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# PLEASANT HOURS

PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

[No. 40.]

TORONTO, OCTOBER 6, 1894.

Vol. XIV.]

October.

The yellow and red  
Are dancing o'erhead.  
And the hollows are heaped with the leaves  
that are dead;  
And a low monotone  
From the winds sings alone  
In the bare, silent nests whence the nestlings  
have flown.

With rustlings and stirs  
Of grey, glancing furs,  
The squirrels are nibbling the ripe chestnut  
burrs;  
And they chatter and cheep  
As they pile up the heap  
Of the glossy brown harvest so easy to reap.

Each day in the tree  
One shy bird I see,  
Belated and left by its winged company.  
Oh, why did he stay  
When the rest flew away  
To the land of the rose and the long Southern  
day?

## OUT OF THE DEPTHS.

A TRUE STORY.

In its report of the Fulton Street prayer-meeting, the *New York Observer* says:

In this great city the sea of human sorrow is deep and dark, and its turbid waters never rest. Ever and anon its waves toss themselves tempestuously. If their roar be not heard, it is because the ear has become indifferent to the sound, or that sound has become less defined amid the din and the roar of absorbing business life. A brother who labours for souls all night pictured a sad scene. He sees many sad scenes, but is often permitted to carry the glad tidings of salvation to the lowest of the lost. He says there is no place so bad in the city that he cannot enter it and find someone willing to listen to the reading of God's word. He sees sin in all its stages, from the delusive bud of promise to the bitter fruit of anguish, shame, and despair. A few days previously he visited a dying young woman in a small room that made indeed a grim gateway to the grave. The girl lay on an old, uncomfortable sofa, long void of any upholstery. She was in the last stage of consumption. Three Italians occupied another corner of the room playing cards. Still another corner was occupied by two persons who were quarrelling.

Amid such surroundings the man of God essayed to point the dying soul to Christ. He had to bend his head low to enable her to hear him as he sung a sweet hymn and read some of the fourteenth chapter of the Gospel of St. John.

"Do you think," said the poor girl in a whisper, "that Jesus has a mansion for such a wretch as me?"

That was the wail of a broken, bleeding heart; but there is balm in Gilead, there is a good Physician there. There is One who can bind up the wounded, broken heart, and the good news of his grace gave peace and joy to the dying sinner. At peace with God, she feared death no more, but ere she died she had one favour to ask.

"You have been very kind to me," she said to her visitor; "you have known my story and kept my secret. Now I shall soon be buried in the potter's field. Will you do me one favour? My mother has not heard from me for five years. Will you



SEA OF GALILEE, FROM SAFED.

write to her, and tell her that her poor girl died saved, and is buried? She will be glad to know that I am under ground, and out of the way of further trouble and harm."

## THAT RED LION.

BY W. H. ANDERSON, D.D.

In a thriving town on the banks of the Missouri River was a noted tavern, before whose door swung a large sign on which was painted a red lion. Though there are in the woods of Africa or of Asia no red lions, this lion was very properly painted the colour of blood, for his history was connected with much suffering and many cruel

deaths. Many a young man received the beginning of his appetite for liquor, and many an old man died dishonoured, from the frequent visits here at this tavern. By-and-bye the place began to get a bad character, and they changed its name, as if to change its true nature. The figure of an eagle was painted over the red lion, and for awhile the bloodthirsty beast was forgotten; but in the course of time the rains and the hot sunshine so acted on the new painting that it kept coming off little by little, and the paws and the teeth of the concealed lion showed themselves more and more plainly. The same liquor was sold there, and the same method of ruining young and old by making them drunkards was going on.

One day the attention of the writer was called to an old man staggering out of the tavern under the sign of the red lion. The poor reeling wretch was a doctor. Once he had been a man of reputation, a surgeon in the British navy. He had spent a large fortune, and now in his gray hairs was disgraced and a beggar. He even had to beg his liquor from those he had known in better days, and who had helped to ruin him. He had often tried to reform, but he could not keep away from his old haunts, habits, and companions. This was but one of the many who had been ruined by this bloodthirsty red lion.

Children, there are some excellent lessons of warning for you. We cannot cure evil tempers or habits by painting something over them. We may change the name, but if the evil practice continues we are no better. The red lion will make his appearance when we least expect it, and we may be torn by his claws or teeth when we are not dreaming of any danger.

The best way is to take down the sign and quit the evil habit. The heart must be changed by the blood of Jesus and the Spirit of God, if we would get rid of the red lion. Mere outward morality cannot save us from others or from ourselves, or from sinful tempers and habits.

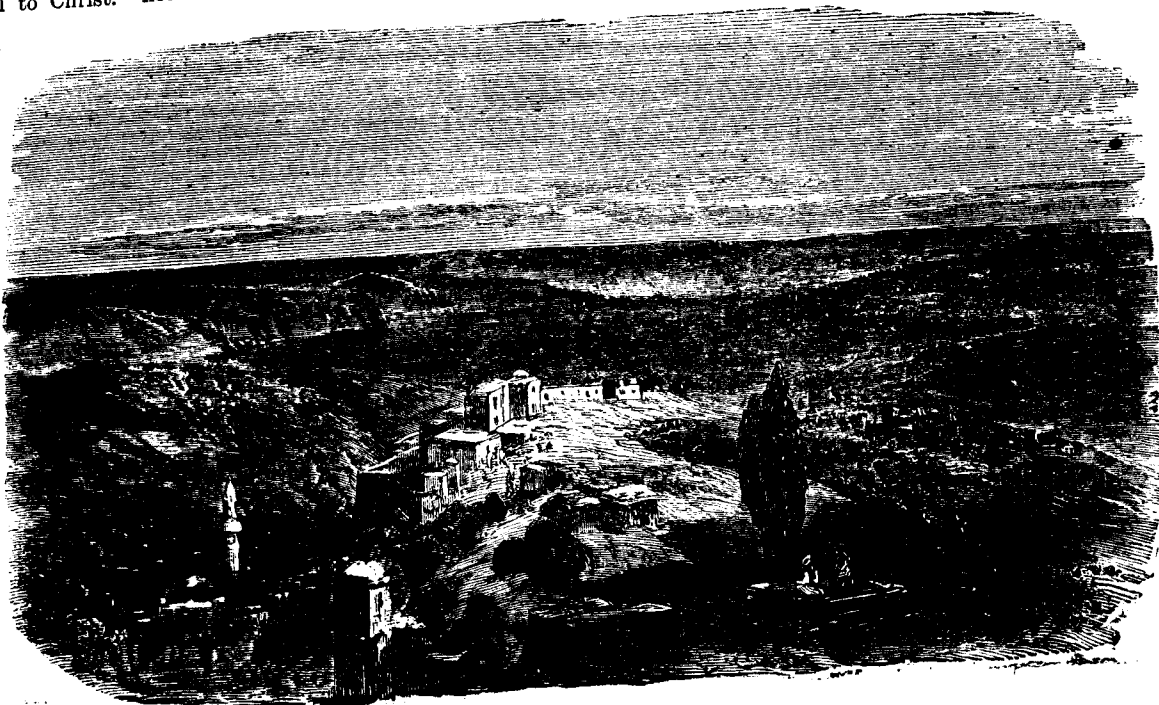
If we would not be torn by the red lion of intemperance, let us avoid the company that patronize the saloons. Beware of the appetite for strong drink that makes us desire to visit the red lion. "Touch not, taste not, handle not the unclean thing."

## FETICH.

SAID Tom to his father, "I don't quite understand all about this 'fetich' business." "No wonder," was the reply; "very few do. You see, the natives believe only in witchcraft. Everything bad that happens is in their opinion brought about by witchery or fetiches. In such cases they consult a 'fetich-man,' who lays the blame on some unfortunate wretch, who is sacrificed by being killed or sold into slavery. Oftentimes the man's whole family is forced to undergo the same punishment. At other times the accused is made to drink 'casca,' which is a preparation of poisonous bark. If it does not kill him he is declared innocent. The fetich-man, if paid enough, will make the casca so weak as not to produce fatal results.

"In almost every native town there is a fetich-house, under the care of a fetich-man. He prepares charms against sickness and misfortune, with which every man woman and child is provided; and it is quite remarkable that while the art of reading and writing has been in some cases handed down from father to son since the time of the first missionaries, and although many of the customs taught by those good men are still retained, the belief in fetiches never leaves them. Those natives who can write preserve all the paper they find. They make pens of quills, and ink of groundnuts, and then derive great satisfaction from writing to each other."—*Harper's Young People*.

—"Though I speak but one language I know many tongues," said a doctor.



THE SEA OF GALILEE.

## Chestnuts.

BY SAHAH K. BOLTON.

Jump together in soft, brown nest;  
The prettiest nest that ever was seen,  
Shut in a ball of thorny green.

Cold and warm are the wee things pressed,  
Till by-and-by in the autumn sun,  
Four petals open, and one by one

They fall on a cushion of leaves below;  
Ah! who shall tell of their destiny?  
One takes root for a stately tree;

One, squirrels garner before the snow;  
And one is the gift of a fair, young boy  
To a blue-eyed maiden, sweet and coy  
Each has its place—who shall say which is  
best  
For three together in soft, brown nest?

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## Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, OCTOBER 6, 1894.

## JESUS BEFORE THE COUNCIL.

BY REV. J. O. MERRILL.

(Mark 14, 57-72.)

I suppose most of you boys and girls have never seen a mob. Some of you live in the newer towns of the frontier and may have known the time when the meanest men of the place have gathered together and armed themselves with all kinds of weapons, and gone through the streets determined to do some desperate thing. Usually in such a case, there will be enough people in the town who will be anxious to have the law obeyed, who will come out against the mob, to make them go to their homes and be quiet.

But once in a while it happens that the officers of the law and the leading men of the town side with the mob. This was the case in Jerusalem, at the time when Jesus was killed. In fact, the men who ought to have kept the city quiet and orderly, were the very ones to stir up the mob.

Jesus had to face all this. He did not have a single friend to stand by him. What had he done to merit such treatment?—the whole city against him, and no one to help him! We can all see how such a wretch as Giteau can be without a friend. He does not deserve any. He has been so utterly mean that no one would ever do anything for him, except out of pity. But Jesus had no one to tell him even that he pitied him. He had been about doing good. Had healed the sick, given sight to the blind, raised the dead, preached the good news of salvation—never had he done a single mean or wicked, nor even an unkind act. And yet, the leading men of the city met together in the night and tried to make out that they ought to be rid of him. They tried to find people willing to tell lies concerning him, so that by this means they could have an excuse for putting him to

death. They failed in this. Then they tried to make it out that he had said something against the Temple. This was not much better for them, for they could not find two men to agree that they heard him say anything worthy of being remembered against him.

It is perfectly awful the way they treated him! Some of them spit upon him as though he were less than a dog. Others put their hands over his eyes and struck him, and said impudent words to him. Even the officers of the law joined in the outrage.

Where were John, Peter, Andrew, and the rest of his disciples? John was somewhere in the room. He could hear and see all that was being said and done, but he could not do or say anything to help him. If he had tried to do it, quite likely he would have been killed on the spot.

Peter. O dear! he was out in the street—perhaps had gotten beyond the walls of the city—crying as though his heart would break. Why was he crying? Because Jesus was being treated as he was? No! but because he had been so mean and cowardly as to not only keep quiet, but to say that he had never known Jesus. He had lied and sworn as he denied the man who he knew was the best friend he had ever had. It is not strange that he was crying. Only a few hours before, he had told Jesus that if everybody else in the world should desert him, he would not—

that he would die with him, if need be. But no sooner had he come into danger, than he was scared out of all his bravery. It was a cold night, and to warm himself he had sat down by the fire in the room where Jesus was. The flames shone in his face. One of the servant girls knew him, and told him that he was a friend of Jesus. Peter said he was not. The same thing was said to him again. No, he said, I am not. A third time it was said, by another person, that he was a friend of Jesus. Then Peter began to curse and to swear, and to say, "I never know the man." Just then he looked up, and saw Jesus looking at him. It called to mind how dear Jesus had been to him, and now he was utterly mean to Jesus. He thought it over for an instant, and burst into tears.

I suppose you boys and girls are saying to yourselves, I don't believe I would do any such thing as that. But we do not any of us know what we would have done. We quite likely would have been no stronger or braver than Peter or John. I have seen boys and girls in these days when Jesus has so many friends, who have not dared to own that they were friends of Jesus.

## UNCLE ALECK'S STORY.

BY K. S. G.

JACK sat on the doorstep whittling, and Bruno came up and lay down at his feet.

"Get out," said Jack, with a rough push to enforce his words.

Bruno moved rather wearily off toward Uncle Aleck, who sat near by, and put his hand to the dog.

"I don't like to hear you speak so, even to a dog," he said, turning to Jack; "Somehow it makes me feel ashamed of you."

"Why, Uncle Aleck, I should like to know what difference it makes how you speak to a dog."

"A good deal, my boy; a true gentleman is kind and considerate even to dumb beasts. But, I think if you had seen what I did once, you would feel as I do. You've heard me tell, I guess, about the time when the dam gave way and we were flooded out. It was an awful time; the rain came down in torrents, and the river rushed through the village, sweeping everything away in its path. We were washed out with many others; and our house was swept away. I was a boy about your age, but I had never been strong, and had not learned to swim. I found myself in the water, and knew my only hope was to get up on something and hold there until rescue came if I could.

"Not far away from me was a high knoll that was out of the water; if I could reach that I might be saved; but how was I to get there? I was clinging now to this, and now to that, when our old Lion-swam past me for that very point I wanted to reach. I was fond enough of the old dog, but,

somehow, like you, I had gotten an idea that it was manly to be rough with dumb beasts; only the night before I had kicked him from me for no cause whatever. I thought of it even as I was struggling in the water—would he remember it also? I'm afraid I should if I had been in his place; but Jack, when I called him, he came back to me; and with his help I reached the point of safety.

"It was an awful time. I made many a resolution as I clung there and saw some of my friends and neighbours go down under the water never to come up again; and all the time I did not know if any of the rest of my folks were saved. Poor old Lion was finally hit by a floating timber and killed, and, as I saw his dead body washed away, I promised solemnly never to be rough or unkind to a dumb beast again.

"He prayeth best who loveth best  
All things both great and small,  
For the dear God who loveth us,  
He made and loveth all."

## A JUNIOR ADDRESS.

THE following address was delivered by Miss Anna Worden before a great congregation at the Michigan State Convention recently held at Saginaw. She is the young president of the Junior League of Central Church, Detroit.

## THE JUNIOR LEAGUE THROUGH YOUNG EYES.

I hardly know what to say about the Junior League through young eyes. My eyes must be young eyes, because I am young, and my eyes are no older than I am; but I always thought that young eyes saw things just the same as old eyes did. When I asked my papa what I should say about the Junior League through young eyes he asked me what colour my eyes were, and when I told him that they were blue he said that he supposed the Junior League must look blue through blue eyes. But I believe that he was joking, for he asked me afterwards if I took my eyes with me when I went to the League, and when I told him yes he then asked me how it appeared to me when I got there, and when I told him he said, "Well, then, tell the people that in your speech." So I suppose that you want to know just what I think of the Junior League.

Well, I don't go to the Senior League very often, but I go to the Junior League every week. I like it better than I do the Senior League because I know more about it, and I think we do things better there. We don't make such long speeches, and we don't use so many big words as they do; and when we have business meetings we don't make so many motions and get mixed up so that we don't know where we are or what we are trying to do, as they do in the Senior League. We love the same Jesus, and try to work for the same Christ as they do, but some way or other he seems a good deal further off in the Senior League than he is with us.

Before our Junior League was started very few of the boys and girls that go there used to know each other. Some of us girls are in the same Sunday-school class, but of course we are only a few of the Junior Leaguers. Then a few of the Leaguers go to the same day-school. But it was not until the League had been started quite a little while that we found out it was a good place for boys and girls to get acquainted.

There are over seventy members in our League. We have a department called the social department, for the very purpose of helping us to get acquainted, and after we are once acquainted, to make each other better in a social way; and when I was thinking about how the Junior League looked to me, the first thing I thought of was that it helps us all socially.

But I think the best thing about the League is that it helps us to be better boys and girls. Of course, I suppose we ought to be good anyway, but it's awful hard to be good all by yourself. When we go to Sunday-school we have to listen most all the time. First, the superintendent talks to all of us, and then the teachers talk to their classes, and then there are the other exercises; and about the only chance we have to talk is to answer questions about the lesson—and, while it is a good thing for us, I like the Junior League bet-

ter. We can talk there just as we think. There are not many old people around, and if we have any troubles, or want to tell about our love for Jesus, and what we want to do for him, we can get right up and do it.

It seems to me that when we pray to God or talk about him, he wants us to talk to him or about him just as we would talk to our fathers and mothers, or about them. We wouldn't be ashamed to ask our parents for anything when other people are around, and when we are in League meetings we can pray to Jesus and talk about him in just the same way, for we are not afraid there, and I think when we do that we know him better and love him more.

I know that I am a good deal better girl than I was before our Junior League was started. I think better thoughts and want to do better things than before, and I do really think that it is because of our League meetings.

I will not have time to tell you about our business meetings or our literary entertainments, and the good we are getting out of them. But I am sure that our Junior League has been a very good thing for us in a great many ways, and we would not go back to the way things were before we had it for anything.—*Epsworth Herald.*

## When I am a Man.

When I am a man grown, I'd stand  
With a clean heart, soul, and hand,  
An honour to our land.

I would be good and true,  
I would not smoke or chew,  
As many grown men do.

Tobacco is vile stuff,  
Hogs root it from their trough,  
And serve it right enough.

I wish I'd every seed  
And plant of the bad weed,  
I'd make one fire, indeed!

And these two lips of mine  
Shall never taste of wine,  
Though it may glow and shine.

No wine, no beer, no gin,  
No ale, no rum—within  
Each drink lurks shame and sin.

And I'll not swear! 'Ah, when  
We boys grow into men,  
You'll see true manhood then!

For we shall be and do  
Just what I've said, and you  
Had better try it, too!

## QUEER CONVEYANCES.

SOME birds are known to fly long distances, carrying their young on their backs. Small birds take passage across the Mediterranean Sea on the backs of larger and stronger ones. They could not fly so far. Their strength would give out, and they would drop into the water. Along the northern shore of the sea, in autumn, these little birds assemble to wait the coming of cranes from the north, as people wait for the train at a railroad station. With the first cold blast, the cranes arrive, flock after flock. They utter a peculiar cry, as of warning or calling. It answers the same purpose as the ringing of the bell when the train is about to start. The small birds understand it. They get excited. They hasten aboard, scrambling for places. The first to come get the best seats. If the passengers are too many, some will have to sit back to the hedges till the next train. How they chatter good-byes—those who go and those who stay! No tickets have they, but, all the same, they are conveyed safely. Doubtless the great birds like this arm covering for their backs. In this way the small birds pay their fare. And it is these last who must be out in the wet if it storms. The little passengers are of different species, like Americans, Irish, Germans, and Chinese, travelling together in cars or steamships. Their journey takes them through the air, high above the wide sweep of waters. They are close companions on the way. By-and-by they reach the beautiful south country. There they build nests and sing sweetly, as they build here and sing for us in our happy summer time. Indeed, God cares for the sparrow.

Little Brown Hands.

They drive home the cows from the pasture,  
Up through the long shady lane,  
Where the quail whistles loud in the wheat  
field,  
And yellow with ripening grain.

They find in the thick waving grasses,  
Where the scarlet-dipped strawberry  
grows;

They gather the earliest snow-drops  
And the first crimson buds of the rose.

They toss the hay in the meadow,  
They gather the elder blooms white,  
They find where the dusky grapes purple  
In the soft-tinted autumn light.

They know where the apples hang ripest,  
And are sweeter than Italy's wines;  
They know where the fruit is the thickest  
On the long, thorny blackberry vines.

They gather the delicate seaweeds  
And build tiny castles of sand;  
They pick up the beautiful seashells—  
Fairy barks that have drifted to land.

They wave from the tall, rocking treetops,  
Where the oriole's hammock-neat swings,  
And at night-time are folded in slumber  
By a song that a fond mother sings.

Those who toil bravely are strongest;  
The humble and poor become great;  
And from those brown-handed children  
Shall grow mighty rulers of state.

The pen of the author and statesman,  
The noble and wise of our land;  
The sword and the chisel and palette  
Shall be held in the little brown hand.

HUNTED AND HARRIED.

A Tale of the Scottish Covenanters.

BY R. M. BALLANTYNE.

CHAPTER XL.—(Continued.)

TURNING now from the south-west of Scotland, we direct attention to the eastern seaboard of Kincardine, where, perched like a sea-bird on the weather-beaten cliffs, stands the stronghold of Dunnottar Castle.

Down in the dungeons of that rugged pile lies our friend Andrew Black, very different from the man whose fortunes we have hitherto followed. Care, torment, disease, hard usage, long confinement, and desperate anxiety have graven lines on his face that nothing but death can smooth, out. Wildly-tangled hair, with a long, shaggy beard and moustache, render him almost unrecognizable. Only the old unquenchable fire of his eye remains; also the kindliness of his old smile, when such a rare visitant chance once again illuminates his worn features. Years of suffering had he undergone, and there was only a little more than skin and bone of him left to undergo more.

"Let me have a turn at the crack noo," he said, coming forward to a part of the foul, mury dungeon where a crowd of male and female prisoners were endeavoring to inhale a little fresh air through a crevice in the wall. "I'm fit to choke for want o' a breath o' caller air."

As he spoke a groan from a dark corner attracted his attention. At once forgetting his own distress, he went to the place and discovered one of the prisoners, a young man, with his head pillowed on a stone, and mire some inches deep for his bed.

"Eh, Sandy, are ye sac far gane?" asked Black, kneeling beside him in tender sympathy.

"Oh, Andry, man—for a breath o' fresh air before I dee!"

"Here! ane o' ye," cried Black, "help me to carry Sandy to the crack. Wae's me, man," he added in a lower voice, "I could hae carried ye wi' my pirlie ance, but I'm little stronger than a bairn noo."

Sandy was borne to the other side of the dungeon, and his head put close to the crevice, through which he could see the white ripples on the summer sea far below.

A deep inspiration seemed for a moment to give new life—then a prolonged sigh, and the freed, happy soul swept from the dungeons of earth to the realms of celestial light and liberty.

"He's breathin' the air o' Paradise noo," said Black, as he assisted to remove the dead man from the opening which the living were so eager to reach.

"Ye was up in theither dungeon last night," he said, turning to the man who had aided him; "what was a' the groans an' cries about?"

"Torturin' the pair lads that tried to escape," answered the man with a dark frown.

"Hm! I thought as muckle. They were gey hard on them, I dar' say?"

"They were that? Ye see, the disease that's broke out among them—whatever it is—made some o' them sac desprit that they go through the wundy that looks to the sea an' creepit along the precipice. It was a daft-like thing to try in the daylight; but certain death would hae been their lot, I susper, if they had ventured on a precipice like that i' the dark. Some women washin' doon below saw them and gied the alarm. The guards cam', the hue and cry was raised, the yetts were shut and fifteen were caught an' brought back but twenty five got away. My heart is wae for the fifteen. They were laid on their backs on benches, their hands were bound doon to the foot o' the forms, an' burnin' matches were putt atween every finger, an' the soldiers blew on them to keep them aught. The governor, ye see, had ordered this to gang on without stoppin' for three oors. Some o' the pair fellows were deld afore the end o' that time, an' I'm thinkin' the survivors'll be crippled for life."

While listening to the horrible tale Andrew Black resolved on an attempt to escape that very night.

"Wull ye gang wi' me?" he asked of the only comrade whom he thought capable of making the venture; but the comrade shook his head "Na," he said, "I'll no try. They've starved me to that extent that I've nae strength left. I grow dizzy at the vera thought. But d'ye think the wundy's big enough to let ye through?"

"Oo ay," returned Black with a faint smile. "I was ower stout for't ance, but it's an ill wund that blaws nae guid. Starvation has made me thin enough noo."

That night, when all—even the harassed prisoners—in Dunnottar Castle were asleep, except the sentinels, the desperate man forced himself with difficulty through the very small window of the dungeon. It was unbarred, because, opening out on the face of an almost sheer precipice, it was thought that nothing without wings could escape from it. Black, however, had been accustomed to pretences from boyhood. He had observed a narrow ledge just under the window, and hoped that it might lead to something. Just below it he could see another and narrower ledge. What was beyond that he knew not—and did not much care!

Once outside, with his breast pressed against the wall of rock, he passed along pretty quickly, considering that he could not see more than a few yards before him. But presently he came to the end of the ledge, and by no stretching out of foot or hand could he find another projection of any kind. He had now to face the great danger of sliding down to the lower ledge, and his heart beat audibly against his ribs as he gazed into the profound darkness below. Indecision was no part of Andrew Black's character. Breathing a silent prayer for help and deliverance, he sat down on the ledge with his feet overhanging the abyss. For one moment he reconsidered his position. Behind him were torture, starvation, prolonged misery, and almost certain death. Below was perhaps instantaneous death, or possible escape.

He pushed off, again commending his soul to God, and slid down. For an instant destruction seemed inevitable, but next moment his heels struck the lower ledge and he remained fast. With an earnest "Thank God!" he began to creep along. The ledge conducted him to safer ground, and in another quarter of an hour he was free!

To get as far and as quickly as possible from Dunnottar was now his chief aim. He travelled at his utmost speed till daybreak, when he crept into a dry ditch, and, overcome by fatigue, forgot his sorrow in profound, unbroken slumber. Rising late in the afternoon, he made his way to a cottage and begged for bread. They must have suspected what he was and where he came from, but they were friendly, for they gave him a loaf and a few pence without asking questions.

Thus he travelled by night and slept by day till he made his way to Edinburgh, which he entered one evening in the midst of a crowd of people, and went straight to Candlemaker Row.

Mrs. Black, Mrs. Wallace, Jean Black, and poor Agnes Wilson were in the old room when a tap was heard at the door, which immediately opened, and a gaunt, dishevelled, way-worn man appeared. Mrs. Black was startled at first, for the man, regardless of the other females, advanced towards her. Then a sudden light seemed to flash in her eyes as she extended both hands.

"Mither!" was all that Andrew could say, as he grasped them, fell on his knees, and, with a profound sigh, laid his head upon her lap.

CHAPTER XII.—THE DARKEST HOUR BEFORE THE DAWN.

MAN'S REBLS PASSED AWAY, DURING WHICH

Andrew Black, clean-shaved, brushed up, and converted into a very respectable, ordinary-looking artisan, carried on the trade of a turner, in an underground cellar in one of the most populous parts of the Cowgate. Lost in the crowd was his idea of security. And he was not far wrong. His cellar had a way of escape through a back door. Its grated window, under the level of the street, admitted light to his whirling lathe, hid by dirt on the glass, baffled the gaze of the curious.

His evenings were spent in Candlemaker Row, where, seated by the window with his mother, Mrs. Wallace, and the two girls, he smoked his pipe and commented on Scotland's wae whillie gaiting across the tomb at the glow in the western sky. Ramblin' Peter—no longer a beardless boy, but a fairly well-grown and good-looking youth—was a constant visitor at the Row. Aggie Wilson had taught him the use of his tongue, but Peter was not the man to use it in idle flirtation—nor Aggie the girl to listen if he had done so. They had both seen too much of the stern side of life to condescend on trifling.

Once, by a superhuman effort and with an alarming flush of the countenance, Peter succeeded in stammering a declaration of his sentiments. Aggie, with flaming cheeks and downcast eyes, accepted the declaration, and the matter was settled; that was all, for the subject had rushed upon both of them, as it were, unexpectedly, and as they were in the public street at the time and the hour was noon, further demonstration might have been awkward.

Thereafter they were understood to be "keeping company." But they were a grave couple. If an eavesdropper had ventured to listen, sober talk alone would have repaid the sneaking act, and, not unfrequently, reference would have been heard in tones of deepest pathos to dreadful scenes that had occurred on the shores of the Solway, or sorrowful comments on the awful fate of beloved friends who had been banished to "the plantations."

One day Jean—fair-haired, blue-eyed, pensive Jean—was seated in the cellar with her uncle. She had brought him his daily dinner in a tin can, and he, having just finished it, was about to resume his work while the niece rose to depart. Time had transformed Jean from a pretty girl into a beautiful woman, but there was an expression of profound melancholy on her once bright face which never left it now, save when a passing jest called up for an instant a feeble reminiscence of the sweet old smile.

"Noo, Jean awa' wi' ye. I'll never get thro' parritch-sticks feenished if ye sit haverin' there."

Something very like the old smile lighted up Jean's face as she rose, and with a "Weel, good-day, uncle," left the cellar to its busy occupant.

Black was still at work, and the shadows of evening were beginning to throw the inner end of the cellar into gloom, when the door slowly opened and a man entered stealthily. The unusual action, as well as the appearance of the man, caused Black to seize hold of a heavy piece of wood that leaned against his lathe. The thought of being discovered and sent back to Dunnottar, or hanged, had implanted in our friend a salutary amount of caution, though it had not in the slightest degree affected his nerve or his cool promptitude in danger. He had deliberately made up his mind to remain quiet as long as he should be left alone, but if discovered, to escape or die in the attempt.

The intruder was a man of great size and strength, but as he seemed to be alone, Black quietly leaned the piece of wood against the lathe again in a handy position.

"Ye seem to hae been takin' lessons frae the cats lately, to judge from yer step," said Black. "Shut the door, man, behind ye. There's a draft i' this place that'll be like to gie ye the rheumatiz."

The man obeyed, and, advancing silently, stood before the lathe. There was light enough to reveal the fact that his countenance was handsome, though bronzed almost to the colour of mahogany, while the lower part of it was hid len by a thick beard and a heavy moustache.

Black, who began to see that the strange visitor had nothing of the appearance of one sent to arrest him, said, in a half-humorous, remonstrative tone—

"Maybe ye're a furriner, an' dinna understand manners, but it's as weel to tell ye that I expect men to tak' all their bannets when they come into my hoose."

Without speaking the visitor removed his cap. Black recognized him in an instant.

"Wull Wallace?" he gasped in a hoarse whisper, as he sprang forward and laid violent hands on his old friend. "Losh, man! are my een lecin' is't possible? Can this be you?"

"Yes, thank God, it is indeed—"

He stopped short, for Andrew, about unaccustomed, like most of his countrymen, to

give way to ebullitions of strong feeling, threw his long arms around his friend and fairly hugged him. He did not, indeed, condescend on a Frenchman's kiss, but he gave him a squeeze that was worthy of a bear.

"Your force is not much abated; I see—or rather, feel," said Wullie allude, when he was released.

"Aye, I'm aye," replied Black, "it's little need, do this wi' ye. Hut, man, your force has increased, if I'm no mistak'en."

"Doubtless—it is natural, after having toiled with the slaves in Barbadoes for so many years. The work was kill or cure out there. But tell me—my mother—and yours?"

"Oh, they're both well and hearty, thank the Lord," answered Black. "But what for d'ye ho' speer after Jean?" he added in a somewhat disappointed tone.

"Because I don't need to. I've seen her already, and know that she is well."

"Seen her?" exclaimed Andrew in surprise. "Aye, you and Jean were seated alone at the little window in the Candlemaker Row last night about ten o'clock, and I was standing by a tombstone in the Greyfriars Church yard admiring you. I did not like to present myself just then, for fear of alarming the dear girl too much, and then I did not dare to come here to day till the gloamin'. I only arrived yesterday."

"Weel, weel! The like o' this bates a' Losh, man! I hope it's no a dream. Nip me, man, to mak sure. Sit doon, sit doon, an' let's hear a' about it."

The story was a long one. Before it was quite finished the door was gently opened, and Jean Black herself entered. She had come, as was her wont every night, to walk home with her uncle.

Black sprang up. "Jean, my wnmmin," he said, hastily putting on his blue bonnet, "there's no light enuch for ye to be intrduced to my friend here, but ye can hear him if ye canna see him. I'm gann out to see what sort o' a night it is. He'll tak' care o' ye till I come back."

Without awaiting a reply he turned out and shut the door, and the girl turned in some surprise towards the stranger.

"Jean!" he said in a low voice, holding out both hands.

She did not scream or faint. Her position in life, as well as her rough experiences, forbade such weakness, but it did not forbid—well, it is not our province to betray confidences! All we can say is, that when Andrew Black returned to the cellar, after a prolonged and no doubt scientific inspection of the weather, he found that the results of the interview had been quite satisfactory—eminently so!

Need we say that there were rejoicing and thankful hearts in Candlemaker Row that night? We think not. If any of the wraiths of the Covenanters were hanging about the old churchyard, and had peeped in at the well-known back window about the small hours of the morning, they would have seen our hero, clasping his mother with his right arm and Jean with his left. He was encircled by an eager group—composed of Mrs. Black and Andrew, Jock Bruce, Ramblin' Peter, and Aggie Wilson—who listened to the stirring tale of his adventures, of detailed to him the not less stirring and terrible history of the long period that had elapsed since he was torn from them, as they had believed, forever

(To be continued.)

Gold and Purple.

GOLD and purple—summer dies,  
And in royal state she lies;  
Maples wear their golden plumes,  
Wild flowers leave their last perfumes  
At these gorgeous obsequies.

When the lonely woodbird flies  
Festal are the canopies,  
Sombre glens exchange their glooms—  
Gold and purple.

Growing old shall we grow wise,  
With the love that beautifies,  
And the autumn time illumines,  
Richer than the early blooms,  
Fading out in royal dyes,  
Gold and purple?

— A small boy's definition of a holiday—  
"A day to holler in."

"I can't see," said Jimmie boy "why fish have to be cleaned. They're in bathing all the time"

— A Kindness. "I did your book a good turn in last week's paper," said the critic to the author.

"Indeed!" said the author.

"Yes," returned the critic. "I didn't mention it."





THE DRAUGHT OF FISHES.

## What are They Saying?

BY MARGARET J. PRESTON.

I HEAR the voice of children  
Calling from over the seas;  
The wail of their pleading accents  
Comes borne upon every breeze.

And what are the children saying,  
Away in those heathen lands,  
As they plaintively lift their voices  
And eagerly stretch their hands?

"O Buddha is cold and distant;  
He does not regard our tears.  
We pray, but he never answers;  
We call, but he never hears.

"O vain is the Moslem prophet,  
And bitter his creed of 'Fate,'  
It lightens no ill to tell us  
That Allah is only great.

"We have heard of a God whose mercy  
Is tenderer far than these;  
We are told of a kinder Saviour  
By sahibs from over the seas.

"They tell us that when you offer  
Your worship, he always hears:  
Our Brahma is deaf to pleadings,  
Our Buddha is blind to tears!

"We grope in the midst of darkness,  
With none who can guide aright;  
O share with us, Christian children,  
A spark of your living light!"

This, this is the plaintive burden  
Borne hitherward on the breeze;  
These, these are the words they are saying,  
Those children beyond the seas!

## LESSON NOTES.

## FOURTH QUARTER.

LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF OUR LORD.

A.D. 27.] LESSON II. [Oct. 14.

## THE DRAUGHT OF FISHES.

Luke 5. 1-11. Memory verses, 4-6.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

Come ye after me, and I will make you to become fishers of men.—Mark 1. 17.

## OUTLINE.

1. Teaching by Word, v. 1-3.
2. Teaching by Work, v. 4-11.

TIME.—A.D. 27.

PLACE.—The lake of Gennesaret.

RULERS.—Herod in Galilee; Pilate in Judea.

## EXPLANATIONS.

1. "The people pressed upon him"—He stood with his back to the lake, and the constantly increasing crowd pressed him to the water's edge.

2. "The lake of Gennesaret"—Also called the Sea of Galilee and the Lake of Tiberias—a beautiful sheet of water in the northern part of Palestine. On its waves and around its margin, many of the most wonderful works and words of Jesus were wrought

and spoken. "Two ships"—What we would call boats. "Washing their nets"—Cleaning them of tangled seaweeds.

3. "Prayed him"—Asked him. "Thrust out a little"—Pushed out a short distance, so as to be rid of the crowd of people.

4. "Left speaking"—When his sermon was closed. "Launch out"—Row or sail. "Into the deep"—Far from shore. "A draught"—A catch.

5. "Toiled all the night"—Peter had been discouraged; but whatever Jesus suggested he was ready to do.

8. "Depart from me"—Peter does not mean, "I do not desire your company;" he rather means, "I dread to be near One so holy and so powerful."

10. "Thou shalt catch men"—He was no longer to be a mere fisherman. A great future was dawning.

11. "Forsook all"—Left their business and their families, and, without counting the cost, became Christ's followers.

## HOME READINGS.

- M. The draught of fishes.—Luke 5. 1-11.  
 Tu. Fishers of men.—Matt. 4. 18-25.  
 W. Another draught of fishes.—John 21. 1-11.  
 Th. A full net.—Acts 2. 41-47.  
 F. "Follow Me."—Matt. 9. 9-13.  
 S. Denying self.—Luke 9. 23-27.  
 Su. Hesitating to follow.—Matt. 19. 16-22.

## PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Where in this lesson can we find—

1. A lesson of faith?
2. A lesson of obedience?
3. A lesson of humility?

## THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What did Jesus now do? Out of Peter's boat he preached to the people on the shore.  
 2. What did he afterward tell Peter to do? To sail out and begin to fish.  
 3. What did Peter tell him they had done? Toiled all night and taken nothing.  
 4. What did they gather? An astonishing number of fishes.  
 5. What was the effect on Peter? Jesus's power made him feel his own weakness and sin.  
 6. What is the Golden Text? "Come ye after me," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The consciousness of sin.

## CATECHISM QUESTION.

What is declared of his helping us in prayer?

And in like manner the Spirit also helpeth our infirmity; for we know not how to pray as we ought; but the Spirit himself maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered.—Romans 8. 26.

## A JUBILEE.

THE Oakland church, Chicago, held its "silver anniversary" recently. Bishop Fowler preached the morning sermon, and the large audience were fed with the sincere milk of the Word. We do not know of a habitual finer congregation in any Methodist church in the Northwest. All seats were full, and rows of people stood in the aisles along the walls. Pastor P. H. Swift is leader of this enthusiastic host, and more need not be said. These celebrations are worth their weight in gold.

even for their value in grateful emphasis. A week is given to the jubilee, and in that time the people are assisted to see that the foundation and growth of a church during a quarter-century means far more for the world than many railways or telegraphic lines around the globe. The eight days of rejoicing, and even the youngest child to see that there is one in a mighty host whose God is the Lord. Nearly three hundred people have been assisted toward the kingdom during those twenty-five years. At first, of course, the church was feeble, but it now is quite the reverse of that.

## AN ITALIAN "REPUBLIC."

DEBT to the verge of bankruptcy, military and naval burdens under the Triplo alliance, challenges of the right of Humbert to be king, and papal conspiracy cause much talk about Italian prospects of having a republic. The Pope's war with the King, "Italian unity" at the expense of the Church, and the cry that the "Pope is a prisoner in the Vatican," are elements in the new political watchword in that land. An alleged republic means increased individual suffrage. The Church can manage the returns of elections. That new order might change the aspect of France toward Italy, since the Victor Emmanuel royal line was and is a disappointment to French republicans. Just what Germany and Austria will say about the republican suggestion it is hard to foretell. The word "republic" may mean almost any sort of a political thing. We think that the new rallying cry is simply another attack upon King Humbert and the Italian unity which the Church does not relish.

## HOW SEA BIRDS QUENCH THEIR THIRST.

THE question is often asked, "Where do sea birds obtain fresh water to slake their thirst?" But we have never seen it satisfactorily answered until a few days ago. An old skipper with whom we were conversing on the subject said that he had seen these birds at sea, far from any land that could furnish them water, hovering around and under a storm-cloud, clattering like ducks on a hot day at a pond, and drinking in the drops of rain as they fell. They will smell a rain squall a hundred miles or even further off, and scud for it with almost inconceivable swiftness.

How long sea birds can exist without water as only a matter of conjecture, but probably their powers of enduring thirst are increased by habit, and possibly they go without water for many days, if not for several weeks.—*Golden Days*.

## KEY-HOLE ADVICE.

THERE was once a young shoemaker who became so much interested in politics that his shop was filled with loungers, talking and discussing, and disputing about one thing and another, from morning till night; and he found it often necessary to work till midnight to make up for the hours lost in talking during the day. One night, after the shutters were closed and he was busy on his bench, a boy put his mouth to the key-hole, and mischievously piped out: "Shoemaker, shoemaker, work by night and run about by day."

"Had a pistol been fired off at my ear," he said, "I could not have been more startled. I dropped my work, saying to myself, 'true, true; but you shall never have that to say of me again.' I never forgot it. To me it was the voice of God, and it has been a word in season throughout my life. I learned from it not to leave till to-morrow the work of to-day, or to be idle when I ought to be working. From that time I turned over a new leaf."

He did indeed, worked in working hours, left off idle talk and the society of idle people, and became in the end a physician of eminence.

## DREAMING AND DOING.

"I WISH I could draw as well as Harry does," said Tom Lee. And he stood and watched his brother Harry as he rapidly and skilfully drew a picture of a horse.

Now, the fact of the matter was, that one brother had quite as much ability to draw as the other, only Harry diligently applied himself to his drawing every day, while Tom would simply look on, wishing the while that he could do as good work as his brother did. And if Tom did put in a few strokes himself, he would sit and look at them, and then begin to dream of the grand things that would come to him when he was a great painter.

There is a vast difference between dreaming and doing. The boy who allows the former to suffice him will never have his dreams realized. It is only by doing—by keeping at the work in hand steadily and persistently—that we can hope to attain the desired end.

## A PRAYING MACHINE.

IF some of you little folks were to go to Japan and see a very tall post with a very small wheel, and a number of strange-looking letters and figures on the sides, you would begin to wonder what it was for. I think you would be puzzled, for it does not look like a windmill, the wheel is too small and low; and it cannot be used for a water-wheel in grinding corn and wheat. What can it be?

Well, it is the strangest kind of a machine you ever heard of; it is intended to grind out prayers, and all a man has to do is to go there and set the little wheel in motion, and every time it revolves it turns out a prayer, which, he believes, is recorded to his credit in heaven. In some places they have machinery to turn the wheel, so that by setting it in motion once they can say a great many prayers without any labour or trouble.

"What lazy people!" you will exclaim; but is not altogether because they want to save time and trouble that they pray in this way; it is ignorance on their part. Some of them have prayer chains in their houses, with beads for a thousand prayers on them; and they will sit for hours saying them over and over, thinking they are doing the right thing and will be helped by it.

If everyone in Japan knew of Jesus, what a kind friend he is, and how they might go right to him with all their wants and receive the help they need, they would not use the praying machine, for it would seem foolish and wicked to them. Let us do what we can to help these people learn of Jesus.

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