

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Showthrough/
Transparence

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from:/
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

| | | | | | | | | | | | |
|--------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| 10X | 12X | 14X | 16X | 18X | 20X | 22X | 24X | 26X | 28X | 30X | 32X |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> |

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVII.]

TORONTO, AUGUST 21, 1897.

[No. 34.]

The Daughter of a King.

BY WM. H. CLARK.

A princess of the royal line,
The daughter of a King;
She lives beneath the smile benign,
And wears his signet ring.

Her robes of purity and grace,
With royal splendour shine;
Her matchless beauty all can trace,
In lineaments divine.

Her hands are full of loving deeds,
For human nature's weal;
And earnestly her spirit pleads
For heaven's approving seal.

With faith and hope and holy love,
Those crowning graces rare;
Her treasure is laid up above,
In yonder mansions fair.

The fallen ones are lifted up,
The outcasts gathered in;
Her hands reject the poisoned cup,
The poisoned cup of sin.

Her feet are swift to find distress,
As swift to bring relief;
Her spirit yearns the poor to bless,
Of sinners though the chief.

Her youthful life is given all,
To him whom angels sing;
Her love goes out to great and small,
Though daughter of a King.

In death's dark vale if called to tread,
With radiance 'twill be bright;
While walking with her living Head,
Whose presence giveth light.

MR. GLADSTONE.

One of the most famous of living men is the Right Hon. William Ewart Gladstone, who for a long time was "Premier," or prime-minister, of England, and really governed the country. His whole life, from boyhood until now, has been remarkably interesting, and blessed to the good of his countrymen and the world.

Mr. Gladstone was born at Liverpool, in 1809. He was the son of Sir John Gladstone, Bart., an eminent merchant of that city. He was educated at Eton and Christ Church College, where he graduated in 1831. Mr. Gladstone entered Parliament the following year, and quickly distinguished himself by his splendid oratorical powers.

In 1835, he was appointed by Sir Robert Peel Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, and in 1841, vice-president of the Board of Trade and privy councillor. In 1846, he ably supported his chief's great measure for the repeal of the Corn Laws. In 1847, Mr. Gladstone was returned to Parliament by the University of Oxford, which he continued to represent until 1865. In 1852, under Lord Aberdeen's "coalition" ministry, he accepted office as Chancellor of the Exchequer, and held the same post subsequently in Lord Palmerston's cabinet. In this capacity he proved himself to be the ablest financial minister England had known, and warmly supported Mr. Cobden's commercial treaty with France.

After the death of Lord Palmerston, Mr. Gladstone became the leader of the House of Commons, retaining the Chancellorship of the Exchequer in Earl Russell's second administration. On the retirement of the Lord Derby cabinet, in 1869, Mr. Gladstone succeeded to the helm of state as first minister of the crown. In the same year he introduced a measure before Parliament for the dissolution of the establishment of the Irish Church, which passed into a law after a prolonged and obstinate resistance on the side of the Conservative party.

In February, 1871, the Gladstone cabinet also introduced a measure before Parliament for the modification and adjustment of the Irish land question; and Mr. Gladstone's sturdy championship of this cause, in the various forms which it has assumed under his inspiration, has given him pre-eminence not only at home, but in all the liberty-loving nations abroad.

Mr. Gladstone has acquired no mean

celebrity as an author while forging his way to the van of modern statesmen. His contributions to the literature of his time are characterized by all the ripeness of scholarship, originality of thought and vigour of expression, which have given him so high a rank in oratory and diplomacy.

In his private capacity, also, Mr. Gladstone is highly esteemed; and, perhaps, the most lovable phase of his life is that exhibited in his occasional reticacy at Hawarden. His neighbours and friends always welcome the great man thither, and speak with true affection of his gentle, unaristocratic intercourse with them, and of his active Christian labours in their parish church.

Mr. Gladstone's devout habits of thought and life are familiar to all. But what is possibly less known is the fact that, in his Oxford days, under the full stress of the tractarian movement, Mr. Gladstone earnestly desired to be a

sage, put her hands on her broad hips and solemnly wagged her head. It was a good head, with a comely red face. She wore a white cap with tabs, a gold band across the top, and a sort of gilt corkscrew over each ear. Her mother had owned the same ornament, and her grandmother. The Widow Schalcken kept a little ship-chandler's shop in the old Dutch town of Schereningen. She also took in washing from the hotels and made a comfortable living. She was honest and pious. There was always plenty of black bread, sourknot and salt fish in her larder. Nobody's copper pots or kettles were scoured brighter than hers. When her hard work was done she used to knit and plan out Dirk's future. He must sell fish or work on the beach, according to the season. When he got older, there was the shop. Every year Schereningen grew and business increased. After that—when he began to call himself a man—

was tempted to run away—to go on a ship—but only for a second, then he remembered that he promised his father to obey his mother, and Dirk was loyal. Loyalty is another trait of a Dutchman if he is worth anything.

As Dirk proceeded towards the bathing machines he met a party of summer boarders. One stout woman rode a small, lean donkey, who sank so deep in the sand under her weight, Dirk thought to himself things would look more equal if she were to carry the donkey. She nodded to Dirk in a kindly way while she went on talking to her friends. The donkey being last she had to about, and Dirk heard her say: "But there are always the between-times, you know, and one can do a great deal in those if he tries."

Dirk stopped. He gazed across the sea so intently it seemed as if he must be looking straight through Great Britain into America; then he ran home again. From under his bed he got a book to bring with him.

It was the height of the season in Schereningen. The hotels were full. The beach swarmed with people. Dirk's occupation was to drive a "bathing machine" or big white wooden waggon down to the water; there to wait while the person who had been disrobing within and putting on the bathing dress, should come out for a swim or a bath. Later, he drove the old horse back to the high and dry sands. This day Dirk attended faithfully to his monotonous business; but there were a lot of "between-times." In these he studied his Latin grammar as if he were to recite it to the most exacting teacher; and this he did every day for weeks until, if he had known it, he was far ahead of the class that he supposed he had left forever.

One morning he had inside his "machine" the same fat lady whom he had met on the shore riding the donkey. She was good-natured as possible, but the lean horse had a hard pull to get her down to the water. Now Dirk had a way of conjugating Latin verbs aloud as he sat on his box. The roar of the waves kept people on the beach from hearing him, and he did not suppose a person inside the waggon could hear any plainer. To his surprise, when the fat lady had bathed and dressed, she asked him if he went to school, and many other questions.

After that he was always seeing her. She had the funniest-looking old father; fatter even than she, lame and bald. Every day the hotel servants helped him to the sands and set him in a queer basket chair that had a canopy over his head. Dirk got into the way of doing errands for him, buying newspapers and taking messages. They chatted with him until he had told them his whole short history.

One day they offered him twice what he was earning to become the old man's servant for the time being; to black his boots, take things to the Hague, or do anything required. Dirk was delighted. He could not do enough to serve his new master, whom he would have thought a very simple old creature but for the many books in his room. There were times when Dirk could be idle, though, and then the Latin grammar came out. Of course they (these new friends) were not rich, or they would not be so friendly. Then, too, the old man wore a faded dressing gown and wiped the ink off his pen on the tail of it when he was busy writing. Yes, and the fat daughter once went to see Vrouw Schalcken in the little shop.

When Dirk learned that his new friends were going away he was very downhearted. The last day came and brought Dirk a great surprise. Not that anybody told him then (what, indeed, he was too ignorant to understand) that the fat old man was Professor H——, of Amsterdam, one of the most learned men in Europe. No; the surprise was this: the fat daughter had told Dirk's mother that the professor said Dirk must go to school; to the very best school at the Hague. She (the mother) had been told also that Dirk would then earn five times as much as if he kept her little shop. Vrouw Schalcken sorrowfully consented to the school. The next year she will



MR. GLADSTONE.

clergyman, and only yielded to strong parental pressure in abandoning a clerical for a political career. Had the young tractarian persevered in his intention of taking holy orders, there would probably, have been some day another "Life of an Archbishop of Canterbury," which would have exceeded in interest any of Dean Hook's celebrated volumes.—Sunday-school Visitor.

BETWEEN-TIMES IN HOLLAND.

BY ANNETTE LUCILE NOBLE.

"'Tis no use! None of us was ever a gentleman. Keep to thine own place, lad."

"Mother, I could not be a gentleman, but I can be a scholar. The gentlemen's sons in my school did not learn as fast as I could."

"Thy master has spoiled thee for work, Dirk, but I tell thee once for all—what thy father was and his father before him—that thou must be."

before he got any nonsense in his head—she would pick Dirk out a wife. None of those girls in the shops near the hotels—girls with airs and pretty faces—"but a girl like Susanna Vas out there"; and the mother would nod approvingly to a young neighbour, with a waist like a barrel and an arm like a blacksmith.

A wife was the very last thing thirteen-year-old Dirk thought of as he stopped at the threshold to put on the wooden shoes or kloffmen, always dropped there lest he soil the clean-scrubbed floor. He walked sullenly down to the shore. Now, a Dutch boy is usually jolly, but often very thorough. Dirk was this last, and so, being sulky, he was sulky from the crown of his hard head to the wooden soles of his shoes. Oh! he did so want to learn mathematics and Latin; yes, and Greek! And to be told he knew enough of books for the rest of his life because his grandfather knew no more! He felt vexed with that grandfather who died before Dirk was born. He looked off at the sun-lit waves and thought of America. He

ingly consented; for Dirk had taken a prize in gold. The third year she was so proud she wore her best cap every day.

Ten years later Vrouw Schalken did not keep a shop. She had built new rooms and had more and finer copper kettles than any of her neighbours. She put on no airs at least not many, unless the talk was about "my son." Dirk was actually a professor himself, earning what seemed a great amount to his simple old mother. He treated her too as if she were the greatest lady in the land, and only laughed when she boasted of him to the neighbours. She still approved of all those big, stout-armed girls as fine wives for fishermen and sailors. There was a lovely young lady in Amsterdam that she considered "none too good for Dirk." The young lady thought the same. Dirk was much humbler. He used to say, "If I had not believed in making the most of those 'between-times,' I should be selling fish to-day—honest, I hope, but surely dirty, and certainly ignorant."

OUR PERIODICALS:

PEP YEAR-POSTAGE FREE.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

| | |
|--|--------|
| Christian Guardian, weekly | \$1 00 |
| Methodist Magazine and Review, 96 pp., monthly illustrated | 2 00 |
| Christian Guardian and Methodist Magazine and Review | 2 75 |
| Magazine and Review, Guardian and Onward together | 3 25 |
| The Wreath, Halifax, weekly | 1 00 |
| Sunday-School Banner, 65 pp., 8vo., monthly | 0 60 |
| Onward, 8 pp., 4to., weekly, under 5 copies | 0 20 |
| 5 copies and over | 0 50 |
| Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4to., weekly, single copies | 0 30 |
| Less than 20 copies | 0 25 |
| Over 20 copies | 0 24 |
| Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than ten copies | 0 12 |
| 10 copies and upwards | 0 15 |
| Happy Days, fortnightly, less than ten copies | 0 12 |
| 10 copies and upwards | 0 15 |
| Dew Drops, weekly, per year | 0 07 |
| Per quarter | 0 02 |
| Berean Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month | 6 50 |
| Berean Leaf, quarterly | 0 00 |
| Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24c. a dozen; \$2 per 100; per quarter, 6c. a dozen; 50c. per 100 | |

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto.

C. W. COOPER, S. F. HUSTON, 2176 St. Catherine St., Montreal. Wesleyan Book House, Halifax, N. S.

Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, AUGUST 21, 1897.

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

AUGUST 29, 1897.

Happiness.—Psalm 84. 5-12.

SOURCE OF HAPPINESS.

Verses 5. "Strength in the Lord." Some boast of their physical proportions, others are proud of their relationship and social position, and suppose that the enjoyment of these brings happiness. There could not be a greater mistake. It is not in the nature of any of these to give happiness. Those who trust in God only are happy. Happy is the people whose God is the Lord.

THE VALLEY OF BACA.

Verses 6. Baca means weeping, and where there is weeping there is suffering. God's people have trials. In the world ye shall have tribulation. Our present abode is a wilderness, and you know a wilderness means a place where there are difficulties of various kinds. In ancient times travellers found Baca a dry place, and were glad when they found pools of water. Water refreshes the thirsty, which is emblematical of the supply of God's people during their pilgrimage.

THEIR PROGRESS.

Verses 7. "They go from strength," etc. As Christians continue travelling to heaven, they become stronger as they progress. They must grow from infancy to maturity. They go from company to company. When the Jews went up to Jerusalem, as they did three times a year, they went in companies. Those who resided the greatest distance away started the journey first, and joined others as they proceeded. So God's people increase in numbers. We are not to be religious for our own sake. We are to seek to convert others.

END OF THE JOURNEY.

Verses 7. Zion was the place where the temple stood, from which the worship of the sanctuary became known as Zion. The name was used to describe

the church on earth, and also the church in heaven. They all appeared before God in Zion. All had to bring gifts to him. All must perform their devotions to God. We must not depend upon those who minister at the altar. Our hearts must be in tune, as David's was. See the latter part of the Psalm. He prefers one day in Zion to a thousand elsewhere. He would be a door-keeper rather than a resident in the tents of wickedness. The two last verses are expressions of heartfelt praise.

STORY OF A FAMOUS HYMN.

When leaving Glasgow for Edinburgh with Mr. Moody, Mr. Sankey stopped at a news-stand and bought a penny religious paper. Glancing over it, his eyes fell upon a few little verses which he pasted in his music scrap-book. One day they had an unusually impressive meeting in Edinburgh, in which Dr. Bonar had spoken with great effect on "The Good Shepherd." At the close of the address Mr. Moody beckoned to his partner to sing something appropriate. At first Mr. Moody could think of nothing but the twenty-third Psalm, but that he had sung so often; the second thought was to sing the verses he had found in the newspaper, but how could that be done when he had no tune for them? Then the thought came, and that was to sing the verses, anyway. He put the verses before him, touched the keys of the organ, and sang, not knowing where he was going to come out. He finished the first verse amid profound silence. He took a long breath, and wondered if he could sing the second the same way. He tried it and succeeded. After that it was easy to sing it. When he finished the hymn the meeting was all "broken down." Mr. Sankey says it was the most intense moment of his life. From that moment "The Ninety and Nine" was a popular hymn.

A LIGHTHOUSE WITHOUT A LIGHT.

The most extraordinary of all lighthouses is to be found on Arnish Rock, Stornoway Bay; a rock which is separated from the island of Lewis by a channel over five hundred feet wide. It is in the Hebrides, Scotland. On this rock a conical beacon is erected, and on its summit a lantern is fixed, from which, night after night, shines a light which is seen by the fishermen far and wide. Yet there is no burning lamp in the lantern, and no attendant ever goes to it, for the simple reason that there is no lamp to attend to, no wick to trim, and no oil well to replenish.

The way in which this peculiar lighthouse is illuminated is this:

"On the island of Lewis, five hundred feet or so away, is a lighthouse, and from a window in the tower a stream of light is projected on a mirror in the lantern on the summit of Arnish Rock. These rays are reflected to an arrangement of prisms, and by their action are converged to a focus outside the lantern, from which they diverge in the necessary direction."

The consequence is that to all intents and purposes a lighthouse exists which has neither lamp nor lighthouse-keeper, and yet which gives as serviceable a light—taking into account the requirements of this locality—as if an elaborate and costly lighthouse, with lamps, service-room, bedroom, living room, store-room, water tanks, and all other accessories were erected on the summit of the rock.—Tid-Bits.

THE DOLL-MAKERS.

The first dolls were wooden dolls, and were called "Dutch" dolls. Perhaps because Kris Kringle belongs to Germany more particularly than to any other land. Germany is still the most successful land of doll-makers. The Germans now make more dolls than any other nation. They make cheaper dolls than the French and English dolls. The French make the most beautiful dolls, and dress them better than the English. The German doll is sent to us usually clothed in just one garment, but the English doll is always fully dressed. Uptown in one of our large cities is a store, a tiny, pretty store, and there is nothing to sell in it but dolls' clothes. Jackets, hats, shoes, dresses of all kinds and colours, are for sale. The little window is like a fairy store, so tiny and dainty are some of the things for sale. How delightful for the little mothers, or those who buy presents to send to the little mothers! They can take dear Belinda to this fascinating store, and buy her a spring coat or a spring suit. Then, if one of the German dolls should suddenly arrive, she could be clothed at once. And what a lovely spot for any who can catch ideas quickly! A visit

to this shop would help them greatly in the perplexities of a doll's wardrobe.

The making of dolls keeps many people busy, and the shipping and selling a great many more. It hardly seems possible, when you hear of the number of dolls sold, that any little girl in this country should be without a doll. I heard of one little girl whose doll was a clothes pin, and the other day I went to call on a little girl, and her doll was a towel rolled up, and for clothes it had a handkerchief for a dress and a piece of red flannel for a sash. This tiny girl loved the doll, and hugged it closely to her. She held it out to show it with pride. Neither of these little girls could have any other kind of a doll. Their mothers have no money. I think they are quite as happy as a good many little girls I have known who had French dolls.

It is well there are little girls who can buy dolls, for the making of dolls and their clothes gives people money which buys food and clothes.

Father and Son.

"I must look to the sheep of the field. See that the cattle are fed and warm. So, Jack, tell your mother to wrap you well. You may go with me over the farm. Though the snow is deep and the weather cold, You are not a baby—six years old!"

Two feet of snow on the hillside lay, But the sky was as blue as June, And father and son came laughing home. When dinner was ready at noon, Knocking the snow from their weary feet, Rosy and hungry, and ready to eat.

"The snow was so deep," the farmer said, "That I feared I could scarcely get through." The mother turned with a pleasant smile— "Then what could a little boy do?" "I trod in my father's steps," said Jack; "Wherever he went I kept his track."

The mother looked in the father's face, And a solemn thought was there; The words had gone like a lightning flash To the seat of a noble care; "If he treads in my steps, then day by day How carefully I must choose my way!"

"For the child will do as the father does, And the track that I leave behind, It will be firm, and clear, and straight, The feet of my son will find; He will tread in his father's steps, and say, 'I'm right, for this is my father's way.'"

O fathers, treading life's hard road, Be sure of the steps you take; Then the sons you love, when gray-haired men, Will tread in them still for your sake; When gray-haired men, their sons will say, "We tread in our father's steps to-day."

JACK.

Jack was cross; nothing pleased him. His mother gave him the choicest morsels for his breakfast, and the nicest toys; but he did nothing but fret and complain. At last his mother said: "Jack, I want you now to go right up to your room and put on all your clothes wrong side out."

Jack stared. He thought his mother must be out of her wits.

"I mean it, Jack," she repeated. Jack had to mind. He had to turn his stockings wrong side out, and put on his coat and trousers and his collar wrong side out. When his mother came up to him, there he stood—a forlorn and funny-looking boy, all linings and seams and ravelings—before the glass, wondering what his mother meant; but he was not quite clear in his conscience. Then his mother, turning him round, said: "This is what you have been doing all day—making the worst of everything. You have been turning everything wrong side out. Do you really like your things this way so much, Jack?"

"No, mamma," answered Jack, very shamefacedly. "Can't I turn them right?"

"Yes; you may if you will try to speak what is pleasant and do what is pleasant. You must do with your temper and manners as you prefer to do with clothes—wear them right side out. Do not be so foolish any more, little man, as to persist in turning things wrong side out."—Kind Words.

THE RISE OF A BOY.

BY DR. LYMAN ABBOTT.

This boy goes to business, and at his business begins by simply doing the things that he is told to do, and doing them in a common and ordinary way. If he stops here, he remains all his life long a drudge. But if he begins to see that business has a significance; that life is not merely sweeping the store, not merely writing letters, not merely selling goods; if he begins to see the higher life involved in business; if he begins to see that business is a greater instrument of beneficence that what we call beneficence, that trade is clothing thousands of men where charity clothes ten, that agricultural and milling industries are feeding thousands of men where charity feeds ten; if he begins to see how the whole history of the world is linked together, and is God's way of building up humanity and serving humanity—as he gets this large view and enters into it, life is enriched and becomes itself the minister whereby love is enlarged and conscience is strengthened, the school wherein he is educated out of the lower into the higher. He has now risen, or is rising, from that which is mortal into that which is immortal and eternal.

TORCH-BEARING FISHES.

It is wonderful to see how God in his providence adapts the creatures he has made to the circumstances and state in which they are placed.

The fishes that live in the waters of deep and dark caves are found to be without eyes, as they have no need of light.

And in the deep-sea soundings of the ocean, a mile or more below the surface, where the fishes are cut off altogether from the light of day, many of them are furnished with their own light. As they have no clear sunlight, and no organized gas companies, each carries his lantern or torch with him. They have organs that give out a phosphorescent gleam, and shed light on their path.

Sons of them carry little torches in the form of tentacles that rise from the tops of their heads, and others have regular, symmetrical rows of luminous spots along their sides, so that they go flashing through the water as if in a torch-light procession.

Sometimes when brought to the surface, these spots glimmer for a while with the light, but it soon fades away.

How marvellous are the works of God! In wisdom he hath made them all.

LOVE, GIFTS, NOT DUTY GIFTS.

Freddy had a box in his closet where he put his clothes that he had outgrown and the toys that he did not care for any longer. "It shall be your charity box," said mother. "When it is full I will pack up the things and send them to some poor children that will be very glad to get them." One day at Sunday-school the lesson was about charity. The teacher said that the word meant love, and that we can show our love for God by being kind to the poor. The next day Freddy said to his mother: "I'm not going to call my box a charity box any more; it's a love box. It's because I love Jesus that I want to save my things for the poor children."—Little Pilgrim.

THERE IS OUR FATHER.

Two children were at the sea-shore, on the lookout for their father's return from fishing. There had been no storm, so they were not afraid, but their father had been away two days and two nights, and the little folks wanted to see him back. They had watched for him hour after hour. Other fishing-boats had passed, but his was not in sight; but at last the elder girl saw, far off, the well-known sail, and the boat she loved to see.

Pointing it out to her little sister, she said: "There is father!"

But the little dot said: "I don't see father."

"No, nor do I," answered the elder; "but he is there—that is his boat—he is master of it—he will soon be here!"

Both children were joyous. Though they could not see their father, they knew he was there, and that every moment brought the time nearer when they would see him and talk to him.

There is another Father of all little children whom we cannot see yet, but we know he is near, and before very long we shall be at home with him and see him, if we are good and have faith in him. Wherever we are, in sunshine or in gloom, we may always say: "There is our Father."

Finding Fault.

The winds refused to blow;
 "No use," said they, "to try,
 From north or south or east or west,
 These folks to satisfy.
 The North Wind 'is too cold!'
 The West Wind, 'bold and rough,'
 The East is 'chilly,' they complain;
 The South, 'not cool enough!'"

And so the windmills stopped.
 And ships lay idly by,
 The sun beat down from morn till night,
 Because no clouds could fly.
 The people sighed for wind;
 "Blow hot or cold," said they,
 "From north or south or east or west,
 'Twill be the wisest way!"
 —Youth's Companion.

NEMO

OR

The Wonderful Door.

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

CHAPTER VI.

THROUGH THE GATES.

It was a bright, beautiful morning, and the village looked even prettier than it had done the night before.

"Wouldn't it be nice, Abel," said little Nemo, "if you and me and Father Amos could come and live in one of these little cottages, and never go away no more?"

Abel was in good spirits that morning, for they sold many baskets, and the cart was growing far lighter and less crowded than it had been when they left home. After going through the village from house to house, they came to the pretty lodge, covered with climbing roses, and standing just inside the park gates, which they had seen the night before. A carriage was just passing through the gates as they came up, and a woman in a white apron was holding the keys in her hand, and was curtseying to the people in the carriage as they drove through. When she turned round to go back to the lodge, she caught sight of the basket-cart on the road outside the gates.

"Oh, it's you!" she said; "I've been watching for you passing all the morning. I was to tell you to go up to the Hall, as my lady wants a basket-table; but come inside, and let me have a look if there's anything I want. I haven't seen a basket-cart not for years, I haven't,—not since I lived at Custing-ham."

So the golden gates were thrown wide open, and Abel and Nemo drove through upon the broad carriage drive. Two little boys about a year and a half old ran out of the lodge and held on to their mother's dress, as she looked at the baskets and chose what she wanted.

"Now you must keep straight up this avenue, till you see the Hall," she said; "it's almost a mile off, but you can't miss your way. Little Miss Elsie will be looking out for you, I should think; she came to tell me I was to be sure not to let you go by; you'll maybe meet her on the road. You see I was nurse up at the Hall, and I had her when she was a baby, so she never misses a day but she comes to see me and the twins. Good-day. I shall see you as you pass through again."

"Isn't it beautiful, Abel?" said Nemo, as they drove up the long avenue of beech trees, and saw through the trees fresh beauties everywhere, bits of blue hills in the distance, streams dashing over grey stones and moss, winding paths with rustic seats, squirrels climbing from tree to tree, rocks covered with moss and fern, rabbits darting from side to side of the road, and overhead, through the pale green leaves, the bright blue of the summer sky.

"Isn't it beautiful, Abel?" said the child, with a sigh of content. "Don't you think, if we go on, we shall come to the city of God? Father Amos told me one day that the gates were made of gold."

"No, Nemo," said Abel, "there's no city up here that I can see; but look, we're coming in sight of the Hall."

They had left the trees behind, and had come out into a broad open park. To their right was a lovely lake, shining in the sunlight like a large looking-glass, and round the lake pink and white and lilac rhododendrons were growing, their pretty flowers dipping into the water, and reflected by the smooth, placid lake, till it seemed as if they were growing under the water as well as on the bank. Close to this lake stood the house; Nemo had never seen such a splendid place before.

"I think it must be heaven, Abel," he said.

"Look," Abel said, "here she comes!" It was the little girl in pink, who had given Nemo the picture. She was running quickly towards them, with her white sun-bonnet in her hand, and her long fair hair falling over her shoulders. "Oh, I'm so glad you've come!" she said. "Alice told me she would send you. May I get in your cart and ride back?"

Abel lifted her up, and put her on a small basket-chair near Nemo.

"What's that?" she said fearfully, as she looked at the bottom of the cart.

"Oh, it's only a dog, little miss," said Abel. "He's very quiet; he has got shot, and he's very near dying, so we've covered him up with an old coat."

"I have a dog," said the child, "and his name is Prince; what is your dog's name?"

"I don't know, miss," said Abel. "He isn't ours, you see; we've just took him in till his master comes for him."

All this time Nemo had been looking at the little girl without speaking; but now he asked the question which had been on his mind the whole of the day. "Did you ever see you talking door?" he said.

"What does he mean?" said Elsie, turning to Abel with a very puzzled face.

"He means his picture, little miss; his mind's been running on it ever since you gave it to him."

"Oh, I see!" she said. "I am the door; you mean that?"

"Yes," said Nemo; "but how can a door talk?"

"Oh, it isn't a real door," she said; "it's Jesus, you know."

"But it says, 'I am the door,'" said Nemo.

"Yes, but it means that Jesus lets us in. Oh, I know what it means quite well, but I can't tell it rightly; Arnold will tell you, I'll ask him. Oh, here he is!" she cried, as she caught sight of the young man who had spoken the night before, and who was coming towards them on a path by the side of the lake.

"Arnold," she called, "come inside this funny little cart, and look at this poor dog; he's been shot; isn't it a pity? And the little boy in the red cap wants to know about the picture, and I can't tell him, and I said you would tell him better than me."

"I'm glad you've come," said the young man to Abel. "My mother wants a few basket tables and chairs. Oh, I see you have some—that's right. If you will come up to the house, I will send them in for her to see. Why, there's the little boy I saw last night. What's his name?"

"Nemo, sir," said the child, touching his little red cap.

"Nemo? what a very curious name!" said the young man.

"Yes, it's rather a queer name," said Abel, "but then it's uncommon, that's one good thing about it. There's such a lot of Dicks and Toms and Harrys and Bills, but I never heard tell of another Nemo."

"Do you know what Nemo means?" asked the young man.

"No, sir, I didn't know it meant anything," he answered.

"Oh, yes, it does; it is the Latin word for nobody. So you are little Nobody," he said, smiling, as he patted Nemo's rosy cheek.

"Little Nobody? Why, that's very strange!" said Abel,—very strange, indeed! Little Nobody? Why, I never knew it meant that before!"

"Now you must tell him about the door, Arnold," said the little girl; "he can't understand how a door can talk."

"Nemo," said the young man, "come out of the cart and walk with me to the house, and I will tell you all about it."

So, with Nemo holding one hand, and Elsie the other, Arnold walked up to the great porch, beneath which was the high door leading into the beautiful house.

"This is my home, Nemo," he said, "and I am going to take you into it; how must we go in?"

"By the door," said little Nemo.

"Yes, by the door. Can we get in any other way?"

"No, the windows are too high up."

"Then the door is the only way in, is it?"

"Yes," said Nemo, "the only way."

"Now," said Arnold, "I am going to show you something in my pocket."

He took out a bundle of letters and papers, and from amongst them he brought out a photograph, and held it up before the child.

"Who is that?" he asked.

"Oh, I know," said Nemo; "it's the little pink lady,—it's her," he added, pointing to Elsie.

"Yes, it's me," said little Elsie.

"But you are not made of paper and cardboard, are you, Elsie?" said her

brother, laughing. "This photograph is nothing but paper and cardboard; how can it be you, then?"

"But it is me," said Elsie,— "at least, it's like me, isn't it?"

"Yes, that is it—it is a picture of you, so like you that we say, 'That's Elsie.' Now, Nemo, you remember your picture. There stands a door, and that door is a picture, not of Elsie, but of the Lord Jesus Christ; it is so like him that he himself says, 'I am the door.' How is it like him? It is like him because of what it does, and because of what it is. What does the door do? It lets us in. What is the door? It not only is the way in, but it is the only way. Just so the Lord Jesus lets us into the way to heaven, and he is the only way in. No other door, no other way. We must come to him, or we shall never get inside."

"I am the door: by Me if any man enter in, he shall be saved."

"Do you see, Nemo?"

"Yes, I see now," said the child.

"Then will you come to him, my little lad?" said Arnold. "Knock, and it shall be opened unto you; he will not turn you away."

By this time the door had been opened by a footman, and Arnold led the children inside, whilst the man followed with some of Abel's basket chairs and tables. What an afternoon of happiness that was for Abel and Nemo! The lady bought nearly everything they had in the cart,—not only the chairs and tables, but clothes-baskets, and stools, and a work-basket, and a number of smaller things beside. Then Abel and Nemo had dinner in the servants' hall, and the poor old donkey had some hay in the stable; and afterward Arnold and Elsie showed them the beautiful gardens behind the house; and Nemo was more sure than ever that they must have come to heaven—he did not think any other place could be half so beautiful.

As they drove down the avenue late in the afternoon, the bright sunshine had passed away, the hills were covered with mist, and a cold, damp wind met them as they went towards the lodge, which made Nemo shiver as he sat by Abel's side.

"Go farther into the cart, child," said Abel; "you're as cold as ice."

"But I like to see out," said the child.

"Look out of the little window at the back, then," said Abel. "See, I'll put your chair there. We've got plenty of room now. I never had such a clear-out of baskets in my life."

So Nemo went to the other end of the cart, and peeped out of the tiny square window, which was not so big as his face, and for some time they drove on in silence. Abel was reckoning up the money in his bag, and was thinking that after all it was a good thing that he had come to the new country; and Nemo was repeating softly to himself the text he had learnt, and which he now understood so well—

"I am the door: by Me if any man enter in, he shall be saved."

Suddenly, however, the child sprang to his feet. "Stop, Abel, stop, stop!" he cried. "He's there! I saw him!"

"Who, child, who?" said the little man.

"That man who came in the night, Abel! I know it's him. Stop the cart, and let's give him his dog."

Abel hastily pulled up, jumped from the cart, and looked down the avenue.

"There isn't anybody in sight!" he said.

"Oh, I know he's there—I saw him," said the child. "Lift me down, and I'll show you where he is."

He took Abel's hand and dragged him hastily to some rhododendron bushes, which were growing under the trees by the side of the road; but, though they looked carefully behind them, no man was to be seen.

"He must have run away," said Nemo.

"Nonsense!" said Abel; "what should he run away for?"

"Well, I'm sure he was there—quite, quite sure; he put his head out from behind this pink bush, and he looked out after the cart."

"Nonsense, child! you've been dreaming!"

"No, I haven't," said little Nemo. "Why won't you believe me? Call him, Abel."

The little man shouted several times, but there came no answer; he went amongst the trees for some distance, but he saw no sign of the man, and at length he told Nemo again that he was sure he had made a mistake, and they drove on as before.

But the child was so firmly convinced that he had seen the owner of the dog, that, as they passed through the lodge-gate, Abel asked the woman if a man in a ragged cloak and an old felt hat had passed through a short time before.

"No," she said, laughing; "I shouldn't open the gates to such as him."

"Now, Nemo," said Abel, "you see it must have been a shadow you saw, dear, don't think of him again."

Abel was, however, very thoughtful himself as they drove on. It was very strange, he thought, the child seemed so sure that he had seen the man, and yet if it were he, why was he hiding from them, and yet following them like this? Then there was another thing which Abel was turning over in his mind, and that was the name of Nemo. He saw now why that name had been given to the child.

Nemo, Nobody.
 From Nemo, From Nobody.
 For Nemo, For Nobody.

The poor child was to be Nobody, without a name; he was a present to him from Nobody,—for it was never to be known who had left him; he was left to the care of Nobody, or anybody, as the case might be; the one who had left him not caring in the least what might become of him. Poor little Nemo! Abel felt that he would love him more than ever, now that he knew what his name meant.

As the night came on it grew colder and colder, the wind was so strong that the poor donkey could hardly get along, and the rain came driving into the cart, until everything inside became damp and chilly.

"We can't sleep in here to-night, that's clear."

"Where shall we go?" asked Nemo.

"I don't know," said Abel. "There ought to be a village somewhere hereabouts, but I can't see any lights."

Presently, however, they passed a dark shadow on the road, which Nemo made out to be a man with a bundle on his back.

"Hulloa there!" cried Abel.

"Hulloa!" said the man in a cheery voice. "It's a rough night, master."

"It is a rough night," said Abel. "Is there any place near where we can get a bit of shelter?"

"Well, you've a mile to go yet, master," said the cheery voice, "and then you'll get to Jemmy's, and Jemmy will take the best care of you a man can."

"Is Jemmy's an inn?" asked Abel.

"Well, yes, it's a sort of a kind of an inn," he said; "but it's very comfortable, very comfortable indeed, as cosy a place as any man could wish."

"Are you going that way?" said Abel. "Will you have a lift?"

"Nay," said the man, laughing; "I can walk a bit quicker than your steed. I'll go on and tell Jemmy you're coming."

As they went on their way towards the inn, something happened which gave Nemo great pleasure. The poor dog, which had been lying at the bottom of the cart ever since his master left him, and which had been either sleeping uneasily or moaning with pain, got up on its feet and walked to Nemo, who was sitting at the back of the cart, and laid its head on his knee.

"Good dog, good dog," said the child, as he patted him. "He knows me now, doesn't he, Abel? What shall we call him?"

"We must try and find out what his proper name is; he will never answer well to a new one at his age. Try a few names, Nemo."

So the little boy called out, "Rover, Carlo, Dash, Fido, Prince, Major, Lion, Trusty," and all the other dogs' names which he could remember; but the poor animal took no notice of them; it was quite clear that none of these was the name by which he had been called.

But when, a few minutes afterwards, Abel called out suddenly, "Nemo, Nemo, there's Jemmy!" the dog started, turned round, and limped at once to the front of the cart, where Abel was sitting.

"I believe Jemmy is his name," said the child; "did you see how he turned round when you spoke? Jemmy, Jemmy, Jemmy!"

But though Nemo repeated the name again and again, the dog never moved. "No, it can't be Jemmy," he said; "yet didn't he turn round quick when you called? Wasn't it funny?"

"I hope his name isn't Nemo," said Abel in an awe-struck voice.

"Oh, I wonder if it is!" said the child. "Nemo, Nemo, Nemo!"

At once the dog obeyed the call, and, leaving Abel, turned round and limped to where the child was sitting.

"It is Nemo," said the boy; "I'm sure it is!"

"I don't like it at all," said Abel in a solemn voice. "I don't like it at all."

(To be continued.)

Artificial clouds produced by the combustion of liquid tar and solidified petroleum, have been used with success to prevent frost on the Swedish-Norwegian frontier.

In Summer-Time

BY WALTER STORAS MORROW.

A melon lay on the garden ground,
Tied by an ugly, twisted stem,
Viewing the tree born fruits around,
And wished to be like them.

He thought of his dull-gray, seamy hide,
Compared with the envied apple-glow;
And the yellowing stain on his under
side—
Would that it were not so!

A shower that bathed the fruits up there
Bespattered his homely breast with
sand.
They were soothed by a breeze in the
upper air—
ot he, on the parching land.

But how could a melon surely know
That harvest-time is the judgment
day?
When he, if he did his best to grow,
Should be sweeter far than they.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE ACTS AND EPISTLES.

LESSON IX.—AUGUST 29.

PAUL OPPOSED AT EPHESUS.

Acts 19. 21-34. Memory verses, 24-26.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Take heed, and beware of covetousness.—Luke 12. 15.

OUTLINE.

1. Paul, v. 21, 22.
2. Demetrius, v. 23-28.
3. The Multitude, v. 29-34.

Time.—A.D. 57.

Place.—Ephesus in Asia Minor.

HOME READINGS.

- M. Seed-sowing.—Acts 19. 1-10.
- Tu. Reaping.—Acts 19. 11-20.
- W. Paul opposed at Ephesus.—Acts 19. 21-30.
- Th. Paul opposed at Ephesus.—Acts 19. 31-41.
- F. Folly of idolatry.—Isa. 44. 9-19.
- S. Confusion of idolaters.—Isa. 45. 16-25.
- Su. Paul's letter to Ephesians.—Eph. 1. 1-13.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

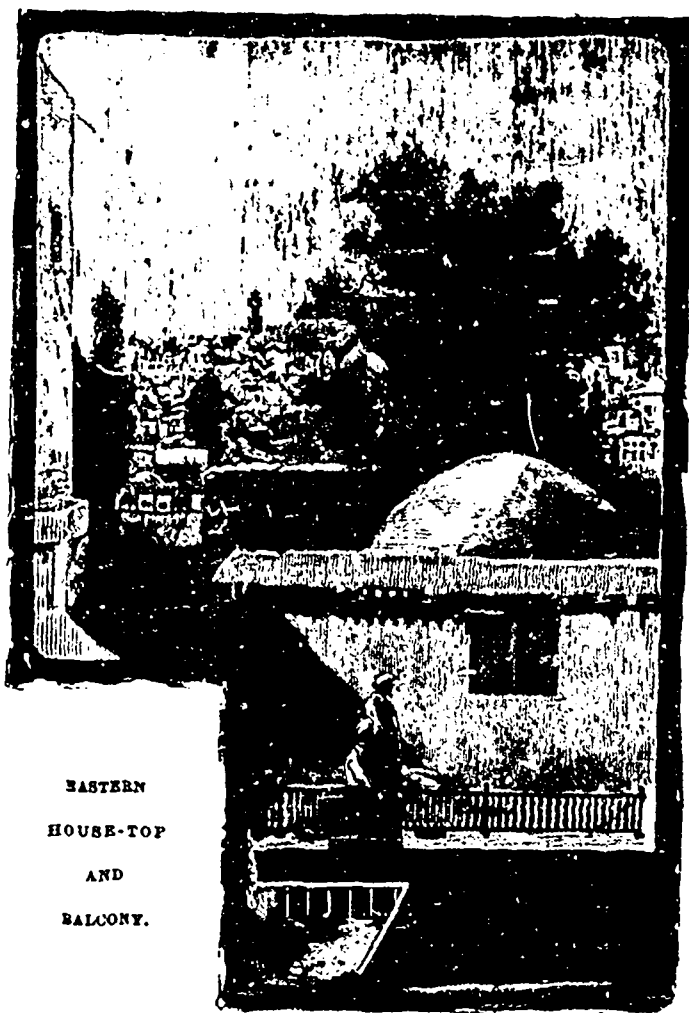
1. Paul, v. 21, 22.
What journey did Paul propose to make?
Where did he send two of the disciples?
2. Demetrius, v. 23-28.
Of what trade was Demetrius?
What was a great source of gain to the mechanics and merchants of Ephesus?
What action did Demetrius take against Paul?
Of what did he remind his fellow-workmen?
Of whom did he warn them?
Why was he so disturbed?
Was it love for the idol or self-interest which moved him?
What is our Golden Text?
What effect had his speech?
3. The Multitude, v. 29-34.
Who were taken to the public gathering place?
Why was not Paul with them?
Who attempted his own defence?
Why was he not heard?
What was the cry of the people?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

- Where in this lesson do we find—
1. That self-interest is an enemy to spiritual life?
 2. That idolatry blinds men to the truth?

GECKO AND SCORPION.

The animals represented in our illustration are by no means as attractive looking as many others with which the great Creator has seen good to people the fields and woods of our various climates. Though placed together—probably because they are found in the same hot regions, they do not belong to the same class of animal life. Perhaps the one which of the two would prove the least unwelcome visitor in the house, is the brightly spotted creature we see on the wall, and which at once proclaims itself a member of the lizard tribe. This particular variety is called a Gecko (one of the nocturnal lizards), and since its mode of life leads it to approach human habitations, it is comforting to know that it is perfectly harmless and molests nothing but the insects on which it lives. The lizard's apparent enemy in the picture is by no means a desirable com-



**EASTERN
HOUSE-TOP
AND
BALCONY.**

panion under any circumstances. It is a scorpion, and the sting of a scorpion is proverbially bad; the poison which it ejects from the last joint of the tail being very virulent indeed. It belongs to the family of spiders, and is furnished with as many as six or eight eyes and an exceedingly delicate sense of touch. Scorpions are also provided with very formidable mandibles, with which they hold their prey while, with their tail, they sting it to death and then proceed to suck its blood. Nevertheless, as students of natural history well know, both the lizard and the scorpion play an important part in the marvellously intricate economy of nature, which we see everywhere around us, and form part of that grand whole which, when God had made it, he beheld, and lo, "it was very good."

In a private letter to the editor of a magazine the editor of the Billville Banner describes Chaucer as "the most talented dialect writer of his age."



GECKO AND SCORPION.

HOUSES IN THE EAST.

An interesting article on the subject of Oriental houses was lately contributed to The Sunday-School Journal, by Prof. James Strong. He says:

"The dwellings that people occupy affect very largely their mode of life, and are, in turn, greatly modified by it. In the East they are especially an index of domestic habits and social usages. Of course, houses there, as elsewhere, vary considerably in size and elegance, according to the wants, the wealth, and the tastes of the tenants; but, in the main, like all other Oriental customs and appliances, they are proverbially alike in general form and style; and those of to-day very nearly represent those of ancient times.

"The Israelites dropped their tents on emerging from the desert, and stepped at once into the furnished abodes of the Canaanites whom they dispossessed. The scarcity of wood in Palestine, and the abundance of limestone, have always indicated the usual materials of archi-

ecture there; and, accordingly, houses are almost invariably of rubble walls laid in plaster, with as little timber as possible.

"Isolated residences are very rare, the houses being generally massed, for convenience, economy, and safety, in villages and towns, and in many cases surrounded by a wall, with guarded gates. To enter one of these dwellings, the visitor is ushered through a dark and narrow alley in the middle of the ground-floor into an open court, with a corridor running on its four sides. The better class of houses are of two stories, often with a dome on the roof.

"The lower floor is for rough purposes, such as reception rooms, storage, kitchen, etc.; and the upper part for residence—the front for the men and the rear for the women.

"The house-top has a parapet around, according to the Mosaic injunction. In the villages the streets are so narrow, and the roof-beams project so far over the streets that one can readily run from end to end on the roofs. When our Lord said, 'Let him that is on the house-top not come down,' he meant let those who are on the house-top in time of attack upon the city, not try to come down into the city, but jump across from roof to roof to the end of the town, and then escape into the country.

"Town-meetings are held on the house-tops, proclamations are made on the house-tops; the olives, figs, and grapes are here spread out to dry. Before the wheat is ground it is washed and spread on the house-top, and the children watch it while drying, to keep away the sparrows. Here the washed clothes are hung out; and here the women of the household meet and lean over the parapets, either to see what is passing in the street or to talk with the neighbours. The Mohammedans pray on the house-tops, turning their faces toward Mecca.

"In the cities the roofs are made of cement, and in the mountain villages of earth, a foot thick. I once preached on a house-top to several hundred people, in a Lebanon village.

"Sometimes bonfires are built on the house-tops; and watchmen often watch the village vineyards, in fruit-time, sitting in booths on the highest house-tops in the village. An Oriental house-top is a great convenience; but, alas! these flat roofs too often leak, and sometimes—when covered with earth and soaked with rain—they fall in, and bury the whole family alive in the ruins."

Cuba furnishes practically all the timber for making cigar boxes.

The average walking pace of a healthy man or woman is said to be seventy-five steps a minute.

Cork, in the raw and manufactured state, is the third most important of Spanish exports.

The greatest length of England and Scotland, north and south, is about 608 miles.

The sapphire that adorns the summit of the English crown is the same that Edward the Confessor wore in his ring.

**THIRD QUARTER
NOW READY**

Berean Leaf Cluster

Large coloured wall pictures illustrating the International Sunday-school Lessons. Printed in eight colours. Per quarter, \$1.25; per year, postpaid \$5.00

Picture Lesson Roll

Similar to the Berean Leaf Cluster, but printed in four colours. Per quarter, \$1.00; per year, postpaid \$3.50

The children, once treated to these splendid pictures are never satisfied without them. They are an invaluable aid to the Infant or Primary Class Teacher. Try one or other and see if it does not charm the children.

Polson's Probation

A Manitoba Story

BY JAMES MORTON

Cloth, postpaid \$1.00

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

METHODIST BOOK AND PUBLISHING HOUSE, TORONTO.
C. W. COATES, Montreal, Que.

S. F. HENRY, Halifax, N.S.