

If I Were a Girl.

BY ELLA RODMAN CHURCH.

If I were a girl, a true-hearted girl,
Just budding to ladyhood and all,
I'd be many a thing I would not be,
And number one among them I would be
I would never frown, with my mouth drawn
down,

For the roses will come there and stay;
But sing like a lark, should the day be dark -
Keep a glow in my heart anyway!

If I were a girl, a bright, winsome girl,
Just leaving my childhood behind,
I would be so near, from my head to my feet,
That never a footstep could I feel,
So helpful to mother, so gentle to brother,
I'd have them, so happy and sweet,
That the streets and their glare could never
compeate
With the charms of the home so replete

If I were a girl, a fond, loving girl,
With father overboard and with care,
I would walk at his side with sweet, tender
pride,
With ever a kiss and a prayer.
Not a secret I'd keep that could lead to deceit,
Not a thought I should blush to share;
Not a friend my parents would disapprove -
I would trust such a girl anywhere!

-Christian Evangelist.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

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ABOUT CYCLORAMAS.

BY THE EDITOR.

The cyclorama is a comparatively recent
institution. When the present writer was a
boy the popular way of exhibiting pictures
of foreign lands was by means of what was
called panoramas or dioramas. These were
generally paintings on very large and very
long rolls of canvas. They were slowly
unwound and made to pass before a large
opening in a screen in a public hall. The
audience sat in darkness, but the picture
was strongly illuminated by lights placed
at the top, bottom, and sides of the screen.

Sometimes very beautiful effects were
produced, as sunset, moonrise, storm pieces,
and the like; and these were accompanied
by descriptive music or mechanical effects
to represent thunder, lightning, rain, hail,
wind, etc. Sometimes the dazzling views
of oxyaculum light or "magic lanterns"
were exhibited, which by these beautiful
sunrise, sunset, moonlight views could be
very admirably introduced.

These "magic lantern" slides are now
used very effectively for meetings as
as in the case of Dr. Ely, an accomplished missionary of our
Church, uses them to attract the people.
So far as the present writer has been
informed, the only exhibition of this kind
has been given by the Young Men's
Christian Association, and other lecture
courses, such views have been exhibited
with great success.

By means of the colored stereoscopic
glass slides one seems to be transported to
foreign lands, to the great historic sites and
scenery of London, Paris, Rome, Egypt,
Palestine, and the like. So realistic are
these pictures that we are often reminded
of Hamlet's exclamation, "Seems madam,
nay, it is."

We seem to speak of the cycloramas
which are now in exhibition in most of the
large cities of the world. These are per-
manent institutions. From the very nature
of the pictures they cannot be carried
around the country. These cycloramas are
generally controlled by large companies
which erect the building and own the
pictures. The latter are moved round
from one city to another so as to give
freshness and variety. The price of ad-
mission in this continent is generally fifty
cents, which is too much. In Germany it
is one mark or twenty five cents, and
in France generally one franc or twenty
cents. A great circular or octagonal
brick or metal structure is erected on the
walls of which is hung a very large picture,
perhaps fifty feet high and three hundred
feet long, representing in perspective the
view seen from some central spot. This
point of view is reached by the visitor
through a covered passage which leads to a
lofty platform in the centre of the building.
Around this and extending to the walls is
an artificial foreground which is admirably
blended with the picture so that it is some-
times difficult to tell where one begins and
the other ends.

Most of these pictures, we are sorry to
say, are of hideous battle scenes, illustrating
terrible conflicts of the American Secession
war or of the Franco-Prussian campaign.
In these, in the foreground, are strewn the
broken weapons, ruins of shattered houses,
armour, and the horrible results of boin-
bardment and cannonade.

While recently in Europe we saw some
others of a much more pleasing and in-
structive character. One of these was a
cyclorama of Egypt in the time of Moses,
which we saw in London last May. All
the great monuments and temples, palaces
and pyramids, were represented on the
walls of an immense building, not in ruins
as we had seen them a few weeks before,
but as they existed 3,000 years ago and
more. The processions of priests, soldiers,
the great officers of Pharaoh, the majestic
figures of Moses and Aaron, and the admir-
able drawing and colouring of the magnificent
buildings, were a wonderful re-production
of the pomp and pride and majesty of
that old Land of Nile.

The best of these pictures that we saw,
however, was one in Munich, the capital of
Bavaria, a picture of Old Rome, painted
by a very accomplished artist. It repre-
sented a triumphal procession of the
Emperor Constantine with his conquering
legions marching through the Sacred Way
with all the pomp and splendour of Rome's
palmiest days. The stately architecture of
the Forum and its surrounding buildings
and the other great structures of Rome
were admirably reproduced. The warm
glow of the yellow marble in full sunlight,
and the transparent shadow cast by the
porticoes and pillars was wonderfully
represented. The stately pageant of the
Roman senators dressed in their snowy
robes, and the crowding multitudes on the
streets, terraces and house-tops, every-
where the sheen and glitter of arms, and
in the foreground the brawny figures of
Roman guards; and, on the opposite side on
a stately balcony, the splendour of the
Empress and her attendants made the
most magnificent picture of the sort we
ever saw. All was bathed in such glowing
light and had such an "out-of-doorish"
appearance that it seemed as if we were
looking at a real pageant and not at a
painted show.

We saw another very excellent cyclo-
rama of Jerusalem at the time of the cruci-
fixion of our Lord—very realistic and very
striking. The great temple and the palace
of Herod, the massive walls and gates, the
deep valleys, the crowding multitudes, the
distant-hill country, and in a strange super-
natural light, the hill of Calvary with its
crosses, the weeping women, the
Roman soldiers, the scornful or sympa-
thetic spectators, all produced a very im-
pressive and solemn effect.

A majority of this cyclorama was that
many of the figures in the middle dis-
tance stood out separate from the painting

behind, and one could see around them, as
it were, by moving one's point of view. It
was in Philadelphia on the 4th of July.
The streets without were swarming with
busy merry-makers, and the din of the
fire crackers rent the air. Within a solemn
silence reigned. A poor coloured woman
and myself were the only persons present,
and she seemed profoundly affected. What
increased the weirdness of the scene was
the ghostly voice of a phonograph, which,
speaking from a large cone, described the
main features of the picture.

In Berlin we saw a very striking cyclo-
rama representing the different historic
periods in that city. On different parts of
the wall there were groups and processions
of the leading characters of different ages,
each framed in architecture appropriate to
the period. It was a very remarkable and
well executed and brilliant affair.

Another cyclorama gave an excellent
view of the snowy domes and minarets of
Constantinople, and in the foreground the
deep blue waters of the Golden Horn which
I had just seen a few days before.

Still another represented the deck of a
German man-of-war, with a fine view of
the harbour of Kronstadt. In the fore-
ground was the rigging and armament of
a great war vessel with admirably executed
wax figures, standing out free, of the offi-
cers, the Kaiser and Kaiserin with their
military and civil suite.

But the most realistic affair of the sort I
ever saw was the cyclorama of La Vengeur,
Paris. As one entered the building one
passed through a long corridor lined on
either side with a row of ship's cannon
and festooned with huge ropes, netting,
hammocks and the like. As we passed
open portholes we got glimpses of the deep
green waves of the sea; as we ascended
the stairway we came upon the deck of a
ship with naval officers in full dress in
command and sailors moving about. A
huge capstan, a big mast with shrouds, bin-
nacles, coils of rope, all manner of sea-gear
were around. We were supposed to be on
the deck of a French war vessel, La Vengeur,
which was engaged in conflict with the
British fleet. Its bulworks were shattered
and splintered, some top hamper, broken
spars and ropes had been shot away and
hung over the side. A boat hung from the
davits in which were a number of sailors
rescuing another from the waves. (Actual
figures not painted.) Other sailors' figures
climbed the shrouds and some were lying
around the deck desperately wounded.
Shattered wrecks lay around and boats
were rescuing the ship-wrecked crews. The
Union Jacks of the British fleet gleamed
through the smoke. The canvas swelled
before the breeze.

To add to the realistic effect the solid
deck beneath us heaved and swayed by
some mechanical contrivance, and every
once and a while we felt a thud as though
a tremendous wave had struck the vessel,
and loud and frequent rolled the deep and
deadly thunder of a cannonade; now grow-
ing fainter and fainter and further in single
guns; now increasing in volume and intensity
with the fortunes of the fight. As the ship
heaved and rolled the boat on the davits
dipped into the transparent water. It
seemed so real that a person very subject
to sea sickness might almost feel qualms of
that deadly malady.

It was very odd on coming out of the
building to feel the change from that stormy
scene at sea to the beauty and varied life
of the "Elysian Fields" and gay boulev-
ards of Paris, with their moving throngs
of people and the swarms of nurse maids
and merry children gambolling over the
grassy sward.

THE FORSAKEN HINDOO GIRL.

BY A MISSIONARY.

It was on the afternoon of a hot Septem-
ber day that a little girl about three years
old was brought on the veranda of our
house by two low-caste Hindoo women, who
asked me if I would take the child under
my care, as no one wished to keep her.

When I asked them the reason of this
strange conduct, they told me the child's
mother had just died, and as the little one
"was only a girl" they were anxious to get
rid of her. I consented to her being left,
and the two women went away, evidently
glad to get rid of their burden.

Anrita, for that was the child's name,
went to live with one of our native
preachers, who adopted her as his own
daughter, and all the family grew very fond
of the child.

After a time she was able to repeat any
of our Christian hymns, and she was among
the number of our scholars in the small
Sunday-school in Mymensing. She learned
to love the stories in the Gospels, especially
those about the Saviour.

A little over a year ago she became very
ill with fever. Day after day she lay very
patiently on her little bed, and sometimes
said she wanted to go to Jesus. One
beautiful morning, just as the sun was be-
ginning to shine into her little room, she
gently passed away. We got a few coarse
boards and nailed them together for a
coffin, on the lid of which we strewed a few
of the nicest flowers we could find, and
when the grave was ready we had a short
service conducted by one of the native
preachers. As we turned to leave the
grave all eyes were moist with tears. We
felt sorry to lose the little outcast, whom
others did not care for because she was
"only a girl." She had endeared herself
to us, and we know she was dear to him
who said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it
unto one of the least of these my brethren,
ye have done it unto me."

ABOUT RATS.

BY ELLA RODMAN CHURCH.

No one likes rats, and there is a general
rejoicing when any of these destructive
little animals are caught in a trap. "One
rat less in the world," says some one; but
when we remember what swarms of rats
there are all over the world, one more or
less seems to make very little difference.
They are so very cunning, too, that it is
not at all certain they won't escape even
when caught.

The narrow-pointed face of the rat, with
its sharp nose and crafty eyes, is familiar
to every one; and, although the pretty
little mouse belongs to the same family,
people feel very differently toward it. It
is so much smaller and weaker, and was
never known to hurt any one, while rats
are often dangerous. The black rat and
the brown rat are the only kinds known in
Europe and America, and they seem to be
at home in every part of the world. Both
came originally from Central Asia; and
about four hundred years ago a colony of
black rats settled in Europe. Two hundred
years later some brown rats emigrated;
and in a very short time Europe was far
better supplied with both kinds than she
desired to be.

There was no getting rid of the intruders:
stay they would and did. The brown rat,
which is the larger of the two, is often
called the Norway rat, from a belief that it
came from Norway. The black rat is
rather more than seven inches long, with a
tail nearly an inch longer than its body,
while the brown rat measures nearly eleven
inches, and its tail is scarcely longer than
that of the other. Both tails are covered
with rings of small scales.

Wherever ships go, there go the rats,
and especially the brown one, although he
was the last to begin the work of engraft-
ing. Both kinds are found on shipboard;
and sailors have a superstition that it is
unlucky to go to sea without them. Travel-
lers do not find it pleasant to have rats
running over their faces when they are sick
in their berths. But fortunately, this does
not happen very often.

A rat funeral sounds strangely enough,
but such a thing was actually seen by some
children living in Belgium, who used to
feed the rats that came from the river to
their kitchen door. "Soon," wrote one of
them, "they became quite tame; and we
remarked that one of them (evidently the
oldest) was very stiff, could hardly walk
alone, and was accompanied by a younger
one always at his side—very likely to help
in case of emergency. One morning we
missed him, and for two days we did not
see any of them. But on the third day,
from their ordinary passage emerged a
funeral procession. First came two of
them dragging the poor, old, dead rat, and
then several others following. They brought
him to the ditch, left him there, and we
buried him. The day after, the other rats
came for their meal as usual."