

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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A Queer Race.

I saw the queerest race to-day
Out at the county fair,
The riders all were tiny tots;
The racers all were rare.

I saw a little winsome maid,
With flying yellow hair,
Hold fast and ride around the ring,
Upon a big brown bear.

Another one laughed loud in glee,
And raced around the track,
And she was seated fearlessly
Upon a lion's back.

And one rode on a tiger fierce,
Another on a deer,
While others rode on prancing steeds,
Without a sign of fear.

And round and round the track they rode,
All at a rapid pace,
And no one beat, though all tried hard
To win the funny race.

At last the racers came to rest,
The music ceased to sound,
And all the little tots went home,
And left the merry-go-round.

—Youth's Companion.

RECEPTION ROOM, CHINESE MANSION.

The Chinese are a very hospitable, and a very polite people. They are very fond of entertaining their friends, and the rich folk entertain them most magnificently. They are very profuse in their salutations and compliments. The mansions of the rich are often situated in the midst of elegant gardens, and are adorned with very great taste. In the engraving, we are shown the interior of one of these mansions. It will be observed from the size of the figures how lofty and spacious the apartment is. Through the latticed doorway and the large oval windows, without glass, is caught a glimpse of the beautiful gardens without. The numerous and elegant lanterns hanging from the ceiling will attract attention. When these are all lighted at night, the effect must be very beautiful. The sentences inscribed in gold or vermilion letters are for the most part moral maxims or proverbs, of which the Chinese are very fond. An artist will be seen copying the extraordinary



RECEPTION ROOM, CHINESE MANSION.

looking dragon on the screen to the left of the picture. The grave and dignified figures, with their bald heads and pig-tails, and rat moustaches and almond eyes, are very queer looking. It is sad to think that one-third of the human race living in China have never heard the Gospel of Jesus.

COLD WATER AND CLOUDS.

BY GEORGE H. MERRIL.

Did you ever stop to think when you look out of the window and saw dull, gray clouds from which the rain was so steadily pouring, and which seemed to shut in the world all around, that, in reality, they extended over a very small part of the country; that somewhere else, perhaps only twenty or thirty or a hundred miles away, the sun was shining, and all was bright and beautiful? This is really the case. For storms, however long and dreary, do not extend over many miles; and though it always is raining at some place in the world, yet always, and at the same time, it is pleasant somewhere else. Now, let us see why this is.

Suppose that on a warm summer afternoon we were to bring a pitcher of clear,

cool water, fresh from the well, and to place it on the table in the dining-room. Now, no matter how carefully we may have dried the pitcher before bringing it in, we shall discover, if we watch closely, that the outside soon becomes wet or misty, and that the mist grows heavier and then gathers into drops, and perhaps even runs down the pitcher to the table.

Now, where does this water come from? Not through the sides of the pitcher; that is impossible; but from the air. We cannot see it, perhaps, but still it is there in the state of vapour. How came it there? Did you ever notice after rain how in a short time the puddles become dry, and how the moisture disappeared from the grass and leaves as soon as the sun shone out and the wind blew? Or did you ever notice that if you left a pan of water out of doors the water each day grew less and less, until all was gone and the pan was dry?

All the water that was in the puddles, on the grass and leaves (except that which soaked into the ground), and in the pan, was taken up as vapour into the air—it "evaporated," as we say. The same thing happens when water boils, only it then evaporates more rapidly, and we can see the vapour arising as steam. If you live near a river, or in a country where there are brooks, perhaps you can see this evaporation actually taking place.

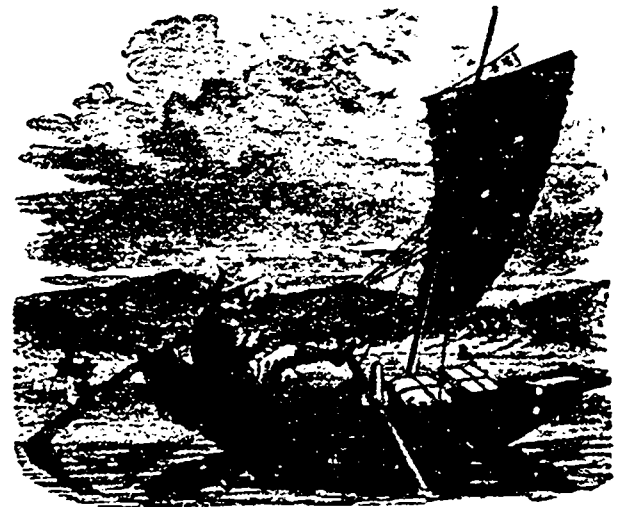
Get up early some morning, before the sun rises, and look out toward the river. You may see a long line of mist or fog, like a big white cloud, hanging over the water. Now, this mist is only the water evaporating from the river, and is just now visible as fog because the air is cool. After the sun has shone the air becomes warmed and the fog disappears, but the evaporation goes on, nevertheless. Indeed, it is going on continually, and all over the earth; so that if the water were not returned to us as rain, snow and dew, all the

reached the corner where the constable was, he touched the constable on the arm with his trunk. The constable, turning, saw the huge beast at his shoulder, and, frightened almost to death, began running down the street and the elephant after him. The keeper called and called, but the animal paid no attention. The constable ran until he reached an open gateway, into which he rushed, shutting the iron gates after him. The keeper says that the elephant fairly chuckled, as though he had had a great deal of fun.

"Germany," says St. James' Gazette, "has had five sovereigns since Queen Victoria began to reign. She herself will in future be recognized as the ancestress of one of the most powerful rulers. Her grandson wears the Iron Crown of Germany. Her granddaughter is Empress of Russia. Another granddaughter is the Crown Princess of Roumania. Her second son rules over the Principality of Saxo-Coburg. The Hereditary Princess of Saxo-Meinigen is her granddaughter. The heir to the throne of Greece is her descendant, the Grand Duke of Hesse is her grandson. She has no fewer than sixty-one descendants who one day between them promise to be at the head of more than half of Europe."



BOAT SCENE IN CHINA.



CHINESE SAMPAN.