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AN ARAB SHEIK.

The cut on this page is an admirable illustration of an Arab sheik. They are generally muffled up about the head like an old woman. The headgear is not nearly so graceful as the turban worn by many other Moslems. The face often is a kind of fixed scowl which does not always express ill-nature, but is produced by an involuntary contracting of the eyebrows from the glare of the sun. Often their headgear is pulled over the forehead to offer some slight protection. The fez, the headdress of the Turks, a close red skull-cap, offers absolutely no protection, and is as ill adapted to their needs as can be imagined, yet from the Sultan and Khedive down to their lowest soldier and the British officers employed by either potentate, all wear this fez, which, by the way, although a national headdress, is made in the Swiss Canton of Glarus. You observe in the girdle of this sheik a perfect arsenal of weapons: pistols and knives of various sorts, a curved scimeter at his side and a long-barrelled gun at his back. These sheiks are held in great regard by their tribes and are often employed as guards for tourists travelling through the Orient.

THE YOUNG FAWN.

BY REV. E. PAYSON HAMMOND.

DEAR young friends, I wish to tell you the story of a beautiful young fawn we chanced to meet with in a strange manner away out in Oregon. On going from San Francisco to Alaska we had to travel two hundred and seventy-five miles by stage-coach. Day and night, over mountains thousands of feet high, and through deep valleys, we pressed on our way. Mount Shasta, towering 14,440 feet high, and covered with snow even in July, was a glorious sight to look upon. It was very pleasant to sit behind six fleet horses in the daytime, and ride near mountains covered with snow all the year; but to be jolted all night from side to side of an old-fashioned stage-coach, is not very agreeable.

One night we were passing rapidly along through the deep forest of tall pine trees, when suddenly, as we rounded a corner, we saw a huge camp fire.

Near it, in the middle of the road, stood a man, shouting "Stop! Stop!"

We at once thought of the robber stories we had heard so much of, and we feared that we might the next moment see a gun pointed towards us. But a meek-looking man approached, holding in his arms a beautiful young fawn, which he had caught that afternoon. He wished to take it down into the valley, to give to his children.

He had shot its mother; and what do you think the little thing, only about four weeks old, did?

I hear you say, "Why, of course, it started to run away and hide."

No; it stayed right still beside its dead mother. As soon as this hunter went up to it, and petted it a little, it followed him.

When we saw it, only a few hours after, it seemed quite tame, and licked my hand as if it had known me for a long time. When the stage stopped it was given its freedom; but it did not try to run away, but followed us around like a dog.

If that tiny fawn had run away into the forest, after its mother had been killed, no doubt it would have died. And so, my dear young friends, if you run away from Jesus, you will die another kind of death.

If you do not understand me, ask your parents, Sunday-school teacher, or minister, what the Bible means when it speaks of the "second death." I pray that you may never know the meaning of it by experience.

In one of the meetings in Portland, Oregon, a little child sat weeping for her sins. At first she felt she could not be saved; but when told more about Jesus,

not, for they were "dead"; that is, as I think you have read—they were dead in trespasses and sins.

The dear child stood between them and wept; but their hard hearts seemed unmoved.

As soon as the inquiry meeting began, to which all were invited to remain, the child arose and led her home, though she wished very much to stay, that the Christians

PIGS IN PASTURE.

BY NINA S. SHAW.

THE northern woods of Russia are full of hogs which run almost wild except for a little care the peasants keep over them. There in the beautiful forests the wild men and hogs have picnics day after day, feasting on the fruits and nuts that fall from the trees. At certain seasons of the year large numbers of hogs are selected, and driven to pasture around the candle manufactories, and are fed on tallow until they are sleek. In summer they are made to run and crowd into yards, where their bristles are pulled from them, then the hogs are once more at liberty until more bristles grow. All this travelling that the world be supplied with brushes. Each bristle has a tuft of fur at the roots which protect the hogs from the cold of Russia. Many pictures have been painted with the soft white bristles that come from France. In Germany the peasants save every bristle from the hogs they kill, until men come to buy them. The bristles are washed, combed and bleached; those that come out white bring the highest prices; those that remain dark are dyed. Even the shoemaker finds bristles useful for his wax ends, but he does not select the Russian, for they are too long. About four hundred years ago a Spaniard brought the first hogs into America. Now the hogs from the western prairies supply the United States with bristles. Poor pigs have always been abused, from the time the Greeks sacrificed them to Ceres, the goddess of harvest, and the kings and noblemen found exciting sport in hunting the wild hogs through the woods, while they in rage and terror stood their bristles up on their backs as they were brought to bay, until now, when every part of them is made use of. Even the tails have been used, as some grandmothers can tell how, when they were little girls, they would take the tails, roll them in paper and lay them before the fire in the old-fashioned fireplace, and then eat them when browned. Many people think the hogs do not need clean pens, but they like everything clean and to be petted. They have even been trained to point to game for hunters, and also to find in the earth where the fragrant truffles grow, so men can dig them up and sell them for pies. The hogs' reward is something they like to eat. When a cold evening comes when they are in the fields, several of them will run and fill their mouths with dry grass and carry to a place, each one laying his hay down side by side until they form a circle. Then in this good bed they huddle together to sleep.

A SHORT HISTORY.

DR. GUTHRIE once told the following story:

"One of our boys, a very little fellow, but uncommonly smart, entered the lists and carried off a prize against the whole of England and Scotland by his answer to the question: 'Can you give the history of the Apostle Paul in thirty words?' His answer was, 'Paul was born at Tarsus, and brought up at Jerusalem; he continued a persecutor until his conversion, after which he became a follower of Christ, for whose sake he died.'"

WHEN a friend is in trouble don't annoy him by asking if there is anything you can do; think of something appropriate and do it.



MUSTAPHA, THE ARAB CHIEF.

she came to him as quietly as that little deer did to the hunter. She then knew that her sins were all forgiven, and that God was her heavenly Father, and the heavenly kingdom would be her abiding place forever.

Her heart was filled of joy and peace in believing in Jesus. A few nights after, she came to one of the meetings with her father and mother.

At the close, all who wished Christians to pray for them were asked to arise. She at once stood up, and kept pulling, first at her father and then at her mother, to induce them to rise also; but though tears rolled down her cheeks, they would

might plead with her parents to come to Jesus. You see that men and women are like the old deer, ready to run away; but little children are like that beautiful, soft, black-eyed fawn.

The first thing the hunter did when he got to his home was to get some sweet milk for his little pet.

Just so Jesus, if you will come to him, will not only save you, but he will also carry you "in his bosom," and lead you in green pastures.

Will you come to-day, if you have not done so before? Do not run away from him, for if you do you will certainly be lost.

▲ Legend of the Bell.

BY ALBERT DEVON.

Long years ago there lived a king,
A mighty man and bold,
Who had two sons, named Dong and Ding,
Of whom this tale is told.

Prince Ding was clear of voice, and tall,
A prince in every line.
Prince Dong his voice was very small,
And he but four foot nine.

Now both these sons were very dear
To Bell, the mighty king
They always hastened to appear
When he for them would ring.

Ding never failed the first to go,
But Dong, he followed well,
And at the second summons he
Responded to King Bell.

This promptness of each royal prince,
Is all of them we know.
Except that all their kindred since
Have done exactly so.

And if you chance to know a king
Like this one of the song,
Just listen once—and there is Ding:
Again—and there is Dong.
—Harper's Young People.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 15, 1894.

FEEDING OF THE FOUR THOUSAND.

BY REV. B. T. VINCENT, PHILADELPHIA.

(Mark 8. 1-21.)

HERE is a golden chain of five links. It reaches from suffering hunger to beautiful supply. It fastens a needy people to a rich Friend. It leads lost sinners to a mighty Saviour. We must study it, as showing how he will supply our need—for our bodies when we ask him, and it is good for us; and for our souls when we trust him and do his will. Now see as you study how useful every link in this chain is, and how it would be impossible to do without a single one of them.

1. *Compassion.*—Jesus saw the hungry people, and because he was God, and had made the wonderful machinery of the body, he knew what pain came with hunger. But he knew, too, because he was a man and had felt it himself, for you remember how in the wilderness he was hungry, and though he could turn the stones into bread, yet he would not, for he came on earth to suffer as we do, that he might have sorrow with us in our sorrow; and there is no sufferer in all the wide world for whom he is not sorry.

But he had a greater reason for being sorry for men than because of their bodily hunger, as we see in this lesson, when the Pharisees came out to him with their wicked ambition. For them he sighed deeply. Think of how your ugly tempers and envies and pride give him pain, too;

for these are worse than bodily hunger. Think how deep his pain for us is! Like as a great engine shakes the little building it is in, so this Divine love made this human soul to sigh. And afterward, when he was upon the cross, the Divine sympathy did break the human heart! Such is his pitying love; and this is the first link in this wonderful saving chain.

2. *Loaves and Fishes.* Now he could have made bread to fall from heaven as in the wilderness it fell when the Israelites were hungry and had nothing. But this could be only wisely done when there was no other way. This time there was another way, because the disciples had seven loaves and a few little fishes; not more than a single little lad could carry, for one did carry almost as much in another case where four thousand were fed with five loaves and two fishes.

Now we would have thought, since this was not more than enough for a few people, that Jesus would not have bothered with it, but just have fed the people in his own way. He did do it in his own way; and that way was to take what they had and make it enough. So God does in nature when he makes a great harvest grow out of the little seeds; but he does not bring the harvest without the seeds. So it is with whatever we may have of knowledge and love and will. We may want much of all to make ourselves good and great, but we might pray a thousand years to God to give us much, and yet he would not so long as we had a little knowledge and a little love and a little will which we would not bring out and give to him to be used in the answer to our prayer. You remember the old fable in which Hercules said to the carter, "Put your own shoulder to the wheel; Hercules helps them who help themselves." And then his cart came out of the mud.

And we must remember, too, that there is no getting great things done unless we are ready to begin in a small way, as in the use of the little bread and fish toward the feeding of four thousand. We must bring out our best, little and weak though it may be. The second link in the helpful chain.

3. *Blessing.*—But suppose we do use the little we have, it will soon be used up, and that will be the end of it. These seven loaves and few fishes would only have fed a half-dozen hungry people, and the thousands remained as hungry as before. Ah, there was another thing to do of great importance. This food was to come under the hand of Jesus. God was to be thanked for it, and to be owned as the Giver of it, and to be asked to make it worth something. An old book of the Jews, called the *Talmud*, says: "He that enjoys aught without thanksgiving is as though he robbed God." If this be true (and it seems true), we are thieves if we do not confess him in all we have and in all we do. Let us remember this when we sit at the table and eat our bountiful meals.

But the value of anything is so dependent upon this blessing, that it is more strange still that anybody will fail to secure the blessing. The force of all little things lies in their connections, as when you look at a match, the little splinter does not seem to be worth much; but when you find it can, by being lighted, connect a train of powder with a mine of gold down in the earth somewhere, you say, "Blessed little match! you will make me rich." So the delicate little finger that touched the keys of the electric currents which started the powder that blew up the rocks in the East River, New York, some years ago, was not much of a finger, until it was found what connections with great force it could make. A little seed is nothing until you think of earth and sunshine and rain, and then it is blessed with the promises of a hundred-fold. So thus we bring our knowledge, and love and will, and find out how they may be connected with great power. Jesus says this boy or this girl may be somebody—then it is that we are ready for great deeds. One of the early kings in England, when in battle, ordered the praying monks among his enemies to be killed, saying, "Bear they arms against us or no, they war against us, when they cry against us to their God." So does prayer make our little mighty. Thus the learning of the Pharisees did them no good while the weak disciples kept close to

Jesus, and their weakness was made strength. This is the third link in this beautiful chain.

4. *Work.*—Little things, even when blessed, are nothing until put into action. The loaves and fishes only grow when the disciples began to distribute them to the multitude. Then as they broke off piece by piece there was still enough in their hands to go on breaking and giving until all the people were filled. The match is nothing but a "blessed" splinter till you strike it, then it makes you rich. The little *hunger* is beautiful, as blessed, but it only blows up the rocks when it presses the key. The seed is nothing until you give the sun and rain and earth a chance at it. The farmer cuts up a potato into three or four pieces and plants them, and each answers with a whole mess of royal fellows for baking and eating.

So, always, work must follow hope, and hope will end in the joy of possession. Our knowledge, blessed, must be used, and it will grow, our little love must start out to win its way, and we shall be strong in love; our little wills that shrink from duty often, must be exercised, and soon we shall be heroes in the battle of life, never shrinking, never failing.

But we must work under command, as the disciples distributed the bread and fish. It may seem foolish to us as that might have seemed foolish to them. But that is none of our business. Once, on the Hudson River R. R., a station agent received telegraphic orders to turn a switch which would throw a coming freight train into the river! He did it without asking any questions. Now, though strange to him, it was right, for some escaped convicts from Sing Sing prison had gotten on that engine and loosened it from the train, and were coming down the road with it. The superintendent ordered the switch turned to give them what they deserved, and to save a coming passenger train from being run upon. We cannot tell whether orders are right or not; but if God gives them we must obey, for they must be right. When you start into a mountain road, it looks as though a hundred yards would end it; but go that distance and another hundred yards will appear, and so on until you reach the top. So when the handful of food has been given, the hand will be found full again, if God gives the order to distribute.

Thus go to work, weak and little though you are, and with the little that you have; and this is the fourth link in this great chain.

5. *Plenty.*—This comes out of little, through blessing and work. The multitude were filled, and still there were left seven baskets of fragments! How wonderful was all this! And yet not wonderful, when you remember that it was God who did it. It was he who fed Israel with manna and quails; who kept the widow's cruse of oil and barrel of meal from failing when she fed the prophet Elijah; who made the little pot of oil to fill many vessels at the command of Elisha; and who made this same prophet able to feed a hundred men with twenty barley loaves. And it was he who fed the five thousand with five loaves and two fishes, and indeed what has he not done in wondrous love and power?

To you and to me he promises like wonders if we trust his love, bring to him what we have, secure his blessing upon it, and go to work to use it. All our powers will thus bring forth abundantly. We can overcome sin in ourselves; we can make ourselves wise and loving and strong; we can do good even among the worst of people, and make them good and happy.

But we must not seek this power from low motives, as the Pharisees sought after a sign, nor as the disciples afterward seemed to think more of the loaves and fishes than of the truth. But we must ask for power that we may do his will and honour him in blessing the world. Then will he do mighty things for us, and by us, for others. And this is the fifth link in this mighty chain.

plenty shall come. Then shall we be able to eat of the bread of life ourselves, and be honoured with the privilege of handing it to other hungry souls, that they may be filled.

THE CHINESE FEAST OF LANTERNS.

THE New Year is a time of great rejoicings in China. The series of holidays end with the Feast of Lanterns, which is celebrated on the evening of the fifteenth day of the first month. For many days previous the lantern shops are crowded with purchasers, who indulge their wild fancies in the choice of the lanterns they buy. And they have plenty to choose from. Lanterns of all shapes and sizes, some of the ordinary round shape, others more elaborate in make and colouring, and many grotesquely imitating men and animals. In some the figures inside the lantern are made to turn round by a horizontal wheel moved by the hot air from the light, and others are drawn about on wheels.

The material used is principally paper, but silk, horn, varnish, and glass lanterns are also made.

When the darkness of night begins, the lanterns already suspended all over the house are lighted, and the special festivities begin. The viands which have been offered to the protecting god of the family, and have been laid on the altar for his use, are removed to the dining-room, and with a plentiful supply of native wine are consumed by the household.

The feast over, the family—even the ladies, who on no other occasion venture out after dark—proceed to view the illuminations. Crowds are gathered round some of the lanterns which exhibit riddles inscribed on them. The owners of the houses where these lanterns are placed offer prizes—tea, pencils, fans, etc., to the person who first succeeds in answering the riddle.

HINDU STORY OF THE HERMIT AND THE MOUSE.

IN a forest of the sage Gautama there dwelt a hermit or saint named Mighty-at-prayer. Once, as he sat at his frugal meal, a young mouse dropped beside him from the beak of a crow, and he took it up and fed it tenderly with rice grains.

Some time after this, the saint observed a cat pursuing this mouse to devour it, whereupon he changed the mouse into a stout cat. This cat was greatly harassed by dogs, upon which the saint transformed it into a dog.

The dog was always in danger from the tigers, and his protector gave him the form of a tiger, but considering him and treating him as nothing but a mouse.

The country folks passing by would say, "That is not a tiger but a mouse the saint has transformed." The mouse was vexed at this and said, "So long as the master lives this shameful story of my origin will survive." With this thought he was about to take the saint's life, when he, who knew his purpose, turned the ungrateful beast by a word to his original shape. Ingratitude is a crime.

HATTIE'S CHICKENS.

HATTIE'S chickens are, no doubt, well cared for, even if she should sometimes forget them herself, though we hardly think they will care much for the wisps of hay she has brought them. It is a good plan to let children have something that they can call their own, whether it is a brood of chickens or a bed for flowers in the garden. It does them good to feel that they own it themselves, and apart from the pleasure it gives them, they learn to cultivate habits of forethought and oversight. Hattie's chickens might suffer if it were not for the handfuls of corn regularly thrown to them by others; but nevertheless, Hattie feels that they are her chickens, and she is really learning to look after and care for something beside herself, and that is a lesson of no small importance in this life, and one that cannot be learned too early; when we get to be men and women, we shall find all around us those who need our care and help, and what we have learned and practised in childhood will not then be forgotten.

Little Homer's Slate.

BY EUGENE FIELD.

AFTER dear old grandma died,
Hunting through an oaken chest
In the attic, we espied
What repaid our childish quest:
'Twas a homely little slate,
Seemingly of ancient date.

On its quaint and battered face
Was the picture of a cart,
Drawn with all that awkward grace
Which betokens childish art.
But what meant this legend, pray,
"Homer drew this yesterday"?

Mother recollected then
What the years were fain to hide—
She was but a baby when
Little Homer lived and died;
Forty years, so mother said,
Little Homer had been dead.

This one secret through these years,
Grandma kept from all apart,
Hallowed by her lonely tears
And the breaking of her heart;
While each year that sped away,
Seemed to her but yesterday.

So the homely little slate
Grandma's baby's fingers pressed,
To a memory consecrate,
Lies in an oaken chest,
Where, unwilling we should know,
Grandma put it years ago.

HUNTED AND HARRIED.

A Tale of the Scottish Covenanters.

BY R. M. BALLANTYNE.

CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)

CLOSE beside one of the sodden graves lay the yet warm body of a dead man. The random bullet had found a billet in his heart, and "Nature's sweet restorer" had been merged into the sleep of death. Fortunate man! He had been spared, probably, months of slow-timed misery, with almost certain death at the end in any case.

Three men rose from behind the headstone of that grave, and looked sorrowfully on the drenched figure.

"He has passed the golden gates," said one in a low voice. "A wonderful change."

"Ay, Will," responded another of the trio; "but it's noo or niver wi' us. Set yer heid agin' the wa', Quentin."

The shepherd obeyed, and the three proceeded to carry out a plan which they had previously devised—a plan which only very strong and agile men could have hoped to carry through without noise. Selecting a suitable part of the wall, in deepest shadow, where a headstone slightly aided them, Quentin planted his feet firmly, and, resting his arms on the wall, leaned his forehead against them. Black mounted on his shoulder, and, standing erect, assumed the same position. Then Wallace, grasping the garments of his friends, climbed up the living ladder and stood on Black's shoulders, so that he could just grip the top of the wall and hang on. At this point in the process the conditions were, so to speak, reversed. Black grasped Wallace with both hands by one of his ankles, and held on like a vice. The living ladder was now hanging from the top of the wall instead of standing at the foot of it, and Quentin—the lowest rung, so to speak—became the climber. From Wallace's shoulders, he easily gained the top of the wall, and was able to reach down a helping hand to Black as he made his way slowly up Wallace's back. Then both men hauled Wallace up with some trouble, for the strain had been almost too much for him, and he could hardly help himself.

At this juncture the sentinel chanced to look up, and dark though it was, he saw the three figures on the wall a little blacker than the sky behind. Instantly the bright flash of his musket was seen, and the report, mingled with his cry of alarm, again brought out the guard. A volley revealed the three prisoners for a moment.

"Dinna jump!" cried Black, as the bullets whizzed past their heads. "Ye'll brék yer legs. Tak' it easy. They're slow at loadin'; an' the mair hurry the less speed!"

The caution was only just in time, for the impulsive Wallace had been on the point of leaping from the wall; instead of doing which he assisted in reversing the process which has just been described. It was much easier, however; and the drop which Wallace had to make after his friends were down was broken by their catching him in their arms. Inexperience, however, is always liable to misfortune. The shock of such a heavy man dropping from such a height gave them a surprise, and

sent them all three violently to the ground; but the firing, shouting, and confusion on the other side of the wall caused them to jump up with wonderful alacrity.

"Candlemaker Row!" said Black in a hoarse whisper, as they dashed off in different directions, and were lost in the blackness of night.

With a very sad face, on which, however, there was an air of calm resignation, Mrs. Black sat in her little room with her Bible open before her. She had been reading to Mrs. Wallace and Jean, preparatory to retiring for the night.

"It's awful to think of their lying out yonder ballless, maybe supperless, on a night like this," said Mrs. Wallace.

Jean, with her pretty face in that condition which the Scotch and Norwegian languages expressively call begrutten, could do nothing but sigh.

Just then hurried steps were heard on the stair, and next moment a loud knocking shook the door.

"Wha's that?" exclaimed Mrs. Black, rising.

"It's me, mither. Open; quick!"
Next moment Andrew sprang in and looked hastily around.

"Am I the first, mither?"
Before the poor woman could recover from her joy and amazement sufficiently to reply, another step was heard on the stair.

"That's an' o' them," said Black, turning and holding the door, so as to be ready for friend or foe. He was right. Mrs. Wallace uttered a little scream of joy as her son leaped into the room.

"Whaur's the Quentin?" asked Black.
The question was scarcely put when the shepherd himself bounded up the stair.

"They've gotten sight o' me, I fear," he said. "Have ye a garret, wummin—onywhere to hide?"

"No' a place in the hooso big enough for a moose to hide in," said Mrs. Black with a look of dismay.

As she spoke a confused noise of voices and hurrying steps was heard in the street. Another moment and they were at the foot of the stair. The three men seized the poker, tongs, and shovel. Mrs. Black opened her back window and pointed to the churchyard.

"Ye'er only chance!" she said.

Andrew Black leaped out at once. Wallace followed like a harlequin. Quentin Dick felt that there was no time for him to follow without being seen. Dropping his poker he sprang through the doorway, and, closing the door on himself, began to thunder against it, just as an officer leading some of the town-guard reached the landing.

"Open, I say!" cried Quentin furiously, "I'm sure the rebels cam in here. Dinna be keepin' the gentlemen o' the guard waitin' here. Open, I say, or I'll drive the door in!"

Bursting the door open, as though in fulfilment of his threat, Quentin sprang in, and looking hastily round, cried, as if in towering wrath, "Whaur are they? Whaur are thae pestiferous rebels?"

"There's nae rebels here, gentlemen," said Mrs. Black. "Ye'er welcome to seek."

"They maun hae gaen up the next stair," said Quentin, turning to the officer.

"And pray, who are you, that ye seem so anxious to catch the rebels?"

"Wha am I?" repeated Quentin with glaring eyes, and a sort of grasping of his strong fingers that suggested the idea of tearing someone to pieces. "Div'ee no see that I'm a shepherd? The sufferin's that I hae gaen through an' endured on account o' thae rebels is past—But c'way, sirs, they'll escape us if we stand haverin' here."

So saying the bold man dashed down the stair and into the next house, followed by the town-guard, who did not know him. The prisoners' guards were fortunately searching in another direction. A strict search was made in the next house, at which Quentin assisted. When they were yet in the thick of it he went quietly down-stairs and walked away from the scene, as he expressed it, "hotchin"—by which he meant chuckling.

But poor Andrew Black and Will Wallace were not so fortunate. A search which was made in the outer churchyard resulted in their being discovered among the tombs, and they were forthwith conducted to the Tolbooth prison.

When Ramblin' Peter, after many narrow escapes, reached the farm in Dumfries in a half-famished state, he sat down among the desolate ruins and howled with grief. Having thus relieved his feelings, he dried his eyes and proceeded in his usual sedate manner to examine things in detail. He soon found that his master had been wrong in supposing that the hide-hole had been discovered or destroyed. As he approached the outer end of the tunnel a head suddenly appeared above ground, and as suddenly vanished.

"Hallo!" exclaimed Peter in surprise.

"Hallo!" echoed the head, and reappeared blazing with astonishment. "Is that you, Peter?"

"Ay, M'Cubine, that's ma. I thought ye

was a' deid. Has ye ony parritch i' the hole? I'm awfu' hungry."

"C'way in, lad; we've plenty to eat here, an' a guid company as weel—the Lord be thankit."

The man led the way—familiar enough to Peter; and in the hide-hole he found several persons, some of whom, from their costume, were evidently ministers. They paid little attention to the boy at first, being engaged in earnest conversation.

That same night, when darkness rendered it safe, Cargill, Cameron, Welsh, and Douglas, with some of their followers, left Black's place of concealment, and went off in different directions to risk, for a brief space, the shelter of a friendly cottage, where the neighbours would assemble to hear the outlawed ministers, while one of them kept watch, or to fulfil their several engagements for the holding of conventicles among the secret places of the hills.

CHAPTER X.—FIERCE AND FIERCER.

AFTER his escape, Quentin Dick, hearing of the recapture of his comrades, and knowing that he could not in any way help them, resolved to go back to Dumfries to make inquiries about the servant lassies Marion and Isabel, being ignorant of the fact that Ramblin' Peter had been sent on the same errand before him.

Now, although the one was travelling to, and the other from Edinburgh, they might easily have missed each other, as they travelled chiefly at night in order to escape observation. But, hearing on the way that the much-loved minister, Mr. Welsh, was to preach in a certain locality, they both turned aside to hear him, and thus came together.

A price of £500 sterling had been set on the head of Mr. Welsh, and for twenty years he had been pursued by his foes, yet for that long period he succeeded in eluding his pursuers—even though the resolute and vindictive Claverhouse was among them,—and in continuing his work of preaching to the people. Though a meek and humble man, Welsh was cool, courageous, and self-possessed, with, apparently a dash of humour in him—as was evidenced by his preaching on one occasion in the middle of the frozen Tweed, so that other he "might shun giving offence to both nations, or that two kingdoms might dispute his crime!"

The evening before the meeting at which Quentin and Peter unwittingly approached each other, Mr. Welsh found himself at a loss where to spend the night, for the bloodhounds were already on his track. He boldly called at the house of a gentleman who was personally unknown to him, but who was known to be hostile to field-preachers in general, and to himself in particular. As a stranger Mr. Welsh was kindly received. Probably in such dangerous times it was considered impolite to make inquiry as to names. At all events the record says that he remained unknown. In course of conversation his host referred to Welsh and the difficulty of getting hold of him.

"I am sent," said Welsh, "to apprehend rebels. I know where Mr. Welsh is to preach to-morrow, and will give you the rebel by the hand."

Overjoyed at this news the gentleman agreed to accompany him to the meeting on the morrow. Arriving next day at the rendezvous, the congregation made way for the minister and his host. The latter was then invited to take a seat, and, to his great amazement, his guest of the previous night stood up and preached. At the close of the sermon Mr. Welsh held out his hand to his host.

"I promised," he said, "to give you Mr. Welsh by the hand."

"Yes," returned the gentleman, who was much affected, as he grasped the hand, "and you said that you were sent to apprehend rebels. Let me assure you that I, a rebellious sinner, have been apprehended this day."

It was at this interesting moment that Quentin and Peter recognized each other, and, forgetting all other points of interest, turned aside to discuss their own affairs.

"Then there's nae use o' my gaun ony farther," said the shepherd thoughtfully.

"Nae whatever," said Peter; "ye'd best c'way back t' toon wi' me. Ye'll be safer there nor here, an' may chance to be o' service to the lassies."

Alas for the poor lassies! They were in the fangs of the wolves at that very time. In that council-room where, for years, the farce of "trial" and the tragedy of cruel injustice had been carried on, Marion Clark and Isabel Scott were standing before their civil and clerical inquisitors. The trial was nearly over. Proceeding upon their mean principle of extracting confession by the method of entrapping questions, and thus obtaining from their unsuspecting victims sufficient evidence—as they said—to warrant condemnation, they had got the poor serving-maids to admit that they had attended field preachings, had conversed with some of the Government denounced as rebels; and other matters which sufficed

to enable them to draw up a libel. These two innocent girls were then handed over to the Justiciary Court, before which they were charged with the crime of receiving and corresponding with Mr. Donald Cargill, Mr. Thomas Douglas, Mr. John Welsh, and Mr. Richard Cameron; with the murderers of Archbishop Sharp; and with having heard the said ministers preach up treason and rebellion!

When the indictment was read to them the poor things meekly admitted that it was correct, except in so far as it called the ministers rebels and asserted that they preached up treason. The jury were exceedingly unwilling to serve on the trial, but were compelled to do so under threat of fine. After deliberating on the evidence they found the girls both guilty, by their own confession, of holding the opinions charged against them, but that as actors, or receivers of rebels, the charge was not proven.

Upon this they were condemned to die, but before leaving the court Isabel Scott said impressively: "I take you all to witness against another at your appearance before God, that your proceeding against us this day is only for owning Christ, his Gospel, and his members." They were then led back to prison.

When Quentin and Peter arrived in Edinburgh, two days later, they passed under the West Port, which was decorated with the shrivelled heads and hands of several martyrs, and made their way to the Grassmarket, which they had to traverse in going towards Candlemaker Row. Here they found a large crowd surrounding the gallows-tree which did such frequent service there. Two female figures were swinging from the beam.

"The auld story," said the shepherd in a low, sad voice. "What was their crime?" he inquired of a bystander.

"They tried to serve the Lord, that was a'," replied the man bitterly. "But they ended their course bravely. An' sang the 81th Psalm and the 118th psalm o' God's great love an' free grace to her and to sinfu' man."

"Puir things!" exclaimed Quentin with tremulous voice. "It's ower noo. They're fairly inside o' the celestial gates."

The sight was all too common in those dark days to induce delay, but the two friends had to pass near the gallows, and naturally looked up in passing.

"Quentin!" gasped Peter, stretching out both hands towards the martyrs, whose now soulless frames were hanging there, "it's—it's Marion an'—"

A low wail followed, as the poor boy fell over in a swoon.

The shepherd's heart almost stood still, and his great chest quivered for a moment as he gazed, but he was a man of strong will and iron mould. Stooping, he picked up his little friend and carried him silently away.

Their grief was, however, diverted to other channels on reaching the abode of Mrs. Black, for there they found her and Mrs. Wallace and Jean in deepest sorrow over the terrible news just brought to them by Jock Bruce.

Andrew Black, he told them, had been sent a prisoner to the Bass Rock, and Will Wallace, with two hundred others, had been banished to the plantations in Barbadoes, where they were to be sold as slaves.

Quentin sat down, covered his face with both hands, and groaned aloud on hearing this. Peter, who had recovered by that time, looked about him with the expressionless face of one whose reason has been unseated. Observing that Jean was sitting apart, sobbing as if her heart would break, he went quietly to her, and, taking one of her hands, began to stroke it gently. "Dinna greet, Jean," he said; "the Lord will deliver them. Marion aye tell me that, an' I believe she was richt."

Truly these unfortunate people needed all the consolation that the Word could give them, for banishment to the plantations usually meant banishment for life, and as to the hundreds who found a prison on the bleak and rugged Bass Rock at the mouth of the Forth, many of these also found a grave.

(To be continued.)

THE sweetest lives are those to duty wed,
Whose deeds, both great and small,
Are close knit strands of an unbroken
thread

Where loves on nobles all,
The world may sound no trumpets, ring no
bells,

The Book of Life the shining record tells
—Mrs. Brewster

Good thoughts are the sweetest guests, and
should be heartily welcomed well fed and
thick with life. If the soul is fed they
give out sweet smell if laid up in the jar of
memory.



DANIEL IN BABYLON.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF OUR LORD.

B.C. 606.] **LESSON XIII.** [Sept. 23

DANIEL'S ABSTINENCE.

Dan. 1. 8-20. **Memory verses, 8, 9.**

GOLDEN TEXT.

Daniel purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself.—Dan. 1. 8.

OUTLINE.

- 1. True to God, v. 8-16.
- 2. Honoured of Men, v. 17-20.

TIME—B.C. 606.

PLACE—Babylon.

RULER—Nebuchadnezzar.

INTRODUCTION.

This incident teaches many moral lessons. It is brought forward for our study to-day to teach the doctrine of temperance. Daniel's noble decision of character, exemplified in this lesson, makes him the typical temperance man in the truest and best sense. Within narrower limitations, every boy and girl has similar problems to solve, and has abundant opportunity to evince Daniel's noble qualities, or to make a moral failure.

EXPLANATIONS.

- 8. "Daniel purposed"—Daniel was leader, but doubtless the three other youths shared his purpose. "Defile himself"—The king's meat had been consecrated to false gods, and Daniel ate it or drank of the wine he would be unfaithful to his God.
- 10. "The prince of the eunuchs"—The keeper of the captives. "Endanger my head"—Beheading was of daily occurrence at court in those days.
- 12. "Pulse"—Vegetable diet in general. Vegetable oblations were not made to idols.
- 17. "Understanding in all visions and dreams"—Daniel eclipsed the Chaldean sages.

HOME READINGS.

- M. Daniel's abstinence.—Dan. 1. 8-20.
- N. The king's meat.—Dan. 1. 1-7.
- W. The Rechabites.—Jer. 35. 1-10.
- Y. The Rechabites.—Jer. 35. 12-19.
- Z. Appearance of evil.—1 Thess. 5. 14-23.
- S. A stumbling-block.—Rom. 14. 13-21.
- Su. Not expedient.—1 Cor. 10. 15-23.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Where are we taught in this lesson—

- 1. To be true to conscience?
- 2. To be courteous to all men?
- 3. To be diligent in business?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

- 1. Who was Daniel? "A young Jewish captive in Babylon." 2. Where was he taken to be educated? "To the palace of the king." 3. How did Daniel act in the palace? "He was faithful to his God." 4. How did he show his faithfulness? "By refusing to drink

the king's wine." 5. Why did he thus refuse? Golden Text: "Daniel purposed in his," etc. 6. How did God reward Daniel for his faithfulness? "He gave him wisdom and honour."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The reward of faith.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

What is the Spirit's work in believers?

He enlightens their minds to understand the Scriptures; bears witness with their spirits that they are the children of God; helps their prayers; purifies them from inward and outward sin; and fills their hearts and lives with perfect love and every grace.

THE NECROMANCER'S FEAT.

BY J. W. BENGOUGH.

A NECROMANCER once visited a Canadian town to give a show. On the appointed evening, before the Performance began, the Town Council waited upon the Professor and collected the Customary License Fee, giving him a Receipt therefor, duly signed by the Mayor and Town Clerk. A large Audience gathered, and the Necromancer announced that he would perform a Wonderful Feat, if any Man present would allow his Boy to come up on the Stage. A Parent in the Audience complied, and sent up a Fine, Bright Lad, who went forward with a Smile on his Face. Placing the Boy in full view of the People, the Professor waved a Wand over him and said, "Presto!" At once the Boy was transformed into a Simpering Imbecile in Rags and Tatters. "Now, Sir," cried the astounded and horrified Father, "restore him to what he was!" But the Necromancer replied, "That I do not profess to be able to do. You had better send him to a Gold Cure Institute or somewhere." Then, in his rage, the Father sought to break up the Show, but the Professor, under the pro-

tection of his License, called upon the Police to eject him as an Unruly Person—which they did.

MORAL.—The name of the Professor was Rumrade, and he goes on performing this same feat night after night in every town and city of the country.—From "The Prohibition Esop," in the Templar.

THE MISSIONARY PENNY.

THE Rev. Walter W. Bagster, a missionary of the American Board of Foreign Missions, died in Southwest Africa in 1882. His mother early taught him his obligations to Christ. He said that the following incident was among the earliest recollections of his childhood:

"My mother one evening gave me two pennies, suggesting that it would be well to give one of them to the Lord. To this I readily assented, but kept them both for a little while to play with. Unfortunately, I lost one, and hunted the room over, but could not find it. With tearful eyes I told my mother, who quietly remarked, 'Well, Walter, which penny is lost, yours or the missionary penny?' I thought the matter over a moment and told her that I thought it must be the missionary penny, for I had mine left.

"In a few moments mother said that it was time for me to go to bed, but she wanted me to think over this matter about the pennies, and let her know in the morning which penny was lost. I thought it over, and before I went to sleep decided that it was my penny that was lost and the missionary penny left, which I would put into the contribution box (several of which were fastened up in our house). Early in the morning I bounded out of bed and told my mother my decision. She smiled and said, 'That's right, Walter. It was your penny that was lost, but after you went to bed I found it under the lounge; here it is.'



THE NECROMANCER'S FEAT.

READING ON HIS PLATE.

LITTLE Blue eyes came to visit grandpa during the summer. Her papa was a kind, good-natured man, but he had never believed on Jesus and confessed him before men. His little Abbie was very much of a take-notice child, and when every time they sat down to the table all the talking stopped and grandpa, in his slow, solemn way, bowed his face over his plate and set his big farmer hand up edgewise on the table, and in deep, reverent tones spoke thanks to God, it went deeply into her heart. The visit ended, and she went home, loving her grandpa more than ever because of these table prayers.

The first time they sat down to eat after her return, she stopped her prattle, folded her tiny hands, and looking with her blue eyes right into her papa's a moment, said, "Papa, why don't you read on your plate as grandpa does?"

The question went into his heart. After a time prayer was set up in the house, both at the table and around a family altar. That question doubtless was one of the helps to it. The man of the story died in Christian hope and true joy. He was eighty-six years old. And the once little Blue-eyes, now a devoted teacher in the South, sent me tidings of his last hours.

A HAPPY HEART.

My little boy came to me this morning with a broken toy, and begged I would mend it for him. It was a very handsome toy, and was the pride of his heart just then, so I did not wonder to see his lips quivering, and the tears come into his eyes.

"I'll try to fix it, darling," I said, "but I'm afraid I can't do it."

He watched me anxiously for a few moments, and then said, cheerfully:

"Never mind, mamma. If you can't fix it, I'll be just as happy without it."

Wasn't that a brave, sunshiny heart! And that made me think of a little girl, only three years old, whom I once saw bringing out her choicest playthings to amuse a little homesick cousin. Among the rest was a little trunk, with bands of silk paper, for straps—a very pretty toy; but careless little Freddie tipped the lid too far back and broke it off. He burst out with a cry of fright, but little Minnie with her own eyes full of tears, said:

"Never mind, Freddie; just see what a nice little cradle the top will make."

Keep a happy heart, little children, and you will be like sunbeams wherever you go.—Young Reaper.

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