pin. I dug it out of the ground." "Weren't you afraid?" "A little, but then I struck it before it got coiled up. A rattlesnake can't strike until it gets coiled up." I don't know how correct Freddy was in this theory—I would not put much confidence in a rattlesnake, either coiled or uncoiled, but I believe there is a lesson in his words which is worth minding. Here I think I see the old serpent called Bad Temper quickly coiling itself, getting ready to strike its poisonous fangs somewhere. The voice is getting loud. The face is flushing with crimson. Fire is flashing from the eyes. A dark frown covers the features. It is almost ready to strike. Hadn't you better strike it before it gets entirely coiled? Better even throttle it, and hold it firm until it uncoils, and finally gives up its life. There is no telling what trouble this old serpent will give you unless it is put down. Two brothers once got into a quarrel about a top. It was a very trifling matter—all about whose turn it was to spin. But they became so angry that one pulled out his knife and stabbed the other to death. The serpent got fully coiled that time, and it made a deadly stroke. Here again I see another deadly old serpent getting ready to spring at a lovely youth. His comrades have asked him to drink with them so often, that he is getting almost ashamed to say No any longer. A voice is whispering, "Come now, don't be too particular. Do it just this once to please them." But just then he sees a man go staggering along the street. The boy's conscience awakes. He says, "No, I'll not do it, let the boys say what they will." And he means what he says. He struck just at the right time. If he hadn't struck just when he did, the adder would have fastened its fangs upon him.

Time and Eternity.

BY F. A. P.

ONE by one, life's sands are sinking,
As we near the heavenly goal,
And by faith we hear the harp notes,
Stealing on the waiting soul.

Little workers in the vineyard,
Firm and true, with armour bright,
Standing with the shield and helmet,
In the glorious morning light.

Armour bearers for the Master,
Girded with the sword of peace,
Rest not, rest not, till the warfare
Mid the storm of life shall cease.

Time is but a silent river
Rolling on 'mid storm and strife,
Waiting not, or heeding never,
Grief or sorrow—this is life.

Let us then be up and doing,
Here we cannot always stay;
Every moment makes a lifetime,
Short-lived as a summer day.

Though the storm clouds hover o'er us,
And the billows roll below;
With his rod and staff to guide us,
We need never fear the foe.

Onward then, the prize awaits us!
Onward through the glorious strife!
In eternity with rapture,
We shall wear the crown of life.

Bermuda.

JESUS SHINING IN.

A VISITOR went one cold day last spring to see a poor young girl, kept at home by a lame hip. The room was on the north side of a bleak house. It was not a pleasant prospect without, nor was there much that was pleasant or cheerful within. Poor girl! what a cheerless life she has of it, I thought, as I saw how she was situated; and I immediately thought what a pity it was her room was on the north side of the house.

"You never have any sun," I said; "not a ray comes in at those windows. That I call a misfortune. Sunshine is everything; I love the sun."

"Oh," she answered, with the sweetest smile I ever saw, "my sun pours in at every window and even through the cracks." I am sure I looked surprised. "The Sun of Righteousness," she said softly—"Jesus. He shines in here and makes everything bright to me." I could not doubt her. She looked happier than anyone I had seen for many a day. Yes! Jesus shining in at the window can make any spot beautiful and any home happy.

HARVESTING-ANTS IN PALESTINE.

BY REV. JAMES NEIL.

It has been observed that the various species of ants which are found in Europe lie dormant during the winter; they therefore neither require nor lay up food for that season.

Notwithstanding the explicit statement of Scripture to the contrary, some will say it is the same in the East. On one occasion, while encamped about the middle of March, near Tiberias, on the western coast of the Lake of Galilee, I witnessed a sight that has left no doubt in my own mind on this subject. I was walking in the immediate neighbourhood of our tents, when I noticed a line of large black ants marching towards their nest, which was hidden at a distance amongst the rich wild growth; another party was passing them empty-handed on their return. Those who were making for their nest were each laden with a grain of barley longer and larger than themselves. They managed to drag the grain with singular rapidity, and had every appearance of having been thus engaged for a length of time. The work was proceeding in a most orderly and methodical way, every one of the host being loaded in similar manner. It looked like a moving multitude of barleycorns.

What was going on under my eyes was not the mere supply of the daily needs of the insect community, but the harvesting of food that was to be laid up in store against winter. No one who had witnessed it could doubt this, any more than if he had seen field-mice in England laying up a

store of beech-nuts at a time when their food is most abundant. Hence the accuracy and beauty of that striking figure of thrift and industry given by the inspired naturalist. "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways and be wise; which, having no guide, overseer, or ruler, provideth her bread in the summer, and gathereth her food in the harvest." Again, in his enumeration of four things which are "exceeding wise," he writes: "The ants are a people not strong, yet they prepare their food in summer."

THE APPLE IN THE BOTTLE.

ON the mantelpiece of my grandmother's best parlor, among other marvels, was an apple in a vial. It quite filled up the body of the bottle, and my childish wonderment was: "How could it have got there?" By stealth I climbed a chair to see if the bottle would unscrow, or if there had been a joint in the glass throughout the length of the vial. I was satisfied by careful observation that neither of these theories could be supported, and the apple remained to me an enigma and a mystery. One day, walking in the garden, I saw it all. There, on a tree, was a vial tied, and within it a tiny apple which was growing within the crystal. The apple was put into the bottle while it was little, and it grew there. Just so we must catch the little men and women who swarm our streets—we call them boys and girls—and introduce them within the influence of the Church; for, alas! it is hard indeed to reach them when they have ripened into carelessness and sin.—Spurgeon.

"Hullo!" said the chestnut to the robin, "What are you?" "I'm a little bird," said the robin. "What are you?" "I'm a little burred, too," said the chestnut.

—Seedy Party (contemplating himself in a pocket mirror): "Here I am wearing the boots of a bank manager, the trousers of a landed proprietor, a baron's coat and vest, and even a count's hat, and in spite of all that, I look like a tramp."

JUST OUT.

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THE LIFE OF

James FitzGibbon.

BY

Mary Agnes FitzGibbon.

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