

Daddy-Long-Legs.

BY A. BAKER

Two sturdy brown laddies under a tree
Wearily paused to rest,
They'd been after the cows since the
early noon,
And the sun was gilding the west.

They had searched in vain over clover
hill,
In the meadow beyond the "crick,"
As far away as the big sawmill,
And round by the old hayrick.

They caught Daddy-Long-Legs and held
him fast,
They warned him the sun was low,
"You must tell us," they said, "where
the cows have gone,
You must show us the way to go.

They placed famous Daddy upon a smooth
stone,
They watched the quick run that he
made,
and they saw him point to the lonely
path
That led to the pine wood's shade.

The wind moaned a requiem through the
tall pines,
Fear dawned in the laddies' eyes,
Then Ben mustered courage to warmly
declare,
"Daddy-Long-Legs is tellin' us lies."

Hark! from the depths of the tangled
wood
Came the sound of a tinkling bell,
And by-and-bye from the shadows
stepped
Old Dolly and Daisy Deil.

Ben looked at Bob, Bob looked at Ben,
Their faces were all aglow,
Oh! Daddy-Long-Legs is a wise old bug,
As the wise old world must know.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, AUGUST 14, 1897.

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

AUGUST 22, 1897.

God's house a delight. Psalm 84. 1-4.

THE AUTHOR.

Doubtless David, the son of Jesse, the
shepherd's boy, and afterwards king
of Israel, wrote this beautiful psalm.
He knew what trials meant, for a large
share fell to his lot. His son, Absalom,
lifted up his heel against him and
sought to dethrone his father. He suc-
ceeded in gaining the hearts of so many
of the people that the king, his father,
was obliged to flee from Jerusalem and
find refuge at Hebron. What an un-
grateful son Absalom was. Do our
readers know the first commandment
with promise?

DAVID'S POSITION.

Verse 1. He was a lover of God's
house, but now he could not attend,
hence his soul was full of sorrow and
regret. We believe he mourned more
on account of losing the privilege of the
temple than he did the loss of his
throne. How tender are the words
which he here uses. He felt as keenly

his loss as a man does whose physical
strength is so reduced that he is ready
to faint. Is this the way you feel re-
specting the sanctuary? We live in a
day when the privileges of God's house
are not so highly esteemed as they de-
serve to be. How many spend the Sab-
bath hours seeking pleasure. Do not
use your bicycles for Sunday pleasures.

HE ENVIES THE SPARROWS

Verse 3. The sparrow could build its
nest outside the sanctuary, but even there
could enjoy at least the noise inside.
The Psalmist felt that if he could not
go into the sanctuary and take part in
its worship, he would change places
with the sparrow. How much he loved
the sanctuary. Do you love it as much?

HE ENVIED THE PRIESTS.

Verse 4. "Blessed are they," etc.
The priests stayed in the sanctuary dur-
ing their whole course. Never left its
precincts for a moment, and David called
them "Blessed," that is, happy. Their
business was to praise God. Their life
was a life of praise. So should ours be.
The service of God is abiding happiness.

NEW YORK NEWSBOYS.

"Evenin' papers—Telegram, Sun, World,
Mail, Post!" cries a ragged, shoeless,
coatless, and much-begrimed but alto-
gether fascinating little urchin of six, or
thereabout, as he boards a Broadway
down-town car, agile as a prairie dog,
and utterly regardless of the sound cuff
administered him by the conductor, as with
naked, dirty little elbows he makes good
a passage where an eel would think
twice before precipitating its slimy per-
son. Then, temptingly flourishing a
selected bunch from his cargo of
"newsies" in the eyes of the occupants,
he proceeds to do a big business, and
with a dexterity worthy of a great
counting-house he counts out change of
dime and nickel from eager, dirty little
fingers; but just as one begins to be
deeply interested in the bright Arab's
movements and vivacious countenance,
with its mingling expressions of cute-
ness, innocence, cunning, intelligence,
and savoir-faire, another car passes, and
with a spring which could only be
rivalled by an India-rubber dancing-
master the young news venter swings
his agile little person from one platform
to the other, where he repeats his cry—
"Telegram, Sun, World, Mail, Post!"—
in tones which remind one, more than
all Longfellow's poems, that "Life is
real, life is earnest." And very earnest
indeed is the importance of disposing of
his stock-in-trade to this curly-headed
ragamuffin, for on that fact depends the
night's lodging and supper, or perhaps,
if it be Saturday night, a visit to the
dime theatre or museum, where "Flit-
ters," "Tatters," and all the rest of the
newsdom's leading spirits are repairing
to see some wondrous three-legged cat,
or "speaking fish," whose fame has
given a great impetus to the mercantile
zeal of the ever zealous newsboy.

The boy just sketched is but one of a
type, for the New York newsboy, like
the London and Paris gamins of the same
calling, is a class apart.

Some of these ragged, bright-eyed lads
have homes, wretched homes, at whose
fireside poverty is the all-constant guest,
but the great majority have none, never
had any that they know of, they came
from they know not whence, and they
are going they care not whither.

Provided the day's business brings
them cents enough to fetch bed and sup-
per, they are reckless and happy as
fairly princes; and should it not, they are
almost equally so, for these young phil-
osophers seem to have found the won-
derful stone that renders them imper-
vious and altogether superior to the
pangs of cold, hunger, and thirst. Then
the bed can be always supplied by a
stretch on a comfortable steam grating,
or a nook in a sequestered barrel, where
the street Arab sleeps as snugly as ever
did Diogenes curled up in his wonderful
sun tub. Or again, they seek out sheds,
in the vicinity of the docks, but this
last resort is rather a forlorn hope, as
officers are apt to be around, and, like
"little Joe," the poor newsboy is apt to
be "moved on." This bad treatment
the little dock rat often avoids by a tim-
ely plunge into the icy waters, where he
swims and dives like a professional
plunger, but what is it that those youths
cannot accomplish in the line of ath-
letics?

But the delight par excellence of the
newsboy, who is a rather improvident
youth, consists in an occasional visit to
a dime theatre or show. Here the order
delight to assemble, and, going round in
groups of four or five, their criticisms
and remarks, apt and witty, might often
be reproduced to advantage in Life, or
some other of our amusing periodicals.
Yet from their ranks have sprung great

men. Grover Cleveland once peddled
newspapers on the streets, and Mr. Far-
relly, now President of the American
News Company, made his debut on the
platform of public life as a little news
vender.

At night many of them occupy low,
cheap lodging-houses, where the com-
pany is made up from the lowest stratum
of society, and where the little unfor-
tunate contract all kinds of vices and
bad habits.

Throughout New York there are scat-
tered some newsboys' lodging houses,
and the better amongst these are well
patronized by the youngsters. Of these
houses, the principal is the Bruce Mem-
orial Lodging House for Boys, situated
at the corner of Duane and New Cham-
bers Streets. It is a large, commodious
building, which was completed in the
year 1874, at a cost, including the pur-
chase price of the lots, of \$216,000.

NEMO

OR

The Wonderful Door.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CHRISTIE'S OLD
ORGAN."

CHAPTER V.

A MIDNIGHT VISITOR.

It was a lonely place to stay in, sur-
rounded by miles and miles of brown
heather, for it was not yet even in bud,
not a tree, not a house, not a human
being was near; there was nothing to be
heard but the moaning of the wind, or
the trickling of a moorland stream, or
the creaking of the frogs amongst the
reeds and rushes of a swamp which lay
on one side of the road.

Happily, they had still plenty to eat,
but they had to be content with water
to drink, and the air was cold and damp
on the moorland, and Nemo shivered
from head to foot.

"If you get cold and are ill, Nemo,"
said Abel, "I shall never forgive myself
as long as I live."

Poor little Nemo tried to laugh, for
was not this the new country? But he
was very thankful when Abel took him
in his arms and covered him up snugly
with blankets and shawls, and he was
soon quite warm, and fell fast asleep, and
forgot what a strange, wild place he was
in.

Not so with Abel; he was too nervous
a man to sleep happily in that dreary
place; even the heather, and the rushes,
and the furze bushes put on strange
forms when he looked at them, and
filled him with terror and alarm.

The night was dark and cloudy, there
was not even a star to bear him com-
pany; he wished that he had never come
on such an expedition as this.

But the fresh air of the moors at
length made him so sleepy, that, in spite
of all his resolutions to keep awake, he
was soon as sound asleep as Nemo was,
and might have continued so until day-
break if he had been left undisturbed.

But Abel and Nemo were not the only
travellers on that lonely road that dark,
cheerless night. A man, dressed in an
old soft felt hat and a loose tattered
cloak, and with long, untidy hair hang-
ing round his neck, was walking slowly
along the very road on which the basket-
cart was drawn up. Following closely
on the man's footsteps was a dog, a
rough, shaggy animal of no particular
breed, which limped as it walked, and
now and then lay down and moaned as
if in pain.

When the dog stopped, the man stop-
ped too, and, stooping down, he patted
it and encouraged it to go forward.
Once he took it up in his arms and car-
ried it a little way, but he was worn
out and exhausted by long walking, and
was soon obliged to put it down again.

The night was dark, but his eyes had
become accustomed to the darkness, and
he could distinguish the masses of
heather and bracken, and the road like a
white snake winding between them.

What could that strange object by the
roadside be? Not a house, surely, for
the outline was uneven and jagged, not
a plantation of trees, for it seemed part-
ly to cross the road. It looked, if pos-
sible, more strange and weird as the
man drew nearer; but he was accustomed
to lonely roads and to midnight walks,
and was not so soon or easily frightened.
So he cheered on his poor suffering dog,
and hurried towards the curious object
that lay across his path. It was the
basket-cart in which Abel and Nemo
were now peacefully sleeping, and there
was the donkey tied to a post by the
roadside.

"Hulloa there!" cried the man, put-

ting his head into the cart and poking
the sleepers with his thick stick.

Abel Grey was on his feet in a moment
staring in horror and dismay at the in-
truder.

"Now, who may you be, my lad?"
said the man. "Where's your father?"
Is he in the cart?"

Poor little Abel Grey! The stranger
had made the mistake that so many
made, and had taken him for a boy.
He felt very much alarmed and terribly
defenceless, as he answered, in as fierce
a voice as he could put on—

"This is my cart, sir. I was asleep
when you came up. What do you mean
by disturbing me in this way?"

"I'm tired," said the man, "and cold;
the wind is bitter out here on the moors.
Give me a bit of shelter in your cart till
daylight comes."

"It's all right, Nemo," said Abel,
turning round, as a little fair head came
out of the blanket and looked in terror
at the stranger with his long beard and
shaggy whiskers; "it's all right, my little
lad,—don't you be scared."

The man, who was leaning over the
end of the cart, started and drew back.
"I didn't see any one else was there,"
he muttered.

"It's only my boy," said Abel. "You
can see for yourself that the cart's full.
We can't make room for another; we
would oblige you if we could, but it's im-
possible."

The man did not seem inclined to
move; he stood still with one foot on the
step, and once more he leaned over into
the cart. Abel was more alarmed every
moment. His little board of money was
hidden under Nemo's pillow, and he al-
most fancied the man must, in some
mysterious way, have found this out; he
was staring so intently at the place
where the child was lying. Could he
have come there in the dead of night to
rob, or perhaps to murder them? Such
things had been done on lonely roads;
and who was there, if they were to cry
ever so loudly, who would come to their
help?

"Well," said the man, after a long
pause, during which Abel's heart was
beating so loudly that it sounded to him
like a great, heavy hammer, "if you
won't help me—or shelter me, I must
go on my way, but at least you will do
this for me. I have a dog here that
has been hurt in the leg, and cannot
walk much farther, or he will die. Take
him in the cart, and I can come for him
in the morning."

"But where shall we see you in the
morning?" said Abel fearfully.

"Why, you're going to Fairburn Fair,
aren't you?" said the man. "I'm go-
ing there too, and I will lie about near
the first house in Fairburn, waiting for
you to come up."

Without another word, and without
stopping for Abel to answer, he lifted the
wounded dog into the cart, laid him by
Nemo's side, and in another moment he
had drawn his tattered cloak round him
and was gone.

There was no more sleep for either
Abel Grey or Nemo that night. The
dog moaned and howled piteously, and
Nemo sat beside it, stroking its head and
patting it gently from time to time.

But it needed no restless dog to keep
Abel awake; he was straining his ears
for any sound that might lead him to
think that their strange visitor was com-
ing back. As the baskets swayed and
rocked in the breeze, he was constantly
fearing that they were moved by the
man of whom he was so much afraid.
He even imagined that the stranger had
never left the cart, but that he was
skulking underneath it, and might spring
up at any moment and attack him and
the child.

He was indeed thankful when day be-
gan to break, and when, by degrees,
he could see the moorland and the dis-
tant hills coming out from the darkness.
Then he climbed down from the cart
and looked both before and behind it,
but the man was nowhere to be seen.
Wherever he might have been before
daybreak, he was certainly gone now.

But underneath the cart, near the
front wheel, just on the very spot on
which the strange man had stood, there
was lying a ring—a massive gold ring.
Abel picked it up, looked at it curiously
for a moment, and then took it inside
the cart to show it to Nemo.

It was a curious ring which Abel had
found, made of golden cords plaited and
twisted together. As Nemo turned it
round on his finger, it seemed ever to
change its width, growing broader or
narrower with every movement. In
front of the ring was a small gold
shield, with the letters K. M. O. engraved
as a monogram upon it.

"Well," said Abel to himself, "it's
very strange! He looked for all the
world like a tramp, however can he
have got such a ring as this?"

"Can we keep it, Abel?" said Nemo;
"it is so pretty."