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PLEASANT HOURS

PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XIV.]

TORONTO, JULY 14, 1894.

[No. 28.]

BASEBALL.

WHAT boy does not enjoy a good game of baseball? While it is less dangerous than almost any game that boys enjoy, it is splendid training for the eye in "fielding," gives exercise to the arm in pitching and striking the ball, and has enough running in it to please the sturdiest boy. But it sometimes happens that the very jolliest game is spoiled by some boy's quarrelsome spirit. He must have his own way every time. If he fails to strike the ball it is because it was "a bad ball." He is always sure that everyone on the opposite side is trying to cheat, and does his best to keep up a sort of "war of words" the whole game through. Have you ever seen a boy like that? If you have, you do not ask him to play with you any oftener than you can help, and he is not the boy you want to imitate, is he? What merry faced boys we see at this game in our picture! They know how to play a brisk game and keep their temper at the same time. The lad who is starting out for the goal had better be careful, or he will lose his run and be put out.

OUR MISTAKE.

BY MRS. M. A. HOLT.

"THERE is something behind it all I know. Elva Lester never puts on such a sweet face for nothing. Why, it is almost saintly today. She smiles at everything, and is as gracious as any queen needs to be. Something back of it all, or else I am greatly mistaken."

"Yea, you are just right, Clara," Ellen Lacy answered. "I know that she is planning some mischief that she wants us all to have a hand in; depend upon it. She has some object in view. Why, she would be as active as a cat after a mouse if she was not up to something. She would be making fun of some of us, and disputing with some, and bantering someone else. Elva Lester is planning something that will be sprung upon us pretty soon."

"I said this as positively as I ever said anything in my life. Elva Lester had been at home during a two weeks' vacation, and had just returned to school again, and this talk followed in the afternoon recess of the first day after it began again. If Elva heard any part of our conversation, or had an idea that we were talking about her, she did not reveal it, but kept right along in her new way. She smiled just as sweetly upon those who were the most suspicious of her actions as she did upon those who had always been influenced by her slightest whim. In short, there was such a decided change in her actions that all who knew her noticed it and were talking about it.

Thursday evening came, and we were all thoroughly surprised to hear Elva Lester say that she was going to prayer-meeting, and at the same time inviting us all to attend the service, also. We did not know just how to answer her, yet we all went just the same, and in some way we were impressed with the thought that the secret was about to be revealed. We watched her closely during the prayer, and were

surprised more than ever to see the reverent attitude that our criticised friend assumed.

"She has become a Christian," my friend Clara whispered to me.

The words startled me a little, and then after a few moments I wondered why I had not guessed it out before. After prayer, an opportunity was given for testimony, and Elva Lester at once rose to her feet and in a few broken words confessed Christ. She had been led to him while at home

"It is all right now," she only said as she grasped our extended hands.

Later on we, too, gave ourselves up into the keeping of Christ, and learned the sweet lessons of faith and trust in him. We never made a like mistake again.

Recipe for a Day.

First a dash of water cold,
And then a leaven of prayer,



BASEBALL.

during the vacation, where a series of meetings had been in progress. She asked to be forgiven for her past careless life, and then she invited all her young friends to come to Christ. There were many eyes dim with tears as she sat down, and two or three right then and there expressed a wish to become Christians. Clara and myself went quietly up to her as she passed out of the church and acknowledged our mistake. We confessed in broken words how we had wronged and misjudged her motives.

And a little bit of morning gold
Dissolved in the morning air.

Add to your meal some merriment,
And a thought for kith and kin;
And then, as your prime ingredient,
A plenty of work throw in

But spice it all with essence of love,
And a little whiff of play,
Let a holy thought and a glance above
Complete the well-spent day.

STAND UP FOR THE RIGHT.

BY A. R. K.

THERE was a sawmill located in the wilderness of Linton, and most of the boys were very wicked, with no principle, and no respect either for themselves or for anyone else.

When Charlie Wilton came to work, his heart sank within him, and for a time he wavered. He thought he would better return home and face starvation, rather than become like those boys, but his love for his mother overcame all fears.

The first night he knelt by his bedside, as usual, to invoke the blessing of the "great God," a dozen of his companions amused themselves for awhile by throwing their boots at him, then one of them said: "Boys, let us hold him under the water until he promises to quit making a mess of religion," and of course they all agreed.

He was dragged by his companions to a large pond a few yards from the cabin.

Charlie said: "Boys, first hear my story, and then you can hold me under the water if you like."

So one of them said: "Let him testify for his Master."

"Boys, I am just fifteen years of age, and two weeks ago my father, on his deathbed, called me to him and said: 'Charlie, I am going to die, and I leave you to take care of your mother. You know I have prayed that you would never bring either of us down to our graves with your wickedness and folly. Now I want you to bring me the Bible, and place your hand on it, and solemnly promise that you will pray night and morning for God to take care of you and keep you from temptation.' Boys, I promised, and I expect to my dying day never to break it. And yesterday, when I parted from my mother, my heart was touched afresh. She said for me to remember, when wicked boys tempted me, that I had an aged and feeble mother praying for me. And now, boys, I have told my story, and if you feel disposed, you may put me under the water."

He glanced around at his companions. They were all in tears, and instead of putting him under the water, they extended him their hands and implored his forgiveness.

So this courageous boy, by standing up for the right that night, won a dozen young men who are now earnest Christians.

FAITH IN CHRIST. Faith brings us into contact with Christ. You have seen a chain in two pieces, and a link connecting them that looks like the letter S. Faith is that link; on the one side it takes hold of the Saviour, on the other it takes hold of the sinner.

Be True.

LISTEN, my boy, I've a word for you,
And this is the word, "Be true! be true!"
At work or at play, in darkness or light,
Be true, be true, and stand for the right.

Little maid, I've a word for you,
'Tis the very same, "Be true, be true."
For truth is the sun, and falsehood the night,
Be true, little maid, and stand for the right.

The Boys.

They come the boys! Oh, dear the noise,
The whole house feels the racket;
Behold the knee of Harry's pants,
And weep o'er Bertie's jacket!
But never mind if eyes keep bright,
And limbs grow straight and lumber,
We'd rather lose the tree's whole bark
Than find unsound the timber!

Now, hear the tops and marbles roll!
The floors—oh, woe betide them!
And I must watch the banisters,
For I know boys who ride them!
Look well as you descend the stairs,
I often find them haunted
By ghostly toys, that make no noise
Just when their noise is wanted.

The very chairs are tied in pairs,
And made to prance and caper;
What swords are whittled out of sticks!
What brave lints made of paper!
The dinner bell peals loud and well,
To tell the milkman's coming,
And then the rush of "steam-car trains"
Sets all our ears a-humming.

How oft I say, "What shall I do
To keep these children quiet?"
If I could find a good receipt,
I certainly should try it.
But what to do with these wild boys,
And all their din and clatter,
Is really quite a grave affair,
No laughing, trilling matter.

"Boys will be boys"—but not for long!
Ah, could we hear about us
This thought—now very soon our boys
Will learn to do without us!
How soon but tall and deep-voiced men
Will gravely call us "Mother;"
Or we be stretching empty hands
From this world to the other—
More gently we should chide the noise,
And when night quells the racket,
Stitch in but loving thoughts and prayers
While mending pants and jackets!
—Christian Union.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, JULY 14, 1894.

SINGING THE PRAISES OF JESUS.

BY REV. W. F. CRAFTS.

ONE Sunday a man came into the Sunday-school at the Boston North End Mission, drawn by the sweetness of the children's singing. He remained to the close, and came again that evening to the prayer meeting. When the customary invitation to seek the Saviour was given, he came forward and became a Christian. To a few who had remained to pray with the penitent ones, he said: "My friends, I feel that I am a saved man, and I owe it to your children's singing 'Jesus Loves Me' this afternoon. I couldn't realize it, I've been such a miserable sinner; but after I went away I thought it over, 'Jesus Loves Me'; and then I thought of the next line, 'For the Bible tells me so,' and I tried to believe it, and I came here this evening to

got you to pray for me." He became a regular attendant at the mission, and gave the clearest evidence of a genuine change of heart.

Shortly after the visit of Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey to Scotland, a little boy passed along the streets of Glasgow in the evening, singing, "There is a Fountain Filled with Blood." A Christian policeman joined in the song. At the end of the policeman's beat he asked the boy if he understood what he was singing.

"Oh, yes," said the little fellow, "I know it in my heart, and it is very precious."

A few evenings afterwards, someone, in conversation with the policeman, said:

"Do you know that a woman standing where we are was saved by hearing the other night a hymn sung by a policeman and a boy?"

Children's songs are also many times a great comfort in trouble and sickness.

A man who was seeking to relieve the poor, came to a flight of stairs that led to a door that led to a room reaching under the eaves. He knocked. A feeble voice said, "Come in," and he went in. There was no light, but as soon as his eye became adapted to the place, he saw, lying upon a heap of chips and shavings, a boy about ten years of age, pale, but with a sweet face. "What are you doing here?" he asked of the boy. "Hush! hush! I am hiding." "Hiding! What for?" And he showed his white arms covered with bruises and swollen. "Who was it beat you like that?" "Don't tell him; my father did it." "What for?" "Father got drunk and beat me because I wouldn't steal." "Did you ever steal?" "Yes, sir; I was a thief once." These London thieves never hesitate to acknowledge it—it is their profession. "Then why don't you steal now?" "Because I went to the Ragged School, and they told me, 'Thou shalt not steal,' and they told me of God in heaven. I will never steal, sir, if my father kills me." Said my friend, "I don't know what to do with you. Here is a shilling. I will see what I can do for you."

The boy looked at it a moment, and then said, "But, sir, wouldn't you like to hear my little hymn?"

My friend thought it strange that, without food, without fire, bruised and beaten, as he lay there, he could sing a hymn; but he said, "Yes, I will hear you." And then in a sweet voice he sang:

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child;
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to thee.

"Fain I would to thee be brought;
Gentle Lord, forbid it not;
In the kingdom of thy grace,
Grant thy little child a place."

"That's my little hymn; good-bye."
The gentleman went again in the morning; went up-stairs, knocked at the door—no answer; opened it and went in. The shilling lay on the floor. There lay the boy with a smile on his face—but he was dead! In the night he had gone home.

And the children's songs are also a comfort and help in the hour of death. A little boy in the far West was run over by a car and so badly hurt that he died the next morning. Just before he died, with a very sweet voice and happy face, he sang to the friends who stood beside his bed:

"Shall we gather at the river
Where bright angels' feet have trod."

And then repeated a little prayer his mother had taught him. Shortly after the prayer the sunny eyes closed, and the soul—the thinking part of little Eddie—went out of his body and up to God, and they said "He is dead." The little song had been a great comfort to him in dying, and to all his friends.

Since so much good can be done by singing, let us sing with all our hearts and with all our voices in the church and Sunday-school and at home, and thus we may save and comfort many sinful and sorrowful hearts.

—At the seashore between the sea swells and the land swells the landlord's pocket-book swells.



A LITTLE HEROINE.

JENNIE CREEK is only ten, but bright, pretty, and brave. She lives with Samuel Personett, her adopted father, at Millgrove, a small station on the Panhandle Railroad, five miles east of Hartford City.

One day last September, the railroad bridge crossing the stream which runs through Mr. Personett's farm caught fire and was destroyed. Little Jennie was the only one at home at the time, and the only one who saw the fire. The west-bound passenger train was due, and the girl knew that if it was not stopped a terrible catastrophe would result. So she ran to the railroad track, and when she reached it she heard the roar of the approaching train. Thoroughly frightened at the threatened danger to the passengers, the little girl yet had the presence of mind to snatch off her red petticoat and run up the track waving the garment aloft, as she had seen brakemen do with their flags.

The engineer saw her and at once reversed his engine. The train rushed by Jennie, but stopped within one hundred feet of the edge of the stream.

The passengers swarmed out of the cars to find how narrow their escape had been, and when they found that they owed their deliverance to the timid little girl, who yet clung to her little petticoat, they almost overpowered her with caresses. They made up a handsome purse for her on the spot, and the Panhandle Company a few days later presented her with tickets which enabled her and the Personett family to visit the World's Fair free of expense.

Most of the passengers on the train were bound for Chicago, and it is supposed that among them were some Frenchmen connected with the Society of Humanity in Paris. This society has recently notified her of its intention to present her with a medal for her bravery.—*Epsworth Herald.*

One Little Rhyme.

ONE little grain in the sandy bars;
One little flower in a field of flowers,
One little star in a heaven of stars;
One little hour in a year of hours—
What if it makes, or what if it mars?

But the bar is built of the little grains;
And the little flowers make the meadows gay;
And the little stars light the heavenly plains;
And the little hours of each little day
Give to us all that life contains.

HIDING GOD'S WORD FROM ITS ENEMIES.

DURING the terrible persecutions of the Waldensian Christians in the south-east of France during the first half of the last century, when they could only meet for religious services with the greatest secrecy in some secluded spot among the mountains, and that at great risk of being surprised by their persecutors, there came a time when so few Bibles were left to them that there were not enough to supply one to each group of families accustomed to worship together. To remedy this, and to guard against the entire loss of the Word of God, should all the remaining copies be seized, societies were formed among the young people for the purpose of learning it by heart, each member committing to memory a certain portion. This was done with the greatest precision, and whenever a congregation gathered for worship, the members of the society stood beside the pastor and recited to the

listening people whatever portion of Scripture he might call for. Surely they could say, "Thy word have I hid in my heart."

I Thank Thee, O My God!

BY LUCY LAROOM.

For the rosebud's breath of beauty
Along the toiler's way;
For the violet's eye that opens
To bless the new-born day;
For the bare twigs that in summer
Bloom like the prophet's rod;
For the blossoming of flowers,
I thank thee, O my God!

For the lifting up of mountains
In brightness and in dread;
For the peaks where snow and sunshine
Alone have dared to tread;
For the dark or silent gorges,
Whence mighty cedars nod;
For the majesty of mountains,
I thank thee, O my God!

For the splendour of the sunsets,
Vast mirrored on the sea;
For the gold-fringed clouds that curtain
Heaven's inner mystery;
For the molten bars of twilight,
Where thought leans, glad, yet awed,
For the glory of the sunsets,
I thank thee, O my God!

For the earth in all its beauty,
The sky and all its light;
For the dim and soothing shadows
That rest the dazzling sight;
For unfading fields and prairies
Where sense in vain has trod;
For the world's exhaustless beauty,
I thank thee, O my God!

For an eye of inward seeing,
A soul to know and love;
For those common aspirations,
That our high heirship prove;
For the hearts that bless each other,
Beneath thy smile, thy rod;
For the amaranth saved from Eden,
I thank thee, O my God!

For the hidden scroll o'erwritten,
With one dear name adored;
For the Heavenly in the Human,
The Spirit in the Word;
For the tokens of thy presence,
Within, above, abroad;
For thine own great gift of being,
I thank thee, O my God!

A GLIMPSE AT THE CHINESE.

If one argues that China, being upon the opposite side of the globe, must be literally upside down, he will not find himself very much mistaken. Dinner begins with cake, pudding and confectionery, and ends with soup. Lemonade is always as hot as hot can be. If a friend sends you a letter, he often sends only an empty envelope addressed to you, and the bearer delivers the message orally. But what seemed to me one of the oddest of all the odd customs of the Chinese was the mode of resenting an injury. There is very seldom a real fight. Sometimes they resort to hair-pulling, and they pull with a vengeance; but as a rule, when one feels deeply injured, in any way, he goes right out on the street and begins to tell the story of his wrongs, "at the top of his lungs," shouting all sorts of family secrets and abusing the relative or neighbour who has wronged him with all the hard words and hard names he can think of. I have seen women on the low, flat roofs of their houses, screaming all sorts of horrible things about their husbands, and men sitting in the streets, with their backs against the wall, shouting till they were dark in the face and too hoarse to speak, telling everybody about their cross and obstinate wives. The most curious part is that no one seems to listen or care anything about it, and, really, I do not think that the people who are howling can, either, whether anyone listens or not.

The revelations contained in the Bible are made to man in words; and these words, like those contained in any other book, are to be interpreted by applying to them the established laws of language. The meaning of the words, when thus ascertained, is to be accepted as God's rule for human faith and practice. What the words mean, he means. His authority attaches to that meaning.

Put On the Shoe.

Have you heard that old saw of the Persians,
That saying, both witty and true,
"The whole world is covered with leather
To him who is shod with a shoe?"
Fine calfskin or kid or morocco,
Great cavalry boots armed with steel,
The daintiest, jauntiest slippers,
Coarse brogues tumbled down at the heel—
What matter the different fashions?—
The richest and poorest of you
Will find the whole world clad in leather
As soon as you put on the shoe!
Before, it was cold and uneven,
Rough pebbles and sharp bits of glass.
Now, presto! a smooth and warm pavement
Wherever it please you to pass.

But, ah! there's a maid—have you seen her?
A little maid cheery and sweet,
Who daintily trips, yet I see not
What leather she wears on her feet.
For I know by her sunny eyes' sparkle,
And by the calm curve of her mouth,
And by the kind grace of her manners,
Like warm breezes fresh from the south.
I know that wherever her foot falls—
On loving task speeding or sent—
The cobbler may laugh, but I care not,
She is shod with the shoe of content!

And that little maid, Cinderella,
Might claim your wee shoe for her own,
But borrowing's out of the question
For me, with my "sevens" outgrown.
Just whisper the secret, I pray thee,
Come, what is the shop and the street,
And where is the cobbler who fashions
Such beautiful gear for the feet?
I'll go and I'll offer a treasure
Will make his big spectacles shine—
If only two shoes—somewhat larger—
Like your little ones, can be mine!
And then I will don them, and leaping
Off over the world will I go;
Off over my frets and my worries,
Off over my aches and my woe.
And loudly to all humping grumblers
My shoemaker cheer shall be sent;
The whole world is covered with gladness
To him who is shod with content!"

HUNTED AND HARRIED.

A Tale of the Scottish Covenanters.

BY R. M. BALLANTYNE.

CHAPTER III.—THE TRUK AND THE FALSE AT WORK.

The face of nature did not seem propitious to the great gathering on Skoach Hill. Inky clouds rolled athwart the leaden sky, threatening a deluge of rain, and fitful gusts of wind seemed to indicate the approach of a tempest. Nevertheless the elements were held in check by the God of nature, so that the solemn services of the day were conducted to a close without discomfort, though not altogether without interruption.

Several of the most eminent ministers, who had been expelled from their charges, were present on this occasion. Besides John Welsh of Irongray, there were Arnot of Tongland, Blackadder of Troqueer, and Dickson of Rutherglen—godly men who had for many years suffered persecution and imprisonment, and were ready to lay down their lives in defence of religious liberty. The price set upon the head of that "notour traitor, Mr. John Welsh," dead or alive, was 9,000 merks. Mr. Arnot was valued at 3,000!

These preached and assisted at different parts of the services, while the vast multitude sat on the sloping hillside, and the mounted men drew up on the outskirts of the congregation, so as to be within sound of the preachers' voices, and, at the same time, be ready for action on the defensive if enemies should appear.

Andrew Black and his companion stood for some time listening, with bowed heads, to the slow, sweet music that floated towards them. They were too far distant to hear the words of prayer that followed, yet they continued to stand in reverent silence for some time, listening to the sound—Black with his eyes closed, his young companion gazing wistfully at the distant landscape, which, from the elevated position on which they stood, lay like a magnificent panorama spread out before them. On the left the level lands bordering the rivers Cairn and Nith stretched away to the Solway, with the Cumberland mountains in the extreme distance; in front and on the right lay the wild, romantic hill-country of which, in after years, it was so beautifully written:

"Oh, bonnie hills of Galloway; oft have I
stood to see,
At sunset hour, your shadows fall, all
darkening on the sea;

While visions of the buried years came o'er
me in their might—
As phantoms of the sepulchre—instinct
with inward light!
The years, the years when Scotland groaned
beneath her tyrant's hand!
And 'twas not for the heather she was
called 'the purple land,'
And 'twas not for her loveliness her children
blessed their God—
But for secret places of the hills, and the
mountain heights untrod."

"Who was the old man I found in what you call your hidy-hole?" asked Wallace, turning suddenly to his companion.
"I'm no' sure that I have a right to answer that," said Black, regarding Wallace with a half-serious, half-amused look. "However, noo that ye've ta'en service wi' me, and ken about my hidy hole, I suppose I may trust ye wi' a' my secrets."

"I would not press you to reveal any secrets, Mr. Black, yet I think you are safe to trust me, seeing that you know enough about my own secrets to bring in to the gallows if so disposed."

"Ay, I ha' ye there, lad! But I'll trust ye on better grunds than that. I believe ye to be an honest man, and that's enough for me. Weel, ye man ken, it's sixteen year since I howkit the hidy-hole below my hoose, an' wad ye believe it?—they've no' found it out yet! Not even had a suspicion o't, though the sodgers ha' been sair puzzled, mony a time, aboot hoo I managed to gie them the slip. An' mony's the pair body, baith gentle and simple, that I've gien food an' shelter to whae was very likely to ha' perished o' cauld an' hunger, but for the hidy hole. Among ithers I've often had the persecuted ministers doon there, readin' their Bibles or sleepin' as comfortable as ye like when the dragoons was drinkin', roarin', an' singin' like deevils ower their heids. My certies! if Clavers, or Sherp, or Lauderdale had an inklin' o' the hundred pairt o' the law brekin' that I've done, it's a gallows in the Gressmarkit as high as Haman's wad be ereckit for me, an' my hidy an' hauns, may be, would be bleechin' on the Nether Bow. Humph! but they've no' gotten me yet!"

"And I sincerely hope they never will," remarked Wallace; "but you have not yet told me the name of the old man."

"I was comin' to him," continued Black; "but whenever I wander to the doin's o' that black-hearted Council, I'm like to lose the thread o' my discourse. You is a great man i' the Kirk o' Scotland. They ca' him Donald Cargill. The adventures that pair man has had in the course o' mair nor quarter o' a century wad mak' a grand story buik. He has no fear o' man, an' he's an awfu' stickler for justice. Ise warrant he gie'd ye some strang condemnations o' the poors that be."

"Indeed he did not," said Wallace.
"Surely you misjudge his character. His converse with me was entirely religious, and his chief anxiety seemed to be to impress on me the love of God in sending Jesus Christ to redeem a wicked world from sin. I tried to turn the conversation on the state of the times, but he gently turned it round again to the importance of being at peace with God, and giving heed to the condition of my own soul. He became at last so personal that I did not quite like it. Yet he was so earnest and kind that I could not take offence."

"Ay, ay," said Black in a musing tone, "I see. He clearly thinks that yer he'rt needs mair instruction than yer heed. Him! maybe he's right. However, he's a wonderfu' man; ganga aboot the country preachin' everywhere altho' he kens that the sodgers are aye on the look-out for him, an' that if they catch him it's certain death. He wad ha' been at this communion nae doot, if he hadna engaged to preach somewhere near Sanguhar this vera day."

"Then he has left the hidy-hole by this time, I suppose?"

"Ye may be sure o' that, for when there is work to be done for the Master, Donald Cargill doesna let the gress grow under his feet."

"I'm sorry that I shall not see him again," returned the ex-trooper in a tone of regret, "for I like him much."

Now, while this conversation was going on, a portion of the troop of dragoons which had been out in search of Andrew Black was sent under Glendinning (now a sergeant) in quest of an aged couple named Mitchell, who were reported to have entertained intercommunicated, i.e. outlawed, persons; attended conventicles in the fields; ventured to have family worship in their cottage while a few neighbours were present, and to have otherwise broken the laws of the Secret Council.

This Council, which was ruled by two monsters in human form, namely, Archbishop Sharp, of St. Andrew's, and the Duke of Lauderdale, having obtained full powers from King Charles II. to put down conventicles and enforce the laws against the fanatics with the utmost possible rigour, had proceeded to

carry out their mission by inviting a host of half, if not quite, savage Highlanders to assist them in quelling the people. This host, numbering, with 2,000 regulars and militia, about 10,000 men, eagerly accepted the invitation, and was let loose on the south and western districts of Scotland about the beginning of the year, and for some time ravaged and pillaged the land as if it had been an enemy's country. They were thanked by the King for so readily agreeing to assist in reducing the Covenanters to obedience to "Us and Our laws," and were told to take up free quarters among the disaffected, to disarm such persons as they should suspect, to carry with them instruments of torture wherewith to subdue the refractory, and in short to act very much in accordance with the promptings of their own desires. Evidently the mission suited these men admirably, for they treated all parties as disaffected, with great impartiality, and plundered, tortured, and insulted to such an extent that after about three months of unassisted depredation, the shame of the thing became so obvious that Government was compelled to send them home again. They had accomplished nothing in the way of bringing the Covenanters to reason; but they had desolated a fair region of Scotland, spilt much innocent blood, ruined many families, and returned to their native hills heavily laden with booty of every kind like a victorious army. It is said that the losses caused by them in the county of Ayr alone amounted to over £11,000 sterling.

The failure of this horde did not in the least check the proceedings of Sharp or Lauderdale or their like-minded colleagues. They kept the regular troops and militia moving about the land, enforcing their idiotical and wicked laws at the point of the sword.

Many of the best men in the land laid down their lives rather than cease to proclaim the Gospel of love and peace and good-will in Jesus Christ. Of course their enemies set them down as self-willed and turbulent fanatics. It has ever been, and ever will be, thus with men who are indifferent to principle. They will not, as well as cannot, understand those who are ready to fight, and, if need be, die for truth!

Men and women in hundreds had to flee from their homes and seek refuge among the dens and caves of the mountains, where many were caught, carried off to prison, tried, tortured, and executed; while of those who escaped their foes, numbers perished from cold and hunger, and disease brought on by lying in damp caves and clefts of the rocks without food or fire in all weathers. The fines which were exacted for so-called offences tempted the avarice of the persecutors and tended to keep the torch of persecution aflame.

For example, Sir George Maxwell, of Newark, was fined a sum amounting to nearly £8,000 sterling, for absence from his parish church, attendance at conventicles, and disorderly baptisms i.e. for preferring his own minister to the curate in the baptizing of his children! Hundreds of somewhat similar instances might be given. Up to the time of which we write (1678) no fewer than 17,000 persons had suffered for attending field meetings, either by fine, imprisonment, or death.

Such was the state of matters when the party of dragoons under command of Sergeant Glendinning rode towards the Mitchells' cottage, which was not far from Black's farm. The body of soldiers being too small to venture to interrupt the communion on Skoach Hill, Glendinning had been told to wait in the neighbourhood and gather information while his officer, Captain Houston, went off in search of reinforcements.

"There's the auld sinner himsel'," cried the sergeant as the party came in sight of an old, white-haired man seated on a knoll by the side of the road. "Hallo! Jock Mitchell, is that you? Come doon here directly. I want to speak t'ye."

The old man, being stone deaf, and having his back to the road, was not aware of the presence of the dragoons, and of course took no notice of the summons.

"D'ye hear!" shouted the sergeant savagely, for he was ignorant of the old man's condition.

Still Mitchell did not move. Glendinning, whose disposition seemed to have been rendered more brutal since his encounter with Wallace, drew a pistol from his holster and presented it at Mitchell.

"Answer me," he shouted again, "or ye're a deal man."

Mitchell did not move. . . . There was a loud report, and next moment the poor old man fell dead upon the ground.

It chanced that Ramblin' Peter heard the report, though he did not witness the terrible scene; for he was returning home from the Mitchells' cottage at the time, after escorting Jean Black and Aggie Wilson thither. The two girls, having been forbidden to attend the gathering on Skoach Hill, had resolved to visit the Mitchells and spend the Sabbath with them. Peter had accompanied them

and spent the greater part of the day with them, but, feeling the responsibility of his position as the representative of Andrew Black during his absence, had at last started for home.

A glance over a rising ground sufficed to make the boy turn sharp round and take to his heels. He was remarkably swift of foot. A few minutes brought him to the cottage-door, which he burst open.

"The sodgers is comin', grannie!" (He so styled the old woman, though she was no relation.)

"Did ye see my auld man?"

"No."

"Away wi' ye, bairns," said Mrs. Mitchell quickly but quietly. "OOT by the back door an' doon the burnside; they'll never see ye for the bushes."

"But, grannie, we canna leave you here alone," remonstrated Jean with an anxious look.

"An' I can fecht!" remarked Peter in a low voice, that betrayed neither fear nor excitement.

"The sodgers can do nae harm to me," returned the old woman firmly. "Do my bidding, bairns. Be aff, I say!"

There was no resisting Mrs. Mitchell's word of command. Hastening out by the back door just as the troopers came in sight, Peter and his companions, diving into the shrubbery of the neighbouring streamlet, made their way to Black's farm by a circuitous route. There the girls took shelter in the house, locking the door and barring the windows, while Peter, diverging to the left, made for the hills like a hunted hare.

Andrew was standing alone at his post when the lithe runner came in sight. Will Wallace had left him by that time, and was listening entranced to the fervid exhortations of Dickson of Rutherglen.

"The sodgers!" gasped Peter, as he flung himself down to rest.

"Comin' this way, lad?"

"Na. They're at the Mitchells'."

"A' safe at the ferm?" asked Andrew quickly.

"Ay, I saw the lasses into the hoose."

"Kin to the meetin' an' gie the alarm. Tell them to send Wallace an' Quentin here wi' sax stout men—weel armed—an' anither sentry, for I'm gaun awa'."

Almost before the sentence was finished Ramblin' Peter was up and away, and soon the alarming cry arose from the assembly. "The dragoons are upon us!"

Instantly the Clydesdale men mounted and formed to meet the expected onset. The men of Nithsdale were not slow to follow their example, and Gordon of Earlston, a tried and skilful soldier, put himself at the head of a large troop of Galloway horse. Four or five companies of foot, also well armed, got ready for action, and violettes and single horsemen were sent out to reconnoitre. Thus, in a moment, was this assembly of worshippers transformed into a band of Christian warriors, ready to fight and die for their families and liberties.

But the alarm, as it turned out, was a false one. Glendinning, informed by spies of the nature of the gathering, was much too sagacious a warrior to oppose his small force to such overwhelming odds. He contented himself for the present with smaller game.

After continuing in the posture of defence for a considerable time, the assembly dispersed, those who were defenceless being escorted by armed parties to the barns and cottages around. As they retired from the scene the windows of heaven were opened, and the rain, which had been restrained all day, came down in torrents, and sent the Cairn and Cluden red and roaring to the sea.

But long before this dispersion took place, Andrew Black, with Quentin Dick, Will Wallace, Ramblin' Peter, and six sturdy young men, armed with sword, gun, and pistol, had hurried down the hill to succour the Mitchells, if need be, and see to the welfare of those who had been left behind in the farm.

(To be continued.)

Old Books.

BY SELMA WARE PAYNE.

A THRESHING prime is Father Time:
When harvest loads his wain,
He beats the hollow husks aside
And hoards the golden grain

A winnower is Father Time:
The chaff he blows away;
The sweetest seed he treasures up
For many a year and day.

Oh, very wise is Father Time?
His flail is tried and true.
I love the garnered pile of books
He's winnowed through and through.



THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

THE lesson for July 15th told of the visit of the wise men from the East, and of Herod's anxiety to find out where the infant Jesus was to be found. But the wise men being, warned of God in a dream, returned to their own land by a different way so that they did not see Herod again. In our next lesson we have recounted the cruel action of the King. Not hearing from the wise men where the Christ-child was, he slew all the young children of Bethlehem, "and in all the coasts thereof." But Joseph and Mary, having been warned in a dream, were on their way to Egypt with the child. In the above picture we see the Holy Family journeying to the land of Egypt, while the angel of the Lord keeps a loving watch over them.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF OUR LORD.

B.C. 4.] LESSON IV. [July 22.

FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

Matt. 2:13-23 Memory verses, 13-15.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in.—Psalm 121:5.

OUTLINE.

1. The Voice of Warning, v. 13-15.
2. The Voice of Weeping, v. 16-18.
3. The Voice of Prophecy, v. 19-23.

TIME.—B.C. 4.

PLACES.—Bethlehem. The land of Egypt. Nazareth in Galilee.

RULERS.—Same as in the last lesson. Herod the Great dies, and his son Archelaus inherits part of his kingdom.

CONNECTING LINKS.—This lesson follows closely the last.

EXPLANATIONS.

13. "They"—The Magi, or wise men. "Angel of the Lord"—A messenger, who was probably Gabriel (Luke 1. 19, 26). "Flee into Egypt"—A country which was outside the realm of Herod.

14. "By night"—In order that the departure might not be noticed. "Departed into Egypt"—By a route along the Mediterranean coast—a journey of about a fortnight.

15. "Death of Herod"—Which took place a few months afterwards. "Out of Egypt"—A prophecy originally referring to Israel, but not less suitable to Christ.

16. "Mocked"—Scorned, by their return without informing him where Christ was to be found. "Wrath"—Anger is often the beginning of murder. "All the children"—The male children only are meant, numbering from twenty to forty. "Two years old"—This may mean "between one and two years old."

18. "Weeping"—Rachael, whose tomb was near Bethlehem, is represented as weeping over the death of the children. This prophecy, also, had originally another application.

23. "He shall be called a Nazarene"—It is a remarkable prophetic coincidence which Matthew here notes, rather than a special prophecy understood to be such by the seer who uttered it.

HOME READINGS.

- M. Flight into Egypt.—Matt. 2:13-23.
- Tu. Escaped.—Psalm 124.
- W. Divine protection.—Psalm 125.
- Th. The deceiver's words.—Psalm 55:16-23.
- F. Deliverance from enemies.—Psalm 31:15, 24.
- S. Saved from the mighty.—Job. 5:8-16.
- Sa. Hidden by God.—Psalm 27:1-6.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

What in this lesson are we taught—

1. About opposition to God's plans?
2. About suffering in God's cause?
3. About obedience to God's commands?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Who appeared to Joseph in Bethlehem? "The angel of the Lord." 2. Of what did he give warning? "Of Herod's purpose to

slay Jesus." 3. Into what land was Jesus taken? "Into Egypt." 4. What did Herod do at Bethlehem after the escape of Jesus? "He slew all the little children." 5. How long was Jesus in Egypt? "Until Herod's death." 6. To what place was he then taken? "To Nazareth in Galilee." 7. Repeat the Golden Text: "The Lord shall," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The inspiration of Scripture.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

What follows from our regeneration, or being born again?

Our new life being begun, we receive power to grow in grace and in the knowledge of Christ, and to live in the exercise of inward and outward holiness.

Work For Little Followers.

BY MARGARET E. SANOSTER.

THERE'S always work in plenty for little hands to do, something waiting every day that none may try but you; Little burdens you may lift, happy steps that you can take, Heavy hearts that you may comfort for the blessed Saviour's sake.

There's room for children's service in this busy world of ours; We need them as we need the birds and need the summer flowers; And their help at task and toiling, the Church of God may claim, And gather little followers in Jesus' holy name.

There are words for little lips, sweetest words of hope and cheer; They will have the spoil of music for many a tired ear. Don't you wish your gentle words might lead some souls to look above, Finding rest and peace and guidance in the dear Redeemer's love?

There are orders meant for you; swift and jubilant they ring. Oh, the bliss of being trusted on the errands of the King! Fearless march in royal service; not an evil can befall Those who do the gracious bidding, hasting at the Master's call.

There are songs which children only are glad enough to sing— Songs that are as full of sunshine as the sunniest hours of spring. Won't you sing them till our sorrows seem the easier to bear, As we feel how safe we're sheltered in our blessed Saviour's care?

Yes, there's always work in plenty for the little ones to do, Something waiting every day that none may try but you; Little burdens you may lift, happy steps that you may take, Heavy hearts that you may comfort, doing it for Jesus' sake.

OUR JUNIOR LEAGUES AND MISSIONS.

WITHIN the past few weeks we had an invitation to visit one of our Junior Leagues on missionary evening. This League is not in one of our largest churches, nor was it because the attendance was remarkably large that we came away feeling very hopeful for the future.

Having arrived somewhat early, and while awaiting the time for opening the meeting, a bright, manly boy, of maybe fifteen years of age, saluted us. On being questioned, he informed us that he was the president. The manner in which that youthful president conducted the services could not but command the admiration of the most fastidious; and no less so the young maiden who presided at the organ. The secretary called the roll in a clear, manly voice; but we were sorry that he detracted somewhat from his part of the service by remaining in a back seat instead of taking his place at the table, and in this way supporting the president. The attention during the short address was quite equal to that usually given by children of a larger growth. At the close nothing was lacking in the expression of polite cordiality and appreciation of the speaker's remarks. But we were particularly gratified when an active, vivacious young girl came up and exclaimed, "I am going to be a missionary, I have thought of it a long

time." Then another little friend inquired regarding one of our missionaries, and on being asked why she was interested, said that the missionary referred to had been her Sunday-school teacher.

On the way home our thoughts were of a pleasant nature, as we reflected on the manly president, ready secretary, efficient organist, the one resolving thus early to devote her life to mission work, and the little girl interested in the teacher labouring now among the Chinese. Better still, this is only an indication of the accumulation of force there is in the network of just such young people's societies which are spreading all over our land. Lads and maidens growing up with their hearts and minds fully alive to the marching orders given by the Great Commander; not only alive, but by training and wise direction prepared to obey the orders in a way impossible to the raw recruit, no matter how willing. God bless the Junior Leagues; and may those having charge be very wise, patient and prayerful in directing our bright, intense young soldiers of the cross. —Outlook.

LOVE.

IN Chicago, a few years ago, there was a little boy who went to one of the mission Sunday-schools. His father moved to another part of the city, about five miles away, and every Sunday that boy came past thirty or forty Sunday-schools to the one he attended. One day a lady who was out collecting scholars for a Sunday-school met him and asked him why he went so far, past so many schools. "There are plenty of others just as good," said she.

"They may be as good, but they are not so good for me," he said.

"Why not?" she asked.

"Because they love a fellow over there," he answered.

Ah! love won him. "Because they love a fellow over there!" How easy it is to reach people through love! Sunday-school teachers should win the affections of their scholars if they wish to lead them to Christ.

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