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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVII.]

TORONTO, OCTOBER 9, 1897.

No. 41.

## Beyond the Gate.

Once past the gate, and there is no more sorrow,

No tears, no pain,  
No separation on some coming morrow,  
No night again!

The summer-land lies just beyond the portal;

No heart has shared  
The beauty of that lovely land immortal  
For us prepared.

There's One who holds the keys—at his commanding

Gates open wide;  
Completest love for evermore expanding,  
No woes betide.

O homesick one! art sad, or faint, or weary,

The morning late?  
Fields of immortal joy spread out before thee,

Beyond the gate!

## ON THE ST. JOHN RIVER.

The river St. John is navigable for steamers of large size for eighty-five miles from the sea to Fredericton. Above Fredericton smaller steamers ply to Woodstock, about seventy miles farther; and when the water is high, make occasional trips to Tobique, a farther distance of fifty miles, sometimes reaching Grand Falls a distance of two hundred and twenty miles from the sea, with a break at the Grand Falls. This noble river, with its branches, furnishes 1,300 miles of navigable waters. At Fredericton it is larger than the Hudson at Albany. It floats immense quantities of timber to the sea, some of which is cut within sound of the guns of Quebec.

There can be nothing finer than the short trip up the river from St. John on one of the day-boats that ply to Fredericton. You embark at Indian town, above the rapids, and sail out into the stream, moving past a high overhanging cliff, fir-crowned, with limekilns nestling snugly on little beaches at its base. There is a keen breeze, cool even when the thermometer is in the nineties in the city. The boat is lively with a mixed company of passengers, bound for any landing stage or station between Indian town and Grand Falls, or even Edmundston—for the river is a favourite route, as far as it is available—to all points in the neighbouring interior.

The St. John is a lordly river, almost as fine in scenic effect as either the Hudson or the Rhine. It winds among its sometimes high, sometimes undulating banks, through scenes of majestic beauty. The land is mostly densely wooded, the foliage of pine and larch and fir and maple waving gently in the breeze, and everywhere the predominant pine and fir strongly marking the Canadian contour of the forests. Peaceful banks they are, with here and there a quiet homestead reposing among their curves, and here and there a rustic-looking lighthouse out on a point, warning of shallows.

Fredericton, the capital, is pleasantly situated on the left bank of the St. John. Its wide, elm-shaded streets, its large and imposing Methodist church, its beautiful Christ Church cathedral, its low rambling Parliament buildings, its substantial free-stone University, commanding a beautiful outlook of the winding river—these are a pleasant memory to the present writer. In company with the late Lieutenant-Governor Wilmot—one of the most brilliant orators and statesmen New Brunswick ever produced—I visited the many places of interest in the city, and was hospitably entertained in his elegant home. Of scarce less interest was the drive to Marysville, on the right bank of the river, the seat of the great mills of Mr. Gibson, the "lumber king" of New Brunswick. The octagonal Methodist church, beautifully grained, carved, frescoed and gilt, with stained glass lantern and windows—an exquisite architectural gem—is the free gift of Mr. Gibson to the Methodist de-

nomination. The comfortable homes erected for his workmen, and the high moral tone of this village make this an ideal community.

It was a beautiful day in August, 1887, on which I made the trip over the New Brunswick Railway from St. John to the Grand Falls, a distance of one hundred and seventy miles. The first part of the journey, after leaving the river, leads through a dreary and monotonous region. The route via McAdam Junction traverses a succession of dead or dying forests, occasional clearings bristling with stumps, and stretches of fire-swept trees. On reaching Woodstock, however, the change was like one from Purgatory to Paradise. Bold wooded bluffs, fertile fields of yellowing grain, and apple laden orchards delighted the eye and mind. The ride from Woodstock onward was one of ideal loveliness.

thing that I had anticipated. There is below the falls a wild and lonely gorge, worn during the long, slow ages by the remorseless tooth of the cataract. It seemed as solitary as some never-before-visited ravine of the primeval world. Here I found great "pot-holes," which I estimated roughly at forty feet deep and twelve feet across, worn by the pounding and scouring of big boulders under the action of the torrent. Seldom have I seen such contorted, folded, twisted, tortured strata, rising in places in but-tressed cliffs from one hundred to two hundred and forty feet high. The lines of cleavage were very marked, and the resultant disintegration gave the rock the appearance of remarkable cyclopean architecture.

Just below there was a huge log-jam which must await the next freshet before it could be released. Every now



ST. MARY'S METHODIST CHURCH, MARYSVILLE, N.B.

The views across the winding river, dimpling and sparkling in long and shining reaches, with a noble background of sloping uplands, fertile fields, and comfortable-looking farmsteads, presented a picture long to live in the memory. Woodstock, Florenceville, and Tobique are pleasant towns upon the noble river, with many lesser villages and hamlets. On we wound on a shelf so high up on the river bank that we could in places follow its windings for miles, crossing lofty trestles and catching brief glimpses of narrow glens between the hills, of quaint little mills and sequestered nooks where, through the loopholes of retreat, one might undisturbed behold the busy world go by.

## GRAND FALLS OF THE ST. JOHN.

As one approaches the Grand Falls the country becomes wilder and more rugged and more sterile. Here, in what I thought would be a sort of ultima thule of civilization, I found a comfortable hotel with electric bells and all the modern improvements. The Grand Falls far surpassed in size and sublimity any-

and then another bruised and battered log would go sweeping down the arrowy rapids, writhing like a drowning man in his death-struggle. The pines and spruces and shivering aspens clung to the rocky wall and peered over the top of the cliff, whilst the thunder of waters seemed to make the solid rock to reel, and a rich saffron sunset filled the sky. In this gorge the darkness rapidly deepened, and a feeling of desolation, almost of terror, made me glad to get away.

The view of the Falls themselves, from the graceful suspension bridge thrown across their very front, was almost more impressive. Pale and spectral, like a sheeted ghost in the gathering darkness, they gleamed; and all night I could hear, when I woke, their faint voice calling from afar. I have before me a photograph of a great log-jam which took place here a few years ago. The yawning gorge was filled up to the very top of the Fall, fifty-eight feet high, and for a long distance, probably half a mile, below. The jam lasted a week, and then was swept out in ten minutes with a rise of the waters.

The railway goes on to Edmundston, forty miles farther, through a country peopled chiefly by Acadian French. They are mostly engaged in lumbering and in farming the fertile "intervales" by the river side. Every little village has its group of quaint old houses, and its large Roman Catholic church. The river is here the boundary line between New Brunswick and Maine, and the Canadian and American villages face each other on its opposite banks. Few persons have any conception of the vast extent of forest on the head-waters of this great river—an extent seven times larger than that of the famous Black Forest in Germany. It is about seventy miles from Edmundston to Riviere du Loup, through a wild and rugged country, the very paradise of the devotees of the rod and gun.

The ravenous sawmills in this pine wilderness are not unlike the huge dragons that used in popular legend to lay waste the country; and like dragons, they die when their prey, the lordly pine, are all devoured. Returning from the Grand Falls I had to get up at 3.15 on a dark and rainy morning to take the "Flying Bluenose" train which intercepts the "Flying Yankee" from Bangor, and reaches St. John about mid-afternoon.

## HOW ARTIFICIAL ICE IS MADE.

Few people, remarks a writer in The Outlook, understand how artificial ice is manufactured. In New York City there are some very important ice-producing plants, and now that the summer days are upon us, the following information regarding the largest of them, occupying nine city lots, will doubtless be appreciated.

In the freezing house there are three tanks on each floor, having each a capacity for producing two hundred tons every day. Connected with these freezing rooms are two cold-storage warehouses, in which about four hundred tons of ice are usually kept in reserve for quick use in case of an emergency. The first floor of the engine-house is occupied by three large De La Vergne engines. On the second floor there are the coolers and filters, on the third floor the water condensers, and on the fourth the ammonia condensers. The boiler house contains three boilers, each of nearly four hundred horse power. It may be surprising to know that the loading arrangements are so perfect that a wagon can be fully laden in two minutes. In the actual manufacture the cold water is first heated to a temperature of 340 degrees Fahrenheit, so that all bacteria may be destroyed. For this purpose, of course, the boilers are used, and from them the steam goes through the pipes to the steam-filters, and thence to the condensers, where it is condensed to water again. Then it is reboiled, cooled, and goes through the deodorizers. The purified water now flows through large pipes to the freezing rooms. It enters galvanized iron cans, each having a capacity of a little over five cubic feet of water. The cans are now lowered into the freezing tanks. These have been filled with strong brine, through which runs coils of pipe filled with ammonia. This ammonia expands as it flows and absorbs the heat from the brine. The temperature is thus reduced to 15 degrees Fahrenheit. The cans remain in the brine for two days and a half. Those of us who are familiar with artificial ice as it is carried about the streets, have often remarked the white core running through the centre of each cake. This core is the result of the fact that there is always some air in the water, and this is forced to the centre during the process of freezing. Artificial ice is denser and colder than natural ice. The first gives more permanence, and the second more immediate refrigeration. The present natural ice crop of the United States is about twenty-two million tons.

God will not help the boy who will not help himself.

## What the Wind Says.

BY ZITKILA COCKE.

When Willie goes upstairs to sleep,  
A wakful ear he's sure to keep  
Upon the wind, who always knows  
What Willie does and where he goes;  
If he's been good the whole day long,  
The wind sings ever the same song  
In sweetest, softest lullabies,  
As Willie gently shuts his eyes—  
"Good and true, good and true"  
Willie, you—Willie, y-o-u!"

But sometimes ah, the truth is sad—  
Poor Willie's wilful, cross, and bad!  
He breaks the mother's strictest rule,  
And even slips away from school;  
Then when he creeps into his bed  
And pulls the pillow o'er his head  
And listens—hark! the mad wind knows;  
Hear how it whistles, storms, and blows:  
"So untrue! so untrue!"  
Willie, you—I mean y-o-u!"

Oh, then his heart begins to quake,  
And one long hour he lies awake  
And wonders how the wise wind knew—  
The wisest wind that ever blew—  
Till something inside speaks out bold—  
"I am the monitor who told!"  
Oh, yes, 'twas I who told the wind,  
And both of us know you have sinned,  
Willie, you—Willie, y-o-u!"  
Wind and conscience both say, "You!"

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## Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, OCTOBER 9, 1897.

## JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

OCTOBER 17, 1897.

"Just as I am, without one plea"—  
Hymnal 113; Isa. 1. 10-20.

A FAMOUS HYMN.

It is expressive of the condition of the sinner when coming to the Saviour. The idea felt by awakened sinners generally is that they must make themselves better before they come, but the author of this hymn did not entertain any such notion. It is true that the sinner who is seeking pardon must repent, but that is not making himself better, he is only feeling a consciousness of his lost condition, which prompts him to accept the gracious invitation of Scripture.

ANALYZE THE HYMN.

"Without one plea." What else can you plead? Perhaps you say, "We have done no harm," or, "No worse than others," or, "Better than some who make a profession of religion." These and similar pleas we have often heard, but what are they worth? What merit is there in them? None whatever.

ONLY ONE PLEA.

Jesus died for me. Yes, "he loved me and gave himself for me." And when the sinner uses this plea, he may feel assured that he is not far from the kingdom. Jesus saith, "I am the way," etc. John 14. 6. This is the only way. Jesus is the only name. His blood makes the atonement, and yet, notwithstanding all these precious thoughts, how fearful many are about accepting Christ as their Saviour. Doubts arise, con-

licts are felt, and temptations present themselves, but all have to be pressed through, and the venture upon Christ has to be made.

ENCOURAGEMENT

Read verse 18 in the 1st chapter of Isaiah. How condescending God is! He here speaks after the manner of men. The sins are described in the darkest colours. As much as to say, if you are as bad as sin can make you, nay, if you are the worst sinner the world ever saw, you need not despair. His blood can make the foulest clean. He will not cast any out who come to him. Look at Saul of Tarsus. What a bloody persecutor he was! See the thief on the cross, paying the penalty of life for the crime he has committed. Think of Manasseh. None ever came and were rejected.

## COLD HOMES AND CHILDREN.

"My boys never seem to want to go out of evenings. I sometimes wish they were not such stay-at-homes," said the happy mother of half a dozen of them. "I'll tell you why they don't," said a bright-eyed lad of fourteen who was, at the moment, a guest in the house. "There is always plenty of room, plenty of light, plenty to eat, and a good fire." A boy is like a cat, happiest when near a good fire. In many places where the boys go there is only a single lamp in the room, and that, maybe, is partly taken up by the father, who is reading and must not be disturbed. The fire isn't very good, the rooms are cold, and sometimes the boys play games to get warm. Rooms should be 'toasty' warm, and there should be a light in every corner and the lamps fastened to the wall, which is a great thing for boys; no accidents, you know. I sometimes think boys cannot help being boisterous and romping a little, and it is such a comfort to know that they aren't going to set the house on fire or risk somebody's life. If a few families in every neighbourhood could only understand what it means to the boys to have a nice, warm, light place, where they must be gentlemen in order to be admitted, I am sure they would banish cold and darkness, and never would fill their houses with gloom and shadow.

There is nothing in this whole wide creation half so well worth saving as the boys and girls. And it is a sad truth that there are few valuable commodities that are so very badly cared for.

The time is coming, however, when they will be looked after and duly appreciated, and when good and intelligent men and women of all creeds, classes, and climes will understand that it is a great deal easier to train a twig than to bend a tree. They will learn that it is altogether more practical and practicable to give boys a chance to grow up in the right way than it is to furnish houses to reform them after they have grown wicked and depraved.

Every schoolhouse in the land ought to be always open, and be a general meeting-place for young people, where light, warmth, good cheer, and a hearty welcome would await them.

Imagine a community of young people brought up with a pleasant meeting-place where they could pass their spare time in chatter, music, games, and the society of bright and intelligent people. A lecture this evening, a reading to-morrow afternoon a stereopticon talk and views next week and all along through the year incidents and events interesting and instructive, something to look forward to, something to make the time pass agreeably and to brighten the daily life of young people, to whom a dull workaday world is monotonous and dispiriting.—New York Ledger.

## ORIGIN OF THE SHOE.

Necessity has been the moving cause in the invention of most of the things we wear and use. The shoe, says the Chicago News, is a very good example of this. The hot sands of the desert became so painful to the bare foot that the Egyptians had to devise some method of relief. They braided palm leaves and similar materials into squares or cut squares of wood or rough leather, fastening them to the soles of their feet as the Arabians fastened protectors to the feet of their camels. These were the first shoes.

A sacred song says: "How graceful are thy steps in sandals, O princess!" an allusion to the fact that the Hebrews enriched the hitherto plain footgear with strings of red, yellow and purple ribbons, which they crossed in charming style over the gleaming white skin of the arch of the foot.

The Syrians wore yellow shoes. The Greeks and Romans improved the sandal

and invented different forms and shapes to be worn by the different classes. Plebeians wore black shoes with one ribbon, senators and patricians wore red and white shoes fastened with four ribbons. Only slaves and philosophers walked barefoot. The first Christians also walked barefoot.

After a while luxury in the matter of foot-gear spread and there was a time when shoes were ornamented with precious jewels, gold and silver embroidery studded with pearls and, wonderful to relate, had golden soles. Each sex and class wore different shoes, and if a man changed his station in life, the fact was expressed by the phrase "he has changed his shoes."

In the eleventh century various materials were used to make shoes, fine kid leather being then invented and sold for good round soles.

In the twelfth century boots and sandals were worn, the clergy using the latter exclusively. The next hundred years saw many improvements as well as the introduction of the pointed-toe shoe, which was afterward so strongly attacked by the clergy. Fashion prevailed and the whole civilized world wore the shoes "whose points bend." This point was like a bird's beak—plain people wore the beak half a foot long; more important personages extended the beak to two feet, while princes of the blood added a half-foot to that. Finally the beak grew so long it was fastened to the knee by a narrow gold chain so that the wearer of these monstrosities could walk.

This long and uncomfortable toe was discarded in a hundred years and the broad shoe, sometimes a foot wide, came in. Then the stiff shoe became the style and heels were worn so high that we cannot understand how the fashionables of that time could walk at all. The most perfect and graceful shoes were worn in the seventeenth century. They were of velvet and brocades. Red heels were the rage in the time of Louis XIV., and during the revolution the shoe with the buckle disappeared. Napoleon I. introduced the patent-leather shoe ornamented with a gold buckle.

## HOME FAIRIES.

BY MARY F. BUTTS.

"Instead of telling fairy-stories, let us be fairies ourselves," said Aunt Della, when the children begged her for a fairy-tale.

"How can we be fairies, auntie?"  
"What are fairies?" asked the lady.  
"Why, little, wee folks that go about doing wonderful things. Sometimes they make the butter after the dairymaid has gone to bed. Sometimes they put a gold piece under the plate of the poor man who can't pay his rent, and, when he sits down at the breakfast-table, he finds it."

"Well," said Aunt Della, "here are Tom, Ned, Mary, and Sue. Let us organize a fairy band. Bridget has gone to the dentist's with a bad tooth. The baby is cross, there are blackberries to pick for tea, mamma has a headache, the sitting-room is in disorder, and papa will be at home by-and-bye, all tired out with the work and the heat. A fairy band is badly need, I think."

"I will be Mustard Seed," said Tom, mindful of his last Shakespeare reading. "I'll take baby to the croquet ground, and roll the balls for her; that always amuses her."

"I will be Apple Blossom," said Sue, naming herself from her favourite flower. "I will set the tea-table so very quietly that mamma will not hear me. When she finds it all ready, it will seem like fairies' work to her."

"I'll be Blackberry," said Ned. "Here goes for the berry-patch."

"I will be Aschenputtel, and do the dusting," said Mary, beginning, with great zeal, to put the sitting-room in order.

The next moment the click of the balls and the music of baby's ringing laugh came from the lawn. Mary, duster in hand, looked out of the window and smiled to see them so nappy.

"It is a great deal better to help," she said, polishing a table with all her might, "than to sit down and make auntie amuse us."

Sue sang softly to herself as she put the cups and plates in order:

"Little child, the long day through,  
Find some helpful thing to do,  
Then you'll know, in work or play,  
Why good fairies are so gay."

"Blackberry," in the berry-patch, whistled, as he picked, up the plump, shining fruit. The largest, ripest berries he put into a separate dish for mamma. "She will smile when she sees them,"

he thought. "Perhaps they will cure her headache. She always tells us that kindness is a cure-all."

After a short and rather restless sleep, mamma awoke, feeling a little discouraged.

"I believe I must go away somewhere for a change," she thought. "House-keeping is very wearing, especially when baby is cross; and poor Bridget is always having a toothache in these days."

But the baby's shouts of delight were the first thing she heard when she went downstairs. Then the clean, orderly sitting-room, with a bowl of sweet peas on the polished table, made her glow all over with pleasure. Next she caught sight of the tea-table, all ready for tea. That, too, was sweet with flowers. As she went into the kitchen, she met Ned. His face was bright with the real good fairy smile, as he offered her the delicious fruit.

Aschenputtel ran to get some cream for mamma's berries.

"Fairies can do without cream," she said. "They are supposed to sip honey from the flowers all day long."

"Why, what is the matter with everybody?" said papa, coming in. "Is there good news? Has the family inherited a fortune?"

"We have had a visit from the fairies," said mamma, as they all sat down at the table.

## "THE MOST HOLY BAMBINO."

BY EVALENA I. FRYER.

In the church of Ara Coeli, in Rome, there is a wretchedly carved wooden doll—the oldest doll in the world, so far as any one knows—called "The Most Holy Bambino." Bambino is Italian for baby or doll, and if all that is claimed for this doll be true it is almost two thousand years old.

This is the story told by the priests who are in charge of the little image: Away in Jerusalem, at the time of the apostles, some one who could carve figures cut wood from the branch of a tree that grew on the Mount of Olives, and from it made this doll. The carver, after he had finished his task, lamented that he had no colouring matter with which to ornament his effigy. While grieving over his lack he fell asleep, and during his slumber—so the story goes—St. Luke appeared and painted the figure.

Finally the man awoke, and turning to view his image found, to his amazement that it had really been painted by some miraculous means. At once the figure became in his eyes an object of reverence. Leaving Jerusalem, he set sail for Rome, but the vessel in which he embarked was overtaken by storms, and finally wrecked off the coast of Italy. All on board perished, but among the things washed ashore was the carved image of olive wood. It was carried to Rome, and ever since it has been most sacredly kept.

The priests dress it, ornament its neck and wrists with strings of precious jewels, and work hard to keep up the public faith in it. The ignorant people are persuaded to believe that the sight or touch of the image will cure sick children. So at certain seasons mothers with sick babies and toddling little ones may be seen climbing the steps leading to the church to be benefited by the healing power of the bambino.

Usually the doll lies in a manger wrapped in swaddling clothes, and every one who visits it pays a fee. It is a ridiculous, as well as a painful, sight to see grown men and women falling down on their faces before this carved wooden image.

## THE COMPANION OF THE DOG-STAR.

Sirius, the dog-star, which is the brightest to our eyes of all the fixed stars, has a very remarkable companion, never visible except with powerful telescopes. It was first seen in 1862, and in 1890 it disappeared, the reason of its disappearance being that it had moved so close to Sirius as to be lost to view in the overpowering light of that great star. During the time of its visibility the fact had been ascertained that it was revolving about Sirius at a rate which would carry it completely around in some fifty years. The shape of its orbit, which is an ellipse with Sirius situated in one of the foci, being calculated, astronomers felt certain that in a few years the vanished star would reappear as it moved into a part of its orbit more distant from Sirius. This expectation has now been fulfilled, for recently the missing star was seen again at the Flagstaff Observatory in Arizona. Although it is probably half as large as Sirius, it is but one ten-thousandth part as luminous as that star.



Father and Daughter.

With gradual gleam the day was dawn-  
ing.

Some lingering stars were seen,  
When swung the garden gate behind  
us—

He fifty, I fifteen.

The high-topped chaise and old gray  
pony

Stood waiting in the lane;  
Lidly my father awayed the whip-lash,  
Lightly he held the rein.

The stars went softly back to heaven,  
The night-fogs rolled away,  
The rims of gold and crowns of crimson  
Along the hill-tops lay.

That morn the fields, they surely never  
So fair an aspect wore;  
And never from the purple clover  
Such perfume rose before.

O'er the hills and low romantic valleys  
And the flowery by-roads through,  
I sang my simple songs familiar,  
That he might sing them, too.

Our souls lay open to all pleasure,  
No shadow came between,  
Two children busy with their leisure—  
He fifty, I fifteen.

As on my couch in languor, lonely,  
I weave beguiling rhyme,  
Comes back with strangely sweet re-  
membrance,  
That far-removed time.

The slow-paced years have brought sad  
changes,

That morn and this between;  
And now, on earth, my years are fifty,  
And his in heaven, fifteen.

—Atlantic Monthly.

NEMO

OR

The Wonderful Door.

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

CHAPTER XII.—Continued.

In the dead of night, with the greatest secrecy, the babies had been changed; a little white coffin was made for the body of the gardener's child, and it was taken to Enpland with those of poor Mr. Oakley and his young wife, and was buried with them at Everton in the family vault.

The gardener, who was a thoroughly dishonest man, had been dismissed from his situation for robbing his master, and he was quite willing to undertake the charge of the child, when he heard how large a sum would be paid to him as hush-money. He and his wife, therefore, with the great bribe in their pockets, left the place immediately, taking the poor little baby with them. Before they left, Mark asked what name was to be given to the child; and his master said, "Nemo; for that meant nobody, and he was to be nobody now." Whether he said this in jest, or whether he really meant the child to have the name, Mark did not know, but he repeated what his master had said to the gardener's wife, the night before she left the town. He did not ask her where she was going, nor did he care to know. But before she set off he gave her some clothes for the child, which the poor dead mother had prepared for it.

Not long after this, Mr. Oakley's father, the old Master of Everton, died, and Mr. Gilbert Prescott went to take possession of his ill-gotten estate. Mark had left his service some time before, for he was now a man of means, with a yearly income so large that he could afford to live like a gentleman.

But his prosperity did not last long. The fatal day came round, and the bribe was paid a second time; but only a month afterwards Mr. Gilbert Prescott was struck dead by lightning, and went to give in his guilty account to God. Mark was now left with the burden of a fearful secret resting on him, and with no possibility of any further gain from it. He travelled about Europe for a time; he went to the foreign gaming-tables, in order, if possible, to increase his hoard, but instead of increasing it he lost everything, and returned penniless and beggared to England. He was miserable and in despair.

He took another situation, robbed his master of some jewels, fled in the night, and had been in hiding ever since, an outcast and a homeless wanderer. His conscience had been very uneasy, yet to the end he had hankered after the money he had lost. He had haunted Everton, with the idea of revealing his secret to

the present owner, in the hope of obtaining from him a bribe to hold his tongue; but the more he hung about the place, the more he became convinced that those in possession were far too honourable to entertain the idea of dishonesty; he felt persuaded that if he told them the story, they would make it public at once.

Whilst he was wandering about in this miserable state, one night, on the lonely moors, he had seen their caravan standing by the heather. Looking in, and hoping to find shelter till morning, he had heard the name Nemo, and had seen the little boy, so like his father that he had felt convinced that he was indeed the same child. Yet what course to take he did not know—he could not resolve; all he could determine was that he would not lose sight of the child—he would discover how and where he could be found if he wanted him. He left the dog, which he had called Nemo after the child, and he left the ring, which he had taken from the poor dead father's finger, and which bore the initials of Nemo's grandmother, to whom it had belonged. He thought that by this means he would be able to discover Nemo, even if he should lose sight of him for a time. He also followed him to the town, and found out where he was living, and at length he determined to get possession of him—to get him entirely in his own hands; and then, after extracting from him a promise of reward, he intended to see him righted and put into possession of Everton.

But illness had come on, and death was near; and now Abel must do what he had meant to do. He must at once, without any delay, fetch the clergyman and a magistrate, that he might tell his tale to them, and might hand over to them letters from his master, Mr. Gilbert Prescott, and other papers in his possession, which would establish Nemo's claim before any judge in the land.

The clergyman and magistrate were accordingly summoned, and heard the whole story; and when they had read the papers, they assured the dying man that they would have no difficulty in obtaining for the child his lawful rights and possessions.

When they had gone, Mark turned over wearily on his pillow, and called for Nemo.

"Knock again, Nemo," he whispered.

"Knock again."

And little Nemo knelt by his side, and prayed—

"Oh, Lord, open to him! he does want to come inside; forgive him all his sin, for Jesus Christ's sake. Oh, do not turn him away! let him enter now."

And even as Nemo prayed the soul of the strange man passed away.

That afternoon Abel and Nemo were driven back in the high cart to the town, and put down at Amos' door. The dog, which had lain by his dead master's side till the cart was about to start, followed them at Nemo's call, and went up with them to Amos' attic.

It was a glad surprise for the old man when they came in together, Abel and Nemo hand in hand, and the dog bounding in front of them. Amos was rejoiced that Abel was better, and his joy at seeing the child again was more than words can say. But when, after telling Nemo's strange story, Abel went on to say, "There's another thing, Amos and Nemo, that I want you to know, and it is this. I've been a long time about it, but I've got up to the door at last, and I've knocked, and I believe he has let me in!" Then, when he heard this, the old man fairly broke down.

"I've prayed for it for years," he said, between his sobs of joy, "and it's come at last."

And Nemo put his arms round Abel's neck, and whispered—

"I am so glad, Abel! Now we shall always be together—you and me!"

It was not long before Nemo's claim was satisfactorily proved before the proper authorities. The clergyman and magistrate who had received the dying man's testimony undertook the whole business, and greatly relieved poor little Abel's mind by doing so.

When the Charlesworths, the family who were in possession of Everton, heard what had happened, they behaved nobly and honourably. They made no attempt to contest Nemo's claim; but they offered either to leave Everton at once, and give it up to the rightful heir, or, if Nemo's advisers approved, they would rent the estate until he was of age and able to look after it himself. In the meantime, if this second proposal was accepted, they offered the child a home at Everton, and they promised to educate him and train him as if he were a child of the family.

When these two offers were laid by the lawyer before Abel, Nemo at first strongly objected to the second one. He could never leave Abel, he said, never.

Abel had loved him when no one else loved him, he was his own dear father, and he would never, never forsake him. But Abel was decidedly on the other side, and he was firm as a rock in his opinion. Nemo must go to Everton; he must be trained, and educated, and brought up to the position which he would have to fill. He must forget his old surroundings, and begin an entirely new life. Still Nemo wept and sobbed, and declared he could never leave his foster-father.

But kind Mrs. Charlesworth, when she heard of the child's trouble, saw a way out of the difficulty. There was a little cottage in a plantation not far from the Hall, which was empty. She would fit it up and furnish it, and make it comfortable for the little man, and Mr. Charlesworth promised to employ him as caretaker and overlooker of numbers of young pheasants and partridges, which were reared year by year in that plantation, in order to keep the different woods on the estate supplied with game.

Then Nemo was satisfied. Abel would be near him, he could see him every day, and many times in the day; and his foster-father, instead of having to toil round the country with his baskets alone, would have pleasant and easy work to do, and would live in comfort and plenty. And when it was further arranged that Father Amos should be driven in an easy carriage to Everton, and should live with Abel, that the dwarf might have a companion with him in the long evenings, and might have a friend to whom he could always speak, Nemo's heart was full of love and gratitude to Mrs. Charlesworth, who had so tenderly considered his trouble. The dog was to live in the cottage with Abel, so that he would not now be parted from any of his old friends.

It was a very happy childhood which Nemo spent at Everton. He and the little pink girl became the best of friends. Hand in hand they went to the woods in spring to gather blue hyacinths and yellow primroses for Father Amos; together they wandered, in summer, down the shady avenue, or played by the margin of the lake; side by side they sat in the village church on Sunday, and peeped at Abel from the squire's pew; their lessons, their games, their very thoughts, they shared with each other.

No one was more kind to Nemo, or more anxious to help the boy to become all that the master of Everton ought to be, than was Arnold Charlesworth, the one who would have inherited the property if Nemo had not been found. Arnold was a true servant of Jesus Christ, and no thought of disappointment or jealousy was harboured for a moment in his generous heart.

So time went on, and Nemo, who had been called after his father's name of John, grew up a fine and healthy boy. It was a great trial to Abel, and to Amos, and to the whole family at the Hall, when it was settled that it was time he was sent to school; but the holidays were glad times to which they could look forward, and the boy did well and rose rapidly in the school, and showed that he had great power for learning, and brought home prize after prize, which he exhibited with great delight to his kind friends at Everton. Poor Abel would turn these prizes over and over, and would say again and again, "Well, I never! And this is my little Nemo, is it?"

From school he went to college, and did so well there that all who loved him had good reason to be proud of him. And thus the years have rolled on, and now the time is rapidly drawing near when Nemo will be of age, and when Everton will pass entirely into his own hands. Mr. and Mrs. Charlesworth are very firm on this subject, and will not hear of any alteration in the original plan; they are quite decided in their opinion that it will be right for them to leave Everton so soon as Nemo shall be able to fill the master's place himself.

But the village gossips say—at least, so I have been told—that one at least of the good family—as they call the Charlesworths—will, if she leaves Everton for a time, soon be back there again. There is a whisper in the village—and Abel Grey is said to have started it—that Miss Elsie will always have her home in the old mansion and that brighter and gladder days are coming for Everton than have ever been seen there before. So will Nemo be Nobody no longer, but be the centre of a home of love and joy.

And when this little life is over with its cares and its pleasures, its sorrows and its joys, its partings and its meetings, there lies beyond a home of glory for them, and for all those who have come to Christ the door. They will pass inside the gate, and the gate will close behind them.

There, safe from sorrow, safe from sin. With Christ eternally shut in, they will pass the long eternity of fulness of joy.

THE END.

BEDS.

A heap of dry leaves or twigs constituted man's first bed, and a quantity of loose wool, enclosed between two skins, his first mattress. Such, in fact, was the origin of that indispensable article of furniture called bed, in which man passes half his existence. Whether made of stone, as in the East, or of plaster or of oak, walnut, ebony, mahogany or rose-wood, as amongst the more civilized or refined western nations, or more or less elegantly worked iron, as is the modern taste, beds have always been of much the same form, supplying the means of the repose which can only be obtained in the horizontal position. The history of beds becomes interesting during the sixteenth century. They had previously been monumental and severe, but under Francis I. they became elegant, light and richer, and in place of oak or walnut, such woods as maple, palissandro, citron and ebony came into fashion, and were adorned with mother of pearl and such precious stones as the lapis-lazuli. Under Louis XIV., beds resumed their monumental aspect, becoming heavy again, though deprived of none of their ornamentation. The style changed under the Regency. Beds then had headboards padded like sofa backs, and covered with rich damask. Light-coloured chintz on velvet curtains or damasked silk used to hang round the couch from the plume-bedecked canopy. During the reign of Louis XVI., beds underwent a considerable transformation. The hangings remained the same, but the bed itself was ornamented with garlands and carving, and retained its cachet of original elegance. The wood-work, however, was of ordinary white wood, painted gray, picked out with blue—a simple but tasteful mixture of colour. The revolution of 1789 effected noteworthy changes in most things, and amongst others in furniture in general and beds in particular. No ornamentation, no carving, no inlaying with precious stones, no chintzes, tapestry or silk. Cotton replaced them. Democratic America inundated Europe with its cheap calicoes, which housewives found advantageous substitutes for linen and silks. The wood-work of beds was then of walnut, but mahogany, imported in large quantities from the New World, soon took the place of the latter. In still later times the style of the bed has partaken somewhat of every fashion, and all sorts of wood—walnut, oak, palissandro, mahogany, cherry, citron and rose—are employed, while iron is beginning to oust the softer substance from public favour.

CIGARETTE SMOKING.—A BOY'S UNTIMELY DEATH.

Tobacco-smoking, like opium-smoking, is an unnatural vice, as well as a filthy habit. It cannot even be said in its defence, as in the case of liquor-drinking, that it is a mere abuse of a natural appetite; for, at the best, it is an ingenious mechanical contrivance for introducing a poison into the system, and damaging the powers of the brain. It is wholly an acquired habit, and its increasing prevalence is mainly due to the monkeyish love of imitation on the part of little folks who have seen larger folks indulge in it.

Its most perilous form is found in cigarette-smoking by those who are still in physical immaturity. Now and then an illustration of its pernicious influence stands out in startling prominence; but it is the great sweep of its evil, rather than its particular instances of destructive power, that is cause for profoundest alarm and sorrow.

Just at present the newspapers are telling of a lad, of sixteen years, who died in St. Joseph's Hospital, Brooklyn, as a victim of this vice. He "was a chorister in one of the Brooklyn churches." He is said to have been, in the main, "an exemplary lad"—his only marked fault lying in his cigarette-smoking. When brought to the hospital, his very fingers were jaundiced with the tobacco smoke he had taken into his system. His sufferings were excruciating. Just before he died, he said, pitifully: "I wish that all boys who smoke cigarettes could see me now."

These warning words could be well repeated, by parents and teachers, to boys whom they know to be in danger of a similar ruin; and they will have added force when spoken by one who says: "And my example shall no longer be given in favour of this vice."—S. S. Times.

**LESSON NOTES.**

**FOURTH QUARTER**

STUDIES IN THE ACTS AND EPISTLES.

**LESSON III. OCTOBER 17.**

**PAUL BEFORE THE ROMAN GOVERNOR.**

Acts 24. 10-25 Memory verses, 14-16.

**GOLDEN TEXT**

Fear thou not; for I am with thee.—Isa. 41. 10.

**OUTLINE.**

- 1. A Good Confession, v. 10-16.
- 2. A Plain Statement, v. 17-21.
- 3. A Long Delay, v. 22-25.

Time.—A.D. 59.

Place.—The court room of Felix's palace in Caesarea.

**HOME READINGS.**

- M. The accusation. Acts 24. 1-9.
- Tu. Paul before the Roman Governor.—Acts 24. 10-21.
- W. Paul before the Roman Governor.—Acts 24. 22-27.
- Th. Appeal to Caesar.—Acts 25. 1-12.
- F. Object of the Journey.—Rom. 15. 25-33.
- S. An answer given.—Mark 13. 5-13.
- Su. Fear not.—Isa. 41. 8-16.

**QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.**

- 1. A Good Confession, v. 10-16.
  - What office did Felix hold?
  - Why did Paul cheerfully answer before him?
  - How long before had Paul gone to Jerusalem?
  - What did he deny having done?
  - What could not be proved?
  - What did Paul confess?
  - What hope did he cherish?
  - For what did he constantly strive?
  - What is our Golden Text?
- 2. A Plain Statement, v. 17-21.
  - For what purpose had he come to Jerusalem?
  - Who found Paul in the temple?
  - What did he say of those men?
  - What did he challenge those present to say?
  - What did Paul admit having said?
- 3. A Long Delay, v. 22-25.
  - Of what had Felix knowledge?
  - What did he decide to do?
  - What did he say?
  - What commands did he give about Paul?
  - Who was with Felix when Paul next appeared?
  - Upon what themes did Paul speak?
  - How was Felix affected?
  - What did he say?
  - When is the convenient season?
- 2 Cor. 6. 2.
  - What will be the fate of those who reject God's call? Prov. 1. 24-25.

**PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.**

- Where in this lesson are we taught—
- 1. Courtesy to all men?
- 2. Loyalty to conscience?
- 3. Boldness in Christian testimony?

**HOW THE BABIES TRAVELLED.**

Away up in Alaska, sixty miles from the sea-coast, where part of a journey was through a dangerous pass, two little babies have just made a journey. Their father and mother went there four years ago. It was a great event when this dainty little woman came into the silver mining-camp in Alaska where no woman had ever been before. A little home was made amid the snow and ice, and after a while two beautiful babies came to live in it.

These babies were welcomed by all the men, and loved by the roughest of them. The most beautiful presents that the men could procure were brought to them, and many men sent these babies presents of silver and of curiosities, who never saw them, who only just heard that there, in the Yukon mining-camp, were little twin babies. But two years ago their mamma left them when they were only three months old.

It was a sad day for all the mining-camp and for the whole district when this dear little lady died. The desolate condition of the little babies only made the men more-tender and loving, and two of the men gave up their mining work to take care of the babies. The father saw that he could only keep these children with him for a little time; that it was not right to have them growing up without any woman about them, or any home such as babies should have, and he decided last June that he would bring them to the United States. The children were put in fur sleeping-bags, which were strapped on their father's back. Every man told the father that he was

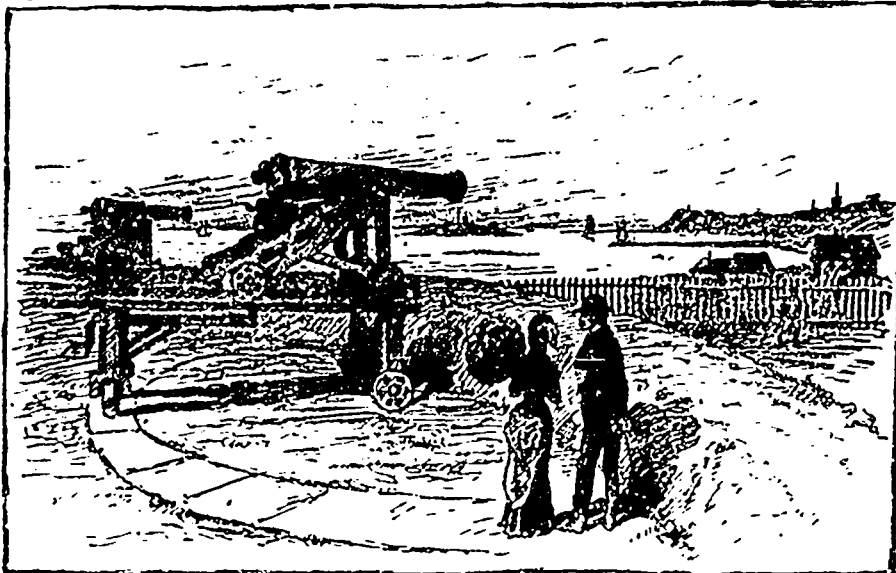
crazy to attempt to make this journey with the two babies, but he felt sure that he could accomplish it, and he did. He said that often, while going through the pass, when the cold was so bitter that it almost made him helpless, he would not hear any sound from the sleeping bags on his back, and he would unstrap them, only to find that the children were playing with the hair of the sleeping-bags or with each other, or had gone to sleep. He said it was very

with contemptuous ease the feeble dykes which the Japanese fishermen and rice planters had built to defend their low-lying homes.

**THE HEAVENLY BEAUTY.**

BY REV. R. H. HOWARD, D.D.

"Ma'am, can I go in there?" asked a little deformed girl of a genteelly dressed lady, one Sunday morning just



OLD FORT—BACK OF EXHIBITION BUILDING.

funny the constant amusement they found in playing with this hair. After three weeks of journeying through cold and over rough roads the father at last reached the seacoast, and the babies are now safe with their relatives in Minnesota.—Outlook.

**WHERE JAPAN'S EARTHQUAKES ARE BORN.**

The north-east coast of Hondo, the largest of the Japanese islands, extends nearer than other land to the tremendous submarine hole in the earth's crust known as the Tuscarora Deep. This is the deepest part of the ocean so far as men know; it is almost as deep as the topmost peak of the Himalayas is high. Throughout its hundreds of miles of width and breadth there are submarine volcanoes. The seismic philosophers think that through some volcanic upheaval in these depths earthquake vibrations were transmitted along the ocean bottom to the shore, and a sudden rise of the water's level sent the tidal wave on its errand of destruction. The earthquake shocks, which travel at a rate of speed varying from two to twenty miles a second, reached the shore first.

as she was about to enter the portal of a fashionable church.

"Ma'am, can I go in there?"—at the same time gently pulling the lady's dress, and turning up to her own a pitifully pleading face. For a moment the lady was a bit disconcerted. That face was so sallow, and her clothes were so shabby, and her poor little body was so crooked. But, instantly recovering herself, she said to the little girl, "Yes; you may; come, go with me." Then, taking the little one by the hand, she led her into the church, and into her own pew.

Deeply interested in all she saw and heard, our little friend was especially impressed with the music, and particularly by the singing, to a wondrously sweet tune, of the familiar hymn, beginning—

"And must this body die,  
This well-wrought frame decay?"

Presently the lady felt a vigorous pull at her dress, and with an eager whisper the little one exclaimed, "Oh, ma'am! did you hear that?" Just at that moment the choir was singing—

"Arrayed in glorious grace,  
Shall these vile bodies shine,

with tears, "I am going to be just as beautiful as that lady up there."

"In heaven, you mean?" said the lady.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Then you hope to go there?"

Fixing her large, eager eyes on the face of the inquirer, the child, with a voice thrilling with emotion, exclaimed: "And, ma'am, don't you suppose Jesus died for just such crooked ones as me?"

In just about one year from that time that little girl had gone where, in God's good time, "soul and body shall Christ's glorious image bear."

Thank God for a religion that is to redeem both soul and body—the poor crooked body hardly less than the sinful soul itself. The mortal part may here be dwarfed, miseducated, ugly, but, ultimately, fashioned like unto Christ's own glorious body, it shall rise to where—

"Arrayed in glorious grace,  
Shall these vile bodies shine,  
And every form, and every face,  
Be heavenly and divine."

**BITS OF FUN.**

Attorney (to witness)—"You were born in Anno Domini 1840, I believe, Mr. O'Brien?" O'Brien—"The year is right, yer anner, but ol was borren in Oireland, sorr."

"Did you thank Mrs. Nabor when she gave you a piece of cake, Bessie?" "No, mamma, it was the last piece on the plate, and I knew there was no chance of getting any more."

A small girl of three years suddenly burst out crying at the dinner table. "Why, Ethel," said the mother, "what is the matter?" "Oh," whined Ethel, "my teeth stepped on my tongue."

"Here's an apple, Johnnie." "Thanks, ma'am. Now please gimme one for my little sister." "Certainly. How good of you to think of your little sister." "Yes, ma'am; if I didn't she'd keep a-teazin' me for mine."

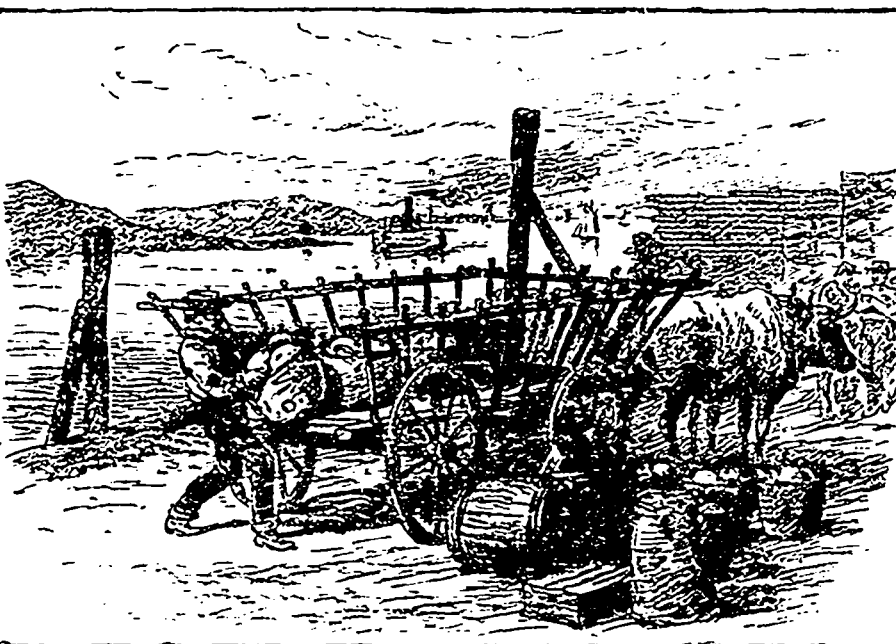
A little boy in Saratoga not long ago came rushing in from outdoors, crying because he had been stung by a bee. "Mamma," he sobbed, "I'd just as lief the bees'd walk on me, but I don't like to have 'em sit down."

The minister was a great hand-shaker—shutting down like a vice. He shook a boy's hand, as he said: "I hope you are pretty well to-day." With tears in his eyes, the boy answered, "I was till you shook hands with me."

Tangle—"Marie, you're making a terrible noise on the piano. What is it you are trying to play?" Mrs. Tangle—"Why, it's the 'March of the Old Brigade.'" Tangle—"March, is it? I thought it sounded like somebody walking on the piano."

An Irishman was asked why his countrymen were so remarkable for blundering. "Faith," replied he, "there is something in the air of Ireland, and I dare say if an Englishman was born there he would do the same."

Entering the house of one of his congregation, Rowland Hill saw a child on a rocking-horse. "Dear me!" exclaimed the aged minister, "how wonderfully like some Christians! There is motion, but no progress."



RIVER-LANDING ON THE ST. JOHN.

They were mild for quaky Japan, and it was not until half-past eight in the evening, an hour and a half later, that the slower-moving waves of water were announced by portentous booming sounds. Only four miles away from the coast fishermen were unaware of the presence of any extraordinary wave. But when the on-moving volume of water reached the steep sides of the sea bottom and mounted up to the shallow places, the wave grew to a height of twenty to fifty feet, and hurled itself into the inlets and bays of the hapless land, overwhelming

And every form, and every face,  
Be heavenly and divine."

At the close of the service the lady asked the little girl, "Did you specially like that hymn, my dear?"

"Oh, yes!" said she. "I enjoyed it very much."

"And can you tell me why?" said the lady, in the gentlest manner possible.

"You see," said the child, at the same moment pointing to a very lovely lady who had just occupied an adjacent pew, "you see," she said, her eyes swimming

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