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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Vol. XII.]

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 26 1892.

[No. 48.

Baro Boughs and Buds.

"ALAS, alas, how the north-wind grieves!"
Said the black-ash tall, "I'm losing my
leaves!"

And "Well-a-day," sighed the elm tree old,
"I stand in a rain of my falling gold!"

And "Oh," cried the maple, overhead,
"On the dark ground rustles my robe of red."

The birch tree shook in a yellow shower,
And glimmered more ghostly every hour.

While the silver poplar whispered loud,
As its shimmering leaves joined the flying
crowd.

A sound of mourning filled all the land,
For the trees grew barer on either hand

But the little buds laughed on the twigs so
brown
That sprang from the branches, up and down.

As tucked in safe and glad and warm,
Ready to weather the winter storm.

They waited so patiently and still
Till the wild, cold wind, should have worked
its will,

And blown the sad skies once more clear,
And awakened from slumber the sweet New
Year.

If you look, my child, at the tree top high,
You'll see them clustered against the sky.

The little brown buds that rock and swing,
Dreaming all winter of coming spring!

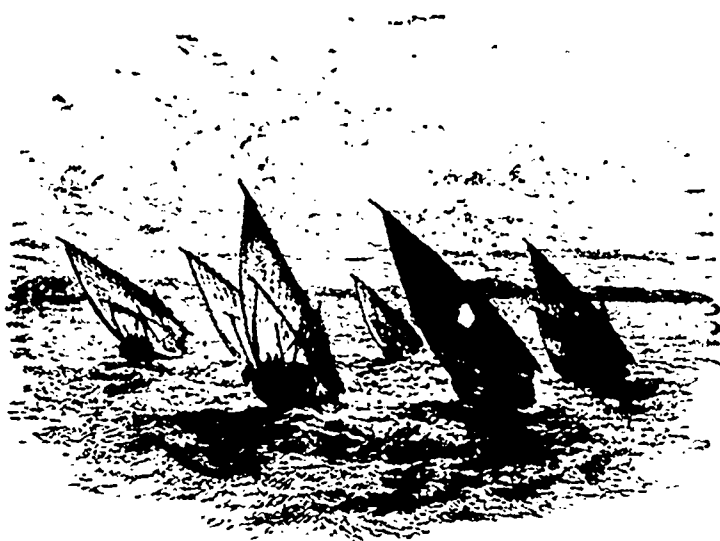
And if, when April comes again,
You watch through the veil of her balmy
rain,

You'll see them pushing out leaves like wings,
All crowned with the beauty that patience
brings!

ARAB SLAVERS.

DR. LIVINGSTONE has called the African
slave trade "The open sore to the world."
It is one of the most dreadful and diabolical
systems of iniquity on the face of the
earth. Great Britain has long waged un-
placable war against the slave-trade, by
sea. She has kept cruisers on the African
coast, ever on the alert to capture the
slave dhows and release their wretched vic-
tims. There is still, however, a deal of slave
trading in the heart of Africa. Ruffian
Arab chiefs will swoop down on the native
villages killing the inhabitants who resist
and making prisoners of the remainder.
These are often driven in wretched coffers
to the slave market at a distance of maybe
hundreds of miles. Often they are loaded
with heavy fetters as shown in the cut and
often, too, have a huge yoke placed upon
their necks.

The agony of those long marches over
the hot desert sand, it is difficult to con-
ceive and impossible to exaggerate. The
slaves who are unable from weakness or
sickness to keep up with the caravan are
usually dispatched or, perhaps more cruelly,
left to die a lingering death on the way-
side. Such efforts are being made by the
civilized powers of Europe to put a stop to
this terrible traffic in the bodies and the
souls of men. In this as in every other
good work Great Britain is one of the fore-
most agents and as civilization and religion
spread through the heart of darkest Africa
the sin against God and crime against
man will doubtless be brought to an end.



ARAB SLAVE TRADERS.



SLAVERS ON THE MARCH.

HOW GOLD THREAD IS MADE.

The gold is brought from the Bank of
England in cakes weighing about one thou-
sand ounces. To secure the necessary de-
gree of tenacity a certain proportion of
copper is added, and the alloyed metal, in
the form of cylindrical bars, is next thor-
oughly heated. The hammering process fol-
lows, and the bars, originally about two feet
in length and two inches in diameter, but
now half as long again and proportionately
thinner, are in the next place filed and
rubbed until their surfaces are even.

What we may call the second part of the
process begins with the laying on of leaf
after leaf of gold in the proportion of two
per cent. Afterward each bar is wrapped
in paper and well heated in a charcoal fire.
A sort of vise stands ready, and in it bar
after bar as it comes from the fire is fixed
and thoroughly burnished. All traces of
its silver original has now disappeared, and
the bar is ready for conversion into wire.
This is accomplished by drawing it from
one hundred to one hundred and fifty times
through ever diminishing holes in steel
plates; and finally, when the capabili-
ties of this metal have been exhausted,
through apertures in diamonds, rubies, or
sapphires.

The delicate wire thus obtained must
be passed through the steel rollers of
one of Herr Krupp's little "flattening
mills." This brings us to the final process,
the spinning of the flattened wire round
silk, to form the golden thread of com-
merce. These spinning machines are
worked by water, although two steam
engines are to be found in the factory;
for water power is considered to be more
regular and even in its action.

There is a small home demand for the
round wire for the adornment of epaulettes,
etc., but the bulk of the manufactured
article finds its way in the shape of silky
gold thread to India and the far East
generally, where it is converted by skilled
native labour into those gorgeous cloths
and tissues in which the heart of the Orient
takes delights. What a wonderful property
does gold possess in its malleability! It is
asserted that every ounce of the bars, whose
fortunes we have followed with no little
interest, each containing only two per cent.
of gold, will run: the length of from five
hundred yards to two thousand five hun-
dred yards, and the amazing figure of five
thousand yards is on record. This latter
thread would be finer than human hair, but
the extreme limit is not even yet reached.
—*Chamber's Journal.*

LETTING MOTHER REST.

ONE of the papers tells of a pretty and
talented girl who had completed her school
course with credit, and by reason of rather
special talents had received more attention
and admiration than falls to the lot of most
girls, who was asked the other day how she
enjoyed her vacation.

"Oh, I'm enjoying it very much," she
answered, brightly. "I am doing the house
work and letting mother have a little rest."

"Your mother is away on a vacation
then, is she not?" was the natural question.

"Oh, no," was the reply, "she's at
home, but I am giving her a chance to rest
in the morning and to dress up and sit out
on the piazza when she feels like it. I
think it will do her good to have a little
change."

If I Were a Girl.

BY ELLA RODMAN CHURCH.

If I were a girl, a true-hearted girl,
Just budding to full womanhood,
I'd be so many a thing I would not be,
And number one among them that I would I
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 foot would I find
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.

OUR PERIODICALS:

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most popular

Table listing various periodicals and their prices, including Christian Guardian, Methodist Magazine, and others.

WILLIAM BRUGGS,

Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto.

C. W. COATES, 8 Henry Street, Montreal.
S. F. HUSTON, Wesleyan Book Room,
Halifax, N.S.

Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 26, 1892.

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 oxyacetylene 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 these views
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 fustooned 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."

The Song of the Decanter.

There was an old decanter. And its mouth was gaping wide; The rosy wine had ebbed away And left its crystal side; And the wind went humming, humming; Up and down the sides it flew, And through the reed-like hollow neck The wildest notes it blew. I placed it on the window, Where the blast was blowing free; And fancied that its pale mouth sang The queerest strains to me: "They tell me, puny conquerors, The plague has slain its ten, And war his hundred thousands Of the very best of men; But I"— thus the bottle spoke—"But I have conquered more Than all your famous conquerors, So feared and famed of yore. Then come, ye youths and maidens, Come, drink from out my cup. The beverage that dulls the brain And burns the spirit up; That puts to shame the conquerors That slay their scores below; For this has deluged millions With the lava-tide of woe. Though in the path of battle Darkest waves of blood may roll, Yet while I killed the body, I have damned the very soul. The cholera, the sword, Such ruin never wrought, As I, in mirth or malice, On the innocent have brought. And still I breathe upon them, And they shrink before my breath, and year by year my thousands Tread the dismal road to death."

—Sunday School Herald.

Mark installed as captain's boy on board the ship, bound "Westward Ho."

For his teacher's sake, Mark placed me with his Bible among his small stock of personal treasures, so that again I found myself a sailor-boy's companion on the broad blue sea.

Mark, however, carried with him no holy memories of home. His father was a hardened old seaman, whose mouth was full of cursing and bitterness, and the most of whose time was passed in "The Hoopling Boat."

Mark, however, carried with him no holy memories of home. His father was a hardened old seaman, whose mouth was full of cursing and bitterness, and the most of whose time was passed in "The Hoopling Boat."

So now my owner, with more money in his pocket than he ever possessed before, might have been seen pacing the streets in the lower part of the city. He had scoured himself a bed at a boarding-house, and then strolled out to look around him.

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Then he remembered, as he thoughtfully and slowly wandered on, his hands thrust deep into his absolutely empty pockets, that all his earthly possessions were contained in the blue cotton hankie-hut he had left at the boarding-house, perhaps it was the thought of his bundle that brought me to his mind.

Then he remembered, as he thoughtfully and slowly wandered on, his hands thrust deep into his absolutely empty pockets, that all his earthly possessions were contained in the blue cotton hankie-hut he had left at the boarding-house, perhaps it was the thought of his bundle that brought me to his mind.

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JOSEPH COOK'S LATEST ON TEMPERANCE.

It is a fact and no fancy, that we have lived to see the abolition of slavery. Who it is incredible that some of us should live to see a greater evil, namely, the liquor traffic, made an outlaw by both State and national constitutional enactments? There is more money behind the liquor traffic than was ever behind slavery. Those who used to be called by Charles Sumner "The Lords of the Lash" never worked or whipped, or boxed, or starved to death in any one of our States before the civil war. Slavery never cost us as much as the liquor traffic does every year. Slavery never destroyed 80,000 lives a year. Slavery never deluged millions of our people with the lava-tide of woe. Slavery never put to shame the conquerors that slay their scores below. For this has deluged millions with the lava-tide of woe. Though in the path of battle Darkest waves of blood may roll, Yet while I killed the body, I have damned the very soul. The cholera, the sword, Such ruin never wrought, As I, in mirth or malice, On the innocent have brought. And still I breathe upon them, And they shrink before my breath, and year by year my thousands Tread the dismal road to death."

OUR CHINA MISSIONS.

A LETTER FROM A MISSIONARY.

If there are any who have doubts regarding the wisdom of the Committee of Finance and Consultation in depending upon the Province of Se-Chuen, China, as the new field of our operations, we think the following extracts, taken from a letter published in the New York Independent, from Rev. H. W. Cady, missionary of the Methodist Episcopal Church, should go far to dispel such doubts or fears.

The three provinces of Kweichow, Yunnan, and Se-Chuen form a distinct and important part of China. They are separated from the rest of China by high mountains, while lofty mountains and hostile people shut them off on the south and west. The only available road for commerce is through the Yang-tee gorges. The known mineral wealth of the three, and the fertility and teeming population of Se-Chuen, has caused merchants to look with longing eyes on this portion of China. But it has greater charms for the missionary. Here are one-fourth of the inhabitants of the Empire, speaking in the main but one dialect, and that the Mandarin of official dialect. Se-Chuen has been one of the most fruitful and promising fields. Of the eleven cities now occupied, most have been entered in the last five years. Apart from the present success, we are encouraged to expect great things. 1. No province buys so many portions of Scripture and tracts as this province. 2. In no province do the women come so readily to hear the Gospel. Last Sunday morning I preached in the chapel to an audience of one hundred and eighty men and boys, and one hundred and fifty women and girls. In all the stations where there are no workers, large and interesting classes of women meet for religious instruction. When the husband becomes an infidel, the wife is sure to want his wife to attend the chapel. Women are especially zealous and less restrained, and take more part in the life than in other provinces. 3. Without extra inducement, the schools are filled in other provinces, and the schools are filled with boys, who are taught the Gospel and the elements of Christian truth. A great need is an outpouring of the Holy Spirit that will cause the seed sown to bring forth fruit. Our second need is that of more workers. Separated as we are from the other parts of China, we have not help from there, and so we greatly lack native helpers. We must wait until they are called from our converts. This makes the help of our missionaries more deplorable. If any doubt the truth of my opinion, I will be glad to furnish you with more facts.

(To be continued.)

A LITTLE SERMON.

Who would have believed that such a mite of a boy as Fritz could understand about missions! He was only a baby, so mamma was surprised one day after the girls had gone to the mission band meeting, to hear the little boy giving a sermon to old Whiskers, the family cat. He said:

"Whiskers, taint ben a missionary boy dust to put money in the pink box. It's thinkin' 'bout the people 'at doesnt know 'ere is a happy land. It's ben' sorry for 'em an' lovin' the mans and ladies 'at tells 'em 'bout it. It's puttin' 'em yight next to papa an' mamma when you say your prayers. My Bettie says some fots sink it's only putting pennies in the box. When I see a mission-band boy I'll know better."

The Story of a Hymn-Book.

CHAPTER X.

ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

AGAIN the course of events carried me on board ship and across the wide sea. Mark Hobday, to whom Henry Duncan had committed me, like my former friend, Gilbert Guestling, had a strong and unquenchable desire for a wandering life. In Mark's case this was not so remarkable as in the child of the farm. For Mark was born within scent of the brine. He came of a seafaring race, and from his earliest years had been awed and fascinated by stories of the sea. His home was within a hundred yards of the roaring surge. As he lay in his bed he could distinctly hear the sweep of the waves over the shingle; and when the storm-king rode abroad, the fall of the ponderous billows shook the house, and the windows of his chamber were floored with white patches of foam.

The chief part of Mark's holidays were spent on the beach, on bright, warm summer days bathing with a merry tribe who knew no fear. Sometimes enjoying the sweetness of a stolen pleasure in a boating expedition, the punt of some fisherman having been requisitioned by the audacious boys. Now scaling the cliffs and digging for fossils, now clambering over the green and slippery chalk rocks at their base, hunting crabs and eels. A fine, high-spirited lad, with something of old Vikings' blood in him; always in trouble because neglecting his school, and getting into innumerable scraps. The week seldom passed that did not see Mark writhing and cowering under the "rope's end," which his father used as an instrument of corporal punishment, and which the hard old sailor regarded as an indispensable auxiliary in the training of his son.

Mark had already taken one or two short voyages in a fishing-smack or coasting lugger; indeed, he had once taken a run in a whaler. Now the chance came for his going to Baltimore in the barque *Seestria*, and with his black canvas bag and sailor's chest well packed, a fresh spring day saw



BOAT SCENE IN CHINA.

ADVENTURES IN WESTERN CHINA.

BY REV. V. C. HART, D.D., F.R.A.S.,

Superintendent of Canadian Methodist Missions in China.

I.

It is scorching hot, and my little craft is moored under the thick, glossy branches of a dwarf banyan tree. This is the third day since we took up our refuge here, to wait the abatement of the floods, which have come thicker and faster for five days, until the river has risen about fifty feet, and presents anything but a smiling face to timid mariners—and all Chinese sailors are timid. We left Chantu on the bosom of a little freshet, but with every prospect of its speedy fall. We worked day and night down the over-increasing flood until we reached Su-Chou-Foo, where our night labour ceased, because of danger from rocks and rapids. It was the third day on our small rattan boat, when a large craft passed us, with eight or ten persons on board, and a Sedan chair carefully roped to the mat covering. The sailors were rowing at their best, and were evidently intending to run a rapid that seemed, from our point of view, to be very swift. The waves caused by the rough rocks were high and fierce. Our boatmen aimed for the same quarter. In a few moments I heard the sailors cry, "The boat is broken. The boat is broken." And there, right ahead of us, rolling and tumbling on the mad waves, and swept along at a fearful rate, were a number of planks and bundles of wood. The heads of a few men were seen bobbing up and down with the boards they were clinging to.

Our men rowed quickly towards the other side of the river, until they were past the dangerous place, and then, with a little urging upon my part, they steered for the wreckage. The sailors seemed indifferent about the perishing men, and considered only what they could pick up of value. I pressed them to follow the example of two other boats that were busily rescuing the drowning and their floating effects. Would they? Not a bit. They discovered a pole and some wood floating near; around went the boat, and soon the men were fishing out the trifles.

It was both sad and amusing to see the grins of satisfaction and hear the words of delicious delight, whenever an article was landed upon the deck. All my vociferations went for naught, until there was nothing more to be found. It was almost impossible to get them to make an inquiry as to the number that were saved. They chuckled over their booty and turned it over and over with child-like delight. A dead body landed would bring them 800 cash, or 70 cents—a gift from the local officials—and I presume if a floating corpse had been espied they would have made superhuman efforts to have captured it. Farther down the river, we discovered the body of a man whirling along in the current and whirlpools. Two boats were in hot pursuit, and eventually three, and as we turned a bend of the river we saw the prey snatched from the waves.

It is not always pleasant travelling in a small boat; and, as Shakespeare says, "Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows." Even so I found it. The heat was intolerable in the low-covered craft; and then, unbeknown to me, the captain a shrewd fellow—who, after signing a paper giving me absolute possession of the boat for myself and baggage, had smuggled on board three fellows, not over-prepossessing in appearance, and quite a cargo of goods to sell at Chung King. I entered a protest at first, but, being anxious to proceed without delay, I allowed the men to stay behind my cabin. You will say, "A cabin on a row boat?" Yes! a sort of one with mat partitions. It is not rare to have strange bedfellows in a Chinese boat. I found too many of them last night for sleep. Among them were the three fellows just referred to, who reclined near my head and smoked an enormous amount of opium and talked most vilely. The more I reproved them the more they smoked. This was too much. The captain kneeled and besought me to permit them to stay one night more, but there is a limit even to mercy, and these low mortals were unceremoniously landed at Kiating with all their goods.

I have hired boats at many places, and dealt with all kinds of Chinamen—but, I hear some little fellow say, "The Chinese that I have seen are all alike." Well, they are pretty much alike, yet there is a difference after all. I have met with some very fair dealing ones, but, as a rule, the number of the unfair is greater than the number of the fair. A few bright, big, stories no one objects to, even here, but a continuation of falsehoods and mild deceptions become very insipid food for a foreigner. I wanted a boat for Ichang, and sent two men on the hunt; reports came, and I trotted up down the almost perpendicular steps of Chung King to see the boats, for I would not take anything upon a Chinaman's representation, for his ideas and those of a European are as dissimilar as rabbit and elephant.

I worried out the day in getting a boat, and that a small one. The Hongman recommended the captain and promised the boat at a certain hour. I went aboard at the time appointed and had about all I could do to prevent sunstroke by repeatedly pouring cold water upon my head.

The captain came to me and said his brother would take me down the river. "No, not your brother," I replied, "you will take me down." He couldn't go. "You promised to go, and you must go," was my answer, and I plied more water to my head. The Hongman was sent for and interviewed. He ordered the captain, or supposed captain, to take me down, and bade me good-bye, saying, "If you have any trouble let me know."

At last the rice bag came on board—and not a very fat bag either, but I thought it might hold out for five days, as that was the time stated for taking the journey. Rice bags have singular episodes, and, if they had tongues, they could tell strange tales. The oarsmen, five in number, stowed away the mats, put the oars into the cowhide sockets and were ready. A few interested spectators stood upon the shore, as I supposed, to watch the depar-

ture of an old "foreign devil." But I was abruptly undeceived as to their intentions, for no sooner was the captain on board for the start than babel itself was let loose. This man demanded 1,000 cash, that one 500, and even the littleurchin upon the ad joining boat yelled for his "tea-money."

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE BOOK OF ACTS.

A.D. 47.] LESSON X. [Dec. 4.

WORK AMONG THE GENTILES.

Acts 14. 8-22. Memory verses, 8-10.

GOLDEN TEXT.

In his name shall the Gentiles trust.—Matt. 12. 21.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

God draws men to himself by his love, in the works of nature, and of grace.

CIRCUMSTANCES.

Paul and Barnabas, having been driven away from Iconium, had come to Lystra, still further on, and were preaching there.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

Sat . . . Lystra—Probably in the open square, or market-place, where Paul was preaching. *Impotent*—Weak, powerless. *A cripple*—So born, and hence the cure was more wonderful. *Perceiving that he had faith*—He probably had heard them preach often, and tell of the wonders the Lord had done. *In the speech of Lycaonia*—What language is unknown. The apostles had spoken in Greek, which all understood; but the apostles did not understand the native tongue. *Barnabas*—Who was large, and fine looking. *Jupiter*—The chief of the heathen gods. *Paul*—Who was small, but eloquent. *Mercurius*—The messenger of Jupiter, and the god of eloquence. *Jupiter, which was before their city*—The temple and statue of Jupiter. *When the apostles . . . heard of*—It was all spoken in a strange language, and the apostles were probably in the inner court of the house. Timothy was a native of Lystra, with his mother, Eunice, and grandmother, Lois (Acts 16. 1; 2 Tim. 1. 5). He was probably converted at this time. *Passions*—Nature. *Suffered*—Permitted. *Came thither*—To Lystra. *He rose up*—Perhaps by miracle, though it is not so said; and probably Paul was only stunned—not killed. *Derbe*—Twenty miles away. This was the farthest point of the journey. *Confirming the souls*—Making firm, as the tender branch of the vine is hardened into woody fibre. *To continue in the faith*—In their trust in Jesus, no matter who opposed. This was one way of confirming their souls. The next way was by enduring trials. *Tribulation*—"Threshings," as of grain, separating the chaff from the wheat. Trials patiently endured confirm the soul. *Into the kingdom of God*—Into heaven, and into the heavenly character here.

Find in this lesson—

1. That religion helps men's bodies and souls.
2. What faith can do.
3. What God does for men.
4. What our souls need.

REVIEW EXERCISE.

1. Where did Paul go from Iconium? "To Lystra." 2. Who was one of the converts here? "Timothy, who afterwards became Paul's helper." 3. What miracle was wrought here? "A lame man from his birth was cured." 4. What happened to Paul at Lystra? "He was stoned by the mob." 5. Where did he go soon after? "He revisited all the churches he had formed." 6. To what place did he return? "To Antioch, in Syria, whence he was sent out."

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

Repeat VIII., IX., and X. of the Ten Commandments:

VIII. Thou shalt not steal.

IX. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour.

X. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife, nor his manservant, nor his maidervant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbour's.

PRESERVE THIS LIST.

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