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PLEASANT HOURS

PAPER FOR OUR
YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XIV.]

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 8, 1894.

[No. 36.]

GIVING THE FLOWERS A DRINK.

DID you know that flowers grow thirsty? Sometimes, when they have had no water for some time they will turn up their little leaves toward the sky as if begging for a drink. Over the network of each leaf is a covering that we may call its skin. Then under this the leaf is full of little cells which are as closely joined together as those of the bee's honeycomb. These leaf-cells are filled with a sort of soft jelly, which contains among other things the matter which gives the leaf its green colour. Each leaf is also provided with a number of tiny pores. Through these pores, which are really so many little mouths, it drinks that part of the water which it requires for its nourishment.

Every plant does its digesting in its leaves, which are, therefore, like so many little stomachs. The dear old lady we see in our picture knows how important it is for her plants that they should not get their little mouths filled up with dust, or have to wait too long for a drink, so she is holding them out in the rain even at the risk of getting wet herself. She looks very pleased to see the rain come pouring down, for she knows how refreshed her flowers will feel after they have had a good drink. Plants very much prefer rain water to hard or well water.

NEGLECTED TREASURE.

A TRAVELLER one day called at a cottage to ask for a draught of water. Entering, he found the parents cursing and quarrelling, the children trembling, crouched in a corner; and wherever he looked he saw only marks of degradation and poverty. Greeting the inmates, he asked them:

"Dear friends, why do you make your home so wretched?"

"Ah, sir," said the man, "you don't know the life and trials of a poor man, when, do what you can, everything goes wrong."

The stranger drank the water, and then said softly (as he noticed in a dark and dusty corner a Bible), "Dear friends, I know what would help you, if you could find it. There is a treasure concealed in your house. Search for it."

And so he left them.

At first the cottagers thought it a jest, but after a while they began to reflect. When the woman went out, therefore, to gather sticks, the man began to search, and even to dig that he might find the treasure.

When the man was away, the woman did the same. Still they found nothing;—increasing poverty brought only more quarrels, discontent and strife.

One day, as the woman was left alone, she was thinking upon the stranger's words, when her eye fell on the old Bible. It had been a gift from her mother, but since her death had been long unheeded and unused.

A strange foreboding seized her mind. Could it be this the stranger meant? She took it from the shelf, opened it, and found the verse inscribed on the title-page, in her mother's handwriting. "The law of thy mouth is better unto me than thousands of gold and silver." It cut her to the heart.

"Ah!" thought she, "this is the treasure, then, we have been seeking." How her tears fell fast upon the leaves!

From that time she read the Bible every day, and prayed, and taught the children to pray, but without her husband's knowledge. One day he came home, as usual quarrelling, and in a rage. Instead of meeting his angry words with angry replies, she spoke to him kindly.

"Husband," said she, "we have sinned grievously. We have ourselves to blame for all our misery, and we must now lead a different life." He looked amazed. "What dost thou say?" was his exclamation. She brought the old Bible, and sobbing cried,

"There is the treasure. See, I have found it!"

The husband's heart was moved. She read to him of the Lord Jesus, and of his love. Next day she read, and again and again, she sat with her children round her, thoughtful and attentive.

and close bushes. It has a straight, glancing flight, and as it shoots swiftly along the water, affords a brilliant sight. It is usually seen perched on a small bough overhanging the stream, from whence it darts upon the small fish that form its food. Upon capturing its prey, it carries it to land, and, after beating it to death upon a stone, swallows it whole.

I HAVE heard sermons on the responsibilities of mothers that made me tremble. While we accept our responsibilities, we say to fathers: You are not doing your duty to your children when you go to the polls and vote for men who legalize the liquor traffic. You cannot expect us to keep them pure, when by your votes you open the doors of temptation to them.



GIVING THE FLOWERS A DRINK.

Some time went on. It was after a year that the stranger returned that way. Seeing the cottage, he remembered the circumstances of his visit, and thought he would call and see his old friends again. He did so, but he would scarcely have known the place; it was so clean, so neat, so well ordered. He opened the door, and at first thought he was mistaken, for the inmates came to meet him so kindly, with the peace of God beaming upon their faces. "How are you, my good people?" said he. Then they knew the stranger, and for some time they could not speak. "Thanks, thanks, dear sir; we have found your treasure. Now dwells the blessing of God in our house—his peace in our hearts!"

So said they, and their entire condition, and the happy faces of their children declared the same more plainly.

THE KINGFISHER.

THIS bird, in the brilliant marking of its plumage, excels most others, though it cannot be called handsome, its bill and head being very large in proportion to the other parts of its body. The top of the head and back of the neck are dark green, flecked with spots of blue upon the tips of the feathers. The lower part of the body is light violet or blue, gleaming vividly under a strong light, and clearly showing as the bird is flying. A white patch or streak passes from the eye to the back of the neck, and a dark green streak is drawn immediately under the white patch. The throat and chin are white, the bill black, and the eyes crimson.

It stays by the banks of clear rivers and brooks, preferring those that flow slowly and whose beds are fringed with willows

The Little Lad's Answer.

BY SUSAN TEAL PERRY.

OUR little lad came in one day
With dusty shoes and tired feet,
His playtime had been hard and long,
Out in the summer's noontide heat.
"I'm glad I'm home," he cried, and hung
His torn straw hat up in the hall,
While in the corner by the door
He put away his bat and ball.

"I wonder why," his auntie said,
This little lad always comes here,
When there are many other homes
As nice as this, and quite as near?"
He stood a moment deep in thought,
Then, with the lovelight in his eye,
He pointed where his mother sat,
And said, "She lives here, that is why!"

With beaming face the mother heard;
Her mother-heart was very glad.
A true, sweet answer he had given—
That thoughtful, loving, little lad.
And well I know that hosts of lads
Are just as loving, true, and dear—
That they would answer as he did,
"Tis Home, for mother's living here!"
—North-Western Advocate.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 8, 1894.

POWER TO FORGIVE.

BY REV. CLAYTON WELLES, WATERLOO, IOWA.

Who can forgive sins but God only? The Son of man hath power on earth to forgive sins.—MARK 2. 7-10.

A MAN who had no power to help himself because of a terrible disease called the palsy, was one day brought to Jesus. There were so many people in the house where Jesus was, that they who brought the sick man could not get in, so they took the invalid up on the roof and made an opening, and so let him down just before the Lord. Jesus was interrupted in what he was saying; but after all he was pleased with the faith of the sick man's friends. So he looked kindly on the sick man, and probably saw that the disease had been brought on by a wicked life, and that the poor man was troubled about his sins as well as his sickness. Jesus, therefore, to comfort his heart, said to him, "Son, thy sins be forgiven thee." When his audience heard that, some of them looked very much surprised and shocked, as much as to say, "Why! why! you have no power to forgive sins!" "Who can forgive sins but God only?"

And Jesus saw what they were thinking, but he went right on to show them that he had a right to say it, by healing the poor helpless man's body whose sins he had forgiven.

He proved that the "Son of man," as he called himself, had the power to forgive sins like God, because he had power to heal the sick. Turning to the palsied man,

he said, "Arise, take up thy bed, and go thy way into thine house." And he who could not move so much as a hand or a foot before, now moved his whole body, sat up, stood up, took up his bed and went away cured before them all. I don't know whether those grumblers were satisfied now. You know it often takes a great deal to satisfy grumblers. But the rest of the people were all glad to think that, like God himself, Jesus had power to heal sick people and to forgive sins. From all this we should learn and remember,

Firstly. That our Lord Jesus has God's power to forgive sins among men. He certainly has no less power now that he is exalted to the right hand of God, than he had then. When we have sinned against God, and brought sorrow and suffering to ourselves or others, our loving Saviour has power to forgive us and comfort us, if we come to him sorry, and determined not to do the wrong any more.

Secondly. Jesus is always ready to forgive. Here he was right in the midst of his speaking, and he broke off to comfort and cure this sorrowing sufferer. Some speakers would have been vexed at such an interruption, but Jesus was glad of an opportunity to forgive sins and restore health.

Thirdly. We see that friends can bring each other to Jesus. This sick man never could have come but for his friends. I have known many a child who has helped bring a sinner to a forgiving Saviour. Often it has been one of their own family, perhaps father or mother. Can't you help bring someone?

Fourthly. We should always be ready to forgive. Jesus sets the example for us all to follow. He even tells us that if we wish to have our sins forgiven, we must forgive those who offend against us. With real kindness of heart for everyone, therefore, let us come and bring others to Jesus, who is always ready to exercise his power to forgive.

THE GENTLEMAN BROWNIE.

BY MARGARET DANE.

Mrs. STONE was sick with a cold and couldn't go out of doors.

"Dear me!" she said to herself as she looked out of the window, "I'm afraid somebody will fall on my slippery walk, and the wood is almost gone, and if the pump isn't run down it'll freeze! Dear me! What shall I do?"

Little Fred Crosby stood at his window, right opposite Mrs. Stone.

"I've been a-thinkin' 'bout s'prisin' Mrs. Stone," he said, slowly, "'cause she's sick, you know, mamma, and 'cause she's all alone without any little boys to help her!"

"That would be very kind," said mamma.

"What do you want to do?"

"She's pulled down her curtains and lighted her lamp!" exclaimed Fred, joyfully, "and I can go right over now! I'm going to put ashes on the walk, and pile up her shed wood-box, and then I'm goin' to run down the pump!"

"I can do it," he asserted stoutly, as mamma looked doubtful, "'cause Mrs. Stone showed me how Wednesday night."

He put on his gray ulster and big rubber boots and was across the street in about a minute.

Very softly he laid the sticks of wood one upon the other in the big wood-box till it was full to the top. Then he let the pump down. That was great fun and almost made him laugh out loud because the water gurgled and squeaked so.

And now there was the walk. How fast Fred worked for fear Mrs. Stone might pull up the curtain and see him. But she didn't; and at last the coal-hod was empty and the icy walk was covered.

"Hard at work, Fred?" called Mr. Green, as he spied Fred in the twilight.

"Guess so!" stammered Fred, as he shut the gate hurriedly and ran quickly across the street.

"Mr. Green almost told on me, 'cause he talked so loud," said Fred; "but I guess Mrs. Stone didn't hear him," he added, thoughtfully.

But Mrs. Stone did hear him, and when she found her wood-box full she knew all about it.

"Fred is the dearest little friend I have!" she said, wiping her eyes very hard.

The next morning Fred went over to see how she felt.

"I feel very happy, Fred," she said smiling, "because last night all my work was done for me. I think it must be some good little Brownie who walked out of one of Palmer Cox's pictures to help me, don't you?"

Fred's eyes danced.
"I 'spect it was," he answered. "Which one do you s'pose it was, Mrs. Stone?"
It was such fun being a Brownie that Fred smiled and smiled.

"It wasn't the dude," said Mrs. Stone decidedly, "nor it wasn't the king! I think it must be the gentleman Brownie!"

"I don't think there is any gentleman one," said Fred, doubtfully.

"Oh, there must be?" answered Mrs. Stone, knowingly, "for this particular Brownie was a true little gentleman."

"I'm very glad you think so," said Fred, "very glad indeed, Mrs. Stone, and the Brownie is, too."

And then he smiled again.—*Youth's Companion.*

RESCUE THE HEATHEN CHILDREN.

Most of you have read or heard of the lost boy Charlie Ross, and of the long search made for him by his loving father, made, alas! in vain. Many inquiries have been made, many wearied miles travelled, large rewards offered and much money expended, but all in vain: the boy remains lost and the parents' hearts are still aching. And you have read of other children in crowded city or thick forest or wide prairie who have been lost: how the news has spread from house to house: how men and boys have gone up and down crying, "Lost child, lost child!" How people, even strangers, have left their work and joined in the march day after day, night after night: and how at last, when the little wanderer has been found, he has been carried home in triumph, and strong men and tender-hearted women have wept for joy. At such a time no one thinks of saying, "It's only a child." Every heart is moved with sympathy and every hand is raised to help.

There are many children lost—in India, China, Japan and other heathen lands. Like their parents they have wandered far from God, far from home; they are groping in the darkness; they are lonely and desolate—lost. They must be saved. Let no one say, "They are only children, uneducated, degraded, superstitious." They have souls to be saved, hearts to be purified, natures to be changed. They are worth saving, wicked though they be. Many of the boys who to-day are gambling in the streets of Lucknow and Canton may ten years hence be preaching the gospel.

What is to be done? Missionaries must continue their efforts to save the children; Sunday-schools in heathen lands must be multiplied, the Christian world must hear the plaintive cry sounding out over the wastes of heathendom. "Lost child, lost child!" And hearing, they must fly to the rescue. No time should be lost.

What can you do? Continue to pray and love and give. These lost ones are your brothers and sisters. The more you love them and the more you do for them the more richly will your own hearts be blessed.

TOM'S GOLD DUST.

"THAT boy knows how to take care of his gold dust," said Tom's uncle, often to himself, and sometimes aloud.

Tom went to college, and every account they heard of him he was going ahead, laying a solid foundation for the future.

"Certainly," said his uncle; "that boy, I tell you, knows how to take care of his gold-dust."

"Gold dust!" Where did Tom get gold-dust? He was a poor boy. He had not been to California. He never was a miner. Where did he get gold-dust? Ah! he had gold-dust of time—specks and particles of time, which boys and girls and grown-up people are apt to waste and throw away. Tom knew their value. His father, our minister, had taught him that every speck in gold, and his son took care of them as though they were. Take care of your gold-dust, and lay up something for old age—for time as well as for eternity.

A Cigarette.

BY TIMOTHY TICKLE.

I AM small. So small am I,
That many hundreds snug would lie
Inside an old-time carpet bag,
Or pocket made for burglar's swag;
So delicate am I that one
Who squeezed me somewhat, just for fun,
Would crush me so that I no more
Could go through life as oft before;
So light am I, that it would take
Some thousands of my weight to make,
Composed of pure, mixed with alloys—
A hundred pounds, avoidupois.

I'm small and delicate and light,
I'm not accounted much for fight;
They say I'm insignificant,
And am not worth a copper cent,
Just give me a chance, and I will meet,
At home or on a crowded street,
A sturdy and light-hearted boy—
His father's hope, his mother's joy—
And let me his companion be
From now till his majority;
Then please examine us again
And see which has the strength of men.

I'll pledge my word you'll find him there,
Not sturdy, but pale-faced and spare;
His intellect shall be upset,
His health 'll be almost gone; and yet
He'll cling to me, as if I'd been
The kindest friend he'd ever seen;
Nor can he then bid me "Away."
For I've been given too long a stay
In his companionship; and now
To me, as in the past, he'll bow;
And yield his life up with regret:
And all for me—a cigarette.

INSECT POWER.

THE power of insects is wonderful, and if their size was proportioned to their strength they would be more terrible to man than the fiercest wild beasts of the desert. Providence, however, has kindly restricted their size, or they might have been the tyrants of the globe and the destruction of all terrestrial animals, and beings.

The common flea, for instance, without apparent effort, jumps two hundred times its own length, and the same proportionate strength would enable a man to take a single leap over a thousand feet. For a man to run ten miles an hour would be thought good pedestrianism, but a fly, so small as to be almost invisible, was observed to run nearly six inches in a second.

Equally surprising are the instances of insect strength given by Mr. Newport, who tells us that the great stag-beetle, which tears off the bark from the trunks and branches of trees, has been known to know a hole an inch in diameter through the side of a tin canister in which it was confined, and on which, as shown by the microscope, the marks of its jaws were distinctly visible, as proved by Mr. Stephens, who exhibited the canister at one of the meetings of the Entomological Society. The common beetle can, without injury, support ten times its own weight, and still make its way easily, almost as if under no pressure. And the insect known as the Atlas, as has been proved by experiment, is able to bear and escape from a load of over twenty ounces, while its own weight is less than as many grains. Taking man again as the standard of comparison, it is as if a person of ordinary size should raise himself from the ground when to do it he had to lift a weight of between forty and fifty tons.

As one more instance, illustrating both the speed and strength of insects, the engineer of a railroad has recently told us of a swarm of flies, that not only kept side by side with his train while going forty miles an hour, but, as if in sport, flew round the train, coming back with no apparent effort to the side from which they had left, and easily keeping up with the cars for over ten miles, until a stop was made at a station, when they left and disappeared.

"I seem to be considerably pushed for cash to-day," muttered Rivers, reluctantly squaring an account of \$5.25 with the wheeled-chair man.

"It must have been a love match, for she knew he was poor." "No; he told her he had only a remnant of his fortune left, and she, of course, thought she'd get a bargain."

Eating and Earning.

BY ERN E. REXFORD.

There was a little boy,
Who dearly loved to shirk,
Because he was a lazy lad,
And hated all hard work.

One day his mother bade him churn
While she was gone to town;
But soon as she was out of sight
He flung the dasher down.

"It's churning, churning, twice a week,"
He groaned despairingly;
"I wish there were no cows! I wish
The churn was in the sea!

"I wish the butter'd churn itself;
I wish"—and then he sighed—
The old wood-box would fill itself,
And then he almost cried.

"It's 'Bob, do this,' and 'Bob, do that,'
All day, oh, dear!" groaned he,
"It's all a boy should do to eat
And grow, it seems to me.

"I wish,"—and he was wishing still
All foolish things, when lo!
There stood his mother in the door—
How could she hurry so?

"I s'pose the butter's come," she said.
His face began to burn;
And he began to fidget when
He saw her at the churn.

She lifted up the lid, and then
"You lazy boy," she said,
"I ought to whip you, but I won't;
I'll punish you instead

"By giving you dry bread to eat
Until you're glad to earn
The butter that you like so well
By working at the churn."

Now he was pleased to think that he
Could easily get rid
Of churning, if he went without
The butter for his bread.

But by-and-bye he hungry grow,
And begged a "piece to eat";
She cut a slice of bread. Alas!
He missed the butter sweet.

At dinner-time dry-bread again—
The butter looked so nice!
"Oh, dear!" thought he, "I wish I had
A little for my slice."

At supper time it really seemed
On dry bread he must choke.
His mother smiled. But, ah! to him
It seemed a sorry joke.

Next morning, very meekly, he
Unto his mother said:
"I'll churn to-day." "And earn," said she,
"The butter for your bread!"

"I felt quite sure my plan would work;
I hope from this you'll learn
This lesson: 'What he would enjoy,
A boy must help to earn.'"

A boy—or man—should be ashamed
To make himself a shirk;
To earn a share in life's good things,
Just do your share of work.

HUNTED AND HARRIED.

A Tale of the Scottish Covenanters.

BY E. A. BALLANTYNE.

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

WILL WALLACE himself, seeing that the day was lost and further resistance useless, and having been separated from his friends in the general mêlée, sought refuge in a clump of alders on the banks of the river. Another fugitive made for the same spot about the same time. He was an old man, yet vigorous, and ran well; but the soldiers who pursued soon came up and knocked him down. Having already received several dangerous wounds in the head, the old man seemed to feel that he had reached the end of his career on earth, and calmly prepared for death. But the end had not yet come. Even among the blood-stained troops of the King there were men whose hearts were not made of flint, and who, doubtless, disapproved of the cruel work in which it was their duty to take part. Instead of giving the old man the coup de grâce, one of the soldiers asked his name.

"Donald Cargill," answered the wounded man.

"That name sounds familiar," said the soldier. "Are not you a minister?"

"Yes, I have the honour to be one of the Lord's servants."

Upon hearing this the soldiers let him go, and bade him get off the field as fast as possible.

Cargill was not slow to obey, and soon reached the alders, where he fell almost fainting to the ground. Here he was discovered by Wallace, and recognised as the old man whom he had met in Andrew Black's hide-hole. The poor man could scarcely walk; but with the assistance of his stout young friend, who carefully dressed his wounds, he managed to escape. Wallace himself was not so fortunate. After leaving Cargill in a place of comparative safety, he had not the heart to think only of his own escape while uncertain of the fate of his friends. He was aware, indeed, of his uncle's death, but knew nothing about Andrew Black, Quentin Dick, or Rumbin' Peter. When, therefore, night had put an end to the fiendish work, he returned cautiously to search the field of battle; but, while endeavouring to clamber over a wall, was suddenly pounced upon by half a dozen soldiers and made prisoner.

At an earlier part of the evening he would certainly have been murdered on the spot, but by that time the royalists were probably tired of indiscriminate slaughter, for they merely bound his arms and led him to a spot where those Covenanters who had been taken prisoners were guarded.

The guarding was of the strangest and cruellest. The prisoners were made to lie flat down on the ground—many of them having been previously stripped nearly naked; and if any of them ventured to change their positions, or raise their heads to implore a draught of water, they were instantly shot.

Next day the survivors were tied together in couples and driven off the ground like a herd of cattle. Will Wallace stood awaiting his turn, and watching the first band of prisoners march off. Suddenly he observed Andrew Black coupled to Quentin Dick. They passed close to him. As they did so their eyes met.

"Josh, man, is that you?" exclaimed Black, a gleam of joy lighting up his sombre visage. "Eh, but I am gled to see that yer still leavin'!"

"Not more glad than I to see that you're not dead," responded Will quickly. "Where's Peter and Bruce?"

A stern command to keep silence and move on drowned the answer, and in another minute Wallace, with an unknown comrade-in-arms, had joined the procession.

Thus they were led—or rather driven—with every species of cruel indignity, to Edinburgh; but the jails there were already full; there was no place in which to stow such noxious animals! Had Charles II. been there, according to his own statement, he would have had no difficulty in dealing with them; but had as the Council was, it was not quite so brutal, it would seem, as the King.

"Put them in the Greyfriars Churchyard," was the order—and to that celebrated spot they were marched.

Seated at her back window in Candlemaker Row, Mrs. Black observed, with some surprise and curiosity, the sad procession wending its way among the tombs and round the church. The news of the fight at Bothwell Bridge had only just reached the city, and she knew nothing of the details. Mrs. Wallace and Jean Black were seated beside her knitting.

"Wha'll they be, noo?" soliloquised Mrs. Black.

"Maybe prisoners taken at Bothwell Brig," suggested Mrs. Wallace.

Jean started, dropped her knitting, and said in a low, anxious voice, as she gazed earnestly at the procession, "If—if it's them, uncle Andrew an'—an'—the others may be among them!"

The procession was not more than a hundred yards distant—near enough for sharp, loving eyes to distinguish friends.

"I see them!" cried Jean eagerly.

Next moment she had leaped over the window, which was not much over six feet from the ground. She doubled round a tombstone, and, running towards the prisoners, got near enough to see the head of the procession pass through a large iron gate at the south-west corner of the churchyard, and to see clearly that her uncle and Quentin Dick were there—tied together. Here a soldier stopped her. As she turned to entreat permission to pass she encountered the anxious gaze of Will Wallace as he passed. There was time for the glance of recognition, that was all. A few minutes more and the long procession had passed into what afterwards proved to be one of the most terrible prisons of which we have any record in history.

Jean Black was thrust out of the churchyard along with a crowd of others, who had

entered by the front gate. Filled with dismay and anxious forebodings, she returned to her temporary home in the Row.

CHAPTER IX.—AMONG THE TOMBS.

THE enclosure at the south-western corner of Greyfriars Churchyard, which had been chosen as the prison of the men who were spared after the battle of Bothwell Bridge, was a small narrow space enclosed by very high walls, and guarded by a strong iron gate—the same gate, probably, which still hangs there at the present day.

There, among the tombs, without any covering to shelter them from the wind and rain, without bedding or sufficient food, with the dank grass for their couches and graves for pillows, did most of these unfortunates—from twelve to fifteen hundred—live during the succeeding five months. They were rigorously guarded night and day by sentinels who were held answerable with their lives for the safe keeping of the prisoners. During the daytime they stood or moved about uneasily. At nights if any of them ventured to rise the sentinels had orders to fire upon them. If they had been dogs they could not have been treated worse. Being men, their sufferings were terrible—inconceivable. Ere long many a poor fellow found a death-bed among the graves of that gloomy enclosure. To add to their misery, friends were seldom permitted to visit them, and those who did obtain leave were chiefly females, who were exposed to the insults of the guards.

A week or so after their being shut up here, Andrew Black stood one afternoon leaning against the headstone of a grave on which Quentin Dick and Will Wallace were seated. It had been raining, and the grass and their garments were very wet. A leaden sky overhead seemed to have deepened their despair, for they remained silent for an unusually long time.

"This is awfu'!" said Black at last with a deep sigh. "If there was any chance o' makin' a dash an' fechtin' to the end, I wad tak' comfort; but to be left here to sterve an' rot, nicht an' day, wi' naethin' to do an' maist naethin' to think on—it's awfu'!"

As the honest man could not get no further than this idea—and the idea itself was a mere truism—no response was drawn from his companions, who sat with clenched fists, staring vacantly before them. Probably the first stage of incipient madness had set in with all of them.

"Did Jean give you any hope yesterday?" asked Wallace languidly; for he had asked the same question every day since the poor girl had been permitted to hold a brief conversation with her uncle at the iron gate, towards which only one prisoner at a time was allowed to approach. The answer had always been the same.

"Na, na. She bids me hope, indeed, in the Lord—an' she's right there; but as for man, what can we hope frae him?"

"Ye may weel ask that!" exclaimed Quentin Dick, with sudden and bitter emphasis. "Man indeed! It's my opinion that man, when left to hissel', is nae better than the deevil. I' faith, I think he's waur, for he's mair contemptible."

"Ye may be right, Quentin, for a' I ken; but some men are no' left to theirsels. There's that pur young chiel Anderson, that was shot i' the lungs an' has scarce been able the last day or twa to crawl to the yett to see his auld mither—he's deeing this afternoon. I went ower to the tombstone that keeps the east wund aff him, an' he said to me, 'Andry, man,' said he, 'I'll no' be able to crawl to see my mither the day. I'll vaur likely be deid before she comes. Wull ye tell her no' to greet for me, for I'm restin' on the Lord Jesus, an' I'll be a free man afore night, singing the praises o' redeeming love, and waitin' for her to come?'"

Quentin had covered his face with his hands while Black spoke, and a low groan escaped him; for the youth Anderson had made a deep impression on the three friends during the week they had suffered together. Wallace, without replying, went straight over to the tomb where Anderson lay. He was followed by the other two. On reaching the spot they observed that he lay on his back, with closed eyes and a smile resting on his young face.

"He sleeps," said Wallace softly.

"Ay, he sleeps weel," said Black, shaking his head slowly. "I ken the look o' that sleep. An' yonder's his pur mither at the yett. Bide by him, Quentin, while I gang an' brek it to her."

It chanced that Mrs. Anderson and Jean came to the gate at the same moment. On hearing that her son was dead the poor woman uttered a low wail, and would have fallen if Jean had not caught her and let her gently down on one of the graves. Jean was, as we have said, singularly sympathetic. She had overheard what her uncle had said, and forth with sat down beside the bereaved woman,

draw her head down on her breast and tried to comfort her, as she had formerly tried to comfort old Mrs. Mitchell. Even the guards were softened for a few minutes; but soon they grew impatient, and ordered them both to leave.

"Bide a wee," said Jean, "I maun hae a word wi' my uncle."

She rose as she spoke, and turned to the gate.

"Weel, what luck?" asked Black, grasping both her hands through the bars.

"No luck, uncle," answered Jean, whimpering a little in spite of her efforts to keep up. "As we ken naeboddy o' note here that could help us, I just ran straight to the Parliament House an' saw Lauderdale himsel', but he woulna listen to me. An' what could I say? I couldna tell him a lee, ye ken, an' say ye hadna been to conventicles or sheltered the rebels, as they ca' us. But I said I was sure ye were sorry for what ye had done, an' that ye would never do it again, if they would only let you off—"

"Oh, Jean, Jean, ye're a gowk, for that was twa fees ye tell him!" interrupted Black, with a short, sarcastic laugh; "for I'm no' a bit sorry for what I've done; an' I'll do't ower again if ever I git the chance. Ne'er heed, lass, ye've done your best. An' hoo's mither an' Mrs. Wallace?"

"They're baith weel; but awfu' caat doon about you, an'—an'—Wull and Quentin. An'—I had maist forgot—Peter has turned up safe an' sound. He says that—"

"Come, cut short your haverin'," said the sentinel who had been induced to favour Jean, partly because of her sweet, innocent face, and partly because of the money which Mrs. Black had given her to bribe him.

"Weel, tell Peter," said Black hurriedly. "to gang doon to the ferm an' see if he can find out onything about Marion Clerk an' Isabel Scott. I'm wae for the lassies. They're ower guid to let live in peace at a time like this. Tell him to tell them frae me to flee to the hills. Noo that the hide-hole is gaen, there's no' a safe hoose in a' the laud, only the caves an' the peat-logs, and even they are but pur protection."

"Uncle dear, is not the Lord our hiding place until these calamities be overpast?" said Jean, while the tears that she could not suppress ran down her cheeks.

"Ye're right, bairn. God forgi' me want o' faith. Rin awa' noo. I see the sentry a getting wearied. The Lord bless ye."

The night chanced to be very dark. Rain fell in torrents, and wind in fitful gusts swept among the tombs, chilling the prisoners to the very bone. It is probable that the guards would, for their own comfort, have kept a slack look-out, had not their own lives depended a good deal on their fidelity. As it was, the vigil was not so strict as it might have been; and they found it impossible to see the whole of that long, narrow space of ground in so dark a night. About midnight the sentry fancied he saw three figures flitting across the yard. Putting his musket through the bars of the gate, he fired at one but could not see whether he had done execution, and so great was the noise of the wind and rain that the report of his piece was not audible more than a few paces from where he stood, except to leeward. Alarms were too frequent in those days to disturb people much. A few people, no doubt, heard the shot; listened, perchance, for a moment or two, and then turning in their warm beds, continued their repose. The guard turned out, but as all seemed quiet in the churchyard-prison when they peered through the iron bars, they turned in again, and the sentinel recharged his musket.

(To be continued.)

Seven Little Gypsies.

SEVEN little gypsies, wandering one by one: Some are full of sorrow, some are full of fun; Telling people's fortunes in the queerest way; Turning, oh, so slowly! black hair into gray; Taking something always, as they pass along; Never for a moment caring if it's wrong; And we cannot find it, what they steal away, For each little gypsy is a passing Day.

—She. "Do you think there is any reason why a young lady should not ride a bicycle as well as drive a horse." He: "Not at all. It is just as easy to dodge a bicycle as a carriage."

—"But, officer, we promised to meet a gentleman on this corner, and we should like to be permitted to stand here a little longer." "Can't listen to ye wae. We've got stric' orders to keep the corners clear, an' if yez want to meet yer friend here, ye'll have to go somewhere else."



JESUS AT JACOB'S WELL.—John 4. 9-26.

Jesus at Jacob's Well.

BY THE EDITOR.

By the well I see the Master sitting,
The sky is hazy o'er the arid land,
No cloudlet 'thwart the torrid vault is flitting,
A lifeless languor breathes on every hand;
The Master, sitting on the fountain's brink,
Gives as a precious boon the cooling drink.

Now see, I come, Samaria's sinful daughter—
Ah, happy hand to give the grateful draught!
Methinks I hear the cool drip of the water,
And now the Master the pure lymph hath quaffed,
And speaketh tender words whose holy flow
Are sweeter far than earthly fount may know.

He speaketh of the everlasting fountain,
That from the oracles of God doth flow,
Whose streams make glad in all the holy
mountain.

Whose waters do such wondrous virtue
know,
That those whose lips once taste the sacred
store
Shall thirst again—Oh, never, nevermore.

O Lord of life, O fount of holy teaching!
Ah, deeply let me drink from that pure
spring,
Which Thou in David's house didst open,
reaching
To all the world; which in its flow doth
bring
Such holy healing, and such healthy balm,
Such rest and happiness, and sacred calm.

An old peasant in north-west India,
learned by heart the first chapter of St.
John's Gospel. After his harvest was over
he would go out year by year into the
villages around and repeat what he had
learned. In eight years he had brought
some 400 of his countrymen to embrace
Christianity and receive baptism.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF OUR LORD.

A.D. 28.] LESSON XII. [Sept. 16.

JESUS AT JACOB'S WELL.

John 4. 9-26. Memory verses, 11-14.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst.—John 4. 14.

OUTLINE.

1. The Water of Life, v. 9-13.
2. The Worship of God, v. 19-26.

TIME.—Probably early in the year A.D. 28.
PLACE.—In Samaria, near Sychar. In sight,
Mounts Ebal and Gerizim.

ROLERS.—Herod in Galilee; Pilate in Judea.

CONNECTING LINKS.—Our Lord was now on his way homeward to Galilee. His direct route led across Samaria.

EXPLANATIONS.

9. "Have no dealings"—A Jew would not in any way communicate with a Samaritan; would not pass through his country if possible to avoid it, nor aid him, nor recognize him.

11. "Thou hast nothing to draw with"—There was no curb or sweep as with us, and no way of drawing water, but each one brought his own means for drawing.

12. "Our father Jacob"—The Samaritans loved to claim descent from Jacob, though they were a mixed people of Israelitish and Chaldean blood.

14. "Shall never thirst."—A true Christian is absolutely satisfied with what the Spirit gives.

19. "A prophet"—One who received revelation from God, and so know her life.

20. "Ye say"—That is, the Jews say.
22. "Salvation of the Jews" The Messiah was to come from the tribe of Judah, as announced by prophecy.

HOME READINGS.

- M. Jesus at Jacob's well. John 4. 5-15.
- Tu. Jesus at Jacob's well.—John 4. 20-66.
- W. Samaritans believing.—John 4. 27-42.
- Th. Come, ye thirsty!—Isaiah 5. 1-7.
- F. Christ's invitation.—John 7. 28-39.
- S. Water of life.—Revelation 22. 1-7.
- Su. Whosoever will.—Rev. 22. 8-17.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

- Where in this lesson are we taught—
1. Whom we should worship?
 2. How we should worship?
 3. The true place for worship?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Where did Jesus stop on his journey from Judea to Galilee? "At Jacob's well."
2. Whom did he meet at the well? "A woman of Samaria."
3. Of what did Jesus talk with her? "Of the water of life."
4. What did he promise to those who should drink this water that he would give them? "Everlasting life."
5. Who did Jesus tell the woman of Samaria that he was? "The Saviour of the world."
6. Repeat the Golden Text.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—God a spirit.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

What does the Spirit perform for the Church?

He calls and qualifies men, from time to time, to preach the word and administer the sacraments; makes their preaching effectual to the conversion of sinners and the edification of believers; and is present as the representative of the Lord-Jesus in all the ordinances of public worship.

Acts 20. 28.—Take heed unto yourselves, and to all the flock, in the which the Holy Ghost hath made you bishops.

A HEAVENLY MESSAGE.

DURING the early ministry of Charles H. Spurgeon he was invited to preach in the vast Crystal Palace at Sydenham. He queried whether his voice would fill the immense arena, and resolving to test it, he went in the morning to the palace, and thinking for a passage of Scripture to repeat, as he reached the stage, that came to his mind. "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." Pronouncing the words, he felt sure that he would be heard, and then he repeated the verse in a softer tone.

More than a quarter of a century later, Mr. Spurgeon's brother and co-worker was called to the bedside of a man, an artisan, who was near his end.

"Are you ready?" asked the minister.
"Oh! yes!" answered the man, with assurance.

"Can you tell me how you obtained the salvation of your soul?"

"It is very simple," said the artisan, his face radiant with joy. "I am a plumber by trade. Some years ago I was working under the dome of the Crystal Palace, and thought myself entirely alone. I was without God and without hope. All at once I heard a voice coming from heaven which said: 'This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ came into the world to save sinners.' By the hearing of these words I was convinced of sin; Jesus Christ appeared to me as my Saviour. I accepted him in my heart as such at the same moment, and I have served him ever since."

This voice was from heaven, though human lips uttered it; and God's word shall not return to him void, but shall prosper in the thing whereto he sends it.—*Epworth Herald*.

"Now we have money enough to send our minister away for a two months' vacation." "Isn't that a long holiday?" "Yes, but then we feel as though we deserve it."

QUENCH THE FIRST SPARK.—It has been well said, during the terrible fire which two centuries ago laid one-half of London in ashes, which defied for days and days the efforts of thousands of strong men, there was a moment when a pitcher of water from the hands of a little child might have put it out.

The Lyttel Boy.

(Imitation of Old English.)

BY EUGENE FLETCHER.

SOMETIME there ben a lyttel boy,
That wolde not renno and play;
And helples like that litte tyke
Ben alweis in the way.
"Goo, make you merry with the rest,"
His weary moder cried;
But with a frown he catcht her gown
And hong untill her side.

That boy did love his moder well,
Which spake him faire I ween;
He loved to stand and hold her hand
And ken her with his een;
His cosset bloated in the croft,
His toys unheeded lay—
He wolde not goo, but tarrying soo,
Ben alweis in the way.

Godde loveth children, and doth gird
His throne with soche as these,
And he doth smile in plaisance while
They cluster at his knees;
And sometime, when he looked on earth,
And watched the bairns at play,
He kenned with joy a lyttel boy
Ben alweis in the way.

And then a moder felt her heart
How that it ben to-terne—
She kissed each day till she ben gray
The shoon he us'to worn;
No bairn let hold until her gown
Nor played upon the floore—
Godde's was the joy; a lyttel boy
Ben in the way no more.

"Yes," said the boy, "I might just as well be at the head of my class as not. But I don't mind being at the foot, and the other boys do, so I sacrifico myself."

A LITTLE Swedish girl was walking with her father one night under the starry sky. At last, looking up to the sky, she said, "Father, I have been thinking that if the wrong side of heaven is so beautiful, what will the right side be?"

A HARMONY of the GOSPELS

BEING THE

LIFE OF JESUS IN THE WORDS OF THE FOUR EVANGELISTS.

ARRANGED BY

W. H. WITHROW, D.D., F.R.S.C.

From the Revised Version of the New Testament.

AN UNSOLICITED TESTIMONIAL.

W. E. DYER, of Oshawa, writes us: "After a careful perusal of it as a layman and Sunday-school worker, I want to express my gratitude for the effort of the author, as I consider it an invaluable aid to an intelligent study of the life of our Lord Jesus Christ. Were it in my power I would place a copy in the hands of every teacher in the land. To me it has been a long felt need, and I dare say there are hundreds like me. I have the life of Christ by different writers, but none to my mind will take the place of this little volume."

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