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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVII.]

TORONTO, AUGUST 14, 1897.

No. 35.

## The Bird's Song.

I asked a sweet robin, one morning in May,  
Who sang in the apple-tree over the way,  
What 'twas she was singing so sweetly about,  
For I'd tried a long time, but I could not find out,  
"Why, I'm sure," she replied, "you cannot guess wrong,  
Don't you know I am singing a temperance song?"

"Teetotal—oh! that's the first word of my lay,  
And then don't you see how I rattle away?  
'Tis because I've just dipped my beak in the spring,  
And brushed the fair face of the lake with my wing,  
Cold water, cold water; yes, that is my song,  
And I love to keep singing it all the day long.

"And now, little girl, won't you give me a crumb  
For the dear little nestlings waiting at home?  
And one thing besides, since my story you've heard,  
I hope you'll remember the lay of the bird,  
And never forget, while you list to my song,  
All the birds to the cold-water army belong."

## THE SOLO.

This pleasant picture represents what is a frequent and delightful incident in our Canadian Methodism—the employment by some fair girl of her voice for the honour and glory of God in leading the devotions of the congregation. Leading the devotions, we say; for singing in the house of God should always be of a devotional character—never for mere aesthetic display, much less for the display of personal vanity. Very often the Gospel can be sung into the heart of the people when it cannot be preached into their hearts. Those who heard Mrs. Kress's exquisite singing in the Metropolitan church will know what we mean. We shall never forget the way in which we heard the passage, "I will wash my hands in innocence," sung in Cobourg thirty years ago; and the exquisite pathos with which a lady sang,

"One sweetly solemn thought  
Comes to me o'er and o'er,"

haunts our memory still. Let our young friends employ their precious gift of song in thus giving wings to the Gospel, and it may be that they shall find the blessed results in eternity.

## PLAIN TALKS TO BIG BOYS.

BY ARCHER BROWN.

When it comes, it comes to stay. Men rarely ever abandon it after the twenty-first year. Therefore take it for life, or quit it short. If you commence it, count that your final decision. But before de-

clining to make tobacco your lifelong companion, consider well some points:

First, its advantages. A pipe or cigar or quid has narcotic effects that are counted pleasant. When the appetite is formed it is grateful to satisfy it. There are features of comradeship about smoking particularly. It is thought that a story can be better told and enjoyed in the blue haze of a smoking-room on the train or steamer than in pure air or sunshine. It is a solace for the Irish labourer breaking stone or working in the trench, and for the lonely cowboy on the Western plains. Men in highly

because some other fellow invites it, and then admit, as many a friend of mine has done, that we are caught in a trap of unbreakable habit.

If reason and will and manhood are going to have anything to do with deciding the matter, there are some things that must be thought of. They are the disadvantages. All admit that the habit, once formed, is a master. What kind of a master is it?

It is an unclean master. A clean mouth, sweet breath, untainted clothes, apartments free from stale odour are hard things for an habitual smoker to

ever, have been strong enough to give it up.

It is an almost immoral master. Not in itself a necessary evil, it nevertheless promotes certain associations and leads in certain directions as to other habits which are unhealthy to the moral nature. Do you know a liquor soaker who is not fond of tobacco? Did you ever see a barroom or prize-fighting or gambling crowd or rough gang of any kind that was not smoking and chowing? To paraphrase a famous remark of Horace Greely: "All tobacco users are not horse thieves, but all horse thieves are tobacco users."

A lad who has learned to handle a cigar with grace has made a first-class start on a road that has more than one bad stopping place. If you think that is not so, let me ask you whether, if you were an employer and wanted a young man for a position of trust and growth, you would select the one with a cigar in his mouth, or the one who had decided not to use it?

It is a hard master. It is more masterful than your judgment and will combined. The old fable, "I can stop any time I want to," is disproved by the earnest attempts of many a strong man you and I know.

It is a costly master. Two seven-cent cigars a day only will in thirty years cost \$4,269, compounding annually at six per cent. I have the figures of the calculation before me. Most smokers spend twice that on themselves and friends. What would the sum named buy?

A good home.  
A superb private library.

Four journeys around the world.  
Capital sufficient to start a business.

A college education for two or three men.  
Five years' support in case of disability.

The self-respect and ambition of a moneyed man.

There are two kinds of money. I would never spend on tobacco: first, the money I may have earned myself by hard work, and need for self-improvement, a start in life, or help of others, and, second, that which my father has earned by work and self-denial, and gives to me.  
—*Christian Advocate.*



THE SOLO.

nervous employments, like night workers on newspapers, crave the stimulant and seldom go without it. It is not in the catalogue of admitted vices. Many excellent men smoke, some good men chew, and I have known truly pious and godly men who could befoul a street car or bespatter a carpet with a misdirected shot at an inconvenient spittoon. In some countries smoking is practically universal, even the women joining. In this country a majority use tobacco in some form. So we are dealing, not with an abstract question, but one very near to the life of every boy growing into manhood.

I say, if it's a good thing, let us go into it. If analysis shows it to be a bad thing, let us keep out of it. Anyhow, let us not drop into it by accident, or

manage. This point needs no elaboration. But if a proof is wanted, I only ask a glance at the floor of the smokers' side of a ferry or the smoking car of a train, and a sniff of the atmosphere after a few minutes of the crowd's unrestrained enjoyment of the weed, and—what is quite as significant—a note of the contrast in appearance between the men who crowd these places, and those who seek cleaner floors and purer air.

It is an unhealthy master. It corrupts the sense of taste, injures the stomach, deadens the sensibilities, causes cancers and heart troubles. I can count half a dozen personal friends at this moment who know, on physicians' authority, that further continuance of smoking means shortened days, perhaps sudden death. Only one or two, how-

## LACE MAKING.

A good lace maker in England gains a shilling (twenty-four cents) a day and his dinner, working ten hours steadily. In Belgium the girls work an hour longer, and their average receipts are five francs (one dollar) a week and board. But it is an unhealthy and uncertain industry, subject to great vicissitudes, dependent on the fickleness of fashion, exacting in its demands, and making such requisitions often upon the nervous system and the eyes as to invite both paralysis and blindness. In olden times it often suffered from summary laws, made almost invariably on account of the jealousy of the high born.

Few love to hear the sins they 'o'e oact.

Daddy-Long-Legs.

BY A. BAKER

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, AUGUST 14, 1897.

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

AUGUST 22, 1897.

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

THE AUTHOR.

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

DAVID'S POSITION.

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

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

HE ENVIES THE SPARROWS

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

HE ENVIED THE PRIESTS.

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

NEW YORK NEWSBOYS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

NEMO

OR

The Wonderful Door.

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

CHAPTER V.

A MIDNIGHT VISITOR.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"No, we must give it to him as soon as we see him," said Abel gravely. Whether it is his or not I don't pretend to say, but it certainly isn't yours, not yet mine, Nemo."

The moorland road looked very different in the bright morning sunshine from what it had done the night before. Nemo sat in the cart, watching the waving leaves of the bracken, and gazing at the golden moss and harebells by the wayside, starting now and again as a number of grouse flew suddenly out of the heather and crossed the road above their heads.

After about two miles of this lonely road they came in sight of houses, and soon afterwards they passed through a small village. The houses were built of grey stone, and there was a small plantation of dark fir-trees, which sheltered the village from the northerly wind. They stopped at one or two cottages, and a few children ran out to look at the basket-cart, but no one bought anything, nor would they sell them any milk for their breakfast.

"Never mind, Nemo," said Abel; "it is only three miles to Fairburn, and we shall get plenty of all sorts there, and do lots of business too, I hope; it's Fairburn Fair to-day, you know."

So they ate some biscuits and salt meat, a large slice of which Nemo gave to the poor wounded dog, and Abel filled a jug with water at the village pump, and then they went on their way again.

Nemo had taken a great fancy for the poor dog; he scarcely took his eyes off him during the next three miles, but was constantly stroking and patting him. He talked to him as if he could understand all he said, and as the dog lay beside him, he had such a wise, knowing face, that it would have been difficult for any one to believe that he did not know all that was going on.

"You are an old dear of a dear pet, that's what you are!" said Nemo. "I do wish you weren't going away, I shall never forget you—never, and you mustn't ever forget me."

"Well, take your leave of him," said Abel, after a time, "for here's Fairburn come in sight, and at the first house in Fairburn we shall find his master waiting for us."

Then Nemo threw his arms round the dog's neck, and buried his face in its shaggy coat, as if he could not bear to let him go.

The first house in Fairburn was a newly built one, of white brick, quite in the modern style, with a small bow window, a straight gravel path leading to the door, and a neat bit of garden in front. An old man was raking the round bed in the centre of the grass-plot, and two little girls were weeding the border, but no one else was to be seen.

Abel stopped the donkey and looked round, but no one was in sight.

"We can't have missed him, Nemo," he said. "We've come straight along the road; but we must wait a few minutes, maybe he'll turn up."

They waited nearly half an hour, but no one appeared. The old man and the little girls came out to look at the baskets, and bought one to put their weeds in, but the owner of the dog was nowhere to be seen.

"We must go on, Nemo," said Abel at last, "or we shall get nothing done, perhaps we shall see him in the fair."

Nemo's large eyes were opened very wide that day as he watched the busy scene around him. The fair was held in a large open square, in the middle of the town, and every spot in this market-place had been carefully marked out, and each show as it arrived had a special place given to it. There was no room in the square for the basket-cart, but Abel moved slowly up and down the streets lying between the marketplace and the railway station, and sold many a basket to the country people as they came in from the villages round to attend the great Fairburn Fair.

A constant stream of people passed them all day long, and yet, amongst the crowd, Abel failed to catch sight of the face which he most wanted to see, the face of the man who had spoken to him on the moor the night before.

The dog lay quite still all day at the bottom of the cart, and seemed to be in great pain, for it moaned a good deal from time to time. Abel was afraid sometimes that it would die, and was anxious to restore it to its master, and he was still more wishful to get rid of the gold ring which he had found under the cart after the man had gone.

But though they lingered about the fair the next day, until the booths were all taken down, and the last caravan had started, and until nothing was left in the marketplace but straw and paper and dirt, still the man did not appear.

Abel made inquiries in Fairburn, and found that there was a large village about four miles away, on the northern

road, and he determined to make for that village before night came on.

It was a beautiful road down which they went, shaded by large trees almost all the way, and on either side were banks covered with ferns and wild-flowers. The village was named Evorton, and a pretty place they found it.

In the midst of the village was a pretty lodge, and a carriage drive leading up to some large house, and massive iron gates brightly gilded, and shining like gold in the afternoon sun.

Close by the lodge, and between the gates and the road, was an open space covered by soft green grass, and only broken by the road leading up to the lodge-gates. On this quiet sward Abel and Nemo saw a number of people gathered together. They were surprised to see such a crowd assembled in a country place, and wondered what could have drawn it together.

"Hurrah!" said little Nemo, clapping his hands; "we shall sell some baskets here, Abel."

"Hush!" said the little man. "What are they doing? There's some one talking to them. Whatever's going on?"

As they drew nearer, they saw that the speaker was a young man about twenty years old. He was standing at the top of a high bank, on the side of the grass-plot which lay farthest from the lodge, and round him was gathered a large group of people, mothers with babies in their arms, little children hand in hand, old men leaning on sticks, middle-aged men in their working-clothes, young men standing a little apart, yet listening like the rest. At the top of the bank, and close to the speaker, was sitting a little girl about Nemo's age. She had long fair hair and the bluest of blue eyes, and her cheeks were like the roses climbing over the lodge,—at least, so Abel thought as he looked at her. She was dressed in a pink frock and white muslin pinafore, and her lap was full of wild roses, blue harebells, and ox-eye daisies.

"Let us go near, Nemo," said Abel, as he lifted him from the cart, "and hear what that young chap's saying. The donkey will stand all right till we come back."

There was a little stir in the crowd gathered round the speaker, as the basket-cart drew up. Every one had turned round to see what it was, and several of the children whispered to each other, and pointed to Nemo, who was sitting in his basket-chair in the front of the cart. But as Abel and the little boy joined the group, all were again looking at the speaker, and listening attentively to his words.

"Friends," he was saying earnestly, as Abel and Nemo came within hearing,—"friends, there it stands, that great door; and every one of you, every man, every woman, every child amongst you, stands at this moment either on one side or the other—either inside or outside that great door."

"I don't see a door," said little Nemo.

"Where is it, Abel?"

"Hush!" said Abel. "Listen."

"Are you outside that door?" said the speaker. "Then you are lost, you are out in the darkness and the cold, you are unsaved, unforgiven, utterly undone. Are you inside that door? Then you are saved, eternally saved; you live in the sunshine and the warmth, for on you are streaming the blessed rays of the Sun of Righteousness; you are redeemed, you are forgiven, you are happy."

"On which side of the door are you old men, you mothers, you little children? On which side of the door are you two strangers, who have just joined us? Outside, or inside? Which?"

"He means us, Abel," said Nemo.

"Which side of the door are we?"

"Hush!" said Abel. "Listen. I don't know what he means."

"Look at the door again," the speaker went on, "so high, none can climb over it, so strong, none can force it open. The door is shut, but it opens with a touch. The smallest knock, even the feeble knock of the old man, even the tiny knock of the little child, is heard within, and at once the great door is opened wide."

"Who then will lift up his hand and knock to-day? Which of you would like to be safe for all eternity? Which of you would like to see the city of God? Who amongst you would like to lie down to-night feeling he was on the road to that city?"

"I would, Abel," whispered Nemo. "wouldn't you?"

"Then come to the door to-day, knock to-day. Do not wait till yonder sun has set, but this very evening let the sound of your knocking be heard inside, this very evening take the step, for it is only a step, inside the door, this very evening pass, I beseech you, from danger to safety, from darkness to light, from Satan to God."

Nemo again. Is it them pretty goldy gates, Abel?"

"I don't know," said the little man. "We didn't hear the beginning, you see. It was nearly done when we came up. Hush! they're singing. Listen."

"Only a step to Jesus!"

Then why not take it now? Come, and thy sin confessing.

To him, thy Saviour, bow.

Only a step! Only a step!

Come, he waits for thee.

Come, and thy sin confessing.

Thou shalt receive a blessing.

Do not refuse the mercy

He freely offers thee."

When the hymn was finished, the people bowed their heads, and the speaker prayed. Abel did not hear much of the prayer, for he was watching the donkey, which was tired of waiting, and was walking leisurely down the road.

As soon as the prayer was ended, and he could leave the crowd without making a disturbance, he went forward to stop the donkey, and then he came back for Nemo. The people were still gathered round the speaker, who was giving each of them a paper; but the child was nowhere to be seen. Turning round, however, Abel caught sight of him standing by the great iron gate of the lodge. He went up to him and asked him what he was doing.

"I've been knocking, Abel, ever so hard," he said, "but they don't come to open it, and I've hurt my hand now. I think it can't be the right door—do you think it is? Or does he mean the door of yon house?"

"I don't know what he means," said Abel. "I couldn't make head nor tail of it. Never mind, Nemo, come along, and let's get some milk for our tea."

But as they turned to go the little girl in the pink frock stood before them. She was still holding the wild-flowers in her pinafore with one hand, but she held out the other hand to Nemo. "See," she said, "wouldn't you like a picture too?"

"Thank you, miss," said little Nemo, touching his cap, as Abel had taught him to do when he had anything given to him, and stretching out his hand eagerly to take the picture she held out to him. Then the little girl ran back to the young man who had been speaking, and Abel and Nemo went to the cart.

"Let's look at what she's given you," said Abel. It was a beautiful picture of a bright golden door, standing in the midst of a high, massive wall. In the middle of the door, in bright red letters, were these words:

"I am the Door:  
By Me if any man enter in,  
He shall be saved."

and over the top of the door was printed in large capital letters—

"KNOCK, AND IT SHALL BE OPENED  
UNTO YOU."

"Tell me what it means, Abel," said Nemo. "Did you ever see that gold door?"

"No," said Abel, "isn't in our town. I'm sure of that, Nemo. Praps it's all nonsense. He never saw it himself, I'll be bound."

He didn't look as if he was talking nonsense," said the child. "He talked as if he meant it all."

"Well, you be right there," said Abel thoughtfully, "but never mind it now, Nemo. We'll go and get our tea."

Nemo, however, could not forget his picture. He hardly took his eyes off it the rest of the evening. He spelt out, with Abel's help, every word that was printed on it, and said them over and over to himself till he knew them by heart, and when Abel put him to bed amongst the warm wraps in the cart, he still heard him saying softly to himself, "I am the door. by Me if any man enter in, he shall be saved." Nor had he forgotten it when he awoke the next morning, although Abel had put the picture carefully away in the box in which they kept their clothes.

"That's a funny door!" said Nemo, as they were eating their breakfast.

Abel turned round, thinking he was speaking of the door of the cottage near which the cart had been drawn up for the night.

"I don't see nought funny about it, Nemo," he said. "It's much like other doors, I think, though it is in the new country."

"Oh, I don't mean that door," said Nemo, laughing. "I mean the door in my picture."

"Oh, you're on that again, are you?" said Abel, smiling. "I expect you've been dreaming of that there door all night."

"Well, it is a funny door—isn't it, Abel?"

"Maybe it is," said Abel, "I shouldn't

wonder. Why do you think it's funny, Nemo?"

"Because it can talk, Abel," he said. "It's a talking door. It says, 'I am the door. by Me if any man enter in, he shall be saved.' You never heard a door talk, did you, Abel?"

"No, never," said Abel. "nor no one else neither!"

"Didn't Father Amos never hear a talking door, do you think?" said Nemo.

"No, I don't suppose he ever did."

"I wish he was here to ask about it," said Nemo. "I'm sure he would know all about it."

"Well, you can ask him when we get home," said Abel. "Come, let's clear breakfast away, and get to work; we ought to get rid of a nice few baskets in this village, and then, if we're good luck here, we can begin to think of going home again."

(To be continued.)

The Little Maid's Sermon.

BY A. V. PERRY.

A little maid in a pale blue hood in front of a large brick building stood. As she passed long, her quick eye spied some words on a letter-box inscribed. 'Twas a box that hung in a vestibule, Outside the door of a charity school.

"Remember the Poor!" were the words she spied, Then looked at the pence her small hand held;

For chocolate creams were fresh that day In the store just only across the way. But gleams of victory shone o'er her face As she raised her eyes to the money place.

But her arm was short, and the box so high,

That a gentleman heard, who was passing by,

"Please, sir, will you lift me just so much?"

(For the tiny fingers could almost touch.)

The stranger stopped, and he quickly stood

By the sweet-faced child in the pale blue hood.

As he lifted her, she gently said,

"Would you mind it, sir, if you turned your head?"

For you know I do not want to be

Like a proud, stuck-up old Pharisee!"

He humoured the little maid, but a smile played o'er his face as he stood there the while.

"Excuse me, child, but what did you say?"

The gentleman asked, in a courteous way.

And he took in his the wee white hand;

"I believe I did not quite understand."

"Oh, sir! don't you know? Have you never read?"

Said the child, amazed, "what our Saviour said?"

"We shouldn't give like those hypocrite men

Who stood in the market-places then,

And gave their alms, just for folks to tell,

Because they loved to be praised so well.

But give for Christ's sake, from our little store,

What only he sees, and nobody more.

"Good-bye, kind sir, this is my way home,

I'm sorry you'll have to walk home alone."

The gentleman passed along, and thought

Of large sums given for the fame it brought,

And he said, "I never again will be

In the market-place a Pharisee.

She preached a sermon, true and good,

The dear little maid in a pale blue hood."

Skeleton leaves may be made by steeping leaves in rain-water, in an open vessel, exposed to the air and sun. Water must occasionally be added, to compensate for loss by evaporation. The leaves will putrefy, and then their membranes will begin to open, then lay them on a clean white plate, filled with clean water, and with gentle touches take off the external membranes, separating them with the greatest care and nicety. The process requires a great deal of patience, as ample time must be given for the vegetable tissues to decay and separate. A much more expeditious method of obtaining the same result is by mixing a tablespoonful of chloride of lime in a liquid state with a quart of pure spring water. The leaves should be soaked in this mixture for about four hours, then taken out and well washed in a large basin of water, after which they are to be left to dry, with free exposure to light and air. Some of the larger leaves, such as have strong ribs, will require to be left longer than four hours in the liquid.



**An Old Story.**

There's a story sung down through the  
 ages,  
 A legend of days of old,  
 Which tells us how in the dusky past,  
 A treasure of jewels and gold  
 By strong and valiant knights was taken  
 From a mighty Rhineland hold

And the knights, so runs the old-time  
 tale,  
 Found their prize but a source of strife,  
 And the treasure rare of the great Rhine-  
 land,  
 Gold but in trouble rife,  
 And the glittering gems from the deep-  
 est mines,  
 Jewels fatal to peaceful life.

Then up spake the king of the Rhine-  
 land,  
 (For a wise old king was he)  
 "Bring here to the shore your great  
 treasure,  
 And sink ye it deep in the sea!  
 For paltry gain of silver and gold,  
 Would ye as mere beasts of prey be?"

And the treasure was flung to the ocean  
 depths,  
 While the king stood down by the  
 shore.  
 And o'er the grave of the evil prize,  
 Waves roll and wild billows roar,  
 But glitter of gold or glimmer of gem,  
 Did never a mortal see more.

May we learn, perchance, from the an-  
 cient time,  
 Which the quaint old stories sing,  
 To be as wise in these latter days  
 As was the old Rhineland king,  
 And, with brave heart, tear from our  
 hoarding grasp,  
 The goods which but evil bring.

**KANGAROOS AND KANGAROO HUNTING.**

The most numerous of all the mar-  
 supial race is the kangaroo, which is  
 one of the supporters of the coat of arms  
 of Australia, the emu being the other.  
 There are several varieties of kangaroos,  
 the handsomest being the "red soldier,"  
 whose female mate is so swift that she  
 is called the "blue flyer." The "old  
 man" kangaroo is of a reddish-brown  
 or grayish colour, and when he turns at  
 bay often makes a stubborn fight. He  
 is so strong that with his powerful hind  
 claw he can rip a dog, or even a horse.  
 His method is to hold the attacking  
 hound in his fore-arms and rip him with  
 a downward stroke of his claw. "Fly-  
 ers" hop along at a great rate of speed,  
 and the method of progression is so dis-  
 concerting and singular that they are  
 very difficult to shoot. The tail of the  
 kangaroo is very large, and is commonly  
 supposed to be of great assistance when  
 the animal is in rapid motion. But  
 probably this is not so, the tail serving  
 merely to counterbalance the body,  
 which is thrown so far forward as to  
 need a counterpoise. When the animal  
 is at rest the tail is stretched out be-  
 hind, and affords a convenient support.  
 If a kangaroo is startled by any sound,  
 he raises up his head and neck and looks  
 all around, at the same time listening  
 intently.

Kangaroos, when found in large num-  
 bers on a sheep station, are frequently  
 shot, as hares and partridges are on a  
 large English estate, or deer in certain  
 parts of India. This is easily done, for  
 through their curiosity they do not hasten  
 to put themselves out of range of the  
 hunter's gun. A party of settlers and  
 visitors meet at some squatter's head  
 station, and beaters are got together.  
 The beaters spread themselves at nearly  
 equal distances in a long line, and drive  
 the kangaroo in front of them past a  
 row of shooters posted behind trees  
 about a hundred yards apart. The  
 beaters are whites or "black fellows"  
 thoroughly familiar with the country,  
 excellent riders, and skilful in taking  
 advantage of the peculiar natural fea-  
 tures of the land and of the quarter  
 from which the wind blows. While the  
 shooters are waiting at the appointed  
 spot for the beaters to "round up" the  
 game the profound stillness of "the  
 bush" is very impressive.

But by far the most sportsmanlike plan  
 is to hunt the kangaroo with dogs. This  
 affords such good sport, and is withal so  
 peculiar to and characteristic of Aus-  
 tralia, that no traveller should fail to  
 make trial of it, if he can possibly do so.  
 In no other country in the world can  
 this particular sport be enjoyed, for the  
 kangaroo is not found in a wild state  
 anywhere else than in Australia. The  
 dog employed is called a kangaroo hound,  
 and is a strong, swift dog, with great  
 speed and good staying and fighting  
 qualities. He is usually a cross be-

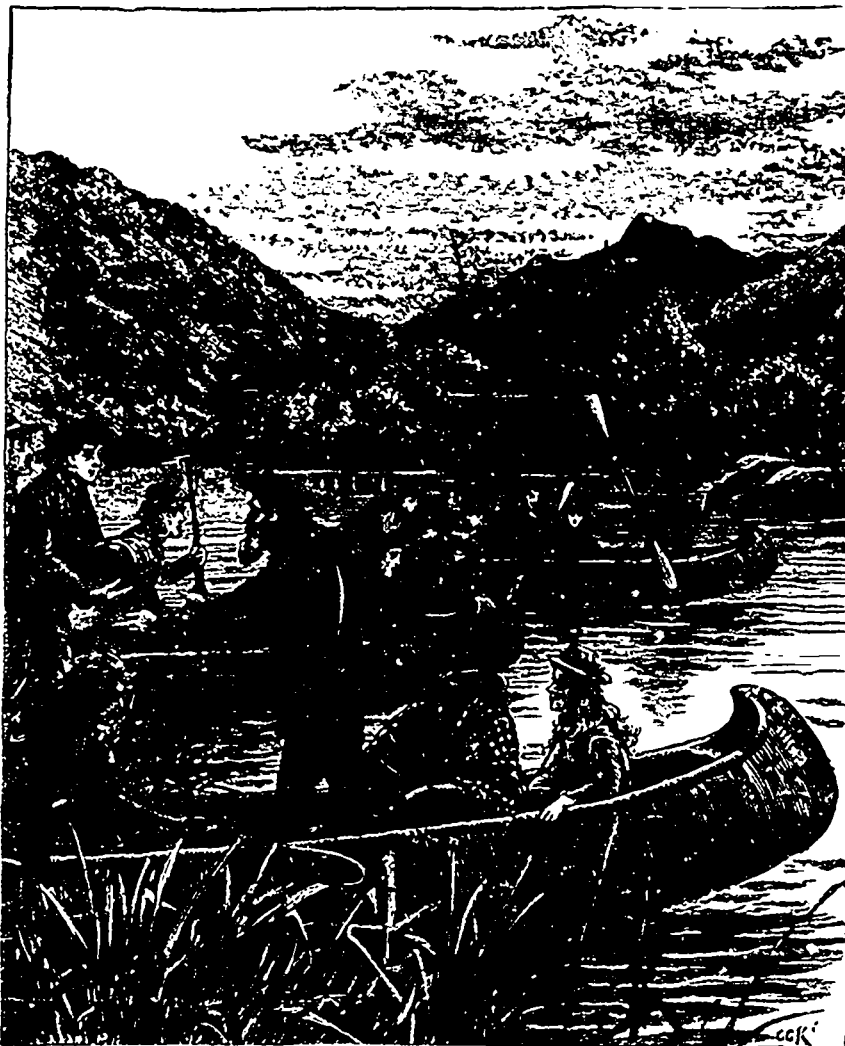
tween a greyhound, or stag hound, and a  
 bulldog. He should have a good nose,  
 that he may scent his game, he should  
 be strong and full of pluck, as an "old  
 man" kangaroo is a dangerous and game  
 fighter; and he must be swift if he is to  
 keep up with an animal that covers from  
 twenty to thirty feet at one bound.  
 Generally the dog seizes the kangaroo by  
 the foot or hind leg and throws him;  
 but some hounds wait until the kangaroo  
 is thrown, and then grasp the throat,  
 running considerable risk of getting  
 tipped. Other dogs are so far mind-  
 ful of the kangaroo's powerful claw that  
 they take care not to get in front of the  
 animal, but harass him from the rear  
 and side. In the bush the dogs usually  
 cannot see the kangaroo himself, so that  
 the hunter, whose view from the back  
 of his horse is much more extended than  
 the hound's, must have him trained to  
 go in a direction indicated. It often  
 happens that the dogs of a pack put up  
 several kangaroos and get separated in  
 the pursuit of different ones. In this  
 case the riders usually follow their own  
 hounds or the hounds that are in pursuit  
 of the kangaroo that, from his size and  
 strength, offers the best chances of a  
 good run. A kangaroo hunt is an ex-  
 citing business, for the country over

should not be, the kangaroo being ex-  
 clusively herbivorous. The flesh is  
 somewhat dry, but this defect can be  
 overcome by cooking it with fat or  
 grease. It is like mutton, and is very  
 savoury when prepared in the proper  
 manner.

A kangaroo's tail is very large and fat,  
 and makes an excellent soup, with a  
 rich and gamey flavour. This soup is  
 often relished by those who do not care  
 for kangaroo steak.

The skins of kangaroo are not much  
 valued, though the fur, when the hide  
 has been carefully cured, is really hand-  
 some. The difficulty about putting kan-  
 garoo skins on the market in good con-  
 dition is that the regions in which the  
 animals are found in large numbers are  
 remote from communication, and skilled  
 labour is both difficult to procure and  
 expensive. Dressed with the fur on  
 kangaroo skins make excellent rugs and  
 carriage robes, with the fur stripped off  
 they make excellent leather.

A steel wire fly-wheel, twenty-five feet  
 in diameter, and requiring 250 miles of  
 wire in its construction, has been made  
 in Germany.



CANOEING IN THE NORTH-WEST.

which it takes place is usually very  
 rough, being cumbered with stones,  
 rocks, logs, stumps, and fallen trees.  
 Often, too, gullies, water-holes, and  
 creeks have to be crossed. Yet the  
 hunter must keep up, or game and  
 hounds will soon be lost to view. At  
 the end of a run the scattered party of  
 hunters is recalled and gotten together  
 again by "coolies."

A large kangaroo at full speed pro-  
 ceeds by a series of great bounds, and as  
 he comes to the ground, after a leap of  
 twenty feet or more, he naturally  
 thumps it pretty hard, so that all one  
 hears is a series of heavy thuds on the  
 earth, and all that one sees of the animal  
 is as he rises in his leaps above the  
 bushes. Downhill he makes a pace  
 that no horse could keep up with. In  
 rough country, where big stones and  
 holes abound, the sport is dangerous and  
 breakneck enough to satisfy any reason-  
 able taste, and on level, open ground, the  
 pace is tremendous.

When the kangaroo finds that he can-  
 not any longer elude the dogs he turns  
 at bay, his object being to catch a ven-  
 turesome hound in his forepaws and rip  
 his belly downward with his powerful  
 and sharp hind claw. An old dog is  
 therefore very chary of approaching the  
 kangaroo in front, and attacks him from  
 the side and back.

Australians do not much like kangaroo  
 meat, though it really is very good to  
 eat, as, indeed, there is no reason why it

**CANOEING IN THE NORTHWEST.**

Till within a very few years, all the  
 transportation to the far-off forts of the  
 Hudson Bay Company was by means of  
 canoes. For hundreds of miles they  
 followed the rapid rivers, making fre-  
 quent portages, when the canoes, and  
 everything they contained, had to be  
 carried around some rapid or waterfall.  
 Such a scene as that shown in our cut  
 was of very frequent occurrence, and, in  
 fine weather, a very delightful way of  
 travelling it was.

**LESSON NOTES.**

**THIRD QUARTER.**

STUDIES IN THE ACTS AND EPISTLES.

LESSON VIII.—AUGUST 22.

**THE EXCELLENCE OF CHRISTIAN LOVE.**

1 Cor. 13. 1-13. Memory verses, 4-7.

**GOLDEN TEXT.**

And now abideth faith, hope, charity,  
 these three; but the greatest of these is  
 charity.—1 Cor. 13. 13.

**OUTLINE.**

1. Love Essential, v. 1-3.

- 2. Love at Work, v. 4-7.
- 3. Love Abiding, v. 8-13.

Time and Place.—Written by Paul  
 about Easter, A.D. 57, from Ephesus.

**HOME READINGS.**

- M. The excellence of Christian love.—  
 1 Cor. 13.
- Tu. Beauty of unity.—Psalm 133.
- W. The great commandment.—Matt. 22.  
 34-40.
- Th. Sign of discipleship.—John 13. 31-35.
- F. New commandment.—1 John 2. 8-17.
- S. Christ's command.—John 15. 8-17.
- Su. Love is of God.—1 John 4. 4-14.

**QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.**

1. Love Essential, v. 1-3.  
 Define "charity," as here used.  
 What three gifts may men have and  
 yet live in vain?  
 What will make these gifts available?  
 What profit is there in almsgiving  
 without love?  
 What kind of giving did Jesus con-  
 demn? Matt. 6. 1.  
 What spirit of giving did he approve?  
 Luke 6. 35.
2. Love at Work, v. 4-7.  
 What trait of love is first mentioned?  
 How does love make us regard the  
 faults of others? 1 Peter 4. 8.  
 What twelve marks of love are here  
 given?  
 What state of heart does envy show?  
 1 Cor. 3. 3.  
 How does the Lord regard pride?  
 Prov. 16. 5.  
 What four preventives of fault-finding  
 in the seventh verse?
3. Love Abiding, v. 8-13.  
 What three gifts are only for a time?  
 What distinguishes love from all these?  
 Why will love never fail?  
 What mark of manhood is here given?  
 When shall spiritual sight and know-  
 ledge be perfect?  
 What Christian graces are excelled by  
 love?  
 Which of the three is an attribute of  
 God?  
 How may we obtain this love?

**PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.**

- Where in this lesson are we taught—
1. That love gives life to dead gifts?
  2. That a right heart makes right liv-  
 ing?
  3. That living for self is living in vain?

According to Prof. Dewar, when the  
 earth freezes and all forms of life dis-  
 appear, there will float above the pre-  
 sent ocean of water, long since changed  
 to ice, an ocean of liquid air thirty-three  
 feet deep on the average.

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